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## The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Pert Mr. Shuster.

Even before Mr. Morgan Shuster began to "make copy" at the Teheran end of the "longest leased wire in the world" we had begun to suspect that in his own person the young man was something of a firebrand—in other words, a man with a propensity for breeding trouble in whatever atmosphere he happens to be in. Mr. Shuster's contributions to Mr. Hearst's journalism have reinforced this impression. Indeed the mere fact that a man in his position should accept a commission to prepare "stuff" for a yellow newspaper syndicate was sufficient evidence of his want of a proper sense of the proprieties and dignities of his place. Now we have from the Philippine Islands interesting confirmation of these impressions and surmises. Mr. Shuster, it appears, while a man of some professional cleverness, is nevertheless a man of extremely narrow mind, intensely

opinionated and intensely vain. He belongs to the breed of extreme and overwrought personalism which had its inning in governmental affairs for a considerable period prior to two years ago. In Mr. Shuster's vision Mr. Shuster is always the most conspicuous figure in every picture. Of course a man of this type, not yet ripe at the point of years, is sure to kick up a row wherever he may be placed. Mr. Shuster kicked up rows of various kinds in the Philippines; and it is said that no American ever left the islands with greater satisfaction to his official associates. It is even hinted that Mr. Shuster was recommended to the Persians because Persia was the most remote point from home at which it was possible to place him. This supposition recalls a letter by the late Frank Pixley asking the President to appoint a certain pioneer California politician to the diplomatic service. "I shall be greatly pleased, Mr. President," wrote Mr. Pixley, "if you can give Colonel ——— a foreign mission—the foreigner the better."

### The La Follette Snub in Ohio.

The failure of Senator La Follette to secure personal endorsement at the hands of assembled and organized "progressivism" in Ohio is significant. It may mean, as the newsmongers would have us believe, that the deft hand of Mr. Roosevelt so shaped the course of the assembly as to save the situation for himself. It surely means that progressivism, in the minds of some of its adherents at least, has various strings to its bow. Mr. Pinchot, whose vanities have more than once in recent months exposed the magnitude of his ambitions, most certainly had his private reasons for opposing the endorsement of La Follette. The same may be said of Mr. Garfield, upon whom the lesson of his father's experience in a national convention has not been lost.

Progressivism is essentially the cult of ambition and vanity. We see how it is in our own state, where practically every leader in the movement is a man with an inveterate propensity for posing on platforms and airing his private notions of things. A movement thus appealing to vain and self-seeking men and proceeding everywhere by methods of personal exploitation must inevitably break down through the jealousies and rivalries of its promoters. In a company where all want to be leaders it is not easy to find loyal followers. The Ohio conference plainly marks the beginning of an era in the progressive movement under which the forces of that movement will waste their powers in internal conflicts. Just as now the progressives are unable to unite upon La Follette, so they will continue—they will not be able to unite upon anybody.

La Follette is the strongest man in the movement. He has what is presumed to be an "air-tight" organization in Wisconsin which he has built up by twenty years of effort and success. This organization is the backbone of the progressive faction, for as yet progressivism is only a faction, not a party. That Mr. La Follette would exert himself in the direction of his home forces in support of any other progressive, should his own ambitions be disappointed, is hardly thinkable; and it is even less to be believed that Wisconsin could be led to the support of anybody who might through the intrigues of factional politics overcome her own favorite son. Practically to defeat La Follette, if it shall be general, will be to knock progressivism on the head so far as this year's campaign is concerned.

There is hope beyond a doubt, in one quarter at least, that Mr. Roosevelt may grasp the banner of progressivism and overwhelm the coming Republican convention, of course with a whoop and a yell. But it is to be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt failed to "capture" progressivism when he tried it under favorable circumstances in his famous Western tour of 1910. The purpose of the tour which culminated at Osawatimie was that of establishing Mr. Roosevelt as the head-centre of national progressivism. It failed for the reason that the state leaders of the movement—La Follette in Wisconsin,

Cummins in Iowa, *et al.*—were not willing to make obeisance at the feet of Mr. Roosevelt and then retire into relative obscurity. Having reared the structure of progressivism, they were not willing to turn it over to Mr. Roosevelt. Nor is it likely that they will do it now.

The failure of La Follette in Ohio in conjunction with other discouragements tends surely to his displacement as a presidential figure. Probably he will not retire; he will simply cease to be considered. Is it believable that a man of La Follette's temper and ambitions thus snubbed by a movement of which he esteems himself the one and only true prophet will retain his enthusiasms and bestow them in support of some more favored son? We think not. The displacement of La Follette from the national leadership of a movement in which he and his state are the positive elements robs that movement of the one force calculated to give it importance in the political activities of the year.

### The Peace Banquet.

The peace banquet in New York was a striking success in spite of some tactical errors on the part of its promoters that at one time seemed likely to impair its harmony. It was a success because it gave to Mr. Taft an opportunity to enter a field in which he is so easily a master, a field in which he can make a broad appeal to the morality of the nation and buttress that appeal by a close and orderly array of facts. It was just such an appeal that Mr. Taft made while he was in San Francisco and he made it with all that enduring effect that follows a direct confrontation of right with wrong. We may talk as much as we will of the degeneracy of the age, but there is still something in human nature that responds gladly to a direct summons to do right, to identify itself with the right, and to sweep away the selfish sophistries that would persuade it to do wrong. Mr. Taft knows how to touch that chord. If he encounters the sneers of those incapable of understanding anything but the turnings and twistings of petty politics he may rest assured that their carplings represent nothing but the insignificance and impermanences of national life. Unfortunately they are usually the most clamorous.

The speech itself was so weighty that it should be read at length, so far at least as our newspapers will permit. But even condensation can not wholly rob it of its import, and in more than one place we are reminded of the new complexion that can be placed upon current events by a complete knowledge of the facts. Mr. Taft informs us, for example, that Russian subjects who become naturalized in America are still Russian subjects, and amenable to the Russian law, and that this understanding is embodied in the treaty to which we assented and that is about to be abrogated. Therefore it will be seen at once that the President was entirely accurate in rejecting the hectoring resolution proposed by Mr. Sulzer and substituting for it a statement that the treaty is now out of date and should give place to a new arrangement. And yet he has been criticized upon the one hand for an undue submissiveness to Russia and upon the other hand for ignoring The Hague Tribunal. It is now evident that he did the only thing that could have been done in view of the facts, and that so far as Jews from Russia are concerned, and indeed all immigrants from Russia, we ourselves assented by treaty to a continuance of Russian control over them.

The other points in the speech are no less conclusive. Mr. Taft did not mention Mr. Roosevelt's name, but it is easy to see that his remarks were intended as a rebuttal of Mr. Roosevelt's criticism of the arbitration treaties. But here Mr. Taft was at a distinct disadvantage. Mr. Roosevelt's audience is made up of those who have no appetite for anything but bluster and defiance, and who are therefore incapable of understanding either statesmanship or magnanimity. Mr.



Taft's reply was directed to conscience, responsibility, and intelligence, and if these faculties are not noisy we may at least hope that they are still powerful in large affairs. It is too much to hope that Mr. Roosevelt will be silenced. Nothing but the last trump can do that. It is too much to expect that Mr. Roosevelt's followers will be abashed. They are not of the kind to whom the logic of facts can appeal or who will take the trouble to know the facts. But the sober thought of the country will recognize that Mr. Taft's speech admits of no rejoinder. It is final, conclusive, unanswerable.

Mr. Roosevelt's criticisms centred around two main illustrations, if we may except his vaporings as to the behavior of some hypothetical man whose wife had been insulted, an affair that we are asked to consider as analogous to some possible national affront. Mr. Roosevelt asks us what we should do if the Monroe Doctrine were challenged, or if we are asked to admit undesirable persons to the country. Should we be unwilling to admit such matters to arbitration? Answering his own questions, he thunders forth a negative and then performs the usual "stunts" about national honor and the integrity of the country. Mr. Taft's reply is that neither of these questions nor others of a like nature would or could come within the scope of the proposed treaties. They are not judicable matters, as can be understood in a moment by any one who can read. They are no more covered by the treaties than would be an attempt on the part of a foreign power to build forts on American soil. Of course Mr. Roosevelt will say the same thing over again. He knows his audience. He will be reported by newspapers whose main object is to exclude truth and dignity from their columns, and he will be cheered by a "following" which never takes time to think, even if it has anything to think with. Mr. Taft's reply is for those who have the kind of mind that can receive facts and formulate opinions upon them.

Mr. Taft's task would be easier, the task of those who sustain Mr. Taft would be easier, if it were possible to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt is actuated by any broad principle of sincerity in his attack upon the arbitration treaties or any other features of the administration policies. It is impossible to suppose this. Mr. Roosevelt's animosity is not against Mr. Taft's policies, but against Mr. Taft personally, and he has his own reasons for hiding his intentions under a cloak of political criticism. It seems now to be necessary to ask Mr. Roosevelt to give to the country and to the President some example of the "square deal" of which he was once the noisy apostle. If Mr. Roosevelt has decided to oppose Mr. Taft he has a perfect right to do so, and he shares that right with every citizen in the country. But let him say so—and let him give his reasons. Let him take his stand fairly and honestly in the general deliberations, state whom he favors and why he favors him, and fight his political battle in the open air and in full view. His present policy of a pin prick here, an innuendo there, and a slur somewhere else, may be amazingly clever or amazingly mean, according to our point of view, but it is not the kind of political fighting to which Americans are accustomed or of which they are likely to approve. It is tolerated among ward heelers and the like, but it is something new in national politics; and it is immeasurably beneath the dignities of a man who has held the presidency of the republic.

A few days ago there was an anti-Taft meeting in Boston, and of course Mr. Roosevelt gave it his benediction with the hypocritical assurance that it had no election significance. And yet he knew that it had an election significance. He knew that Mr. Pinchot was to speak and that there would be a pronouncement in favor of the "progressive" cause. He intended to aid that pronouncement while seeming to do something else. His antagonism to the arbitration treaties is not based upon any kind of conviction in such matters, because he has no convictions on any subject whatever except the one all-permeating conviction of his own unique capacity to rule—or ruin. His incursion into the trust problem was of the same kind. He has no policy toward the trusts and never had, but there was an opportunity furtively to stab Mr. Taft in the back and he took it. No trust in the country is a penny the worse for anything that Mr. Roosevelt has done to it, but he was enraged to find that Mr. Taft was making headway by the simple process of enforcing the law. His own plan was to lead upon the stage for the benefit of the gallery and to issue indulgences in the wings, as in the

case of the Steel Trust and the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. It will be remembered that while he was in Arizona he was heartily opposed to the recall of the judiciary, but his opinion changed as he crossed the line into California, and he heartily supported what he had denounced the day before. His sails are always spread to the prevailing breeze. No such shadowy thing as a principle or a conviction is ever allowed to stand in the way of a political advantage. And yet we may believe that political advantages of the larger kind can not be won in this country by the tactics of the Mafia. If Mr. Roosevelt has a case against Mr. Taft, let us hear what it is. If he has a favorite candidate, let us have his name. But the country has no stomach for whisperings and nudges, intrigues and sneers. It ought not to be necessary to ask Mr. Roosevelt of all men for a square deal, but this seems to be the last thing that he is capable of giving us.

A concluding word may be said as to the faulty tact with which the peace banquet was arranged and that, but for Mr. Taft, might have resulted in failure. In the first place Mr. Roosevelt himself should have been given no opportunity to display his peculiar tactics or to indulge in his usual invective. In the second place the ambassadors should not have been invited. That the representatives of Italy and of Turkey, and of Russia and Persia should sit at the same social table was obviously impossible, and if certain members of the diplomatic corps were thus necessarily excluded they should all have been omitted from the list. In any case the event was a national, not an international, one. While the occasion was a general appeal to the humanitarian tendencies of the world, it had also a special bearing upon the American impetus to those tendencies and to the specific difficulties confronting the pending treaties. It was probably the absence of the ambassadors that enabled Mr. Taft to be so direct and so precise, and therefore so effective, but a greater amount of practical wisdom would have avoided an incident that must be classed among the things that ought not to have happened.

#### The Indicted Labor Leaders.

If Messrs. Tveitmoe and Johansen are innocent of the charge of participation in the *Times* explosion brought against them after careful inquiry by the federal authorities, it will soon be apparent in the manner in which they shall meet the accusation. Innocence does not need the aid of diplomacy; it does not have to adopt a "policy" or to organize elaborate schemes of defense. If Tveitmoe and Johansen are falsely accused, all they will have to do to clear themselves is to invite inquiry and to contribute frankly to its thoroughness. Nobody wants to convict them if they are not guilty; and if the facts acquit them there will be an end of the whole matter.

But it must be said that the course of these men thus far since the indictments were returned against them has not tended to inspire confidence in their innocence. Instead of inviting inquiry they have solidly and by inference opposed it; instead of trusting to the truth to make them free, they have pursued a course of dogged silence and have arranged with attorneys famed for adroitness in saving criminals from punishment to take charge of their case. They speak only to declare that they are going to "fight to a finish." They are following a course parallel with that pursued by the McNamaras at a time when these now confessed criminals were endeavoring by lies and concealments to evade the vengeance of justice. The next logical step in this line of policy will be a general assessment upon organized labor to support the costs of this dubious procedure.

It is understood that Mr. Darrow exacted a retaining fee of \$50,000 before taking up the case of the McNamaras; and he will, it is presumed, want the same sort of persuasion in the case of Tveitmoe, *et al.* It is notorious that although Mr. Darrow knew that the McNamaras were guilty he permitted organized labor throughout the country to be assessed in the approximate sum of \$175,000 for their defense. The same ideas and the same methods, it may be presumed, will be followed in the attempt to save Tveitmoe and Johansen. All of which is both unnecessary and vicious; and it will be interesting to see if organized labor, once befooled with lies to the end of getting its money, will yield a second time to the same form of appeal.

Without wishing to pre-judge the case, it is still to be said that all the circumstances in so far as they are known to the public tend to prejudice. Tveitmoe was in a position of authority in labor-union councils; he

was in touch with the McNamaras in various ways before the blow-up, and he was prompt and even vehement in their defense even when he must have known they were guilty. Somebody in San Francisco associated authoritatively with labor-union affairs was surely in on the deal; and who more likely than the most radical and violent of unionistic leaders, one in intimate association with the actual doers of the act and one whose previous record as a convict points to him as a sympathizer with criminality.

The case on its surface looks bad for the indicted men; but surface indications will not count for anything in the trial. If the facts do not convict them, nothing can do it; and if the facts prove their innocence, Tveitmoe and his associates ought to be the first to develop and exploit them.

#### Roosevelt and Harriman.

The issue between Mr. Roosevelt and the late Mr. Harriman, as to the latter's part in the campaign of 1904, which has been raised from its grave by the Sheldon-Roosevelt correspondence of last week, is one of veracity. Some time before his death Mr. Harriman declared on the witness stand that in the stress of the campaign Mr. Roosevelt invited him to Washington and asked him to raise a considerable sum of money—going so far as to name the desired sum—for use in the New York campaign. Mr. Roosevelt in his mild way declared this statement to be a lie. Now he brings Mr. Sheldon before the public to support this charge by a statement which really explains nothing. Mr. Sheldon says that the money contributed by Harriman himself and by others at his request went to the New York state campaign fund, and not to the presidential fund. Under analysis there is in this presentment a difference without a distinction, for money raised and spent in the New York campaign was to all intents and purposes money spent in the presidential campaign. In any event Mr. Roosevelt, who was a presidential candidate, was sufficiently interested to solicit the contribution and to acknowledge gratefully its acceptance.

Since the point of veracity is raised afresh, and since Mr. Harriman is dead and therefore unable to speak for himself, certain correspondence heretofore given to the public is especially interesting. In June Mr. Roosevelt wrote from the White House to Mr. Harriman, then in Europe, the following note:

June 29, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. HARRIMAN: I thank you for your letter. As soon as you come home I shall want to see you. The fight will doubtless be hot then. It has been a real pleasure to see you this year.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Having returned from Europe three months later, Mr. Harriman replied:

September 20, 1904.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I was very glad to receive your note of June 29 last while I was in Europe. I am now getting matters that accumulated during my absence somewhat cleared up, and if you think it desirable will go to see you at any time, either now or later. It seems to me that the situation could not be in better shape.

Yours sincerely,

E. H. HARRIMAN.

Some three weeks after the date of this letter Mr. Roosevelt again wrote to Mr. Harriman as follows:

October 10, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. HARRIMAN: \* \* \* In view of the trouble over the state ticket in New York I should like to have a few words with you. Do you think you can get down here within a few days and take either luncheon or dinner with me?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

And again, four days later, Mr. Roosevelt wrote:

October 14, 1904.

A suggestion has come to me in a roundabout way that you do not think it wise to come on to see me in these closing weeks of the campaign, but that you are reluctant to refuse inasmuch as I have asked you. Now, my dear sir, you and I are practical men, and you are on the ground and know the conditions better than I do. If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble, or if you think there is nothing special I need to be informed about, or no matter on which I could give aid, why, of course, give up the visit for the time being, and then a few weeks hence, before I write my message, I shall get you to come down to discuss certain government matters not connected with the campaign.

With great regards,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Again in November, after the election, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Mr. Harriman as follows:

November 30, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. HARRIMAN: \* \* \* If you remember, when you were down here both you and I were so interested in certain of the New York political developments that I hardly, if at all, touched on government matters. \* \* \* As a matter of fact, as you will remember, when you did



come down to see me, you and I were both so engaged in the New York political situation that we talked of little else.

Now let it be borne in mind that Mr. Harriman declared in his testimony that after a series of invitations during the summer and fall of 1904, both from the President and his secretary, he (Harriman) did visit the President at Washington and was asked to raise a specific fund for campaign purposes, that he did raise such fund, himself contributing \$50,000. Mr. Roosevelt denies the statement so far as it may relate to the presidential campaign, and seven years after the event brings in a hearsay witness to declare quite immaterially that Harriman's contribution was for the New York state campaign, as distinct from the presidential campaign, the two being concurrently carried on. This, Mr. Roosevelt would have the country accept as a refutation of Mr. Harriman's statement that at Roosevelt's own request, made as the result of a series of invitations, he (Harriman) did raise the fund in question and did contribute it to the Roosevelt campaign.

The letters above reproduced speak for themselves. There is nothing in them inconsistent with Mr. Harriman's statement. Everything in them indicates that Mr. Roosevelt's statement is at best a mere quibble. And it is not difficult to believe, in view of Mr. Harriman's connections and relationships to visit the President "before I write my message," that he felt that the letter of October 14 was not merely a request, or an executive command, but a threat as well.

Even in the incident by which this whole matter is brought afresh to public attention Mr. Roosevelt betrays a propensity to indirection and petty intrigue calculated to destroy confidence in the sincerity of his statements. For, be it remembered, the Sheldon correspondence—a letter from Sheldon and a reply by Roosevelt—is so presented as to indicate that the initiative was with Mr. Sheldon, and that Mr. Roosevelt's attitude was one of pleased surprise; whereas Mr. Sheldon now declares that his letter was written at Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion. The deception is petty; it would mean little or nothing if it were not evidence of an indirect way of doing things which if done at all should be done in the open. A man capable of pettifoggery in the Sheldon incident may not unfairly be suspected of insincerity in the Harriman incident.

#### The German Elections.

The German elections will be held during the second week in January, and as the imperial party is showing no signs of jubilation it may be assumed that the popular verdict is awaited with some apprehension in government circles. It would certainly seem that apprehension is well founded. No one supposes that the Socialists were permanently crushed at the last election, when their numbers fell from about eighty to forty-three. Indeed the signs are all the other way. There have been many by-elections during the last four years, and wherever it is possible for the Socialists to win a seat they have done so. Moreover, they will have the help of the Liberals, which was not the case before, the Liberals then working with the Conservatives against the Clericals and the Socialists. Now the cards have been reshuffled. Liberals and Socialists are in the same camp, and it looks very much as though the new Reichstag would be in a position to formulate democratic demands and to get them.

But it would be easy to draw wrong auguries from a Socialist victory in Germany. There we find a Socialist party so skillfully handled as to attract every variety of legitimate discontent, while holding violence and law-breaking at arm's length. To assume that the German Socialist is identical in aim with his American "comrade" would be misleading. The American Socialist has made the profound tactical mistake of allying himself with disreputable forms of labor unionism and with a rabid defense of crime. As a result he has alienated a large volume of radical sympathy which wishes to be radical within the limits of decency and legitimacy. The German Socialist has made no such mistake as this. The programme and speeches of the Socialist leaders contain no word offensive to a plain morality. Even the specific economic doctrines of Socialism are kept in the background. Their appeal is for a democratic form of government, for some system that shall enable the people to express their will, for some plan that shall bring the centre of political gravity a little nearer to the masses of the people. Almost any intelligent American citizen would find himself forced to affiliate with the Socialist party in Germany if he wished to protest against something that

is closely akin to absolutism. Socialism in Germany means ordinary, every-day Liberalism elsewhere. What it may ultimately mean is another matter.

There will be little sympathy with the government if it should meet with disaster. Among all the governments of the world the German government has shown itself absolutely rigid against any and every reform. It has set its face like flint against every measure that, directly or indirectly, could diminish the supremacy of the crown. Perhaps nearly every monarch in his heart of hearts believes in the divine right of kings. The German monarch is the only one to say so openly and to cling to his prerogatives with a sort of jealous ferocity that insures catastrophe. A few measures of reasonable reform would have cut the ground from under the feet of the Socialists, but those measures have never been granted. The result is that the average German has had to choose between a permanent petrification of the governmental system or a vote given to the Socialists.

#### An Apology.

A few days before the late municipal election Mr. Thomas Boyle, city auditor and candidate for reelection, called upon the editor of the *Argonaut* and explained in detail an incident which at the moment commanded public attention. The story was as follows: The McCarthy government, in pursuance of its Sierra water supply policy, had arranged for the purchase of certain water rights in the Sierra region from one William Ham Hall, representing himself and others, for some \$652,000. This purchase was under an option running till June, 1912; therefore the city would lose nothing if it should put the matter over for a few months, whereas in closing the transaction immediately it would run the chance of having paid its money for a questionable property if a certain cloud upon the title should prove to be serious. But the McCarthy government, for reasons not explained, wished to complete the purchase before retiring from office. All that was needed to do this was the approval of the auditor, Mr. Boyle. But being advised by competent authority that there was a flaw in the title to the lands and water rights under consideration, he had, by refusing to give his approval, "held up" the consummation of the deal. Because of his failure to take the McCarthy programme, according to his own statement, Mr. Boyle was being "knifed" in his candidacy for reelection by the McCarthy forces.

Now the *Argonaut* was not without a certain prejudice against Mr. Boyle, albeit it had known him as a man of once respectable connections. It could but remember that in times past he had been on more or less friendly terms with Eugene Schmitz and that during the height of the Ruef-Schmitz régime he had been made a member of the Board of Education. It remembered, too, that Mr. Boyle had been dismissed summarily from his membership in the board by Mayor Taylor because he had publicly associated with Eugene Schmitz to the extent of inviting him to ride through the public streets while he (Schmitz) was awaiting trial on charges of official misconduct. It thought that Mr. Boyle might well have had better friends and that he might have discriminated more delicately in his associations. But in view of Mr. Boyle's established character as a man of business integrity and in further view of the fact that as a candidate he was being cut by the McCarthyites for an act of conspicuous courage in the public interest, the *Argonaut* gave him personal and public support. The editor of the *Argonaut* voted for Mr. Boyle and asked others to do so. He put Mr. Boyle's name on the *Argonaut* municipal ticket, which brought him some thousands of votes. This because Mr. Boyle appeared to be a courageous man, even though unfortunate in some past affiliations, and because he was being persecuted for official resistance to untimely and probably corrupt demands. Mr. Boyle was elected by a small margin, and he would undoubtedly have been beaten but for the support which the *Argonaut* and others like minded gave him upon his own plea that he was being persecuted because he was an honest official.

But now comes Mr. Boyle with a complete change of heart and with another official policy. On the basis of counsel from the city attorney that he had "legal authority" to do what he had previously declined to do—a counsel by no means mandatory—he has signed the warrant which before the election he declined to sign, thus assisting in the more than questionable business of taking some \$652,000 from the city treasury and handing it over to William Ham Hall for a question-

able title to lands and water rights negotiated for under questionable methods by the McCarthy city government. In other words, Mr. Boyle, having won reelection upon a specious plea of an official persecuted for honesty's sake, has turned tail and given his official support to a suspicious transaction done in the closing hours of its authority by the McCarthy government. The *Argonaut* is sorry it voted for Mr. Boyle; it is profoundly chagrined that it counseled others to do the same. It grieves that it trusted too generously to high pretensions and it humbly apologizes to those whom, through its own misplaced confidence, it led into error.

There is further cause for chagrin in the fact that the city has been mulcted in another great sum for questionable rights in useless properties. The great sum paid out in the immediate transaction swells to upwards of a million dollars the money which San Francisco has sunk—or something worse—in a questionable title to lands and water rights which, now nor ever, can be of any value to the municipality and which so long as they shall be retained will involve a continuous expense and sustain a profitless and demoralizing agitation.

#### The Passing of the Muckraker.

The extinction of *Success Magazine* is another step in the revolution that has already engulfed a large part of the muckraking magazine press. The reason for the disappearance of *Success* is simple enough. It no longer pays. In other words, there is no more demand, at least no remunerative demand, for the particular wares in which it dealt.

The failure of *Success*—if such a contradiction in terms may be allowed—is the latest upon an already long list of changes and disappearances. All of these derelict publications were more or less of the same kind, they all had the same political complexion, they were all carried forward by the same wave, which, because it was a wave, was certain at some time to recede and to carry its load with it. *Hampton's Magazine* is dead, and so is the *Columbian*. The mourners were few. The *American* is still alive, but whatever vitality it has is due to its change of policy. *Everybody's* is still with us, but under new proprietorship and methods. And probably the list of wrecks is not yet full. The flag of distress is visible in more than one quarter. *Collier's*, for example, supplements a precarious income by the persistent touting of cheap books, and would probably disappear but for such adventitious support. There may be people who are willing to pay 10 cents for such an assortment of ingenious and pert misinformation, just as there are people who will believe anything and everything except the truth, but their number is not large, certainly not large enough to support *Collier's* in the absence of the premiums and the bonuses that sugar-coat the pill. Evidently the race of the muckraker is nearly run. The muckraking magazine is disappearing, and the muckraking writers are searching for new jobs. If we may judge from a recent performance in Los Angeles, some of them seem unwilling to face the facts or the terrible necessity of being inconspicuous. The rôle of savior of the country is not lightly discarded.

And yet it was easy to foresee the fate of the muckraking magazine. It was foredoomed to failure from the start because it violated a law of human progress which demands construction and not destruction. The sensational writer whose only conception of reform is exposure and denunciation is inspired by the same passions as the dynamiter who blows up a building, and we are now beginning to understand what the public thinks of both of them. The public is eager enough that abuses shall be removed, but not by dynamite, and it wants first to know what will take their place.

The muckraking magazine is but a part of what may be called the muckraking movement, and it will all collapse in due time. We are learning that while the disease may be bad, the remedy is far worse. We have now at Sacramento a good illustration of the muckraking movement in its wider aspect. The election of Governor Johnson was a specimen of reform by political dynamite, and we are now learning that the new building, such as it is, is far worse than the old and that the "reformer" will do things more gross, more crude, more raw, than the old-style politician would have dared to dream of. If Governor Johnson were a magazine he would be finding that his circulation was falling off and that even premiums and bonuses could not save it. But votes last longer than subscriptions, and we shall have to wait awhile before popular disgust and contempt can find a voice. But the muckraker as a writer and as a politician is doomed.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Several Englishmen have been on trial in Germany and several Germans have been on trial in England upon charges of spying. During a trial now proceeding in London it was shown that the accused German was in possession of cipher letters instructing him to ascertain the amount of coal stored at the naval depots, the armaments of some new torpedo boats, and the nature of the mechanism used in the conning towers of submarines. English spies in Germany have been similarly busy. It is now said that spying has become a gentlemanly amusement, a sort of sport, somewhat more exciting than fox or boar hunting and not so "merry" as privateering. The younger son who wants amusement with a spice of danger no longer climbs mountains or bunts big game. He buys a camera and a lead pencil and goes abroad in order to lurk around fortifications or bribe a soldier to betray his country. It is a lofty and dignified occupation, and if any qualms remain to be silenced it can be done by using the word espionage instead of spying. Things sound so much better in French, and everything becomes lawful in the name of patriotism. But the trials now proceeding apace in both countries furnish the sort of soil from which wars spring.

For what curious causes some people excite themselves. Here they are holding public meetings in England to protest against the "Ne Temere" decree of the Catholic Church that has just been republished. Lords, bishops, clergy, and laity are uniting in fiery protest and resolutions of defiance are sent hurtling through the air. Now as very few common-sense people know what this decree is it may be said that it was issued by the Council of Trent in 1545, and it declared all marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics to be sinful and invalid. Evidently the church is of the same opinion still, since the decree has been reissued. Well, what of it? To issue decrees is an inalienable human right like the pursuit of happiness. We may all issue decrees to our hearts' content, but no one can be said to have a grievance unless and until the policeman begins to enforce those decrees. Evidently there are a great many people in England who have nothing particular to do or to think about, or it would be impossible to fill a great hall with protesters against a decree that can not possibly do any harm to any one.

The magnificent example of the women of Dahomey should be made widely known wherever their more civilized sisters are to be found struggling for their rights. Frederick Martyn of the French Foreign Legion, who fought in the recent Dahomey campaign, tells us emphatically that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." The Senegalese tirailleurs were attacked by the Amazons, and Mr. Martyn says that "any one inclined to sympathize with the Amazons on account of their sex and to look upon the combat between them and our men as unequal, may take it from me that their sympathy would be misplaced. These young women were far and away the best men in the Dahomeyan army, and woman to man were quite a match for any of us. They fought like unchained demons, and if driven into a corner did not disdain to use their teeth and nails." It may be an error of policy to make these facts known, and thus to stimulate a militancy already vigorous enough.

A knotty problem of literary jurisprudence has just been decided in France. Some thirty years ago M. Anatole France, then a young man, was commissioned to write a history. He performed the work and was paid for it, but the book was never issued until recently. Now M. France protests against the publication of a work that represents a youthful style and that embodies ideas no longer held by him. Moreover, he has since written another history which differs greatly from the earlier one. The publisher being obdurate against these remonstrances, the author has brought an action and has won it. The court holds that a publisher has no right to keep a manuscript unpublished as long as he pleases and then to issue it after the author has made a name for himself. He is therefore ordered to return the manuscript and to cancel the contract.

The Modern Historical Records Association is about to get to work. An initial meeting has been held in New York and arrangements are being elaborated for "preserving in imperishable form the record of history, heretofore 'writ on water,' in order that future generations may know the exact measure of our wisdom and our ignorance, our achievements and our failures." It will be remembered that the association intends to establish centres throughout the country for the purpose of collecting a record of contemporary life in all its phases and preserving it in some imperishable way. The method of preservation is suggested by the proceedings at the first meeting. The records of these proceedings were placed in a tube of tiling and the whole sealed with concrete; a copper plate indicating the contents was then affixed to the outside of the concrete cylinder. Parchment will be used for such purpose of a similar texture to that employed by Cicero for his "De Republica," which still exists intact, although some medieval monk with a twisted eye for proportions had overlaid it with passages from St. Augustine. But parchment will not be the only means employed. The phonograph and every suitable modern appliance will be pressed into the service.

The late John Bigelow was a Swedenborgian and had been so for fifty years. He tells us that one day half a century ago he was reading his Bible while staying in the West Indies, and falling into conversation with a Scandinavian who was sitting near him he was advised to read Swedenborg in conjunction with the Scriptures. Mr. Bigelow tells us that he became so interested in the volume lent him that he read a few eight hours continuously and that for twenty years thereafter he read Swedenborgian books for many hours a

day. Swedenborg has never enjoyed a great popularity, partly on account of the highly mystical nature of his teachings and partly because of a certain extravagance in the narration of his own visions. But it was Swedenborg who first illuminated Christianity by his "doctrine of correspondences," which postulated an intimate connection between man and the universe and a correspondence between the human and divine natures. It seems by no means unlikely that the present wave of Christian mysticism will yet bring the fine philosophy and science of Swedenborg into the light of the public recognition that it deserves.

Mr. Charles E. Brookfield, the new assistant examiner of plays in London, has had a long familiarity with the stage and its people. He tells us that he was once in the company of a number of actors out of a job when George Grossmith put in an appearance. Grossmith was then at the height of his popularity as a drawing-room entertainer, and he began to rally his less fortunate companions on their lack of initiative. He asked them why they waited for a theatre appointment when one might make \$500 a night at private parties. All they needed was a suit of dress clothes and a piano. "That's all right," said Brookfield, "but we don't all look so funny in a dress suit as you do."

We are often told that the criminal law of America is practically the same as that of England, at least so far as relates to the rights of prisoners. In this connection an interesting paragraph arrests the eye in a recent issue of an English newspaper. Justice Avory, sitting at the Old Bailey, professed indignation upon discovering that a prisoner had been questioned by the police. There was no suggestion of ill-treatment or of undue influence. The man had been questioned and no more, but the judge took occasion warmly to censure the officers and to remind them that they had no right to put any questions whatsoever to a prisoner after he was in custody. Even to inform a prisoner of the allegations made against him except as a formal charge was "only a subtle form of cross-examination with the object of obtaining an admission."

The annual prize of \$1000 that was won last year in Paris by Mlle. Audoux's "Marie Claire" has this year been awarded to M. Louis de Robert's "Roman d'un Malade." It is a curious feature of the award that the jury must be composed of women, presumably that the women's view may be expressed. But it was made evident that the jurywomen were not insusceptible to male influence. The award to M. de Robert was speedy and unanimous, and the jury then set themselves to the more accustomed occupation of tea and toast. Suddenly from the inner depths of a voluminous muff appeared the corner of a sheet of yellow notepaper, and there is only one literary man in Paris who uses yellow notepaper, and that is Pierre Loti. If the lady who thus divulged her secret had supposed that she was the only one to be favored with a canvassing letter in aid of M. Loti's friend she was speedily undeceived. Sheets of yellow notepaper made their appearance upon every hand, and it became evident that M. Loti had left nothing to chance and that he had made this appeal to every member of the jury.

The tourist who wishes to understand something of the devastation of a modern battle might do worse than visit Port Arthur, now quite easy of access. A correspondent of the London *Daily Express* describes the battlefield as being practically in the same state as after the final struggle. The dead have been cleared away—those of them that were visible—and rough hygienic measures have been taken—but with these exceptions nothing has been done to obliterate the signs of the great struggle, and now the rains have uncovered countless skeletons that were covered by the debris. Relics of the fray, says the correspondent, lie on every hand, great steel gun carriages, torn like discarded sardine tins, guns with burst breeches or jaggedly rent at the tip of their muzzles; shells and projectiles of every size and in every stage of crumplement, an unpleasant proportion half-buried and unexploded though a reward stands for the Chinese peasants who report their location; rusted bayonets, battered leaden and nickel bullets, broken rifle-stocks, twisted leather boot soles, badges, snapped sword blades, and the hilts of sabres.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The smallest republic in the world, without exception, is that of Tavolara, a little island situated about a dozen kilometers (seven and a half miles) from Sardinia. It is a little more than a mile in length, and has a population of fifty-five. The sovereignty of the island was accorded in 1836 by King Charles Albert to the Barteleoni family. Up to 1881 Paul I reigned peaceably over his little island kingdom, but at his death the islanders proclaimed a republic. By the constitution of the republic the president is elected for ten years, and women exercise the franchise.

Much has been made of the fact that the shepherds of Palestine lead their sheep. This custom has arisen, of course, through the absence of roads and the scanty nature of the pasturage found on the mountain sides. It would be impossible to drive the flocks from place to place unless dogs were employed, and there are no sheep dogs in Eastern countries. Hence the shepherd goes on in front, the sheep following behind, a shepherd boy as a rule bringing up the rear. This is the shepherd's principal duty, to guide his sheep and find pasture for them.

The dust collected from numerous vacuum cleaners has proved to be a valuable fertilizer, and its sale has become a regular business in Paris.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Tiger.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned that fire within thine eyes?  
On what wings dared he aspire?  
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

—William Blake.

## To Althea from Prison.

When Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tinkle in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud, how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlarged winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty. —Richard Lovelace.

## As Slow Our Ship.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
We talk, with joyous seeming,  
And smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twind us,  
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us!

And, when in other climes we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flow'ry, mild and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If heav'n had but assign'd us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon the light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

—Thomas Moore.

## Allan-a-Dale.

Allan-a-Dale has no faggots for burning,  
Allan-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
Allan-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allan-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
Come, read me my riddle! come, harken my tale!  
And tell me the craft of bold Allan-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side.  
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-Dale!

Allan-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;  
Allan-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allan-a-Dale.

Allan-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:  
"Though," the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Ailan, "shows gallanter still;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allan-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:  
He has laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-Dale!

—Walter Scott.



## MANHATTAN CABARET SHOWS.

Divisions That are Liked Because the Cafe Proprietors Say They Came from San Francisco.

Broadway borrows its fashions in diversion, and admits the fact, but is confident that it revels in them, carries them to extremes, satiates itself with them, in ways peculiarly its own. Just now it frankly acknowledges its obligation to San Francisco for some amusement novelties, and is wearing them out. Thomas Shanley, of the noted restaurant bearing his name, says that the cabaret idea of entertainment for dining-room patrons was taken from Paris first by its Pacific Coast autotype, and brought thence to Manhattan. I have been unable to verify this statement by reference to your newspapers, and hesitate to accept it, as I would not willingly harbor aspersions of even a far-away neighbor. That term, cabaret, does not synchronize with the sensations indubitably San Franciscan that have come to us.

At any rate we have had the cabaret shows for some time in the cafes, and the proprietors are beginning to tire of them, while their patrons appear to find them increasingly attractive as their features are multiplied and varied. At first they seemed a logical development of the orchestral accompaniment of the dinner. Logical, that is, from the restaurateur's point of view. He thought his patrons enjoyed the music, but he was mistaken. Nobody listened to the players. Conversation was actually encouraged by the rhythmic carol of the clarinets and the sobbing of the strings. One could pour out all kinds of confidences to a companion at the table under cover of the harmonic ministrations. But they added singers to the entertainment, and these, too, were endured. It was easy to applaud, condescendingly, at the close of a vocal selection, and when the song began again to take up the thread of dialogue or monologue as if nothing had happened. From classic offerings the singers progressed to "popular" compositions and coon songs. And here it may as well be acknowledged that this fashion came, not from Paris or the West, but from the night-trade eating and drinking places of less repute on the side streets and avenues east of Fifth. Then came the dancers, and this was the real parting of the ways. Carelessly incidental and negligible were the musical numbers, but the gymnastics demanded attention.

However, the cafe proprietors are in two moods about them. They undoubtedly attract, but hardly enough to balance the additional expense. And there are other difficulties. Whether from the jealousy of the vaudeville theatre managers or through suddenly awakened but uninspired official censorship, there is great danger that the shows will be declared illegal. In the city charter there is a strict rule requiring a license for anything resembling a theatrical performance, and the courts will be called on to decide if the free shows in the restaurants escape the comprehensive definition of the law. At first there were no stages, speaking technically; perhaps an improvised and impermanent dais for the singers, though usually they lifted up their voices standing on a level with the diners. When dancing was added to the programme, a stage, or platform at least, was required. How else could the view of the turkey trot and Texas tommy, to say nothing of the Apache dance, be unobstructed? The alternative diversions named in the preceding sentence are hailed as the most exquisite of all San Francisco's gifts to the metropolis. Trust Manhattan to improve or develop new modes. When these mutilated prancings come back to you they will be the worse for their visit to the East. It is not the character of the shows, however, that is focussing the eyes of blue-coated censors; not at all. The question is merely whether a cafe privilege applies simultaneously to the serving of broiled lobster and white seal and the antics of variety artists.

Of course there are complications. The restaurants that give their shows openly, in the general dining-room, are not regarded with severe disapprobation, but there are some that have fitted up rooms on upper floors and made entrance to this department a matter of selection—for reserved-seat holders only. It is the latter class which is stirring up trouble. Descriptions of the performances given in these somewhat secluded temples of Thespis and Terpsichore would, perhaps, not be accepted as evidences of steady progress in the uplift movement. Should the courts sweep away the whole departure the proprietors of the gilded cafes would be the least disturbed of the interested parties. Presumably the seekers of diversion and the performers employed would be more aggrieved.

Another San Francisco importation is receiving its share of attention as I write. Many New Yorkers have seen the carnival New Year's eve in the San Francisco of years ago. Much later the idea was taken up in Manhattan, and now for three or four times the ushering in of a new year has been made an occasion of boisterous good-fellow demonstration. The streets have not been markedly celebrant, except for a few blocks along the great white way, but in the cafes the hilarity has been unconfined. There is a one o'clock closing hour law that affects the sale of wine, but that restriction has been brought forth with mildness, and often entirely overlooked with official complaisance. This year it is asserted that it will be enforced, hence timely preparation. Advance orders are required for seats at tables, and, further than that, the wine to be consumed must not be only selected in brand and quantity before the fateful night, but actually paid for long before the

doors open for the gayety-loving crowd. We shall have our pleasures, undoubtedly, but our efforts to imitate and patronize San Francisco are causing no end of strategical rearrangement.

NEW YORK, December 26, 1911.

## "California's Way."

The Portland *Oregonian*, which apparently keeps a shrewd eye upon matters and things in California, presents a few remarks under the heading "California's Way," which, while a bit unpalatable in the swallowing, may nevertheless be good for what ails us. Here they are:

California is insurgent—oh, so insurgent! It has an insurgent governor, who fairly oozes insurgency by day and dreams insurgency by night. It has an insurgent or two in the lower House of Congress. It has an insurgent senator, who spouts insurgency by the hoghead. It has an insurgent, or near-insurgent, legislature, and it has a population that swallows whole any insurgent bait its self-anointed band of popularity-seeking apostles offer them.

When President Taft visited California last October to break ground for the great Panama-Pacific 1915 Exposition, Governor Johnson condescended to meet him at the state line; but he declined to take part as guest or host in a great banquet at San Francisco in the President's honor. The entire demeanor of California's insurgent governor during the President's stay was of forced courtesy and sneering and jaunty hospitality. The President was made to feel that California would have been glad if he had remained away. California was so busy with its preparations for the Panama-Pacific Exposition and in its wild and ostentatious rejoicing over the designation of San Francisco as the seat of the official celebration that it was obviously annoyed by the interruption of a presidential visit.

The latest news from the California insurgentville is that under the recently framed presidential primary law, California is going to send a solid anti-Taft delegation to the Chicago convention. No doubt, no doubt. The Great California Noise must make itself heard somehow.

Yet President Taft was the main influence in winning the battle between San Francisco and New Orleans for San Francisco. President Taft will be the most potent factor in future legislation for the 1915 exposition. President Taft will be the voice through which foreign nations will be called upon to participate. President Taft's active and continued friendship is indispensable to the success of the exposition.

But President Taft is broad-minded and generous, and will overlook the meanness of California and the littleness of its governor. California knows that and relies upon it, and will continue to bid for favors to come and to forget benefits past.

Recently when the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the two most notable documents in the United States, were brought to light for the first time in years, and subjected to examination by the Secretary of State, they were found to be in as good condition as when they were placed in their present abiding place, a steel safe especially made for their custody. The four pages of the Constitution and the resolution submitting the instrument to the states for ratification are in excellent condition, the ink being as black and legible as when it was used, a century and a quarter ago. The ink is of a quality that will outlast any ink of the present day. The body of the Declaration of Independence is still legible, although not nearly in so good condition as the Constitution. Nearly every signature to the instrument, however, is almost entirely obliterated. Both documents are written on parchment with a quill pen, and are kept in a light steel safe. This safe is not fireproof, however, and orders were therefore given at the time of the recent inspection for the construction of a new repository for the instruments that should be fireproof, waterproof, airproof, and lightproof. Each page was then laid between two large sheets of glass and sealed around the edges, which were then bound together in wooden frames of highly polished oak, after which they were placed in their former receptacle. They will not be taken out again until the new safe is provided for them.

Application of radium, chiefly by drinking and inhalations, has now become quite an established usage in most of the German cure stations. Dr. Frumesan, who has visited most of them, has likewise become firmly convinced of the efficaciousness of the radium cure through inhalations, and has gone to considerable expense to set up an installation in Paris. The most effective way of applying the cure is by means of inhalations of radium emanations. For this purpose a comfortable room has been especially prepared. The doors and windows have been thoroughly padded and made almost hermetically tight. Accommodation is provided for eight or ten patients, who may take the cure simultaneously. The radium emanation is provided by a "vollinhalatorium," a device which is already popular and widely used in Germany. The "vollinhalatorium" is a sort of upright tube, standing a yard or more high, at the bottom of which the radium is placed. Special currents of air are forced up through the tube and convey the emanations of radium through the room with the air, which is itself constantly renewed with a special supply of oxygen.

Sonneberg, the little German town on the Thuringia, is recognized as the largest toy-manufacturing centre in the world. In addition to its summer resort business, it has been credited with the annual production of some 24,000,000 toys aggregating in value \$4,000,000. There are about 40,000 people engaged in making toys in Sonneberg and in the nearby villages in the Thuringian forests. Fully 75 per cent of this number work in their own homes.

Two hundred tons of wood pulp are required by the London county council in making next year's supplies of tramway tickets.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, president of the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is the owner of a land tract of 10,000 acres in Illinois, on which she is conducting a "back to the farm" enterprise. Only a short time ago Mrs. Scott was elected president of a coal mining company, to succeed Adlai E. Stevenson, formerly Vice-President of the United States.

Lieutenant John M. Timmons, newly appointed chief naval aide to President Taft, is an athlete and something of a man-bird. In 1905 he was detailed to take part in a series of balloon experiments at Philadelphia, and narrowly escaped death in a balloon that was carried 250 miles to the north before the huge bag could be brought down. At Annapolis he was captain of the 'varsity crew in 1900.

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday recently in New York, has been a Unitarian preacher since 1859. Prior to that time he was a Methodist local preacher. He was born in Yorkshire, England, following the trade of a blacksmith in his earlier years. He came to the United States in 1850. Dr. Collyer is now pastor emeritus of the Church of the Messiah, in New York.

George Bakhmetieff, the new Russian ambassador, is no stranger at Washington, having been secretary of the legation during the administration of President Arthur. He speaks English fluently, is a man of broad ideas, has a wealth of native wit and saving humor, and an American wife, who by right of birth, has entrée into the most influential circles of her native country. She is a daughter of General Edward Beale.

Clarence Hawkes, the blind poet-naturalist of Hadley, Massachusetts, is one of the most skillful fishermen in New England. He lost his sight twenty-seven years ago in a hunting accident. Following a course in Perkins Institute for the Blind, he took up literature. After three years he found that he was earning a fair living. He has a dozen nature books to his credit, some volumes of verse, and is in demand as a lecturer.

Frank Bradley, who furnishes the brains for much of the subway work in New York, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars, began life as a bricklayer, after graduating from high school. He is now president of the Bradley Construction Company, employing an army of 7000 men and thousands of horses. Bradley is only thirty-three years of age, and is so wrapped up in his work that he frequently spends sixteen hours a day on the firing line.

James Chambers, mayor-elect of Everett, Massachusetts, and former member of the legislature, was a day laborer not so many years ago. He is a native of Kilkeel, Ireland, and when a youth learned the shoemaker's trade. For four years he sailed before the mast, and after coming to this country worked for a time as a carpenter's helper, as a hod-carrier, and as a laborer in a brass foundry. In time he became superintendent of the foundry, and had meanwhile become interested in politics.

Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., who has been appointed by the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution as one of the delegates on the part of the United States to the International Congress of Orientalists, to be held at Athens next April, is professor of Semitic languages at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a native of Europe and was educated in France and Germany. Professor Jastrow is an acknowledged authority on Semitic religions, languages, and literatures, and is the author of numerous important works.

Robert E. Smith, who recently sold a small lot in New York for \$1,000,000, receiving the highest price per foot ever paid in the city, arrived from Russia thirty-one years ago, a peasant boy of sixteen, with just \$6 to his name. Of his slim capital he invested four dollars in a peddler's outfit, made a little money and saved it. Then he began making plush coats in a dingy loft. This proved a great success, business rapidly increased, and investments proved fortunate. His motto has been, "Pay every dollar when it's due."

Miss Sallie Tompkins, just elected a member of Lee Camp (Virginia) Confederate Veterans, enjoys the distinction of having been the only woman commissioned as an officer in the Confederate army. Miss Tompkins established and maintained at her own expense the Robertson Hospital, where 1300 wounded and sick Confederate soldiers were treated between July 1, 1861, and June 1, 1865. When the Confederate Secretary of War required all military hospitals to be in charge of an army or naval officer, President Davis commissioned Miss Tompkins a captain of infantry.

General Hugh Bancroft, who has just been appointed chairman of the board of directors of the port of Boston, finds himself at the age of only thirty-two in a \$15,000 position, in charge of the spending of \$9,000,000 of the state's money and the development of the port. He was a precocious child, finished Harvard at the age of seventeen, took a civil engineering course, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, rowed on the college team, served in the Spanish war, and finally took up the active practice of law, at which he was unusually successful. He is a big man—over six feet in height—with a great capacity for hard work, likes yachting, but is only ordinary at tennis and worse at golf.



## THE PARTNERS.

When Doty, Junior, Came Into His Own.

Dennis Doty and Hilaria Joyce, his wife, were spoken of behind their backs as Business and Pleasure; so much was he addicted to the one; she, devoted to the other. His business was drink; her pleasure, the dance. To be sure, there were who spoke of her addiction and his devotion. But, as saith the dominie in his cups: Jug not that ye be not juggled.

Common friends, holding that Nature is Aristotelic in her philosophy and seeks ever to preserve a dignified mean, called it an ideal partnership, that of the Dotys, or Dotings, as they were monnakered of the under-worldly. Dennis was tall, thin, dark, lame, and hook-nosed; Hilaria Joyce, short, thick, fair, footed like Terpsichore, with a concavity in her nose where was his convexity.

Altogether, so well assorted a couple as Business and Pleasure, the world that loves a lover had never before seen. To see them was of a truth inspiring. So much so that once the jokesmith of the wholesale juggery over which that genius Doty presided, while under the influence, his ego in a fine frenzy rolling, made a feeble attempt to do the pair of them poetic justice in a quatraine yclept "The Partners," of which his good name I have filched him, hoping thereby to enrich me. The poor fellow being since deceased, filling a drunkard's grave, I am bound by *nil nisi* to speak naught of him but good. Nathless let the evil that he did live after him, speak for itself and me, thus:

He figured much at the office,  
She figured much at the ball;  
And so it was neither one figured  
Where t'other one figured, at all.

Among aforesaid friends 'twas a foregone conclusion that the children, born eclectics, would one and all take of Dennis's too much and add it to Hilaria's too little, and *vice versa*; take, for instance, a slice of his Roman, which added to her *retroussé* would result in something exquisitely Grecian. The husband's delight to make money, the wife's to spend it, would indubitably issue in offspring born to the belief that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; all play and no work, Jill a duller girl. In brief, by means of the attraction of these opposites, of the intermingling of these too pronounced types, would be maintained the average dear to the heart of the wise all-mother.

Of the senior and silent partner, this much: His name, as has been said, was Dennis, which is Greek for Bacchus; and he looked the part, like the god come down in the world, unworshiped, emaciated, with scarce a leg to stand on, fallen upon lidded days, out-of-joint times wherein those doctors of morals, the Prohibitionists, make a religion of that capital operation, cutting out the booze. Dennis's capacity, too, was Dionysian: Strong drink was his strength rather than his weakness. Like a god he carried his cups; if manlike in his pockets the wherewith to counteract the breath of suspicion. On business bent, he found it full easy to walk the chalk; in momentary argument, to go from point to point straight as a string.

Of the junior and speaking partner, but a word: Gently, genteelly, bedewed with diamonds and pearls, her extra dry witty conversation sparkling like champagne, she was for the firm the greatest ad ever. At those charity balls that discover a multitude of society's sins, she looked like nothing in the world so much as ready money, albeit money that talks not loudly but in subdued tones, with the artistic reserve of reserve funds, suggestive of unlimited more. Obviously and above-board pleasure-loving, she was good as gold; as was her husband's credit.

Hilaria Joyce, then, was in society and her element, the dancing set; Dennis, in the liquor business and his. She drank of flattery to her heart's content, without being thereby intoxicated, losing her head. Driven of the commercial devil, he drank freely of his own brands and knew nothing of pickmeups and the morning after. From the fell disease drunkenness, he was constitutionally immune. Had Hilaria known the facts of the case, she never would have believed the truth: the coexistence of such capacity and such sobriety as her Dennis's; and would have divorced him for the drunkard he wasn't—that is, could she have. A dissolution of partnership on the grounds of habitual drinking, no judge of good liquor living would grant. Only men given to seeing things ever saw Dennis drunk. There was a *bon mot* in the Doty family, a sort of heirloom which Dennis was overfond of parading, to the effect that the drinker had not gone to extremes so long as the drink had not gone (to extremes understood, *i. e.*, head and feet). On the other hand, it must have been an unwritten saw of the D'Esterres (Hilaria Joyce was *née* D'Esterre) that until one had danced one's head off with dizziness and one's feet with weariness, there was no such thing as too much waltz.

Once a day at least they met, these extremes, Extreme Pleasure, Extreme Business—if not at breakfast-time, then at dinner-time, or at bedtime, he coming belated from the office; she, from the ball. Met at all times with unfeigned gladness Dennis Doty and Hilaria Joyce, his wife.

An ideal partnership and no mistake, the partners in every way complementary the one of the other, with concomitant, if not consequent, domestic felicity that left nothing to be desired—except, save only, that the *bon mot* went by on Dennis's game leg and Hilaria's flying feet, and the foregone conclusions of common friends neither justified nor unjustified of events. Like

a black beetle in the bottom of the drained amber glass remained the fact that made Dennis heart-sick: the hope deferred of some glad day sign-painting over the door of the juggery:

DOTY &amp; SON, WHOLESALE LIQUOR MERCHANTS.

Doctors were consulted, and postfree system books sent for posthaste. It profited the physicians, *et al.*, much: the patients (there were two of them), nothing. The doctors looked wise, put their heads together and shook them: the patients looked foolish, put their heads together, and shook them (heads and doctors). Having dismissed profane science with much profanity on Dennis's part and many tears on Hilaria's, the partners at last resorted to having the proper thought held (for a consideration) over them. All to no purpose. Heartily sick of her husband's heart-sickness, the young wife, to her credit be it said, searched diligently for some old wife's remedy that might prove efficacious. In vain.

The years danced or dotted and went on. A happiness sad and sacred descended upon the unblest-with-children Dotys, the blessedness of Carlyle, which is not to be confounded with commonplace happiness, if happiness at all (we leave the question to be settled by Herbert Spenserian penmen), a blessedness that bid fair to be broken but by Death.

But the fates that see to it that the historian gets daily bread decreed that the Dotys should have a history to write. Out of the gray blue of their quiet autumn afternoon sky, the thunderbolt of birth. For the silver wedding of the partners came a present not unexpected; a fulfillment of hope that made Hilaria Joyce the joyful mother of a man child; a fulfillment of fear that made the heart of Dennis Doty sicker than could have hope indefinitely deferred.

Congratulatory customers, friends, and acquaintances who visited the juggery expecting the proprietor to open up proud-fatherwise, were doomed to disappointment and dryness not of pommyery sec. Dryly Dennis thanked them, gentlemen, one and all. Dumb and glum as the doubting husband of Elizabeth, he dotted and went on about his business. When consulted of his wife anent the christening, he spoke writingly: "My name is Dennis, so is his." He was preoccupied, and the thought he took added no cubit to his stature, nor goodly fraction thereof, but subtracted. From the way he treated the belated little guest, one would diagnose that his heart had died of that dread sickness, hope deferred. Had the mother's name been Sara instead of Hilaria Joyce, she could not have had more visitors of the philoprogenitive sex. The infant was a prodigy, a curiosity. Yet not a single one of them declared of the sleeping amorphous bit of humanity, though Doty listened for it as a prisoner for reprieve: "It's the dead image of its daddy, bless its itty heart!"

The deferred hope, babyhood left behind, was seen to favor neither father nor mother. He was indeed the most impartial of progeny imaginable, even by prophetic friends. The unpronounced type personified, he was neither thin nor thick, tall nor short. His hair was dunducketty mud-colored; his nose, nondescriptly straight. In his walk was nothing noticeable, nor limp nor lightness of foot. As to the character of the poor nobody's kid, his spirit had evidently procured to habit in a fitting body. He overdid nor work nor play.

"He's no son of mine!" disowned him the father, smiling grimly as who should speak a true word in jest.

"Just look at him!" the mother adjured. "He's as much a son of yours as he is of mine!"

Honors were easy. To all appearances, Dennis, Jr., was no more a child of the one than of the other. He was a changeling.

Left severely alone of his father, strung on his mother's apron, the boy grew apace. In all three of the Doty family, Time the transmogrifier had wrought his inevitable changes. Mrs. Doty had taken to wearing aprons and neglecting pleasure; Mr. Doty had taken to wearing carpet slippers and neglecting business; which latter, however, like the youngster, was on such a firm footing that it could run itself. Dennis, Jr.'s once amorphous face had become shapely to a fair-to-middling degree; but favored Dennis, Sr., no jot or tittle more than in shapeless babyhood. Furtively the father scrutinized his own clean-shaven face in the dining-room glass, opposite which he sat, and then his son and heir's. The result was invariably the same: the punishing of an extra innocent bottle. Frowning, the liquor merchant took his smile, and that not because his better half frowned it down, and brought up her offspring teetotally on milk and water.

And yet, thanks to the motherhood of Doty *mère*, to self-accusation and consequent magnanimity in the dead heart of Doty *père*, the partners drifted not apart, but ever nearer and nearer. Fully realizing that his addiction to business had left his wife to her own devices, Dennis was devotion's self, not to say, divine forgiveness's. If his game leg had forbidden his dancing even of lancers, he might at least have danced that *pas-seul* that pleases woman more than waltz or two-step; namely, attendance.

The winged horse Happiness strayed or stolen. Doty locked the door and made it his business to attend on his wife's pleasure. They went out together to now and then a dinner party and an odd dance. Hilaria Joyce, on her side, began to take a French citizeness's pleasure in her husband's business, making of it table talk; and if Sorrow sat there below the salt, the conversation was none the less unconstrained. 'Twas in fact strangely companionable. The unvoiced doubt in

Doty's mind, the dumb devil of which he was possessed, did not amount to madness, a fixed idea. None the less, it was his tragedy (their?). His unhappiness was enough to entitle him to a history, and to spare.

Came a dining-out evening when Hilaria Joyce, scarcely less resplendent than of yore, kissed her young hopeful good-night, extracted from the large of his age and milksoopy youth the usual promise to be lonely, studious, and go to bed early—kissed him twice: once for herself and once for his undemonstrative father; and left him to his tender conscience and the like mercies of Bridget Dunne, the cook lady, whose night out it was.

Coward-makers, like cook ladies and other divinities, have their days off; their nights out.

By merest chance, the sticking of a fateful but not fatal fishbone athwart the gullet of their hostess, who hospitably made light of the contretemps, Doty *père* and Doty *mère* came at a for them, adults, unreasonably early, nay, unseasonable, hour. The result of such haphazard homecoming was nothing if not surprising, causing a scene, if not a catastrophe, in the hitherto quiet domestic drama. Not to prolong the suspense, they surprised Dennis, Jr., in the act of drinking the last of twelve high-school-boys guests under the paternal table; and were themselves duly surprised. The inlaid floor of the dining-room was literally strewn with dead soldiers of Doty's Best, and their intermingling dead. Moreover, to judge from the débris of eatables, Bridget's generous larder had been commandeered, or, to hear her tell it, gutted. It being his tender conscience's night out, to dine alone, do his lessons, and go to bed like a good boy, seemingly liked Dennis, Jr., not at all.

Like a little man, however, he stood his ground and faced the music; that is to say, the disconcerting silence of his dumfounded parents; and, with a louder-spoken-than-words "Here's looking at you," downed the arrested bumper.

Hilaria Joyce, playing her woman's part to perfection, promptly fainted and took her place among the dishonored dead. The unnatural husband and father let her down easy. Then sternly he addressed himself to the culprit: "Dennis! the truth, so help you: How many of these here brave officers did you put out of commission?"

"My full share, sir—and more!" Dennis owned up bravely.

"Come here!"

Dennis was slow to obey. Never had his father laid violent tongue, much less unmetaphorical hand, on him. One long moment the lad "soldiered." Then, as if minded to take his medicine Spartanwise, he marched soldierly forward the length of the dining-room to where his father stood framed in the doorway, a Nemesis in evening dress. Not a hair's breadth did he deviate from the line of march, nor once stumble over the dead. The ordeal by firewater which he had undergone had apparently no more effect upon the milksoop than if his name had been Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego, instead of Dennis. Unscotched, he came out of the fiery furnace, nor so much as smelled of the smoky Scotch.

Dennis, Sr., seized the miracle by the shoulders. The living soldier wavered not, but stood at attention; his glance met his father's unflinchingly.

Suddenly Doty *père*, the undemonstrative, released the lad, fell back, regarding him strangely, and then, springing forward, crushed him to his heart.

"My son! My own boy! My very own!" he cried capriciously, blind drunk with delight.

The evidence was incontestible. That Dennis, Sr., embraced his flesh and blood was no longer possible to doubt. Nothing less than the Doty constitution could have stood the gaff, the hundred-proof test.

Thus embracing and embraced, indubitably father and son, the mother, coming to of her own accord, found them.

Promptly she refainted dead away, letting herself down easy, a smile strange and new on her placid face.

Thus father and son they found her.

"Come, let's give her a good jolt, in' boy."

"But there isn't a jolt left, dad!"

"There isn't, eh? Here, then, gimme that ridiculous feather and a match!"

For the second time, Mrs. Doty came to on her own hook.

"Oh, no, you don't, Dennis!" she sat up to say, as one who speaks with maternal and uxorial authority.

Bright and early the next morning the sign painters were at work.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1912.

The Chinese chrysanthemum was introduced into England as far back as 1764, but apparently became extinct there soon after. A purple variety, however, having come from China to France in 1789 reached England six years later. These fetched a high price until their easy propagation became known. The skill and industry displayed in procuring varieties expanded with such rapidity that the English soon became rivals even to the Chinese and Japanese themselves. Thus the chrysanthemums soon escaped from the confinement of conservatories and rapidly spread themselves over every part of the island, filling the casements of the cottagers and the parterres of the opulent.

Virginia now leads all other states in the fish industry, according to the annual report of the Virginia fish commission.



## NEW PICTURES AT THE TATE.

London's First Collection of Pre-Raphaelite Canvases.

Passengers by the 'bus which plies between Charing Cross and the somewhat drab suburb of Herne Hill must sometimes grow curious as to what "the Tate" is, so frequent are the requests made to the conductor by obvious strangers that he would "put them down" at the point nearest to that establishment. Most of those strangers are Americans. And it is corroborative of the requests addressed to the conductor of the Herne Hill 'bus that all our transatlantic visitors of the past summer have, without exception, been more enthusiastic over the pictures in the Tate and Wallace collections than over those which adorn the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square.

For, unknown though the fact may be to most cockneys, "the Tate" is a picture gallery. It is a monument to sugar; to "Tate cube sugar." And perhaps that is one reason why it is so well known to Americans. For it occurs to me that in grocery stores all over the United States, east and west and north and south, I have seen more "Tate cube sugar" boxes than in any other part of the globe. Hence the inscription on a pillar of the gallery to the effect that that building and so many pictures were presented to the nation by Henry Tate "as a thanks offering for a prosperous business career of sixty years." Americans of half a century ago little realized that every pound of "Tate cube sugar" they consumed was a contribution to a picture gallery. But their children have grown conscious of the fact, and that may account for their determination to participate in the generosity of their ancestors.

Or, on the other hand, their persistence in unearthing the gallery may be accounted for by a desire to study the art of their compatriots. For Sir Henry Tate, grateful for the esteem in which his sugar was held on the other side of the Atlantic, was a liberal patron of American art—or, at any rate, that kind of American art which was painted on English soil. Here, then, a couple of Sargent's and one characteristic Whistler have found a permanent home. One of the Sargent's is preeminently British in theme, a tragic portrait of Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth"; the Whistler is of pure Londonese, for its subject is an impressionistic "bit" of "Old Battersea Bridge" secured in those days when that viaduct over the Thames was nothing more than an ungainly wooden structure.

Now however, "the Tate" is a more desirable art-lover's haunt than ever, for its somewhat nondescript canvases have within the past week been supplemented by a really notable collection of Pre-Raphaelite pictures. This is a distinct event in the art history of London. For, notwithstanding the numerous picture galleries of the English capital, the Pre-Raphaelite school has never before been worthily represented in the heart of the empire. Such an omission is, of course, quite in keeping with British traditionalism. Despite the royal injunction of "Wake Up England!" John Bull, Esquire, clings to his slough which he calls "art." All on-lookers save those of native birth have long been conscious that the Pre-Raphaelite is the only British school of painting that has ever existed, and yet the collection now housed in the Tate Gallery represents the first attempt to show what the school aimed at and achieved.

One of the most instructive features of the collection is the extent to which it proves that there were Pre-Raphaelites before Holman Hunt and John E. Millais. Among the heralds of the movement a conspicuous place must be awarded J. F. Lewis and William Dyce, the former of whom anticipated the Eastern realism of Hunt and the latter the sublimated Victorianism of Millais. Yet such is the potency of established fame that the examples of Millais, and Rossetti, and Madox Brown will probably prove more attractive than the most suggestive source-pictures of less familiar artists. And certainly those examples, with some worthless exceptions, are of such a quality that the conductor of the Herne Hill 'bus ought to be busier than ever in directing passengers to "the Tate."

Among the pictures by Rossetti there are replicas of two famous paintings, the "Beata Beatrix" and the "Donna della Finestra." Both, it will be remembered, owe their inspiration to the artist's absorption in the story of Dante and Beatrice, the former depicting the death of the poet's love under the semblance of a trance and to the accompaniment of copious symbolism; the latter an interpretation of Dante's swooning grief on learning that Beatrice was dead. To Londoners, however, the greatest novelty will be the glorious "Sir Galahad," a water-color of rare decorative quality, rich in the atmosphere of romantic days, distinguished in its drawing, and radiant in its coloring. Of course the picture is crowded with symbolism, as was Rossetti's manner, but every touch so blends with the scheme of the composition that nothing stands out as a riddle to the disturbance of the effect of the whole. Different but not less attractive is the interest which attaches to the same artist's original studies for his famous "Found," that picture of a rustic lover discovering his old sweetheart in the streets of London in the depths of degradation, which was a "lifelong vexation" to the artist because he was charged with appropriating the theme from a poem. These studies are of supreme value as showing how idle are the imputations of "weak draughtsmanship" so often brought against Rossetti.

How sternly the Pre-Raphaelites grappled with realism is pertinently illustrated by the "Work" and "The Last of England" of Madox Brown. The scene of the former, a canvas which depicts a band of work-

men excavating a street for the laying of water-pipes, is so faithfully presented that Hampstead suburbanites will recognize the spot in a glance. But the interest of the picture is not merely topographical; apart from its minute realism in setting, and the unstudied manner in which the workmen are portrayed with as little effort at composition as though the artist had been reproducing a snap-shot photograph, the canvas is attractive because, in the persons of two idle onlookers, it introduces the figures of Thomas Carlyle and F. D. Maurice. The portrait of the former has been strangely overlooked by the biographers of the sage. "The Last of England" is even more painfully literal. Painted when the artist had some thought of exiling himself from his native land, its chief figures are a man and his wife on an outward-bound steamer gazing with the pathos of farewell upon the receding white cliffs of England. It perpetuates in a singularly compelling manner the sadness of emigration, and the huddled figures of the mournful couple convey a vivid sense of the bleakness of life at sea. Here, again, there is a secondary portrait interest, for the emigrants are the artist and his wife.

In fact portraits are common in Pre-Raphaelite pictures. The brethren either painted from themselves, or sat for each other, or press-ganged their friends as models. That was one way to sacrifice to realism and save fees. But posterity is the gainer, not alone in the examples cited, but also in Millais's studies for his masterly "Lorenzo and Isabella," which are now hung at "the Tate." Here, then, are more portraits, and also pregnant illustrations of the stages by which the artist achieved the most dramatic of his pictures and one which he never excelled for wealth of minute detail and the number of figures introduced. With these studies has come "The Blind Girl," a composition which for its pathetic truth and simplicity represents the high-water mark of Millais's Pre-Raphaelite period and is valuable from a literary standpoint because the background introduces the rural home of Henry James. How greatly the artist declined from the summit reached in that picture is painfully obvious from his theatrical "Mariana at the Moated Grange," a "pot-boiler" of those degenerate days when Millais prostituted his gifts to supplying colored supplements for the Christmas numbers. Taken in the mass, however, this collection of Pre-Raphaelite work shows how a resolve to present on canvas what is seen in nature may have a different than the anticipated result. It proves, indeed, that faithfulness to detail may yet be transformed by the spirit in which the details are handled.

Henceforward, then, with this wholesome leaven of supreme art, it may be that the Tate Gallery will enter upon a new and more vital stage in its history. It is impossible to recall the sombre building—Millbank Prison—which stood on the site it occupies without being reminded of that poet who at a dinner-table covered with a vase of flowers a stain on the cloth made by an overturned glass of wine. This temple hung with the fair creations of art promises to obliterate more and more the memory of the human depravity once prevalent in the building it has replaced.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, December 19, 1911.

A novel method has been adopted by the Prague police authorities to detect the perpetrators of high crimes and misdemeanors. When a person of distinction in the annals of crime is being sought and the police experience difficulty in laying hands on the suspect, in future they will send to every cinematograph exhibition in Bohemia a photograph of the person "wanted." During the entertainment the picture will be shown with some little explanatory note and at the conclusion each member of the audience will be free to act as an amateur detective. It seems very likely that this method will be fruitful in actions for damages.

Rev. Robert Brandon, Baptist minister, tailor, poet, and author, who lately celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, is said to be the oldest officiating minister in London, if not in the kingdom. He preaches about once a month at a place in Chelsea, where he has ministered for sixty-four years. He has to be carried to his church in a bath chair, for he has been a cripple since he was two years old, when one of his legs became paralyzed. He practically educated himself, earning tuition money as a tailor. In spite of his physical disability, he has always manifested great activity and energy.

The "snow flower," so named because it blooms only in the depth of icy winters, is to be found growing on Siberian soil. When it opens, it is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and half an inch in width. A Russian nobleman took a number of the seeds to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow and frozen earth. On the coldest day of the following January the miraculous flower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering spectators.

In the Japanese capital there are 538 poor men's hotels. The northeast of the capital is where the greatest number is to be found. In these inns the traveler is lodged in a room with a superficial area of three feet by six. If the traveler be better off and requires more cubic feet of inn he can obtain an apartment the same length, but double the breadth, and if he be more fastidious he can have the luxury of an apartment six feet by nine. The lowest cost of a night's lodging is 8 sen.

## AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS PASSING.

A Blow to the Horse-Breeding Industry.

The recent sale of the famous Castleton stud near Lexington, Kentucky, by James R. Keene to David M. Look of New York, who will breed trotting horses on the ground where some of the greatest of thoroughbreds first saw the light, is a sign of the times (says a writer in the New York Sun). It marks the passing of the greatest nursery where pure-blooded horses were bred scientifically in America and in its dissolution the horse-breeding industry at large receives a severe blow.

No man who has made a study of the blood lines of thoroughbred families of this country and England surpasses in knowledge Foxhall A. Daingerfield, who for many years has had charge of Castleton. The result of his wisdom was attested year after year in the successes achieved by the horses bearing the white with blue spots of his brother-in-law, James R. Keene, who had induced the quiet, soft-voiced Virginian to move to Kentucky and take charge of the stud he was establishing there. In one season the horses he had seen develop from babyhood won over \$400,000, and the skill on the part of Trainer Rowe or the jockeys who rode them in their races would have availed nothing if they had not possessed the speed and stamina coupled with a constitution that made them stand the ordeals of the race-track.

The best strains of blood to be found in England and America were blended with the cunning of an alchemist in the Castleton product, and the results achieved amazed the turf world and caused all but the closest students of the science of breeding to despair. It was openly predicted a decade ago that if racing continued long enough the Keene horses would win the bulk of the rich prizes offered by the various racing associations; and this state of affairs practically existed when the anti-racing legislation came into effect. Many will argue that the lavish expenditure of money for English mares of demonstrated families was responsible for the success of Castleton-bred horses, but if there hadn't been a proper comprehension of the merits of the various blood lines behind the money to dictate the selections millions would not have secured the results at Castleton year after year.

It is a calamity in the opinion of students of the horse that Castleton should be abandoned as a breeding stud, not because the new owner will not rear trotters of a type that has made America famous the world over, the trotting horse being truly characteristic of this country, but because so much has been done for the horse family in general by the thoughtful, painstaking student who will now return to Virginia and perhaps give his attention to some other pursuit than horse-breeding the declining days of a busy career.

No experienced students of horse-breeding will deny that the thoroughbred is the horse par excellence when it comes to the betterment of any type of horse. His blood is essential if improvement along the lines of courage, beauty, stamina, and bone is to be the goal; and even devotees of the trotting horse are divided unequally when it comes to the question of speed, most of them claiming that the cross of pure blood close up in a pedigree of the trotter is helpful.

If the trotting instinct is strong enough to keep the individual possessing it on that gait exclusively there is no gainsaying the contention that the thoroughbred cross will make him fight out the race more resolutely. Nearly every pedigree of note on the trotting turf has more or less thoroughbred blood in it, and there are many half-bred horses, Palo Alto, for instance, that have been champions. Therefore from any point of view the passing of Castleton and kindred establishments which gave to the world horses of superb breeding, matchless courage, extraordinary beauty, and perfect dispositions is to be deplored.

The fact that the trotter will be reared in the paddocks which once only knew the thoroughbred is not going to save the day for the horse interests of the United States, useful horse as the trotter is and perfect in his own sphere. If the government is to have the type of horse necessary for its cavalry and artillery the thoroughbred horse is its only salvation.

The nation is face to face with a serious problem. Many of the best of the stallions that were the pride of the United States are being sold to go abroad, and if some of those who still own good examples of the blooded horse do not follow the example of August Belmont and donate horses to the governmental stud there will be a situation to be dealt with at a later day. If the thoroughbred is an exile from his own country, driven forth because there is no proving ground upon which he may exhibit his worth and recompense his breeder, whither is the nation to turn for its parent stock? To England, France, Germany, or some foreign power, where vast sums have been expended on the breeding problem. It is not a comforting prospect for patriotic Americans to contemplate.

Thirty-five or forty years ago most of the big horse-men of Kentucky bred both thoroughbreds and trotters. Then the thoroughbred obtained the ascendancy in some portions of the state, owing to the larger prizes offered in racing competition and the fact that the breeder was enabled to turn his product into money so much more quickly because of two-year-old racing, the contests for light harness horses being of such a nature that mature development was demanded. Because of their superior earning capacity the thoroughbred, except in isolated cases, yielded a greater return at the auction block.



## A JOURNEY TO THE FAR NORTH.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton Describes a Voyage to the Region North of Aylmer Lake.

It is hard to understand why any one should undertake journeys of exploration while it can be done vicariously by Mr. Seton. To read a volume by Mr. Seton is to experience all the delights of the trail and to reduce its difficulties and dangers to a point compatible with the easy chair and a good fire. By traveling in the aforesaid way, vicariously, we are able to meet all perils and hardships with that philosophic calm to which the true explorer should aspire, while so far as the lighter aspects of the journey are concerned we can rely upon an exuberant descriptive power and a fertility of imagination that might be lacking in ourselves. By all means let Mr. Seton do our traveling for us, and especially into the far and frozen North.

This particular journey was one of 2000 miles in search of the caribou. It carried the author by canoe into the region north of Aylmer Lake far down the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers, the noble streams that "roll their mile-wide turbid floods a thousand leagues to the silent Arctic Sea." He set off down the Athabasca River with one companion, Mr. Edward A. Preble of Washington, D. C., and while his chief object was to see the caribou he was prepared also to gather natural-history material and to complete the shore line of Aylmer Lake and to explore Clinton-Golden Lake. The travelers took with them a full supply of provisions from Winnipeg, being unwilling to rely upon the game, but as it happened the game walked into their camp every day. Incidentally the author tells us that he shot a lynx at Pelican Portage, the first time he had used a gun in many years and the only time upon this trip, but the meat was a godsend to two old Indians who were sickening upon a long diet of salt pork:

Being the organizer, equipper, geographer, artist, head, and tail of the expedition, I was, perforce, also its doctor. Equipped with a "pill-kit," an abundance of blisters and bandages and some "potent purgatives," I had prepared myself to render first and last aid to the hurt in my own party. In taking instructions from our family physician, I had learned the value of a profound air of great gravity, a noble reticence, and a total absence of doubt, when I did speak. I compressed his creed into a single phrase: "In case of doubt, look wise and work on his 'howls.'" This simple equipment soon gave me a surprisingly high standing among the men. I was a medicine man of repute, and soon had a larger practice than I desired, as it was entirely gratuitous. The various boatmen, Indians, and half-breeds, came with their troubles, and, thanks chiefly to their faith, were cured. But one day John MacDonald the chief pilot and a mighty man on the river, came to my tent on Grand Island. John complained that he couldn't hold anything on his stomach; he was a total peristaltic wreck indeed (my words; his were more simple and more vivid, but less sonorous and professional). He said he had been going down hill for two weeks, and was so bad now that he was "no better than a couple of ordinary men."

"Exactly so," I said. "Now you take these pills and you'll be all right in the morning." Next morning John was back, and complained that my pills had no effect; he wanted to feel something take hold of him. Hadn't I any pepper-juice or brandy?

I do not take liquor on an expedition, but at the last moment a Winnipeg friend had given me a pint flask of pure brandy—"for emergencies." An emergency had come.

"John! you shall have some extra fine brandy, nicely thinned with pepper-juice." I poured half an inch of brandy into a tin cup, then added half an inch of "nain-killer."

"Here, take this, and if you don't feel it, it means your insides are dead, and you may as well order your coffin."

John took it at a gulp. His insides were not dead; but I might have been, had I been one of his boatmen.

He doled up, rolled around, and danced for five minutes. He did not squeal—John never squeals—but he suffered some, and an hour later announced that he was about cured.

Mr. Seton has a poor opinion of Indians. While among themselves they are kind and hospitable they have a rooted conviction that all white men are rich, and that they are rich because they have been allowed to enter the country and to amass wealth. Naturally they exact all that the traffic will bear by way of well-earned compensation. Upon one occasion three Indians came into camp and reported that a neighboring pool was full of fish. Might they borrow the canoe in order to get some:

Away they went, and from afar I was horrified to see them clubbing the fish with my beautiful thin-bladed maple paddles. They returned with a boatload of three and four-pound suckers (*Catostomus*) and two paddles broken. Each of their friends came and received one or two fine fish, for there were plenty. I, presumably part owner of the catch, since I owned the boat, selected one small one for myself, whereupon the Indian insolently demanded 25 cents for it; and these were the men I had been freely doctoring for two weeks! Not to speak of the loaned canoe and broken paddles! Then did I say a few things to all and sundry—stinging, biting things, ungainable and forcible things—and took possession of all the fish that were left, so the Indians slunk off in sullen silence.

The Indians were a nuisance all the time. Guides had to be engaged at Smith Landing, and four natives were found who knew the country, but who were not at all anxious to give their services. They dodged and delayed, but the Royal Mounted Police and the Hudson's Bay Company are mighty powers in the land, so, urged by an officer of each, the four worthies consented to discuss the matter:

Sullen silence greeted us as we entered: we could feel their covert antagonism. Jarvis is one of those affable, good-natured individuals that most persons take for "easy." In some ways he may be so, but I soon realized that he was a keen judge of men and their ways, and he whispered to me: "They mean to block us, if possible." Soudi understood French and had some English, but the others professed ignorance of everything but Chipewyan. So it was necessary to employ an interpreter. How admirably he served us may be seen from the following sample secured later.

Are the buffalo near?

Ah-hay-was-ki husquow Kai-ah taw nip-ee-what-chow-

es-kee nee-moy-ah. Kee-as-o-win sug-ee-meesh i-mush-wa mus-tat-e-muck ne-mow-ah pe-muk-te-ok ne-moy-ah dane-tay-ah.

Interpreter—He say "no."

Q.—How long would it take to get them?

A.—Ne-moy-ah mis-chay-to-oh way-hay-o ay-ow-ok-i-man-kah-mus-to-oh. Mis-ta-hay cha-gow-os-ki wah-hay-o musk-ee-seepi. Mas-kootch e-goot-ah-i-ow mas-kootch ne-moy-ah muk-e-boy sak-te-muk mas-kootch gabk-sin-now ne-moy-ah gehk-kee-win-tay dam-foole-Inglish.

Interpreter—He say "don't know."

Q.—Can you go with us guide?

A.—Kee-ya-wah-lee nas-hab-a-lash-tay wah-lee-lee lan-day.

Answer literally: "Yes, I could go if I could leave the transport."

Interpreter's answer, "Mebhy."

As a result one of the four was secured after the removal of innumerable difficulties and promises of reward and compensation for every contingency.

The author shows a continued interest in the Indians of the far northland, and even believes in the magical powers of some among them. He tells stories of their clairvoyance, especially in the case of an old woman seventy-five years of age whose astonishing powers he tested. He asked the priest about this old woman and was told that he "knew about it, and that she was helped by the devil." A greswome picture of Indian life is given in the following incident:

One winter, forty or fifty years ago, a band of Algonquin Indians at Wayabimika all starved to death except one squaw and her baby; she fled from the camp, carrying the child, thinking to find friends and help at Nipigon House. She got as far as a small lake near Deer Lake, and there discovered a cache, probably in a tree. This contained one small bone fish-hook. She rigged up a line, but had no bait. The wailing of the baby spurred her to action. No bait, but she had a knife: a strip of flesh was quickly cut from her own leg, a hole made through the ice, and a fine jack-fish was the food that was sent to this devoted mother. She divided it with the child, saving only enough for bait. She stayed there living on fish until spring, then safely rejoined her people.

The boy grew up to be a strong man, but was cruel to his mother, leaving her finally to die of starvation. Anderson knew the woman: she showed him the scar where she cut the bait.

The Chipewyans, we are told, are dirty, shiftless, improvident, and absolutely honest. Their vices they owe to the white man, their older men telling the author that "our fathers were hunters and our mothers made good moccasins, but the young men are lazy loafers around the trading posts, and the women get money in bad ways to buy what they should make with their hands":

Fifty years ago they commonly went half naked. How they stood the insects I do not know, and when asked they merely grinned significantly: probably they doped themselves with grease.

This religious training has had one bad effect. Inspired with horror of being "naked" savages, they do not run, any sinful risks, even to take a bath. In all the six months I was among them I never saw an Indian's bare arms, much less his legs. One day after the fly season was over I took advantage of the lovely weather and water to strip off and jump into a lake by our camp: my Indians modestly turned their backs until I had finished.

If this mock modesty worked for morality one might well accept it, but the old folks say that it operates quite the other way. It has at all events put an end to any possibility of them taking a bath.

Dogs are, of course, a necessity of existence in the North and they still have the traits of the wolf. And the dogs are always starving, actually and pitifully. They will devour anything that has the faintest trace of food about it. An ancient dish-cloth, succulent with active service, was considered a treat to be bolted whole, "and when in due course the cloth was returned to earth, it was intact, bleached, purged, and purified as by chemic fires and ready for new benevolences":

In some seasons the dogs catch rabbits enough to keep them up. But this year the rabbits were gone. They are very clever at robbing fish-nets at times, but these were far from the fort. Reduced to such desperate straits for food, what wonder that cannibalism should be common! Not only the dead, but the sick or disabled of their own kind are torn to pieces and devoured. I was told of one case where a brutal driver disabled one of his dogs with heavy blows: its companions did not wait till it was dead before they feasted. It is hard to raise pups because the mothers so often devour their own young; and this is a charge I never heard laid to the wolf, the ancestor of these dogs, which shows how sadly the creature has been deteriorated by contact with man. There seems no length to which they will not go for food. Politeness forbids my mentioning the final diet for which they scramble around the camp. Never in my life before have I seen such utter degradation by the power of the endless hunger pinch. Nevertheless—and here I expect the reader to doubt, even as I did when first I heard it, no matter how desecrate their straits—these gormandizers of unmentionable filth, these starvelings, in their dire extremity will turn away in disgust from duck or any other web-footed water-fowl.

Caribou were found in great numbers and also buffalo, but the indiscriminate killing by the Indians is likely to exterminate them. The Indians killed everything in sight, whether they needed it or not, and they not only refused to desist but they made trouble upon every occasion. And yet they were so pious. Upon one occasion the boat was becalmed and they prayed noisily for wind:

That night old Weeso said to me, through Billy, the interpreter: "Tomorrow is Sunday, therefore he would like to have a prayer-meeting after breakfast."

"Tell him," I said, "that I quite approve of his prayer-meeting, but also it must be understood that if the good Lord sends us a sailing wind in the morning that is His way of letting us know we should sail."

This sounded so logical that Weeso meekly said, "All right."

Sure enough, the morning dawned with a wind and we got away after the regular sullen grumbling. About 10:20 the usual glassy calm set in and Weeso asked me for a piece of paper and a pencil. He wrote something in Chipewyan on the sheet I gave, then returned the pencil and resumed his pilot's stare at the horizon, for his post was at the rudder. At length he rolled the paper into a ball, and when I seemed not observing dropped it behind him overboard.

"What is the meaning of that, Billy?" I whispered.

"He's sending a prayer to Jesus for wind." Half an hour

afterward a strong head-wind sprang up, and Weeso was severely criticized for not specifying clearly what was wanted.

Mr. Seton tells us a good story of his success with his favorite weapon, the camera. Upon one occasion he sighted a lynx and with the aid of Mr. Preble the animal was driven into a corner for the purpose of getting a satisfactory pose. Here he faced about at bay, growling furiously, thumping his little bobtail from side to side, and pretending he was going to spring:

"Now, Preble, I'm going to walk up to that lynx and get a close photo. If he jumps for me, and he may, there is nothing can save my beauty, but you and that gun."

Preble with characteristic loquacity says, "Go ahead."

Then I stopped and began slowly approaching the desperate creature we held at bay. His eyes were glaring green, his ears were back, his small bobtail kept twitching from side to side, and his growls grew bolder and hissing, as I neared him. At fifteen feet he gathered his legs under him as for a spring, and I pressed the button, getting No. 3.

Then did the demon of ambition enter into my heart and lead me into peril. That lynx at bay was starving and desperate. He might spring at me, but I believed that if he did he never would reach me alive. I knew my man—this nerved me—and I said to him: "I'm not satisfied; I want him to fill the finder. Are you ready?"

"Yep."

So I crouched lower and came still nearer, and at twelve feet made No. 4. For some strange reason, now the lynx seemed less angry than he had been.

"He didn't fill the finder; I'll try again," was my next. Then on my knees I crawled up, watching the finder till it was full of lynx. I glanced at the beast; he was hut eight feet away. I focused and fired.

And now, oh, wonder! that lynx no longer seemed annoyed; he had ceased growling and simply looked bored.

Seeing it was over, Preble says, "Now where does he go? To the museum?"

"No, indeed!" was the reply. "He surely has earned his keep; turn him loose. It's back to the woods for him." We stood aside; he saw his chance and dashed for the tall timber. As he went I fired the last film, getting No. 6; and so far as I know that lynx is alive and well and going yet.

The numbers above mentioned refer to the photographs admirably reproduced as evidences of photographic daring.

At Fort McKay the author left the Chipewyan country and entered that of the Crees, and a new guide became necessary. A half-breed named Robillard seemed suitable for the purpose, but as in more civilized countries there was an interposition of the eternal feminine:

Robillard was a thin, active half-breed of very dark skin. He was willing to go for \$2 a day the round-trip (eighteen days), plus food and a boat to return with. But a difficulty now appeared; Mme. Robillard, a tall, dark, half-breed woman, objected: "Elzezar had been away all summer, he should stay home now." "If you go I will run off into the backwoods with the first wild Indian that wants a squaw," she threatened. "Now," said Rob, in choice English, "I am up against it." She did not understand English, but she could read looks and had some French, so I took a hand.

"If madame will consent I will advance \$15 of my husband's pay and will let her select the finest silk handkerchief in the Hudson's Bay store for a present."

In about three minutes her Cree eloquence died a natural death: she put a shawl on her head and stepped toward the door without looking at me. Rob nodded to me, and signed to go to the Hudson's Bay store; by which I inferred that the case was won; we were going now to select the present. To my amazement she turned from all the bright-colored goods and selected a large black silk handkerchief.

The men tell me it is always so now: fifty years ago every woman wanted red things. Now all want black; and the traders who made the mistake of importing red have had to import dyes and dip them all.

A book by Mr. Seton is naturally expected to contain some results of a careful observation of animal life and they abound in these fascinating pages. Among much else of the kind we are told that the coyote will become a vegetarian upon due provocation and the diet agrees with him. But the lynx, less adaptable, must have meat or he will die of hunger while the coyote will keep himself in good condition upon berries. Here, by the way, is a good story of a weasel:

On that same night we had a curious adventure with a weasel.

All were sitting around the camp-fire at bedtime, when I heard a distinct patter on the leaves. "Something coming," I whispered. All held still, then out of the gloom came bounding a snow-white weasel. Preble was lying on his back with his hands clasped behind his head and the weasel fearlessly jumped on my colleague's broad chest, and stood peering about.

In a flash Preble's right elbow was down and held the weasel prisoner, his left hand coming to assist. Now, it is pretty well known that if you and a weasel grah each other at the same time he has choice of holds.

"I have got him," said Preble, then added feelingly, "but he got me first. Suffering Moses! the little cuss is grinding his teeth in deeper."

The muffled screaming of the small demon died away as Preble's strong left hand crushed out his life, but as long as there was a spark of it remaining, those desperate jaws were grinding deeper into his thumb. It seemed a remarkably long affair to us, and from time to time, as Preble let off some fierce ejaculation, one of us would ask, "Hello! Are you two still at it?" or, "How are you and your friend these times, Preble?"

In a few minutes it was over, but that creature in his fury seemed to have inspired himself with lockjaw, for his teeth were so driven in and double-locked, that I had to pry the jaws apart before the hand was free.

The weasel may now be seen in the American Museum, and Preble in the Agricultural Department at Washington, the latter none the worse.

The substantial scientific results of Mr. Seton's journey must necessarily go almost unnoticed in such a sketch as this, but those who are interested in the geography and natural history of the Far North will not be dissatisfied with this fine volume. But its appeal will not be only to science. It will prove equally delightful to those who love the records of adventurous journeys set forth with a vivacity and a humor that never flags.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES: A CANOE JOURNEY OF 2000 MILES IN SEARCH OF THE CARIBOU. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.



THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Beacon.

Mr. Phillpotts turns again to Dartmoor for the motif of his latest story. And Dartmoor, under Mr. Phillpotts's treatment, becomes not only a locality in which convenient characters may be found, but a gigantic and brooding genius watching over its children and impressing them with its own varied nature of mountain and plain. Nature in Dartmoor has a certain grim and pitiless import that allows no one wholly to escape a spell that makes the good man better and the bad man worse, that permits of no human nonentities, and that snatches away the veils with which human nature likes to disguise itself. And so all the characters in "The Beacon" are of direct speech. If they love each other or hate each other they say so, and when hatred reaches a certain point it is followed by violence and murder. And we are made to see that every character corresponds with, and is inspired and strengthened by, some feature of the landscape, a form of high descriptive art much neglected by those who fail to see that the mind of nature and of man is identical.

The framework of the story is simple enough. The heroine is a Loudon barmaid of an unusual kind or she would not have been attracted to Dartmoor. She falls under the spell of Cosdon Beacon, and in its lofty and repellant grandeur experiences the inner growth with which nature always rewards sympathy. Her two lovers are of opposite types. One is a child of the plains, weak-willed and affectionate, and the other strong, rough, and uncompromising. We know at once that she will marry one and that she will love the other. But the narrative itself is the least of the charms of a powerful story. It is a story that displays the unusual clairvoyance of an author who recognizes the life of nature and its interplay with the life of men. It is a story not so much of the people of Dartmoor as of the Dartmoor that includes men and women just as it includes hills and valleys, rivers and quarries.

THE BEACON. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

Scientific Mental Healing.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce has written a useful book, one that makes no pretense to psychological research, but that is content to record what others have done to reduce mental healing to a science. But it would seem that not very much has been done by the mental healers to chart the more obscure planes of the mind. We are still a long way from a true psychology, a psychology that will explain the source and nature of thought apart from its physiological basis. There is abundant use of such terms as subliminal self and the sub-conscious, but we are still in the dark as to what these things are, nor can we understand how there can be anything underlying consciousness and which is neither consciousness nor matter and yet which controls consciousness. We may also deprecate the pervading idea that there is anything more scientific about the mental healing of today than about that of two thousand years ago. The practitioners of both periods seem to have discovered that certain results follow certain causes, but as to why they follow, what are the actual forces engaged and a dozen other problems of a like nature we have also theories that are about as numerous as the investigators. But within his self-imposed and modest limits Mr. Bruce has done a good piece of work and one well designed to bring us abreast with modern achievement.

SCIENTIFIC MENTAL HEALING. By H. Addington Bruce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Fruitful Vine.

Perhaps "The Unfruitful Vine" would have been a better title, and it may be said at once that Mr. Hichens states the problem, but leaves the solution unsupplied.

His book has many faults, but it is thought-provoking, and there are those who will say that this is the worst fault of all. We have to think so much nowadays in the way of duty that we are inclined to shrink from the same process as a pleasure.

We have heard a good deal lately about the couples who can have children but who won't. What are we to say about those other couples, numerous enough, who want children, but who can not have them.

It is to such a couple that Mr. Hichens introduces us. Sir Theodore Cannynge and his wife Dolores have been married for eight years and have nothing to show for it. To make matters worse, Sir Theodore is dotingly fond of children, and as they will not come to him he goes to them. That is to say, he haunts the house of his friends, the Denzils, who have little ones galore, and so when his wife is giving a tea party Sir Theodore is found, not at the post of social duty, but playing tag with the Denzil children. Then Denzil himself dies. Sir Theodore becomes the guardian of his children, and as his widow is fair to look upon we know what happens without the telling.

Now what is a woman to do who has no children and who is likely to lose her husband because of the "unfruitful vine." It is hard

to say what she ought to do, but it is easy to say that she ought not to do what Dolores did and that was so fatally easy to do in a country like Italy, where lovers are many and where the pursuit of a woman is a recognized form of sport.

But the story is too long. It is too leisurely. It meanders too much. Perhaps when we know what is coming, and of course we do know, there may be the delights of a long-drawn-out and unholy anticipation. But it would have been improved by condensation in spite of the cleverness and the art that shine out upon every page.

THE FRUITFUL VINE. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Problem of Freedom.

Professor George H. Palmer deserves commendation at least for his courage. Undeterred by the library of inconclusive volumes already existing on the subject of free will and determination he devotes some two hundred pages of lucid arguments to a further exposition. Does future action present itself to us as a duality? Have we a freedom of choice in any of the affairs of life? Have we liberty of action when we decide to live in New York and not in Boston or do we merely watch the war of motives and then follow the winner? If causation is an all-pervading law of nature, then all actions must be sequential, and therefore are not free. But then, again, what do we mean by causation?

The author manages to steer a middle course with considerable skill. Physical objects, he seems to suggest, are wholly under the law of determinism, and so far as human beings are physical they, too, are under the same law and are bound up with what already exists. But human beings have "a strange power of imaginative forecast by which they are able to lay hold of the future and make it a factor in shaping the present; and this is antesequential causation, the ground for freedom." And yet it might seem that the forecast of the future, once made, ceases to belong to the future and belongs to the past or to what already exists. Action is then dominated by the forecast and not by the future. Moreover, since action will be governed by the accuracy of the forecast, we must determine the basis of accuracy and its probability, which lands us once more in the past. But the book is a brilliant piece of reasoning and a notable contribution to a fascinating problem.

THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM. By Professor George H. Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

The Common People of Rome.

No more fascinating book of its kind could be found than these studies of ancient Roman life and literature by Professor Frank Frost Abbott. It should be something of a corrective to modern conceit to note how little we have advanced since paternalism first became dominant in Rome and since the Roman government prided itself on opening public baths and wash houses for the people. Los Angeles is doing that same thing now and lauds herself as a pioneer in civilization because of it. Diocletian denounced the rich and their luxuries, attributed to them the high prices of necessities, in language almost identical with a radical newspaper of today. Plautus tells us of the trusts that were founded to control prices and the "trust problem" was as much a reality in ancient Rome as it is today. Capital and labor were highly organized, and labor was indefatigable in its efforts to secure special privileges for its guilds. There were benefit societies, burial societies, and insurance societies. The man in the street talked then just as he talks now. He discussed the claims of rival political candidates, he studied the political platforms, he read the advertisements in public places, and he protested against their defacement of the scenery. It is indeed hard to find a single feature of modern life, a single reform, a single problem, without its counterpart in ancient Rome. We have even borrowed the Roman slang. A slave in a play of Plautus says, "Do you catch on" (tenes?). "I'll touch the old man for a loan" (tangam senem, etc.), or "I put it over him" (ei os suhlevi). The illiterate Roman used the double negative just as it is used today. "You ought not to do a good turn to nobody" (neminem nihil boni facere oportet).

The author gives us eleven chapters in all. Perhaps the most interesting to the casual reader are those on the high cost of living, the corporations, and the labor unions. But the scholar will find a mine of information in the chapters on the spread of the Latin language, and the language and the poetry of the common people.

THE COMMON PEOPLE OF ANCIENT ROME. By Frank Frost Abbott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

The Little Green Gate.

There is room here for some discussion between ethics and sentiment. Peter Marchant is a fashionable young man who has fallen in love in the usual convenient and fashionable way with a young woman of his own set. Then he meets with a real woman, and as this is his first introduction to the species he falls actually in love with her. What ought he to do? Should he marry the nice little butterfly who has his promise or

the human woman who has his heart? Unfortunately the case is further complicated by the fact that the butterfly girl loses her money through the ruin and suicide of her father and thus becomes absolutely dependent upon marriage. It is a knotty problem and the reader must solve it for himself after he has reached the end of a well-told story.

THE LITTLE GREEN GATE. By Stella Callaghan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

American Industries.

Mr. James C. Mills has produced a work that should be in demand among those who want something lighter than statistics and heavier than vague generalities about American industries. In the course of as many chapters he deals with lumber, salt, sugar, paper, rubber, leather, molding, graphite, and sightless workers, and he illustrates his subject with fifty photographs well chosen to illustrate the text. Mr. Mills is something more than a compiler. He writes as though he understands his topic and he deals not only with the present state of American industries, but with their history and probable future.

SEARCHLIGHTS ON SOME AMERICAN INDUSTRIES. By James C. Mills. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Forbidden Way.

Without being in any way a big story, Mr. Gibbs gives us a picture of incidents that have happened a hundred times in American life. We have a rich mine in the West, its successful theft, the invasion of New York by the newly rich, and the final struggle with the great corporation determined in its turn to rob the thief. Of course there is a beautiful Western girl for whom the predatory male characters struggle as fiercely as they do for the mine, and if the author finally arranges matters in an amicable way it is a triumph of the domestic affections rather than of the broader virtue of honesty, of which no one seems to think at all.

THE FORBIDDEN WAY. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

The Ideal of Jesus.

Dr. William Newton Clarke writes a book of refreshing breadth and practicality, and one that it would be hard to assail except from the standpoint of the crudest dogmatism. The ideal of Jesus, he argues, was an ideal of human society, an ideal that would bring the kingdom of Heaven upon earth and that was little enough concerned with post-mortem states or fates. Dr. Clarke has not only an enlightened theology, but he presents it in an enlightening way.

THE IDEAL OF JESUS. By William Newton Clarke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Brierley Reviews.

"What of the Happy New Year," by Jane Ellis Joy (Duffield & Co.; 30 cents), is an attractive booklet of good advice and wholesome sentiment well worth the half-hour that it takes to read.

"Practical Course in Botany," by E. F. Andrews (American Book Company; \$1.25), is intended for secondary schools and is designed to bring the study of botany into close touch with the practical business of life.

"Little Uplifts," by Humphrey J. Desmond (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a tasteful little collection of "sentiments of cheer and inspiration." There is something worth saying and worth remembering upon every page.

Those who are thinking of buying a house would do well to read "That House I Bought," by Henry Edward Warner (G. W. Dillingham Company; 75 cents net). The experiences appear to be real and they are undeniably amusing.

The Macmillan Company have added "Henry V" and "As You Like It" to the Tudor Shakespeare. The former is edited by Lewis F. Mott, Ph. D., and the latter by Martha Hale Shackford, Ph. D. Price, 35 cents net each.

"Girls and Education," by Le Baron R. Briggs, president of Radcliffe College (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net), deals with some of the problems that confront girls and their parents in the educational field. The author writes with sympathy and understanding.

"Joys of the Road," compiled by W. R. B. (Browne's Bookstore, Chicago; \$1 net), is described as a little anthology in praise of walking. Among the authors quoted are Carman, Hazlitt, Stevenson, Thoreau, and Burroughs. It is a neat little volume and attractively bound.

Those who want a brief and concise account of the naval affairs of the nation can hardly do better than read "The United States Navy," by Henry Williams (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net). Its nine chapters are unencumbered with technicalities and contain just the information needed by the busy man and the photographic illustrations are excellent.

"The Champion of the Regiment," by Everett T. Tomlinson (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50), is an historical story of the best kind for boys. It is a narrative of the siege of Yorktown and of the events preceding the surrender of Cornwallis. It is well

told, historically accurate, and without bombast.

"The Vista of English Verse" is a well-selected anthology compiled by Henry S. Pancoast (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net). It is reprinted from "Standard English Poems," with additional selections, and its convenient form and handsome binding make it a desirable possession.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company are to be congratulated upon their large size edition of Tennyson's "The Princess." Printed on heavy paper and in good type, its chief decoration is the illustrated work of Howard Chandler Christy, whose full and half-page drawings in line and color appear upon every page.

"Cupid's Fair-Weather Booke" is sufficiently described by its title, and by its subtitle, which is "An Almanack for Any Two Years (true love ought to last that long)." Text and colored illustrations are by John Cecil Clay and Oliver Herford, and the publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1 net.

"The Boy's Life of Edison," by William H. Meadowcroft (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25), is a thoroughly satisfactory book and one that is free from the literary sin of writing down to one's audience. The autobiographical notes are by Mr. Edison himself, and he supplies also a brief foreword to the effect that "this book, designed for boys and girls, is published with my consent." There are some good illustrations.

"The Children's Educational Theatre," by Alice Minnie Herts (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net), is a careful exposition of an educational scheme for enlisting the sympathy of children in moral and intellectual ideas through the agency of the stage. The author has worked along these promising lines for seven years and deserves commendation not only for the reasonableness of her theories and her success in carrying them out, but also for the lucidity with which she now sets them forth in book form.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
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**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY** (the German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 601 Clement Street, corner Seventh Avenue.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1912.  
GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

**BANK OF ITALY** (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), S.E. corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Mason and Turk Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 2, 1912. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1.  
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.  
L. SCATENA, President.

**HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK**, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1912.  
H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cash.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Law and Labor.

It might be thought that the law in its relation to the employment of labor hardly stands still long enough to be looked at, much less recorded, and Dr. Lindley Clark frankly admits the difficulties that lie in the way of an adequate presentation. At the same time he has done a useful work in the best possible way. He cites a sufficient number of representative cases to cover the problems usual to the day so far as they apply to workmen and employers in their relations as such. These are set forth in well arranged chapters and buttressed with a good table of contents, appendix, list of cases cited, and index. Nowadays we pass new labor laws whenever we happen to think of it, but Dr. Clark has done the best possible to set forth the actual state of the common law in easy and accessible form. As an example of thoroughness it may be said that the index contains thirty-seven entries under the title of "injunctions" and over twenty under the title of strikes. Moreover, he writes as a lawyer who is concerned only with facts, and he never deviates into the domain of the special pleader or the advocate.

THE LAW OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF LABOR. By Lindley D. Clark, LL. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60 net.

## Stories by Leonard Merrick.

Mr. Merrick has the art of the storyteller to a high degree and he writes long stories and short stories equally well. This volume contains sixteen of the shorter kind, many of them of French life and marked by a certain depth of vision and absence of froth and silliness rare enough when so many writers are determined to sparkle or to die in the attempt. Unfortunately they do neither. Mr. Merrick's characters are usually real people, and he seems to know a good deal about them.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.20.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Agee, whom her readers know as Fannie Heaslip Lea, has, since her marriage, left New Orleans, her old home, and taken up her abode permanently in Honolulu, where her husband is a government official. Mrs. Agee's "Jaconetta Stories," which have found great favor with the magazines, are to be gathered together in a book which will appear under the Sturgis & Walton Company imprint.

Prizes have been offered by publishers for reviews of their books, and the efforts that succeeded have been published, usually to the confusion of professional critics. The New York Globe presents the following as a fair copy of the style favored in the awards referred to: "The point of this book is that it is more than a novel. It is life. . . . No such picture of manners in the northern part of Cook County has ever been published. The book makes a universal appeal. For months after the last page is turned the reader is obsessed by the haunting healthiness of the author's viewpoint, which rings in the ears like a strain of old wine."

Jeffery Farnol, the author of "The Broad Highway," is planning a visit to this country just as soon as he completes his new novel, "The History of an Amateur Gentleman," which will be published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the publishers of "The Broad Highway."

That literature in England is suffering from a worse censorship than the drama is the protest of a writer in the *Bookseller*. His attack is directed at the libraries, which, in his view, constitute a particularly irritating tribunal because of their very exemption from the formal and open passing of judgment upon the books they exclude from their shelves. Disappointed authors are therefore without the solace that disappointed dramatists possess in being able to put Messrs. Redford and Brookfield into the pillory of their wrath by name. The writer does not question either the power of the libraries to exercise control over the character of the books which they are responsible for placing before the public, or the desirability of that power. But he speaks of an impression that libraries have committed this function to an irresponsible court of unknown inquisitors, "of whose qualifications for their extremely delicate work nothing whatever is or can be known, either by the literary profession or by the reading public."

Henry Snowden Ward, secretary of the Dickens Fellowship in England, died suddenly in New York a few days ago. One of his latest efforts was the preparation of an article for *Lippincott's Magazine* on "Charles Dickens and Women," which will be published in February when the Dickens centenary is due.

Lucas Malet, whose new novel, "Adrian Savage," was recently published, is the youngest daughter of Charles Kingsley. Her life has been curiously followed in the footprints of her father. She was born and now lives and works in the spot made famous by him. The ward, Eversley, on the outskirts of the

old Windsor Forest, near Sandhurst, the English West Point. After her marriage to Mr. Harrison, a clergyman, she lived for some time at Clovelly, amid the Devonshire surroundings of her father's boyhood. The Kingsleys have a close American connection aside from the readers of Lucas Malet's and Charles Kingsley's novels. A son of Charles Kingsley, Maurice, lived in this country most of his life.

Professor Hiram Bingham, of Yale, who has just returned from Peru, is soon to communicate the valuable results of the expedition to the public through *Harper's Magazine*. Professor Bingham believes that his party were the first white men since Pizarro to see the pre-Inca city which they found on a high plateau, and in his opinion the civilization shown by the unknown builders of the white temples was further advanced than that of the Incas, who followed them.

Stewart Edward White has returned to his winter home in Santa Barbara, where he is writing a new book which will deal with Africa.

Joaquin Miller appears in the group of celebrities—Pre-Raphaelites and others—which Ford Maddox Hueffer portrays in his "Memories and Impressions"—a book of recollections concerning artistic and literary London a generation ago. Apparently the Western writer made a striking contrast with the gloom of Bloomsbury, then favored by the English poets on account of its respectability and cheapness.

It is said that Napoleon once tried to make a list of all the books in the world which were worth preserving. He believed when he sat down to his task that a thousand volumes would suffice, but the list grew under his hands, and ultimately included 3000 volumes. When the emperor came to look over his first list he found that he had unaccountably left out the Bible. In his second list he forgot to mention not only Virgil and Shakespeare, but, very curiously, Molière.

Just seven months after the publication of "Queued" Henry S. Harrison's novel passed the 100,000 mark. The edition which Houghton Mifflin Company recently sent to press to supply the holiday demand brings the total number of copies up to 110,000.

"From Ihsen's Workshop" is the title of the new volume of writings of Henrik Ihsen, which have just been translated for the first time into English by A. G. Chater. It has recently been published in this country. It contains the dramatist's notes, sketches, drafts, and other "foreworks" from "Pillars of Society" onward. Comparison of these drafts with the text of completed plays gives an idea of the way in which Ihsen developed his themes. The book is uniform with the volumes of the "Collected Works of Henrik Ihsen," has an introduction by William Archer, and will be included in Scribner's New Viking Edition.

Over a million copies of the nine best sellers of a recent month have already been printed, and over five hundred tons of paper has been required for the different editions.

## New Books Received.

THE YOUNG GEM HUNTERS. By Hugh Pendexter. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Issued in the Camp and Trail series.

A FIRST READER FOR FOREIGNERS. By Mary F. Sharpe. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents.

An aid to the immigrant.

LITTLE STORIES OF ENGLISHMEN. By Maude Barrows Dutton. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents.

For supplementary reading in upper grammar grades.

A HANDBOOK OF HEALTH. By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

"A reading of this handbook will go far towards supplying the kind of skillful medical advice that every person should have to prevent disease, to prolong life, and to make the body render the most efficient service."

NEPTUNE'S ISLE. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

Four plays for children.

THE LIBRARIAN AT PLAY. By Edmund Lester Pearson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

Some reminiscent papers about libraries.

THE GIRL THAT GOES WRONG. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Some side lights on the social evil.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE MERENITH. Volume XXII. Various readings and bibliography. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. By subscription only.

Final volume of the Memorial Edition.

THE WORKS OF HENRIK ISEN. Edited with introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 per volume. By subscription only.

The Viking Edition, to be completed in thirteen volumes.

FOAM FLOWERS. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

Large-sized edition with numerous illustrations in color by Frank Reynolds, R. I.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Plainsman.

The man from the prairie is lean and brown,  
And keen are his kindly eyes;  
No smoke from the distant, seething town  
Is dimming his wondrous skies;  
His paths wind over the rolling plain—  
They follow the swales afar,  
And lead him back, through the gentle rain,  
Where the twinkling ranch lights are.

No prater is he of his tasks gone wrong—  
No creature of whim and mood—  
For the calm that maketh the weakest strong  
Is drawn from his solitude;  
At the close of day, with a task ill-done,  
When all of my toil seems vain,  
Then give me the poise of this prairie son—  
The strength of the man from the plain.  
—Arthur Chapman, in *Denver Republican*.

## Ireland's Eye.

A drear, waste, island rock, by tempests worn,  
Gnawed by the seas and naked to the sky,  
It hears the name it hath for ages borne  
Of "Ireland's Eye."

It looks far eastward o'er the desert foam;  
Round it the whimpering, wild sea-voices cry.  
The gulls and cormorants have their stormy home  
On Ireland's Eye.

A strange and spectral head the gaunt crag rears,  
And ghostly seem the wings that hover nigh,  
Are these dim rains the phantoms of old tears  
In Ireland's Eye?

The tide ebbs fast; the wind droops low today,  
Feeble as dying hate that hates to die.  
Blow, living airs, and blow the mists away  
From Ireland's Eye.

—William Watson, in *London Spectator*.

## Journey's End.

Here's the end of roaming, gipsy love o' mine!  
Here's the place to settle while the world goes by;

Here the fire is burning, here the lamp's ashine;  
Here's a spot to cling to till the day we die.  
Toss aside your bundle, throw your staff away,  
Snuggle to the fireside in the warm, soft gloam;  
Here's the end of roving, here's the place to stay;  
Here is quiet shelter, here's the port of home!

All the winds are calling, glad and shrill and clear,  
Singing us the lyrics that they used to sing;  
What of all their music? We are rooted here,  
Finished with the folly and the fret of spring.  
If the road is sunny, if the rovers call,  
If the sea is luring with her milk-white foam,  
We are never troubled—we have left it all;  
Here's the end of roving, here's the port of home!

Here's the end of dreamland, here's the place of rest;

Here's our little cottage where the roses blow;  
What to us are breezes singing of the West?  
What to us are voices that we used to know?  
Yet the road was merry, yet the life was sweet!  
How the firelight flickers on the cottage floor!  
Here's the end of travel for our weary feet;  
Here's the end of roaming—till we roam once more!

—Berton Broley, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

## The Aviator.

O God! To have the world below our feet!  
To mount, and glide, and soar, and looking down  
Upon the little men that dot the street,  
And all the tiny tracing of the town;

For once to measure with an infinite span  
The little things of earth, from heaven's great height,  
And thence to view the works and ways of man,  
And judge their values with a clearer sight!

O Joy! to race the winds, and hear them singing,  
To cleave the clouds, and spring, and swoop, and rise,  
And on and on, in the infinite, up-winged,  
With throbbing pulse, and sun-confronted eyes!

To soar, alone, above, in the immense  
Blue freedom of the sky, where time and space  
Dissolve in joy of motion, and the sense  
Of power outruns the little earthly race

Of creeping men—O God! what joy of fine  
New being this! Shall not our race grow fair,  
With powers like these? Greater, more free, divine?

From kinship with the all-transcending air!  
—Lillian Sauter, in *English Review*.

## My Body and I.

I got this body in the Fleshing Shop  
When it was small and pudgy-like and red;  
No teeth it had nor could it stand erect—  
A fuzzy down grew sparse upon its head.

At sight of it the neighbors stood and laughed,  
And tickled it and joggled it up and down;  
Then some one put it in a little cart,  
And wheeled it gaily through the gaping town.

When it grew bigger and could walk and run,  
I wet it in the pond above the mill,  
Or took it to a building called a "school,"  
And there I had to keep it very still.

And later, when its muscles stronger grew,  
I made it sow and reap to get its grain,  
And tanned it in the summer's fiercest suns,  
And toughened it with wind and cold and rain.

It served to keep me near my friend, the Earth,  
It helped me well to get from place to place,  
And then, perhaps, a tiny bit of me  
Has sometimes worked out through its hands and face!

How long I've had it! Longer than it seems  
Since first they wrapt it in a linen clout,  
And now 'tis shriveled, patched and breaking down—

I guess, forsooth, that I have worn it out!  
And I? Oh, bless you! I am ever young.  
A soul ne'er ages—is nor bent nor gray.  
And when the body breaks and crumbles down—  
The Fleshing Shop is just across the way!

—Richard Wightman, in *Literary Digest*.

## Public Safety

Is a question which is given first consideration in every part of a railway company's work, whether the road be operated by steam or electricity. In the rural districts the chief concern is with the great steam lines, its thundering locomotives, and long lines of cars. Here in the city public safety and the street-car system must be considered.

In construction of tracks, trolley wires, and other fixed portions of a street railway system, every effort is made to avoid dangerous conditions, and when they are discovered, to overcome them as quickly as possible.

In designing, building, and equipping cars the chief thought is the safety and convenience of the passengers.

Every detail of the operation of cars is so directed as to provide the greatest safety, not only to passengers on the cars, but to all other persons using the streets on which the cars are run.

Besides using every practicable precaution in the construction of its lines and the building and operation of its cars, a company must guard against carelessness and recklessness of pedestrians and drivers on the streets.

The street-car company must also prevent its passengers, so far as possible, from taking risks through disregard or ignorance of danger.

For every accident that occurs, hundreds are prevented, either by the safeguards provided by the operating concern or the watchfulness and care of its employees.

The United Railroads has constantly these thoughts in mind, and is constantly improving its equipment at great expense, that the thousands who use its cars daily may be carried in better time and over better tracks than in the past. A few hours spent in traveling about on the cars is sufficient to surprise the sightseer as to the great amount of reconstruction and new work being carried out in various parts of the city.

Trainmen and others engaged in the operation of the company's cars are selected with closest regard for their intelligence and reliability, every effort being made to please the public, and complaints received through the regular channels are given prompt attention.

Before carmen are permitted to go on duty they are instructed in such a manner as to give them the highest appreciation of their responsibilities. In this the company is very exacting. This training is continued, and even the oldest and most trustworthy in the corporation's employ are reminded constantly of their duty in protecting the public against accident.

Hygiene is taken into consideration in the operation of cars. Cleanliness is rigidly enforced, and in the car barns such a cleaning goes on as would surprise the general public which takes it for granted that the proper attention is given the matter, without, however, devoting any particular thought to the details involved in the workings of a great street-car system.

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## THE FORTUNE HUNTER AGAIN.

The charm of "The Fortune Hunter" holds good and strong, even at a second hearing. It is a jolly little comedy, of a thoroughly American type. It is a characteristic of our theatre-going compatriots to particularly love comedy in which smiles and tears playfully jostle each other. Not that there are any tears to speak of in "The Fortune Hunter." But when those whose changing fortunes make up the story feel the pinch of hard times or learn the hard lesson of the world's scorn for poverty, there are so many laughs sandwiched in the very heart of moods of discouragement and dejection, that a momentarily clouded countenance is almost a promise of something amusing to follow after.

"The Fortune Hunter" belongs to a class of plays that are an entertaining mixture of realism and cheerful improbabilities. The task of persuading the audience to accept the improbabilities is generally placed in the hands of some player of particularly engaging personality. On the present occasion, fortunately for those who haven't seen the play—and for that matter for those who have—Fred Nihlo is still the young fortune-hunter who goes fishing for heiresses in rural waters. Mr. Nihlo has a whole lot of qualifications for the rôle. In the first place he is young and personable. In the second, he is a comedian by instinct. In the third, he is a particularly engaging young man. In the fourth, he has a nice voice that he knows how to use; and in the fifth, he has a nice face upon which he understands the art of deploying a whole army of conflicting expressions. Oh, and in the sixth, he has a most useful pair of eyes, that do anything their owner wishes them to. They can make him look like mother's griev'd little boy, they can express kindness of heart, a boyishly ardent partisanship, reproof to a fellow-sinner, and affectionate admiration for an elderly saint. They can do his execution with country helles on the other side of the counter, and they can make their entrapped owner look like a schoolboy running away from a nimble switch. They always look youthful, boyish, engaging. And the audience is just as much taken with the owner of the versatile orbs as is Josie Lockwood, the heiress, and the too-willing object of Nat Duncan's and his friend's ingenious conspiracy.

As a contrast to Mr. Nihlo's very attractive impersonation of Nat Duncan, we have Frank Bacon as the old inventor.

This impersonation is really something choice in the line of acting. It is delightful to see the delicacy and restraint with which this actor (who might easily have hardened in the mould of routine stock work) has placed before us the portrait of a good, guileless, gentle old lover of humanity, whose trust in his fellow-beings has remained green and unwithered, even with hard times and failure remaining as the sole reward for a lifetime of industry. It was both pleasant and edifying to see these two masters of their craft together on the stage. The stereotyped player could pick up a valuable lesson in acting from them for every five minutes they were on the stage. Neither is ever guilty of slipping into grooves for a moment. Each is agreeably individual in his work. There is a sort of kinship in their rôles in this respect: the young man must make himself likable, the old one lovable. Now it is easy, given suitable opportunity in a play, for players to awaken our sympathy and romantic interest. But these two must make us like them so much that we thoroughly understand Henry Kellogg's devoted and persistent regard for his unsuccessful young friend, and his young friend's equally generous determination to shed financial benefits upon the old inventor. Both succeeded. We know to the bottom of our hoots that Nat could never have fished out his last borrowed dollar, and spent it so freely upon a stranger. But that stranger's guileless faith in the good intentions of an inscrutable future, his gentleness, his mellowness, the twinkle of kindly humor in his faded eyes, his sweet fatherliness, his incapacity to believe in the existence of meanness and greed, so endeared him to us that we wasted not one sigh upon the problematical usefulness of that last dollar.

When the author stretches the elastic improbabilities of "The Fortune Hunter" almost, if not quite, to the breaking point, we are in such a state of indulgent regard for the two new friends that we are in no mood to do anything but gayly and sympathetically follow wherever he leads us. Inability is magically

transformed to ability, failure to success. The city youth becomes converted to the rural life, and acquires a fixed antipathy to expensive habits and his newly won beirress. The illiterate and ragged daughter experiences a Cinderella transformation, and everything goes because everything favors our two pets. What is good for them is good for us.

Mr. Winchell Smith, the author of this pleasant little comedy, has given us some very neatly outlined rural types, and some scenes which may be said to be fairly typical—at least from the popular point of view—of life in remotely rural districts. At any rate, they are amusing and entertaining, and give life and variety to the play.

Betty Graham, the daughter of the old inventor, is played this time by Josephine Cohan, who, though not suitable in appearance to the rôle of a country girl in her teens, is a much better actress than her predecessor in this rôle, and wins the favor of the audience by the sincerity and truth with which she depicts the revolt and the repentance of the daughter, and the quiet, resigned grief of a girl who is called upon to renounce what her heart is set on.

The other girls in the village were very well played, but the neatest sketches in the line of rural types were the drawing old gossips smoking by Sam Graham's rusty, venerable stove, and turning over, with infinite relish, as if it were a quid of choice tobacco, the succulent item about the coming of a strange young man among the "yaps" who make up the male population of ruraldom.

Phil Bishop gives a very clever sketch of a sun-burned "yap" whose look, dress, and speech all smack of the country; and Frank Bowman's sheriff is also a very clever and amusing characterization, as also his picture of "Hi," the oldest inhabitant. Vernon McDonald's companion portrait of old Watty also should receive special mention. Other rural rôles were very satisfactorily impersonated by Messrs. Burton and Breyer; hut, indeed, the performance as a whole is thoroughly neat and complete.

Something in line with the spirit of the whole comedy, which amuses and touches almost simultaneously, is the pathetically poverty-stricken appearance of old Sam's drug-store. As a contrast comes the urban smartness of the same store in a later act. And a similar contrast is made between an earlier and a later Betty. It is these things which show Mr. Winchell Smith's happy faculty for catching the interest, and flattering the sympathies of the public. His play is just a playful, warm-hearted little comedy, hut it has excellent qualities. It is wholesome, merry, provocative of kindly feeling and happy laughter. It is very American in atmosphere. For the Americans love a realistic representation of rural life, whether from its serious or its comic side. Our literature, or some of the better part of it, is full of pictures of rural life, or glimpses of an old and traditional America that pre-dated the epoch of giant cities and colossal fortunes. Poverty-stricken indeed is the man or woman whose child memories includes no pictures of life, people, and experiences in the deep green country, away from the fever of a big city.

It is partly for this that Mr. Smith has caught his public, partly for his particularly felicitous sentiment, and partly for a very unmistakable talent, that approximates George Ade's, for giving us fresh, spontaneous, delightful humor of a purely American brand.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Quite apart from their use in various games, playing-cards are an interesting study from historic and pictorial points of view. There are four suits, representing four classes of people as they were divided at the time the pack of cards we now use was devised by the French. The "spades" stood for pike-men or soldiers, the "clubs" for clover, typifying farmers, the "diamonds" for building titles, representing artisans, and the hearts for choirmen or ecclesiastics. The "kings" and "queens" at that time were more or less correct likenesses of certain royal and noble personages. Even in our modern packs it is said that one of the "queens" is a conventionalized portrait of Elizabeth of York, who was engaged to the Dauphin of France. The "knave" were then the king's jesters, and even these cards may be portraits. All the court cards, in fact, retain their sixteenth-century characteristics. Cards are amongst the few things that have not changed with the centuries.

Rose Eytinge, who was an associate of Edwin Booth, J. W. and Lester Wallack, and E. L. Davenport and was a friend of the prominent actors and actresses of later generations, died a few days ago in the Brunswick Home, Amityville, Long Island, where she has been in the care of the Actors' Fund of America. She had been in the home for several months and had been in fairly good health up to four days ago, when she had a stroke of apoplexy. This was followed by another stroke which caused her death. She was born in Philadelphia on November 21, 1835, and made her first appearance on the stage in Dion Boucicault's one-act play, "The Old Guard," in the Green Street Theatre, Albany.

## Arnold Daly Says Bernard Shaw Is an Egotist.

One of the most surprising and disconcerting of discoveries has been made by Arnold Daly, the actor who tried to make George Bernard Shaw's plays popular in New York, and achieved bankruptcy before he succeeded in his original aim. Recently Mr. Daly went to England to see the dramatist who considers himself a much greater writer than Shakespeare, and he has returned with a tale of woe. He had a tilt with his revered master which resulted in Mr. Daly severing their relations and returning to his native heath.

"Shaw's methods," he said, "are as old and traditional as his plays are modern and untraditional. He is an egotist of such stupendous magnitude that he is impossible. His calm assertion that God was a failure as a constructor is a fair sample of the conceit of the man. Of his genuine accomplishments it is unnecessary for me to speak. They are well known. But when he assumed to show me how to act, I took issue with him at once."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I did not come three thousand miles to get you to teach me to act. Of a knowledge of any other thing in the world you are my master, I grant, hut when you get into the prompt box you are a joke. Your methods are antique and utterly at variance with true art."

"That was the rock on which we split. In business matters I have never seen such cupidity. When it comes to making a contract he can teach anybody on this side of the water more than one thing, and he demands his pound of flesh every time. I daresay this is admirable in Wall Street, but in artistic matters one expects a finer code. Despite the very generous attitude of the London press regarding my performance in 'Arms and the Man,' he refused to allow me to perform in 'Candida,' and I found that this was for a commercial reason. I feel very keenly my inability to carry out the programme I promised London, and hope to do so in the future."

## No New New Theatre.

The founders of the New Theatre, at Sixty-Second Street and Central Park West, New York City, which was leased early this season to George Tyler of Liehler & Co., announce that they have decided not to build another theatre at this time. The statement says:

"When last spring the founders reached a conclusion adverse to the continued use of the building on Central Park West now known as the Century Theatre they did not abandon the New Theatre idea. They provided a fund for the erection of a theatre of moderate size adapted to the production by a stock company of a repertory of modern and classical plays, and in order that the enterprise might be independent of immediate financial assistance a subsidy for five years was subscribed."

"The founders, however, determined not to begin the construction of the new building until they were satisfied that present conditions offered a clear field for the carrying out of their purpose, nor until satisfactory arrangements had been made for the management of the enterprise. With a view to reaching a conclusion upon these questions a careful study of the situation has been made and the advice of the most competent expert authority sought, with the result that the founders very reluctantly have reached the decision that it would not be wise to proceed with the enterprise at the present time."

It is said that the difficulty of finding a capable and enthusiastic director of the theatre was one of the greatest faced by the discouraged founders.

The recent death of Ziem, the noted French artist, in Paris in his ninetieth year has produced the usual crop of anecdotes, many of which, however, were printed some months ago when his death was prematurely reported. Chopin's "Funeral March," which was played in the church at Montmartre at Ziem's funeral service, was composed in Ziem's studio. One night after supper Ziem and his friends amused themselves by draping themselves in the bed sheets and performing an impromptu spectre ballet. But Chopin did not join in the laughter and fun. He sat down at the piano and soon the strains of his now well-known dirge reduced the noisy crowd to silence. The dancers stopped dancing, the laughter was stilled, and thus the "Marche Funèbre" was born.

J. Percival Pollard, author and playwright, died at a hospital in Baltimore December 19. He was born in Pomerania in 1869, and came to this country when he was sixteen years old, engaging in newspaper work in St. Louis in 1891. Later he did editorial and literary work in Chicago and New York. He was the author of several books, one of which was "Recollections of Oscar Wilde." With Leo Ditrichstein, Mr. Pollard wrote a play called "Nocturne." Another, "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," was produced at the Astor Theatre, in New York, three years ago. The plays had little success.

Sam Bernard will revive "That Girl from Kay's" and shelve "He Came from Milwaukee."

## Barrie's Forgotten Play.

To write a play, to put it aside, to forget all about it, and then to have it discovered and put successfully on the stage, is the accepted procedure in books. That it sometimes happens in life is proved by an experience of J. M. Barrie. In an article about him, entitled "Peter Pan's Pater," in an English magazine, he is quoted as telling the story in these words:

I wrote "The Twelve Pound Look" one day when I felt like it. After I had written it, I threw it into a drawer and forgot all about it. It eluded my mind as completely as though I had never written it. But I was fond of it. I wrote it just for the pleasure of writing it, you know, and never imagined for one moment that it would be produced. Well, one day Granville Barker was rummaging through my drawer, and he fished out that manuscript. Frohman was starting his Repertory Theatre in London, and he needed a one-act play. I gave him that.

Martin Beck, head of the Orpheum Circuit, which operates a chain of vaudeville theatres across the continent, announces that the Palace Realty and Amusement Company, of which he is president, has secured, partly by purchase and partly by lease, a large parcel of land at the southeast corner of Broadway and Forty-Seventh Street, in New York City, on which the newly incorporated company will erect a theatre. According to Mr. Beck the proposed building will cost approximately \$6,500,000, including the land. It will be named the Palace Theatre.

## Best Wishes.

The Italian-Swiss Colony extends its thanks to the public for its generous patronage during the past year and wishes all consumers of their choice California wines a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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**2d "POP" Concert**  
Sunday aft, Jan 14, at 2:30  
**CORT THEATRE**  
Seats \$1.00 down to 15 cents, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

**"POP" Concert in Oakland**  
Next Friday aft, Jan. 12, at 3:15 YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

3d Symphony Concert Friday aft, Jan. 19

**BEEL QUARTET**  
FIRST CONCERT  
This Sunday aft, Jan. 7, at 2:30  
Colonial Ballroom, St. Francis Hotel

Tickets \$1.00. Season tickets \$5.00. On sale at usual box-offices. Sunday at concert.  
Coming—That Unique Pianist, DE PACHMANN.



## VANITY FAIR.

In our ahysmal ignorance we had supposed that American ladies who desired to establish their descent from distinguished persons always sent to England for the required proofs. The procedure is quite simple. You simply state from whom you wish to be descended, pay the requisite fee, which varies according to the rapidity of the descent, and back comes the desired genealogical tree with Balaam's ass or whoever it may be at the top of it and your own name at the bottom.

But it seems that all this can be done just as well at Washington. There is a lady, a Mrs. Dorsey, in the Congressional Library who knows more about genealogy than does the Recording Angel and who will do all that can be done consistent with a strict veracity. We should hardly think that veracity would be a very paying investment, but of course people can always decorate the family tree to suit themselves after they get it.

Mrs. Dorsey says that her customers are usually women who have just become rich and who suppose that they can enter New York society at once if only they can show a family tree and a coat of arms. Bless their innocent hearts, all they need do is to show a check-book and to use it freely. We are all ready to assume that our acquaintances are descended from Adam, and if there should be a few doubtful branches upon the tree that seem to indicate a momentary lapse from virtue on the part of some female ancestor we are willing to cover the incident with oblivion. There was a time when we ourselves—but there is no need to go, into that.

Mrs. Dorsey says that women are quite conscienceless in the matter of coats of arms. Mrs. Dorsey's information is hardly worthy of a scare headline. It is not what one would call news. There are other matters in which women are conscienceless. We have found it so ourselves. She tells us of a wealthy Western woman who came to her some time ago and explained that she wished to be descended from Julia of Argyle and wanted the "proofs" and the coat of arms. Mrs. Dorsey pointed out quite delicately that it was a question of fact and not of ambition. The lady was not descended from Julia of Argyle and therefore had no right to the coat of arms. But it made no difference. The lady had adopted Julia of Argyle, so to speak, and intended to keep her, and to this day she has the Argyle coat of arms upon her notepaper and her automobile. And there was another lady who was determined to be descended from Helen of Troy. That the fair Helen was more or less a legendary character did not matter at all. It was to be Helen or no one. But surely the lady did not know that Helen's name had been connected with scandal. It is an old story and it would be a burning shame to rake it up, and Helen dead, too, but one can not be too careful in one's choice of ancestors.

And there is a great demand for kings. Mrs. Dorsey says that there are men and women in America who will purchase royal ancestors at any cost. And they ought to be cheap if one is not too particular about marriage certificates. Why there have been kings, and queens too, who labored long and faithfully to meet the demands now made upon them by good Americans. What an eye to the future they did have to be sure, some of them. Take Charles II, for example. It seems hard lines if an aspiring democrat can not hitch up there somewhere and find some little pig of the right color in such a litter as that.

So some of the Atlantic steamship lines have added a golf course to their outfit in order to relieve the intolerable tedium of the interminable Atlantic passage. The newspaper jackass who is detailed to record these things announces the fact as an example of modern enterprise. The intelligent reader regards it as an example of vulgar idiocy.

The Atlantic passage at present occupies about six days. The first day is spent in watching the receding land, settling down, and discussing seasickness. The last day is spent in settling up, packing, watching the approaching land, and imploring your wife not to smuggle. That leaves four days. Now the man who can not spend four days at sea without demanding immensely costly amusements that must necessarily be futile owing to the size and movements of the ship must be a congenital and a vicious idiot. What he needs is a strait waistcoat and not a toy golf course. Already there is a reaction against this sort of thing. Respectable passengers are choosing steamers where they are not likely to be brought into contact with the riff-raff of the *nouveau riche*, where their eyes and their ears will not be assailed by the vulgar creatures whose only ambition in life is to persuade you of their wealth. Perhaps some day a really enterprising steamship line will advertise that there is no danger of meeting a new millionaire upon its boats, but they will have to be big boats.

An Eastern newspaper is debating the question of whether clergymen ought to wear a dist. Mive dress. There is much to be said

both ways. Personally we think they should and that it ought to be made compulsory. There is no doubt that lay attire is a great convenience to clergymen who wish to investigate for themselves and in the cause of reform the night life of our great cities, but the practice has its disadvantages. On the other hand we are told that the clerical garb has a certain repellent effect upon the average citizen, who likes a good man but who does not see why the good man should advertise his goodness. There is some sense in that view, too. We ourselves are good, although not ohtrusively so, and we can not help our own goodness from showing in our faces, but we do not wear a particular kind of collar in order to emphasize the fact. It is evident enough without that.

Why should not all the professions wear distinctive and warning uniforms? It would give a variety to life and would be of distinct value. Certainly there is no reason why the practice should be confined to clergymen, while lawyers and doctors move about in our midst unsuspected and unavowed.

A London shop is exhibiting some beautiful shoes made from the breasts of humming-birds. As may be supposed it takes a great many humming-birds to make one pair of shoes, and it takes a long time to sew all the tiny breasts together, so we need not be surprised at the price, which is \$2500 a pair. But why not have a complete costume of humming-birds' breasts? There could be no question about the wealth of any one so attired, and the fact that all the humming-birds in the world could not furnish many such costumes would give quite an added zest to their possession. Moreover, the fashionable woman would thus be able to combine in one master stroke the two component parts of her nature—cruelty and extravagance.

An unfortunate difference of opinion has broken out between the men and the women dressmakers as represented by the chief European exponents of the art. On the one hand we have M. Poirer, that truly distinguished Frenchman who permits himself to minister sartorially to the women of the world, while upon the other side is Lady Duff-Gordon, the chief director of Lucile's. In this instance the provocation comes from the man, which is so rarely the case as to be remarkable. M. Poirer was actually guilty of saying for publication that "man only can suit a woman in dress. The woman dressmaker drowns herself in details and neglects the outline."

Now we had supposed that this was unquestionably true. The same thing has often been said before, and so far without any vociferous contradiction, and when a woman does not contradict something derogatory to her own sex it is presumably true. Sometimes it is true when she does contradict it. Every one remembers the explanation once given for the predominance of the male dressmaker. His woman competitor, we were told, refuses to recognize any fraction of the inch less than the quarter, while the male mind condescends to eighths and sixteenths. Consequently man secures a precise fit where the woman fails to do so. This may be a lie. Who are we that we should decide upon such a point.

But the woman dressmaker has found a champion in Lady Duff-Gordon, who has been visited by a representative of the London *Daily Express*. It is strange how eager are these newspaper men to stir up trouble and to set nations and sexes by the ears. Lady Duff-Gordon listened to the charge of M. Poirer, and like Sam Weller's mother-in-law she "swelled wishily" with defiance and indignation. For the moment she became the incarnation of her downtrodden sex and repelled with scorn the insinuation of her Parisian rival. "Of course," she said, "the woman dressmaker remembers details, and it is the details, the little touches, that make a dress charming and distinctive. But let me try to explain to you what I mean."

Now of what earthly use is it to send a man reporter upon such an errand as this? This particular scribe in the grasp of Lady Duff-Gordon was as clay in the hands of the potter. She gave some sort of a signal, waved a magic wand, muttered a few words of an incantation, and in swept a procession of young women of bewildering beauty and so attired as to abash the sunlight. Now, said Lady Duff-Gordon, what do you think of that? Are they not exquisite? The wretched youth tried to check an almost ungovernable tendency toward violent mania and feebly glibbered that they were. But he was referring to the young women themselves, and Lady Duff-Gordon knew that he was and yet she was not ashamed to take advantage of the weaknesses peculiar to his frail and faulty sex. "Now," she said, "I will show you why it pleases you," stopping one of the divine ones for more intimate inspection and thus reducing her victim to a state of drooling imbecility. "It is this insertion, this little ornament, this suggestion of a dainty underskirt that makes the complete harmony that is so good to look upon. Hard outlines are not feminine. They do not please."

Of course the poor youth had nothing to

say, except telepathically. He was far too modest to show an undue enthusiasm for the "suggestion of a dainty underskirt." Somehow it didn't seem quite nice to be too analytic, and that was exactly his persecutor's point. Men had no right to analyze. They were concerned with the general effect.

"A man has no business to understand a woman's dress. It is not his métier. It is his to appreciate and enjoy the result without understanding how it is attained."

"As a matter of fact, no real man ever does understand. He can not explain exactly what a woman is wearing, but he knows quite well if she is looking charming or if she is looking grotesque and unpleasing."

"Considering that clothes, to be delightful, must fit the nature of the wearer, it is surely evident that a woman dressmaker must be more successful than a man in making the completely and delightfully feminine—the robe that is soft and delicate and graceful—and this is done not by swathing the figure with hard lines, but by a subtle combination and by many little details."

"I will say this," added Lady Duff-Gordon. "I consider that a man is as much out of his province in making women's clothes as a woman would be in making men's. Anyhow, my success in Paris seems to show that women themselves realize that it is the details that matter."

An Eastern newspaper expresses surprise that the English royal children should give only presents of the cheapest kind to their friends at Christmas time. But the economy is not due to parsimony as the scribe supposes, but to poverty. It is the rule in the

English royal family that the children shall be allowed only a small amount of money, and while the present king was a midshipman his total income was 25 cents a week. In this connection a good story is told of the young sailor. Upon one occasion he wrote to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and suggested the propriety of a tip, as is the manner of boys. But Queen Victoria had other ideas. She wrote back a long and severe letter intended to inculcate the virtues of frugality, but she did not inclose the hoped-for donation. But the young prince was equal to the occasion. He sold the letter for £5 to an autograph collector. He didn't want it.

The at one time well-known preacher among the Wesleys, Peter Mackenzie, in reading the third chapter of Daniel invariably abbreviated the fifth verse, wherein are enumerated the instruments of the Babylonian hand, most of them with hard names, to the "cornet," etc., and when the names were repeated in verses ten and fifteen said, "The hand as before." He was a lay preacher of the old order who was admitted on to full plan without having read the prescribed "Wesley's Sermons," etc. He boasted of his lack of "book learning," and scornfully told a student of the new school who was learning Latin that "English was good enough for Paul; aint it good enough for you?"

"I hear you've left Stingo & Co.'s." "Yes. I'm in business for myself now." "What are you doing?" "Looking for another job."—*The Pathfinder*.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to hottle

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

He came creeping in at the usual hour when a man finds it convenient to enter his house with as little commotion as possible. He replied, in response to the usual wifely query put to gentlemen who arrive home at that hour of the night that he had been sitting up with a sick friend. "A sick friend, indeed! And what ailed him?" "W-why, he lost \$87."

The "duffer" at golf becomes so used to finding himself in all kinds of out-of-the-way places that he hits every ball in the confident expectation of getting into difficulties with it. Such a player was he who answers in this dialogue, reported from the course: "Is this your ball over here?" "Is it in a hole?" "Yes." "A deep hole?" "Yes." "With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?" "Yes." "Then it's my ball, all right."

When Whistler was living in the Latin Quarter in his youth a friend took him to task for his idleness. "Why don't you pitch in and paint something?" said the friend. "Pretty soon your money will be all gone, and those three rolls of canvas will still be standing empty there behind the door, just as they've been standing for the last six weeks!" Whistler as he lay on the bed smoking his pipe, answered lazily: "But, you see, as long as there's nothing on the canvas I can sell it."

In a Fourth of July address, Mayor Samuel L. Shank of Indianapolis once said, apropos of George Washington and truthfulness: "Few of us, alas, can lay claim to that absolute veracity which was Washington's boast. Thus the shoe pinches us all when the story of little Jack Smith comes up. Little Jack Smith's Sunday-school teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, said: 'Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?' Little Jack answered gravely: 'Because there wouldn't be anybody left.'"

A Japanese diplomat, during Admiral Togo's American tour, said at a dinner at Narragansett Pier: "Admiral Togo well merits his wealth and his honors. But a boyhood friend one day—after the manner of the boyhood friend—sneered at the admiral's success, whereupon our great warrior retorted: 'Come, now, I'll resign all my money and titles to you, but on one condition—that you pay the same price for them I did. We'll just go out into the garden there, and I'll fire a cannon at you ninety times. All I have shall be yours if you survive.'"

It was on a street-car the other morning that a passenger, whose general get-up suggested a clerical calling, was overheard saying to a companion: "I realize that women are by nature and instinct bound to go in for adornment in the matter of dress, but they are getting more and more recklessly extravagant. I believe in temperance in dress." "Temperance is all right," was the reply. "I believe in temperance myself, but what with the hohble skirts and cotweb stockings it looks more to me as though the women were going in for total abstinence."

An instance is related of the late Professor Chrystal's readiness in applied mathematics. One day when he was producing on the black-board those "spiders' webs in chalk" which we'e the despair of the unlearned, a student near the top of the room dropped a marble, which bumped down, step by step, to the level of the rostrum. Chrystal, not heeding the giggles of the class, went on with his work. When the marble came to rest he observed, "Will the student at the end of bench 41 kindly stand up?" He had counted the bumps made by the marble in its descent.

Application for employment was recently made to a Louisville business man by a young chap from the mountain region of the state. The Louisville man was favorably impressed by the stranger, but as no references were offered he determined to hold the application in abeyance until he could personally look into the young man's antecedents, which he could do when next he visited that part of the state whence the applicant hailed. It was not long before the opportunity was afforded. The Louisville man sought out the sheriff of the young man's home county and asked: "Do you know Bill Sark's?" "Shore, I know him." "What kind of a young man is he?" "Pretty fair." "Is he honest?" "Honest? Shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealin' and acquitted each time."

A century and a half ago people used to depend upon the weather prognostications in "Partridge's Almanac." One day Partridge himself put up at a country inn for dinner. The hostler advised him to stay the night, as it would certainly rain. "Nonsense!" said Partridge, and proceeded on his way. Soon a heavy shower fell, which so impressed the traveler that he instantly rode back to the inn and offered the hostler half a crown if he

would tell him how he knew the rain was imminent. "Well," replied the man, with a grin, pocketing the coin. "The truth is, we have 'Partridge's Almanac' here; and he's such a liar that whenever he promises a fine day we know it will be foul. Today is set down as fine."

Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard's English department is noted not only as a student of the drama, but as a satirical critic of all local performances. He may always be expected, it is said, to express an opinion on leaving the theatre that is tinged with some humorous regret. At a recent performance Dr. Kittredge appeared even more disgruntled than usual. At one period the lights went out and the delay added to his annoyance. At the close of the performance he sought a late supper with a number of his club friends and was asked: "How was the play tonight, Dr. Kittredge?" "Disgusting," replied the critic. "Even the lights went out at the end of the second act."

THE MERRY MUSE.

All Is Well.

Helen's lips are drifting dust,  
Casar's dead and turned to clay;  
Still there's cause to hope and trust:  
Lincoln Steffens, day by day,  
Keeps old Cosmos in her place  
And directs the human race.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Gay Life.

He hurries every morning to catch a certain car;  
He goes to work where hundreds of other toilers are;  
His course is never varied; he has no time to stray;  
The route that is the shortest he takes day after day;  
He works upon a schedule that changes not at all  
In winter or in summer, in springtime or in fall.

He starts in every morning, just as he did before,  
To do a certain duty and never any more;  
He has his thirty minutes at noon to rest and eat,  
And when the day is ended he hurries to the street  
To start his journey homeward, night after night  
The same,  
Jammed in with other people who do not know his name.

He does not know his neighbors, to them he is unknown;  
Beyond his little orbit his face is never shown;  
He hurries every morning to catch a certain car;  
At night he clings where other sad-faced strap-hangers are,  
And wonders how the people exist out on the farms,  
Deprived of social pleasures and all the city's charms.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Famous Women.

We've seen the list of twenty of the world's most famous men  
Compiled by Andy Carnegie one dreary news day when  
Some enterprising scribe, perhaps, conveyed to him a hint  
Of that new and inexpensive way to get his name in print.

And, having scanned the Laird of Skibo's list,  
We're free to state  
That there are more than ten times twenty women just as great.  
And as we take them young and old, and fat and short and tall,  
It really seems to us that dear old Sapho leads them all.

In Cleopatra, Egypt had considerable queen,  
And "Good Queen Bess" could travel some—just get that in your bean—  
But fragmentary evidence is all we highbrows need  
To prove to us conclusively that Sapho had the speed.

To Isabella of Castile the new world owes a debt;  
If she hadn't hooked her jewels we'd be undiscovered yet.  
And Catherine of Russia was a hustler—that's no dream—  
But Sapho was the only one who really had the steam.

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes thermometers explode;  
Elinor Glyn has wandered far along the blazing road,  
And Emma Goldman's oratory makes the world perspire,  
But Sapho was the burning kid who breathed the living fire.

Lucretia Borgia knew some tricks at which she was adept;  
Delilah showed the Philistines where Samson's goat was kept,  
And Carrie Nation's hatchet brought dismay to quite a hunch,  
But Sapho was the knockout queen who got there with the punch.

We could mention Susan Anthony and Mme. Pompadour,  
Dr. Mary Walker, Belva Lockwood, and some more;  
Mrs. Pankhurst—which reminds us that (we much regret to note)  
Dear Sapho wasn't up to date—she didn't care to vote!  
—Springfield Union.

"Is your boy, Josh, fond of music?" "I should say so," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "When one of these here musical comedies comes along Josh wants to be right up as close to the orchestra as possible."—Washington Star.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Myra McGavock Josselyn, and Mr. William Coppée Duncan, Wednesday afternoon, January 17, at five o'clock, at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the Fairmont Hotel.

The wedding of Mrs. Emma Brown Pratt and Mr. Melvin Jeffress took place Wednesday at the home in Berkeley of the bride's mother, Mrs. E. S. Brown. Mrs. Jeffress is related to Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt of this city.

The wedding of Miss Helena Stoney and Mr. Henry L. Brown of Boston took place Wednesday at St. George's Church in London. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. George W. Stoney, a sister of Miss Katherine Stoney, and a niece of Mrs. Charles Brigham, Mr. William H. Babcock, and Mr. Harry Babcock.

The wedding of Miss Dora Pierson and Mr. Alfred W. Scott took place Wednesday at the bride's home in Santa Rosa. Miss Pierson is a niece of Judge James A. Cooper of this city.

Miss Ruth Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Gardner of Waco, Texas, will be married February 7 to Mr. Arthur Fennimore of this city.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess Monday at a tea in honor of Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a large number of friends at a New Year's tea at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson will give a dinner Friday evening, January 12, at the St. Francis Hotel, and with their guests will attend the Cinderella ball at Scottish Rite Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla entertained a number of friends at a luncheon New Year's day at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., gave a dinner Monday evening at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin entertained a number of friends at a dinner New Year's eve at their apartment on Gough Street.

Mr. Frank Jones was host at a supper party Monday evening at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Palace Hotel New Year's eve.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis was host at a supper party and an informal dance New Year's eve, when he entertained the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sharon and an additional number of friends. The affair took place in the parlors on the second floor of the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., have issued invitations to a dinner January 19 at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss of Los Angeles.

The Misses Gladys and Linda Buchanan were hostesses Tuesday at a luncheon and bridge party at their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

The Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham were hostesses Monday evening at an informal dance at the home on Pacific Avenue of their mother, Mrs. James Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party.

The Misses Margaret and Evelyn Barron have issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, January 8.

Miss Theresa Harrison was hostess Monday at a tea in honor of Miss Dorothy Boerke.

Mrs. J. B. Wright was hostess at a luncheon and theatre party last week in honor of Miss Kate Crocker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Crocker, who came home from an Eastern school to spend the holidays. Mrs. Wright will give a luncheon today at the St. Francis Hotel and will entertain the friends of her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin.

Mrs. William B. Bourn was hostess at a musicale Thursday when the Sigmund Beel Quartet entertained a large number of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a theatre party Thursday evening and entertained a number of the young friends of their daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was hostess at a luncheon Friday in honor of her sister, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett gave an egg-nogg party Monday at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge have returned from Washington, D. C., where they have been spending the past four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Evingham Sutton have returned from New Orleans and will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett and their children are established in their new home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William McLaine (formerly Miss Bonnie Carter), of Fresno, have recently been the guests of Mrs. Laughlin McLaine at her home on Washington Street.

Invitations have been issued to the Cinderella ball Friday evening, January 12, at Scottish Rite Hall.

Gouverneur Morris, a short-story writer, whose own style is praised by many critics, says: "Richard Harding Davis is the best short-story writer technically that has ever been. His 'The Consul' is the best story of patriotism that has been written since 'The Man Without a Country.' He's just as good as De Maupassant. On the whole, American writers have not improved on De Maupassant because they haven't as good stories to tell, but they tell well the stories they have. In their last work they put more color, more fireworks. In reading O. Henry you get fun out of every sentence."

Horoscopes accurately cast; astrology taught. Dress Robert R. Hill, 1618 Steiner St., S. F.

## The San Francisco Orchestra's Plans for Next Week.

The San Francisco Orchestra, under the direction of Henry Hadley, will appear at two concerts during the coming week. Daily rehearsals with Director Hadley working might and main, are developing the possibilities of our home organization, and we shall soon have an orchestra that we can feel proud of. It is the unanimous opinion that the work thus far has been quite remarkable for a new organization.

The first appearance outside of this city will be made in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, next Friday afternoon, January 12, at 3:15. A special popular programme will be given and at popular prices, too. The features of the offering will be the Third Movement of Tschaiakowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," with its stirring and irresistible march rhythm, the overture to Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," an orchestral arrangement of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," a quaint "Valse Triste" by Sibelius, and Victor Herbert's jolly "Irish Rhapsody." By special request the Bach Air for the G string will be played by all the first violins of the orchestra in unison.

Seats will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday.

The second "Pop" concert in this city will be given Sunday afternoon, January 14, at the Cort Theatre, this day having been selected in order to give those whose employment prevents their attending the usual week-day concerts. In order that all may enjoy the benefits of having a permanent symphony orchestra in our midst, special prices, ranging from \$1 down to 15 cents, will prevail on this occasion. Tickets will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday morning. At these prices every music lover in this community can afford to hear our big orchestra. The programme will be the same as at the Oakland concert.

The third regular symphony concert will be given Friday afternoon, January 19, with Eduard Tak as soloist.

## Christmas Eve Open-Air Concert.

A year ago, on Christmas eve, Mme. Tetrazzini sang in the open air beside Lotta's fountain, at the intersection of Kearny and Market Streets, to a vast assemblage of San Franciscans, and other singers and instrumentalists joined in the concert programme. This year the event was duplicated, with other gifted musicians on the temporary stage, and the crowd that gathered must have numbered seventy-five thousand, though all were not hearers. M. Afre, the great tenor, and Mme. Chambellan, the coloratura soprano prima donna, of the Paris Grand Opera Company; David Bispham, the famous American baritone; Jan Kubelik, master of violin players; the Mountain Ash Male Choir of Wales; the Pacific Coast Saengerbund of 150 singers; the Cathedral Mission Choir, and the Columbia Park Boys' Club Chorus and Band, gave the numbers that delighted all who could get near enough to distinguish the melodies and harmonies of a remarkable concert. William Randolph Hearst's *Examiner* was the inspiration and executive force of the occasion, and its efforts should not pass without acknowledgment. Perhaps this marks the transition from a noteworthy incident to the beginning of a custom that shall go on unbroken through the course of years. There are few cities in the world where such an open-air celebration of Christendom's loved anniversary is possible.

## Readings and Classic Dances.

Next Tuesday evening, January 9, at the St. Francis Hotel there will be given a dramatic recital, consisting of readings and monologues by Mrs. Soley-Morle, and classic and folk dancing by Miss Estelle de Beer. Mrs. Soley-Morle is an English artist, who studied under Genevieve Ward and Forbes Robertson, and has read and recited with success in the fashionable clubs and drawing-rooms of London, and in Scotland and Ireland as well. Her ability and voice are praised by the best-known critics of the British press. Miss de Beer, the interpretative dancer, has had an even wider range of experience, as her press notices show that she has appeared in Australia and New Zealand as well as in England. Both artistes have appeared under the patronage of royalty.

The programme will include dramatic and humorous readings by Mrs. Soley-Morle and five characteristic dances by Miss de Beer. No little interest is shown already in the announced recital. The patronesses of the affair number more than a hundred of the best-known names in San Francisco society.

Margaret Anglin severed her relations with her dramatic agents and managers, Liebler & Co., some time ago, and the cause is now discussed in theatrical circles. E. M. Royle, author of "The Squaw Man," had written a play called "The Snare" in which Miss Anglin was expected to appear. The actress read the play and refused to consider it on moral grounds.

Brand Whitlock, mayor of Toledo, has been commissioned by David Belasco to write a political play dealing with the submerged classes.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The offering at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Sunday night, January 7, will be "The Red Rose," a musical comedy in three acts by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, with music by Robert Hood Bowers, which made a sensational hit in New York City at the Globe Theatre. The production is under the personal direction of John C. Fisher, the noted producer of "Florodora" and "The Silver Slipper" and many other big musical successes. The company is unusually large. There are twenty-eight musical numbers, with a variety of popular song hits and others of greater musical worth. From a scenic and costume point of view, "The Red Rose" is said to be a sensation. The story it tells is of a young American studying art, who falls in love with a model, Lola. His wealthy father objects to the marriage. Stormy scenes follow, but in the end the young American overcomes his father's objections, and the last act ends with a scene reminiscent of "Sappho," when the student carries his fiancée up a flight of stairs and they waltz away in true Viennese musical-comedy style and are married. The cast includes some of the best-known musical-comedy artists and a stunning chorus and ballet. One of the features of the performance is the "students' glide," a sensational dancing number which is now the talk of New York. It is difficult to describe its charms and it requires to be seen to be appreciated.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the greatest programmes in its history. The new bill will introduce six entirely new acts, and its headline attraction will be Miss Cecilia Loftus, the foremost mimic of the day. The appearance of this famous artist will be an event of extraordinary importance, for her fame and popularity are international. Miss Loftus's portrayals are not caricatures of an artist's weaknesses or mannerisms. She seeks not to exaggerate or ridicule the absurdities of speech or action, but gives to them the clean-cut cameo relief of reality. Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Nazimova, Caruso, Raymond Hitchcock, Rose Stahl, Sarah Bernhardt, Vesta Tilley, Maude Allan, Marie Dressler, Ada Reeve, Bert Williams, and Carrie De Mar are all not mimicked but absolutely personified. Miss Helen Grantley, the gifted young actress who was responsible for the presentation of Israel Zangwill's one-act drama, "The Never Never Land," will appear next week only in a new one-act play by Kate Jordon Vermilye called "The Right Road." It is said to be intense and well written and to exhibit Miss Grantley in the rôle of Peggy at her very best. She has in her support two sterling actors, Franklin Retchie and Alma MacClaren. Carson and Willard, two well-known German comedians, will present a new act with the title "The Dutch in China." Their work has the merit of originality. Will Roehm's Athletic Girls will give exhibitions in the art of boxing, fencing, wrestling, and bag-punching. Their fencing is good, and they are remarkable bag punchers. Harry Puck and Mabelle Lewis will be included in the novelties. Puck was for years one of the famous two Pucks, and Miss Lewis is a sourette well known in musical comedy. The team sing and dance well, and the songs they sing were written by Mr. Puck. Their engagement is for next week only. Monroe Hopkins and Lola Axtell will make their first appearance. Their contribution will consist of an amusing skit called "Traveling." The only holdovers will be the Esther Trio and Gordon Eldrid and company.

Following "The Red Rose" at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco is to see George M. Cohan's stage version of the famous "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" stories. This play, a comedy drama, is the first work without music turned out by the Yankee Doodle comedian and has been received with enthusiasm.

"Alma, Where Do You Live," probably the most successful adaptation from the original German that has ever been made, has started on its transcontinental tour, and will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement early next month. From all points on the tour thus far visited by this company the press comments have been of the eulogistic order, praising the play and the enormous company in an unusual manner.

Reginald de Koven's new operetta, "The Wedding Trip," was produced at the Broadway Theatre in New York Christmas night. Arthur Cunningham and Christine Nielsen, singers well known here, are prominent in the cast.

The home in England of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ferner-Hesketh has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Ferner-Hesketh (formerly Miss Florence Breckenridge) is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

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Manager Pacific Department

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

ated will be found a résumé of move-  
o and from this city and Coast and  
reabouts of absent Californians:  
ank D. Madison of San Rafael is ex-  
ome next week from New York, where  
the holidays with her son, Mr. Marshall  
and her nephew, Mr. Frederick Beaver,  
attending school in Lawrenceville.  
nd Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss  
Nichols) have taken an apartment on Pre-  
neue and Jackson Street.  
William B. Wilshire and her daughter,  
ris Wilshire, left Monday for the East,  
they will spend several months.  
Livingston Baker left Wednesday for Yale  
iving spent the holidays with his parents,  
Mrs. Wakefield Baker.  
Marian Newhall and Miss Virginia Lollie  
turned from Santa Barbara, where they  
guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller  
who entertained a house party over the

nd Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and  
arles Templeton Crocker have returned  
ew days' visit in Monterey.  
nd Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Miss Etta  
Miss Cornelia O'Connor, and Miss Ger-  
iffie spent the week-end in Monterey.  
Augusta Foute has recovered from her re-  
e illness.  
nd Mrs. Leon S. Greenebaum will leave  
for New York.  
Claus August Spreckels returned yester-  
Burlingame, where she was the guest of  
Mrs. Henry T. Scott.  
essie Page is in Washington, D. C., visit-  
nd Mrs. John Hays Hammond.  
ador Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Reid have  
n New York en route from London to  
where they will spend several weeks.  
nd Mrs. Athole McBean and Mrs. William  
newhall have returned from a motor trip  
erey.  
nd Mrs. Philip M. Lansdale (formerly  
y Nichols) have recently purchased prop-  
erty Cerrito Park, San Mateo, where they  
a home built.  
nd Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs.  
Addison Alexander have returned from  
eo, where they spent a week as the guests  
Richard Tobin.  
nd Mrs. Charles Belden, Miss Margaret  
nd Mr. Charles Belden, Jr., are again  
home in Ross after a visit of several  
n New York.

nd Mrs. Almer Newhall (formerly Miss  
Scott) have returned from a week's visit  
osemita, where they enjoyed the winter  
They were accompanied by Miss Frances  
Mr. Edgar Zook, and a number of others.  
nd Mrs. George Loring Cunningham have  
os Angeles to spend several months with  
in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Adel-  
Blackmere.  
illian Van Vorst will leave next week  
Angeles where she will visit friends.  
n C. Wilson has returned from an ex-  
isit in Los Angeles.  
Wallon Hedges, who has recently been  
er brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and  
Henry Clarence Breeden, has returned to  
hara.  
August Spreckels will return early  
k from New York, where he has been  
the past ten days.  
ohn Simpson will leave next Wednesday  
y City, where she will visit her son-in-  
daughter, Bishop Sidney Partridge and  
tridge.  
Mrs. Walter S. Martin and Miss Jennie  
ave returned to Burlingame from Mon-  
re they spent a week.  
ses Grace and Katherine Mellus of Los  
e the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis

ennie Hooker returned Tuesday from  
e, where she was the guest of Mr. and  
atford S. Wilson.  
Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have returned  
etery and are occupying their apart-  
the Fairmont Hotel.  
William Page is recovering from a severe  
pneumonia.  
nd Mrs. Marcus Koshland and a party of  
pent the New Year holidays in the Yo-  
alley.  
nd Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, formerly of  
are in London, where they are the guests  
Lathrop's relatives. They are accompa-  
their little daughters, Sylvia and Elsie

those who spent the New Year holidays  
ey were Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Cole  
nd Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mr.  
Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Au-  
aylor, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mr.  
Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Os-  
epper, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr.,  
Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs.  
Nichols.  
nd Mrs. Kaspar Fischel and their two  
when last heard from had been in  
and Rome, and were about to leave for  
the old home in Innsbruck to spend

nd Mrs. Sigmund Stern are at present in  
New York. They will shortly sail for Europe,  
where they will remain for an indefinite visit.  
nd Mrs. Parker Whitney (formerly Miss  
Parrott) arrived early in the week from  
London, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.  
Judge M. C. Sloss and Mrs. Sloss have re-  
turned from a visit in Monterey.  
Donald Jadin came out from New York  
the holidays with his fiancée, Miss Minna  
N. Bogen, and his sister, Mrs. Frank B. Ander-  
son of San Rafael.

nd Mrs. Charles W. McKinstry, U. S. A., and  
Mrs. McKinstry recently went to reside in  
San Francisco, and a few days in this  
city to assume the duties of  
the U. S. A., who has  
the engineering district.  
S. A., and Mrs. Mc-  
Kinstry returned yesterday for the

Philippine Islands, where they will remain in-  
definitely. Mrs. Melvor is a daughter of Mrs.  
W. R. Smedberg and a sister of Miss Cora Smed-  
berg of this city.

Major Arthur W. Morse, U. S. A., will arrive  
shortly from the Philippine Islands and will be  
stationed at Fort Morgan, Alabama.  
Lieutenant H. W. Stephenson, U. S. A., has re-  
covered from a severe illness and has joined his  
company at the Presidio.  
Lieutenant James Blyth, U. S. A., recently sta-  
tioned at the Presidio, has gone to Fort Logan,  
Utah, where he will remain indefinitely.  
First Lieutenant J. W. Hewitt, U. S. A., sailed  
yesterday for the Philippine Islands.  
Major R. W. Rose, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rose,  
who recently returned from Europe, spent the  
holidays with Major Rose's relatives in Virginia.  
They have resided for the past two years in the  
Philippine Islands and will arrive in February at  
their new station in Monterey.

First Beel Quartet Concert Sunday Afternoon.

The Beel String Quartet, Manager Will  
Greenbaum's latest exploitation, will make its  
début this Sunday afternoon, January 7, at  
2:30 in the Colonial Ballroom of the St.  
Francis Hotel, and from all indications a  
large audience of genuine music lovers will  
be present. There is no higher form of  
musical art than chamber music, and the  
world's greatest masters, both old and mod-  
ern, have done some of their finest work in  
this class of music.

The programme will consist of two com-  
plete quartets, Mozart's in G major and Schu-  
mann's in A, and the "Andante Cantabile" by  
Tschaiikowsky and "Scherzo" by Cesar  
Franck, both being movements from quartets.  
Seats can be secured at the usual music  
stores and at the concert room one hour be-  
fore the performance.

The second concert will be given Sunday  
afternoon, January 21, when the Quintet for  
strings and clarinet by Mozart, Beethoven's  
Quartet, Opus 18, will be given, and a spe-  
cial attraction will be the rendition of the  
Sonata for violin and piano by Cesar Franck,  
the executants being Mrs. Marie Wilson  
Stoney and Mr. Sigmund Beel.

For information regarding this series of  
concerts address Mr. Greenbaum at 101 Post  
Street.

De Pachmann, the Pianist, Coming.

It is just eight years since that marvelous  
pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, visited this  
city, and now he is about to come again for  
his positively farewell concerts, for the mas-  
ter is now over sixty years old and feels that  
he can not undertake any more extensive  
tours.

There is no other pianist living who plays  
just like De Pachmann; his playing of the  
Chopin works is just as Chopin would have  
liked to hear them, and in certain of them  
De Pachmann's playing has never been  
equalled. Possessed of a remarkable quality  
of touch, De Pachmann makes his piano sing  
like a beautiful human voice, and his playing  
is best described by the word fascinating.

Manager Greenbaum announces three pro-  
grammes by this artist at the Scottish Rite  
Auditorium, the first on Sunday afternoon,  
January 28, and the last on Sunday afternoon,  
February 4, and an evening concert will be  
arranged for some date intervening.

In addition, De Pachmann will be the spe-  
cial soloist at the fourth Symphony Concert  
of the San Francisco Orchestra, playing the  
Chopin Concerto in E minor, and he will also  
give a concert in Oakland at the Liberty  
Playhouse.

Omar Khayyam's tomb at Nishapur is in  
one wing of the mosque erected in memory  
of the Moslem saint, Imam-zadah Muhammed  
Mahruk. Although the poet's prophecy con-  
cerning his tomb—that it would be in a place  
where the north wind would scatter roses  
over it—is not literally true, the garden of  
the mosque is so rich in roses as almost "to  
make one in love with death." There is no  
inscription upon the tomb, a simple case made  
of brick and cement, to tell the story, or even  
the name of its occupant, although it is well  
known to be Omar's grave. "Vandal scrib-  
blers," Professor Jackson, who lately visited  
the spot, says, "have desecrated it with ran-  
dom scrawls, and have also scratched their  
names upon the brown mortar of the adjoining  
walls, disclosing the white cement under-  
neath. A stick of wood, a stone, and some  
fragments of shards profaned the top of the  
sarcophagus when we saw it. There was  
nothing else. It is to be regretted that some  
of Omar's admirers in the Occident do not  
provide a suitable inscription on the spot, to  
show the renown he enjoys in the West."

The regiment which guards the carriage of  
Mary Queen of England when she pays a  
visit to the court of Berlin is her own Fifth  
Prussian Hussars. The Kaiser's wife, Au-  
gusta Victoria, commands the Eighty-Sixth  
Regiment of Prussian Fusiliers, one of the  
crack regiments of the Prussian army. In  
addition to this signal honor, the Kaiserin also  
is granted a commission in the Russian army  
as a colonel of the Hussars of the Guard of  
Grondo. Carmen Sylva, the famous Queen  
of Roumania, dear to all soldiers because of  
her devotion and self-sacrifice during the war  
of 1877, is in command of the Second Bat-  
talion of Light Roumanian Infantry.



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ter, goes farther than any  
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Bernard D. Murphy.

Just as the old year was closing its record  
—on Thursday, December 28—Bernard D.  
Murphy died in San Francisco, aged seventy.  
Few families of early days in California were  
better known than the one Mr. Murphy rep-  
resented, and he had well preserved all its  
traditions for hospitality and unfailing kind-  
ness. Every one familiar with Bernard D.  
Murphy's life and works will say that he had  
a genius for friendship. He was born in  
Quebec but was brought in boyhood across  
the plains in 1849 by his parents. His father,  
Martin Murphy, bought Spanish grants in  
the Santa Clara Valley until at least 100,000  
acres passed into his ownership. Bernard  
was educated at San Jose and Santa Clara  
College, and for a time practiced law. Later  
he turned to hanking and built up the Com-  
mercial Savings Bank of San Jose. He was  
elected to the state assembly in 1869, and a  
year later was made mayor of the city of San  
Jose and continued in that office four terms.  
Then he was chosen state senator and served  
in the twenty-second and twenty-fifth ses-  
sions of the legislature. He was appointed  
bank commissioner and afterward was a  
trustee of the Agnews Asylum. In the panic  
of 1894 he was a heavy loser, but he paid his  
obligations in full. In 1869 he married Miss  
Anna L. Geoghan of San Francisco, who died  
several years ago. The children of this  
union who survive are Mrs. H. Ward Wright  
of Spokane, Miss Evelyn Murphy of San  
Francisco, Mrs. T. Howard Derby of San  
Jose, Miss Helene Murphy of San Jose, Miss  
Gertrude Murphy of Lindsay, and Martin  
Murphy of San Jose. Two sisters, Mrs. R.  
T. Carroll of Sunnyvale and Mrs. N. G.  
Arques of San Jose, also survive.

When Budd Dohle sold his last great trot-  
ter, Kinney Lou, 2:07¾, at Madison Square  
Garden a short time ago, it was generally be-  
lieved that his long connection with the trot-  
ting horse had come to an end. It will be a  
surprise to many horsemen to learn that the  
famous driver of Dexter, 2:17¾, Goldsmith  
Maid, 2:14, and Nancy Hanks, 2:04, has re-  
turned to California to take up the manage-  
ment of an extensive breeding stud, of which  
he is the vice-president and general manager.  
This new nursery of trotters is in the Hemet  
Valley, in Riverside County, a short distance  
from Los Angeles, and the wealthy men in-  
terested are planning to make it the largest  
breeding stud in California, where futurity  
prospects will be raised for the Eastern mar-  
ket. Wilbur Lou, a son of Kinney Lou, that  
holds the world's record for yearling colts,  
2:19¾, is at the head of the stud, and among  
the brood mares are many noted performers  
and producers. Though he won his first race  
more than fifty years ago, Mr. Dohle is still  
active as a trainer. At the Arizona State  
Fair, in Phoenix, last season, he drove the  
yearling colt Harry R., by Armon Lou, son  
of Kinney Lou, to a record of 2:24¾, step-  
ping him an eighth of a mile in :15—a two-  
minute clip.

The home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs.  
Rollo Fay has been brightened by the advent  
of a daughter. Mrs. Fay was formerly Miss  
Eleanor Wooster and is the daughter of Mrs.  
A. Herriot Small.

Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" has  
been dramatized for William A. Brady.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Louis—They tell me she will get a million the day she marries Fred. Louise—Well, it's worth it.—Chicago Daily News.

Saphedde—Society is a terrible bore. Don't you think so, Miss Cutting? Miss Cutting—Some people's.—Boston Transcript.

"In how many states can women make their wills?" "In most of 'em they come with it ready made."—Baltimore American.

"A poor shipwrecked sailor! Were you washed ashore?" "No, myn; yer see, I've only bin ashore three weeks."—Life.

Jock Perkins—What relations exist between you and Miss Richleigh? Tom Poore—Her father and mother.—Boston Transcript.

"Tommy, has your poor mother sprained her ankle?" "Yes'm, but it's all right. She bought all our Christmas presents first."—Life.

She—I can't cook, but we could hire somebody to do that. He—And I can't make money, but we could hire somebody to do that.—Puck.

Shortleigh—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike. Longleigh—Why, bow's that? Shortleigh—Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant.—Smoot Sect.

He—I suppose you talked all sorts of nonsense at your party yesterday, as usual? She—Rather; we talked about our husbands.—Fliegende Blätter.

"A merry Christmas, Womhat. But why are you limping?" "That pestiferous boy of mine set a steel trap for Santa Claus."—Washington Herald.

Lady Customer (in department store)—Have you anything to keep hair from falling out? Clerk—Hairpins, two counters to the right, madam.—Boston Transcript.

"It's no time ter go huntin' fer Trouble," said Brother Williams. "Ef you'll only stay stiiil he'll save you de railroad fare by comin' ter whar you is at."—Atlanta Constitution.

First Saleslady—Are you goin' to marry that gentleman that comes here every day? Second Ditto—Nope. I'd rather have a job without a husband than a husband without a job.—Life.

"Where is he from?" "I don't know, but I think he was raised on a desert island." "What in the world makes you think that?" "He says no woman ever made a fool of him."—Houston Post.

"Do you think the aeroplane will ever be used for smuggling?" "No," replied the aviator. "It's quite enough for a man to risk his life without taking a chance on spending it in jail."—Washington Star.

"What is that noise?" asked the presiding judge, when a witness's voice was nearly drowned by a rasping uproar outside the court. "My lord," said the counsel for the defendant, "I think it is the plaintiff filing affidavits."—Tit-Bits.

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?" "My pa's a millionaire philanthropist." "Well, well, that's nothing to cry about." "It aint, aint it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend at Christmas, provided I raise a similar amount."—Life.

"Ma, am I a descendant of a monkey?" asked the little boy. "I don't know," replied the mother, "I never knew any of your father's folks." The father, who was listening, went out in the coal shed and kicked the cat through the roof.—Kansas City Star.

"This item in your campaign expense account mystifies me," said the auditor. "I don't understand what you mean by raw material." "That's an error on the part of the stenographer," replied Senator Sorghum. "It should read, 'hurrah material.'"—Washington Star.

"Now, caddy," said the clergyman about to start off with his golf game, "I'm very particular when on the links, and I don't want you to open your mouth during the game." "Then I takes it, sir," replied the boy, "that you intends doin' your own swearin', sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Applicant for Position—I have here a letter of recommendation from my minister. Head of Firm—That's very good so far as it goes, but we won't need your services on Sunday. Have you any references from anybody who knows you the other six days of the week?—Milwaukee News.

"Did you notice any suspicious characters about the neighborhood?" the judge inquired. "Sure, your honor," replied the new policeman, "I saw but one man, and I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night. Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on.' At that I says, 'I wish you success, sor.' Begorra, yer honor," answered the policeman after a pause, "the man may have been a thief, but he was no liar."—National Monthly.



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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Good Beginning.

Mayor Rolph starts with a programme which we believe will command very general approval. His wish is for immediate construction of a city hall, and his choice is the old site. He takes no stock in proposals which would throw away a large investment for a scheme whose "artistic" inspirations are felt only by Mr. Phelan. So far, excellent. Manifestly Mr. Rolph is a man of common sense, unwilling to yield definite advantages to whimsical and, in a business sense, utterly foolish ambitions for a "civic centre" which we don't need and couldn't afford to pay for. Mr. Rolph's recommendation ought to settle this question, and if we may judge by the fact that the board of supervisors promptly "passed to print" an ordinance looking toward the carrying out of the mayor's suggestion, we may easily believe that it has done it.

Mr. Rolph recommends that the city acquire the properties of the Spring Valley Company, at the same time keeping an eye upon Hetch Hetchy as a future source of water supply. This probably in consideration of the state of the public mind is the best that

could be expected. Most certainly, if the city is to own its own water supply, acquisition of Spring Valley is the first necessity. It may be necessary for other than business reasons to continue to dangle Hetch Hetchy before the public, but as a matter of fact the project is impracticable, impolitic, futile. San Francisco will not need a Sierra water supply for a century to come, and when in future years it may need it Hetch Hetchy will not fill the bill. But if the public insists on being amused with dreams, it may just as well dream about Hetch Hetchy as something else.

The mayor sees the necessity of extending and otherwise improving our street railway service; and he has visions of an ultimate municipal ownership. But he does not get on so fast in the latter respect as not to see the necessity of enlisting private capital in this business. Evidently Mr. Rolph's views, even though a trifle "advanced," are still sane and under the domination of business judgment. We wish the same opinion might be held of his recommendation for advancing the limitation upon municipal bonding. The present inhibition beyond 15 per cent of the assessed valuation of all the property of the city is quite generous enough. Under the socialistic spirit of the time the disposition will be to advance the municipal indebtedness to the highest legal point; and we think the limitation now in force a very proper and necessary bar to extravagance and reckless policies.

The mayor's ideas with respect to the standardization of specifications for public supplies, for the establishment of a uniform system of public accounting, for securing the tenure of municipal employees, etc., are all in line with common sense. Evidently the mayor has studied these questions, and quite as evidently, judging by the prompt action at Monday's meeting of the board of supervisors, he will have the support of co-ordinate branches of the city government.

Really it is a refreshment of the spirit to see our municipal affairs considered with respect to municipal interests and apart from the interests of organized graft, of labor-union pretensions and personal or class schemes of politics. Mr. Rolph begins well, and we see every reason to hope that he will continue in well-doing.

### Taft and the "Fight."

Mr. Taft's remarks at Chicago some two months back upon the uncertainty of political events was merely a detached fragment of philosophical speculation. But your average man in politics cares little and knows less of speculative philosophy. He lives and breathes in the concrete and he interprets any hint of uncertainty on the part of a candidate as indicative of timid or hopeless counsels. There were those even among Mr. Taft's friends who read in the Chicago remarks a meaning absolutely at odds with the intent of the utterance; and it was, of course, seized upon by opponents and rivals as a peg on which to hang unquieting assertions and discrediting rumors. These have followed duly; but Mr. Taft's positive declaration of last week puts them definitely and we trust permanently to sleep.

Mr. Taft has never had but one idea as to a second term in the presidency. It was embodied in remarks made to a friend at Augusta, Georgia, just before his inauguration in 1909. "I do not intend," he said, "to give any thought to the matter of a second term. I shall have my hands full if I occupy myself with questions of the hour. I shall endeavor to make good as President of the entire country. If the country shall then desire my reelection that alone will insure renomination. If the country does not so wish, renomination will be futile." This is the whole of Mr. Taft's policy as related to his personal fortunes. He now believes on the basis of his record supported by assurances from every part of the country that he has made good. He believes that a majority of his party wishes his renomination; he therefore believes that he will be renominated and reelected. The inspiration of this

belief is not in any propensity or skill in the political game; it is rather in his knowledge of his own achievements, in his faith in the sincerity of his friends, and in his belief in the fundamental merit of the principles which have guided his course thus far and upon which his future administrative activities will be based.

Mr. Taft came into the presidency as the representative of ideas then regarded as "progressive." He saw that certain grievous abuses had grown up in the political practice of the country, and he was definitely inspired with the idea of correcting them. He has pursued this idea with determination and with a surprising success. He has brought the administration in its various departments and phases from a go-as-you-please practice to a course of strict responsibility and accountability. He has substituted economy for extravagance in administration. In some very notable cases he has weeded out pretentious theorists bent on pursuing arbitrary courses on the law-or-no-law principle and put in their places men who do not regard themselves as too virtuous and wise to work under constitutional and legal limitations. He has with a special energy and with notable success pursued certain capitalistic organizations whose greed and sense of power had led them into dishonest and illegal courses upon the assurance of immunity on the basis of financial strength and presumed political power. It is a record of extraordinary achievement in the face of difficulties; for while this work has been going on the President has had to meet malicious and often secret opposition where he had the right to expect friendship and co-operation.

While Mr. Taft has been pursuing a course strictly in line of his pretensions and promises, the so-called progressive movement has advanced by leaps and bounds, so fast, so furious, and so far as to have abandoned and left far behind its original ground and its earlier purposes. It now appears not as a corrector of abuses in our political system, but as the proponent of an entirely new system based on other theories and promising a new order of things. It has thrown away the caution which established our government under a salutary scheme of checks and balances. It would throw away our fundamental and traditional idea of government under representation and reestablish our affairs under a system akin to pure democracy. Without acknowledging, probably without seeing, the tendencies of its proposals, it is by its extravagance and passion aiming directly toward the impracticable goals of a speculative socialism.

Mr. Taft is still a progressive as that term was understood in the year 1908. He is for correcting abuses which have grown up under the representative system. He is for hewing to the line no matter where the chips fall or whatever the effect may be upon his own fortunes. But he is not for tearing down the fabric of established government and substituting for it a series of untried theories. He is not for a scheme which would drive independent and responsible men out of public life; he is not for a scheme which would overturn the fundamental law of the land; he is not for a scheme which discredits the principles embodied in the foundation of the republic and which lightly regards the lessons of working experience. Above all, he abides by the old standards and the old obligations; and he supports no movement which has not the patience to wait upon orderly processes of law. He is for progress under the old system and the old standards and within the law; his face is definitely set against any practice—whether it be called progress or degeneracy—outside the law.

Thus it is that Mr. Taft, who came into the presidency as a man of essentially progressive ideas, is now a man upon whom the conservative hopes of the country must be placed. He is for everything that he ever stood for; he is for progress in the sense that he would adapt the law to new conditions; but he is steadfastly opposed to a wild and passionate radicalism which pro-



poses nothing less than the tearing down of old theories, old faiths, old standards, under the inspirations of resentment on the one hand and of vanity and ambition on the other.

Mr. Taft's party—the Republican party—is a party of progress; but it is not a party of revolution. It is essentially a party of responsibility. In one great crisis it saved the republic against the machinations of reckless selfishness. The Republican party, we have faith, will be true to its history. It will discriminate between Mr. Taft, whose aim is to correct abuses in government under established, accepted, and conservative principles, and those who under a passion for destruction and reorganization would set the ship of state adrift upon uncharted seas.

Mr. Taft has declared that "nothing but death" can keep him out of the presidential fight this year. We will add the prophecy that nothing but death will prevent Mr. Taft from being renominated and reelected. It is a very real crisis that confronts us. We shall either live by the established system or through revolutionary changes shall start on the road toward socialism. The common sense of the country, its sense of what is right and prudent as distinct from what is wrong and foolish, its instinct of self-preservation, will cause it to rally to Mr. Taft—to the man of respect for constitutions and traditions, the man inspired by zeal for worthy reforms but unwilling to go faster or further than prudence and the conserving spirit may lead.

### Now, Ohio!

Until just now the movement to practically embody ultra-progressive ideas in state law has been limited to essentially Western states. Widely as it has spread in the relatively newer parts of the country, where politics is animated by "popular" as distinct from conservative notions, it has gone slow in the region east of the Mississippi River. But now we are to see what a relatively old and relatively conservative state will do in the process of rewriting her basic law. Ohio is to supply the illustration. There assembled at Columbus on Tuesday of this week a convention duly commissioned to revise the state constitution, and it will be occupied with this work for some weeks. The members of this convention have been elected since the "progressive" agitation began, and a majority of its members—something like 70 per cent—are avowedly for the new order of things, although it is not just certain what this phrase may mean under a local interpretation. If we may judge by campaign utterances, all of the "progressives" are for the initiative and the referendum and for the recall of officials other than judges. Many are openly for the recall of judges, but on this point there is a note of dissent which may prove a restraining influence.

Taken by and large, the convention is overwhelmingly radical in its ideas and is certain to present a state constitution embodying principles in closer accord with democratic ideals than with the standards of traditional representative government as illustrated in our national system and until very recently in all our state systems. Now, will the people of Ohio, a community perhaps more fairly representative of national sentiment in a political sense than any other, accept a modification of her system so radical and revolutionary? Will Ohio throw over the principles upon which her political character was founded and in which it has been nourished to take up with the scheme of things established a few years back in Oklahoma and very recently imposed upon California? The constitutional convention will surely propose it, but it will remain with the people of Ohio to accept or reject it.

Beyond a doubt the contest is on broadly between the old ideas and the new. We find proof of this in the circumstance that candidates for the presidency—Mr. Taft alone excepted—are fairly tumbling over each other in a race to get to the front of the radical movement; and in the further fact that on the floor of Congress there are avowed daily and with approval sentiments which only a few years ago would have been regarded as treasonable. When a senator addressing the Senate may declare without rebuke, as did Mr. Newlands only last week, that "representative government has proved a failure" we may easily believe that the foundations of our old system are under assault.

Casual and shallow observers who look upon this movement as "a passing phase"—as something to be corrected by the next succeeding "phase"—fail to see the significance of the new order of things. This is the kind of "phase" which permits of no return to con-

servative and traditional things in an orderly way. It is not a mere change in the incidents of politics; the thing is fundamental. It means an essentially different idea in government, a different method in attaining government, other types of men in the administration of government. In the judgment of the *Argonaut* its ultimate effect, if it shall succeed broadly, will be to place the organization and control of government in the hands of those who have few motives tending to conservatism—who have little to lose and something to hope for through change, even through demoralization. Its tendency, we think, is directly towards that utopian dream which calls itself socialism.

Undoubtedly there must come under the insecurity of the new order of things a reversal of the public thought—a disposition to return to the tried and stable order of things. But with the restraints abandoned—with all the defenses of conservatism thrown down—the way will be difficult. The time to combat destructive tendencies is not after they have wrought their inevitable mischiefs, but before they have proceeded through folly to the climax of disaster.

### Mr. Pillsbury's Magic Lantern.

Mr. A. J. Pillsbury is particularly sensitive to any criticism directed against the industrial accident board of which he is a member, or against the legislation, so profitable to himself, that called that board of three into existence. The history and purport of that legislation is now becoming firmly fixed in the public mind. Originally heralded by a constitutional amendment, it has taken definite form as the Roseberry law. Under the Roseberry law the employers of the state are financially responsible for accidents happening to the employed, to whatever cause those accidents may be due except intentional misconduct. The farm laborer who loses a limb through his own stupidity may claim damages from the farmer, the workman who injures himself through his own folly or carelessness may sue his employer for adequate damages, and so on all down the line. The industrial accident board has been created to enforce and supervise this law. Mr. Pillsbury is a member of that board and Mr. Pillsbury receives \$3500 a year for his eminent services. Therefore it is easy to understand why Mr. Pillsbury should be sensitive to criticism, and why he should shrink from old-fashioned references to politicians for whom a place and a salary must always be found and whose feet are never far from the public trough. Far be it from us to refer to Mr. Pillsbury as a tax eater. Let it suffice to say that he is one of those who eat the taxes.

But it seems that the duties of the board are educational as well as administrative. In view of the constitutional amendment and of the subsequent legislation it might be supposed that the public was already well informed as to the meaning of the Roseberry law and the sword that it holds in suspense over those public enemies known as employers of labor. But the legislature thought otherwise, or pretended to. It saw an opportunity to spend an additional \$15,000 for "public instruction" and it entrusted this expenditure to Mr. Pillsbury and the two other gentlemen who are good enough to work with him for a trifle of \$3500 a year each. In this way is the machine strengthened and little bosses created for the benefit of the larger ones. Mr. Pillsbury explains that the first duty of the board after drawing its salary is "to obtain a complete history of the industrial accidents that take place in California during 1912." This, says Mr. Pillsbury, "will prove no small chore." That is true enough, but even the professional politician must do something for his salary, or seem to, and what can be more congenial than making investigations and compilations? When the reform wave has advanced somewhat further it may be possible openly to pension our Pillsburys, but just now we must take things as we find them in a world only partly regenerate.

But the next educational duty of the board must be taken more seriously. Members of the board, traveling at the public cost, will be expected to go up and down the state with a magic lantern in order to show employers how best they can save their workmen from stubbing their toes, hammering their fingers, and otherwise injuring themselves at the expense of some one else. This, says Mr. Pillsbury, referring to his magic lantern, is "the best insurance and the best remedy for industrial ills." And all for \$3500 a year each, or \$10,500 for the three, over and above the special amount voted by the legislature for expenses. There are other duties that this special appropriation is to cover, but with the exception of the magic lantern they all relate to the

investigating, researching, compiling, and reporting so dear, and yet so profitable, to the needy politician. But there must, of course, be some relief from duties that otherwise would be monotonous. Hence the magic lantern, and the traveling expenses to be paid by the public. Incidentally the machine—the political machine, not the magic lantern—must profit largely from the perambulating zeal of three emissaries whose fortunes may thus be said to be bound up with the triumphs of a reform administration.

So far as the public has found a voice since the adjournment of the legislature it seems to regard the whole business as a piece of noisy and extravagant humbug, and worse. Why is this particular law singled out for elucidation with a magic lantern? Are there no other laws in need of similar treatment? Certainly there can be no dearth of politicians who need \$3500 a year. Why not equip a whole vaudeville circuit of showmen with magic lanterns in order to explain all laws and to illustrate the general activities of the administration and the legislature so far as those activities will stand the limelight? The project will bear extension and it ought to be developed in the interests of public education, and of machine politicians and bosses that make up in greed what they lack in intelligence.

But the state may congratulate itself that it has been permitted to contribute thus generously to the support of Mr. Pillsbury, whose newspaper activities have been unaccountably ignored by an inappreciative public. The support of Mr. Pillsbury was formerly optional. It is now compulsory and by way of taxation. We must all help in the Pillsbury ménage. The tax collector will see to that. When Mr. Pillsbury's venture among the San Francisco newspapers flickered to an almost unnoticed extinction the *Argonaut* ventured to foresee for him a career more congenial with his capacities and abilities. That foresight has now been justified. Mr. Pillsbury will travel with a magic lantern.

### Mayor Rolph.

For the first time in many years San Francisco now has a municipal administration representative both nominally and actually of the common interest and welfare. Hitherto since time out of mind we have had mayors representing some class, some faction, or some boss. And under this order of things we have had precisely the kind of government naturally to be expected. It has given us a multitude of tax eaters, extravagance in every department of public expenditure, favoritism and inefficiency in public service, multiplied schemes of dishonesty, a politically organized school system, and a demoralized police. In addition, as a matter of course, it has given us at home a sense of political abasement, and abroad a gross ill repute.

Mr. Rolph comes into office as the result of a universal revolt against these abuses and shames. He stands in the mayoralty as the representative not of "labor" nor of "capital" nor of a professionalized "reform," not of an interest, of a faction or of a boss. He comes at the behest of an overwhelming majority of our people, and he enters upon his labors supported by public respect and universal hope. His opportunities are great, his responsibilities are large, but so far as we may judge from his character and activities as a private citizen, he is qualified to meet them. He has comparative youth with a propensity for public service, and his individual integrity and respectability are beyond question. If not precisely what is called a strong man, Mr. Rolph is at least a sound man. His service at the head of the Chamber of Commerce assures a fair understanding of our larger community interests, and his activities in the local affairs of his home precinct exhibit him as one painstaking and diligent in administrative detail.

It so happens under a changing scheme of official tenure that Mr. Rolph is elected for an extraordinary term of four years. He will have time, therefore, to lay down plans covering a considerable period and to carry them forward to the point of final outcome. He has the support of associated officials, including a board of supervisors selected because of their sympathies with the purposes uppermost in his own election; therefore he is assured friendship and coöperation within the municipal system.

San Francisco expects a great deal from Mr. Rolph. First it demands honesty and economy, but it will expect more than that. It will look to see the system shorn of many of its costly excrescences. It will look to see the school department reorganized upon a non-



political and a non-personal basis. It will look to see a purified police department with fixed subordination to law rather than to the personal will or whim of the head of the municipal government. It will look to see the rights of all citizens—including those who do not choose to join labor unions—guaranteed so long as they live decently and obey the laws. Above all, it will look to see the reestablishment of San Francisco in the respect of itself and of the outside world.

Even while felicitating ourselves upon our new mayor and his prospects of success, we can but recall that other mayors have started right only in the end to go wrong. An unhappy fatality has seemed to attach to this particular office. In every case to which this remark applies demoralization has followed the development of individual ambition. More than one mayor, winning approval by energy and success in the earlier days of his administration, has been led by the suggestions of flattery, interest, or personal vanity to turn his eyes to higher eminences of political attainment. The wish to be governor or to be senator has superseded the normal and legitimate motives of service in the mayoralty. Then there have begun schemes of political organization under which the mayoralty, instead of serving its own legitimate purposes, has been sought to be used as a stepping-stone. And so through ambition, that vice from which we have been told even angels are not exempt, more than one of our past mayors has lost his virtue, to the ultimate climax of falling from public respect into the slough of universal contempt.

Most earnestly the *Argonaut* counsels Mr. Rolph to put away ambition, excepting only the ambition to do the work under his hand for its own sake and in respect of its own purposes. By no other course is success in the mayoralty possible. And we may add incidentally, by no other course can Mr. Rolph retain and augment the respect which now cordially greets and supports him in his high and honorable office.

#### China Still in Trouble.

It is not easy to understand precisely what is happening in China, and when we do get the facts they may not prove at all to our liking. At least one thing is clear: China has not declared nationally for a republic, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. A number of provincial governors, probably a majority, have declared themselves as republicans, and they have named Sun Yat Sen as provisional president, but the question was to be finally settled at a national convention. An armistice was declared for the purpose of arranging such a convention, but the armistice was to last only until January 6, and therefore fighting was resumed last Saturday. Presumably the convention has receded into the background until the trial of military strength shall be more conclusive. The rebels say now that they will take Peking and so extinguish the last remnants of Manchu resistance, before resuming the work of reconstruction. Whether they can take Peking so easily as they suppose remains to be seen. The Dowager Empress seems to have disgorged a large sum of money for the purpose of defense, and Yuan Shi Ki is reported as being hopeful of a successful resistance. The news, therefore, is not so good as it was, and we may remember that while China has had several revolutions in the past she has never emerged from any of them without a loss of life that makes white warfare seem insignificant.

And in the meantime the partition of China proceeds apace. By her practical annexation of Mongolia Russia has duplicated the policy that produced her war with Japan. Mongolia is not a part of China proper, that is to say she is not one of the sixteen provinces, but she none the less belonged to China and was governed by China. The Russian move was of the usual kind. She demanded that the Chinese government keep order in Mongolia, and as the Chinese government is not at present in a position to keep order in a hen roost Russia has promptly occupied the country, which is what she intended to do. Great Britain, just now on bowing terms with Russia, will not protest. It will be far more satisfactory and profitable to take Tibet, also a Chinese possession, and so the game goes on. Manchuria, of course, is absolutely lost to China.

If events turn out favorably—and they so rarely do in the Orient—the rebels will occupy Peking, peaceably or forcibly, a national convention will be held, and some stable form of government will be designed and accepted by the people. If the government is a strong one it will have something to say about Mongolia. If it is not a strong one it will have internal troubles to

meet, and internal troubles in China mean wholesale and ruthless massacre. In either case the outlook is not reassuring. In point of fact China is a powder magazine and the lighted fuse is a short one. To throw up our hats at what we fatuously call the dawn of constitutional government in China may be gratifying to our own conceit, but so far it has no basis in fact. It is, of course, possible that China has seen a great light, but when we remember the Boxer revolt and the Taiping rebellion it is hard to avoid apprehension.

#### Women and the Eight-Hour Law.

Among the valuable economic treatises issued by Columbia University is a consideration of the attitude of American courts in labor cases, by Dr. George Gorham Groat. The author's immediate mission is to comment upon certain eight-hour laws recently passed in Colorado and elsewhere for the supposed protection of some specified class of labor, but his argument is equally applicable to the eight-hour law for women now in force in California. He asks the broad question if we have the right, in a purely private and lawful business, to prohibit an adult from working thereat more than eight hours a day on the ground that longer hours may possibly be prejudicial to health. We may leave the question of legal right upon one side, but Dr. Groat shows us clearly enough to what extension the same principle is liable:

If, to protect the health of workmen \* \* \* the legislature may limit them to eight hours' labor per day, it may hereafter, upon the ground that idleness, resulting from short hours of labor, leads to drunkenness and gambling, and industry, promoted by longer hours, to happiness and health, enact that workmen must labor \* \* \* fourteen to sixteen hours per day; and by extending the same principle it may say, to use an illustration employed in argument, that a man weighing 120 pounds or less shall not work in a stone quarry because only large and powerful men can safely work therein \* \* \* that only persons not needing the aid of eye-glasses shall become makers or repairers of watches, because labor, with such mechanical aids, upon delicate mechanisms, tends to destroy vision; or that those suffering from sluggish livers shall not engage in sedentary occupations, because their health demands active, muscular effort.

There is indeed no limit to the possible application of this principle of interference once it is allowed to pass unchallenged. There is no department of life, not even the most private, to be left untouched. The eight-hour law for women was passed under the pretense that the powers and efficiencies of maternity are impaired by undue labor. But how about the wearing of corsets and of high heels, excessive candy eating, late hours, and the hundred and one follies in which young women indulge? Every hygienist knows well that these things are far more prejudicial to maternity than is hard work, and if one may be regulated by law why not the others? Where, indeed, shall we stop? Why not regulate food, drink, dress, amusements, and religion, since even religion may, and often does, develop an unduly emotional side highly injurious to motherhood? The eight-hour law for women can be defended only upon the ground that it is the duty of the state to see that no woman impairs her powers of maternity. Then let the state do the work properly instead of selecting the least of the evils and passing legislation that is intended to prepare women for maternity by preventing them from getting a living at all.

Dr. Groat's suggestions for future legislation are by no means far-fetched. Indeed we are heading straight that way, and it is a way abhorrent to free institutions and to national virility.

#### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest spiel is with respect to his attitude towards the courts. "Only willful misrepresentation," he says, "can deceive the people as to what my position as to the courts is." Really now! Let us run over the record: In Arizona last May Mr. Roosevelt declared himself opposed to recall of the judiciary on principle. At Los Angeles two days later, having in the meantime had a conference with the manager of the "progressive" campaign in California, he declared for the recall here, upon an insulting assumption that conditions in California were so bad that a departure from fundamental principles was not only allowable but necessary. Now, returning to fundamental principles, he says: "I earnestly hope to see in the next New York constitutional convention provisions incorporated in the constitution which will enable the people to decide for themselves, by popular ballot after due deliberation, finally and without appeal, what the law of the land shall be." Now, in view of these three declarations, will somebody kindly tell us

what Mr. Roosevelt's position is with respect to the judiciary?

Mr. La Follette has turned the light of his genius upon our financial system, and finds himself as usual forinist a-most everything. He does not like what we have got; he does not like anything anybody has yet proposed; he offers nothing himself in the way of a better system. Mr. La Follette is especially resentful against the bankers of the country, who he insists augmented the panic of 1907 by refusing, even when their vaults were "full of money," to lend it to necessitous and clamorous men of business on the verge of bankruptcy. If Mr. La Follette had been President, so he declares, he would have turned the bankers out of doors and put their establishments in the hands of receivers under instructions to pass out money to those who wanted it. In other words, Mr. La Follette would have taken the money in the banks and given it to those who needed it, over the protests of the men who owned it. And this is the sort of thing that Mr. La Follette calls financial statesmanship.

Mayor Mott of Oakland thinks it prejudicial to education that school girls should powder their faces, rouge their cheeks, and wear false hair. One of the school directors, a lady, is of the same opinion, but she says that the problem is a difficult one and that "our board of education has been working for some time on this very question." The spectacle of a board of education "working for some time" in order to persuade a few vulgar little girls to behave themselves is not an edifying one. Our fathers would have settled that question in about three minutes, but nowadays every school urchin with a grievance may appeal to courts of law to decide whether or not the rules must be obeyed. And the courts of law seem to be just as powerless as the teachers themselves, as witness the continuance of the fraternity nuisance in spite of legislatures and judges.

If California legislators who were so noisily anxious to prevent women from earning a living had turned for an example to New York they would have found a statute that is equally effective in the protection of women as in safeguarding the interests of business and of the public. The New York law applies only to women under twenty-one years of age, and it forbids them to work for more than ten hours a day except during the six days preceding Christmas. Overtime, when necessary, is paid for, with the result that girls are able to earn a little extra money at a time when they are most in need of it. But a good example is lost upon a legislature that has avowedly abrogated its rights of deliberation and debate in favor of one man whose only idea of administration is to thump the tub and conjure cheers from the crowd.

The representatives of the German newspapers *Volkszeitung* and *Tageblatt* have been expelled from Tripoli because of the unwelcome accuracy of their stories of Italian cruelty. The representative of the *Tageblatt* says that his interview with the Italian censor was conducted with all politeness, but that he was practically told "to write what was pleasant to Italy or be expelled." The only correspondents now remaining are those who have consented to these terms, and that means that only Italian newspapers are represented at all. Under such conditions we may wonder how much actual fact reaches Italy at all. There can be no doubt that the newspaper correspondent is a nuisance to military commanders, who must keep their movements a secret, but if there is to be some semblance of humanitarianism in war it is evident that the veil of secrecy must not be too heavy. One thing at least is certain. None of the unreported doings in Tripoli can be worse than those that were reported.

Whatever else Mr. La Follette may be, he knows the tricks of the agitating trade. For example, at Dayton, Ohio, last week, in the midst of a perfervid arraignment of pretty much everybody and everything in the country, Mr. La Follette halted, and with hand to neck said: "Say, my collar is too tight." Then he whipped it off and proceeded collarless to support the cause of woman suffrage. This, as an appeal to the back benches, is almost as good as Mr. Roosevelt's wild cavort on a pinto cayuse around the Kansas City fair grounds two years ago. It is to be noted, however, that neither of these adroit gentlemen has attempted to duplicate his delicate feat before a Boston audience.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It seems that Dr. Orville W. Owen is still making mud pies in the hed of the River Wye and that he has found some more things that he was not looking for. It will be remembered that he began the search for the Shakespearean manuscripts that were actually written by that gay deceiver, Francis Bacon. He found no manuscripts, but he did find an ancient Roman bridge that was quite an acquisition. Then he transferred his quest to dry land and discovered, not manuscripts, but some curious old crypts. Now after long and weary waiting we hear once more from Dr. Owen. He is still at it and as busy as ever delving away in the mud, and now he says that he has found "descriptions" of an airship, but that he will make nothing public until he has found something complete. Our expectations are rising. Nothing will now satisfy us short of a treatise by Bacon on radium, the X-Ray, and the Sherman act. But perhaps we ought to take Dr. Owen more seriously. He has actually found some remarkable things, and he has evidently been able to persuade his wealthy patrons that he will find something more still.

Here is a good story of Rossetti which shows that he understood the art of advertising. He told a friend that he wanted to buy an elephant. "I mean him," he said, "to clean the windows; and then when passers-by see the elephant cleaning the windows they will say, 'Who lives in that house?' And people will tell them, 'Oh, that's a painter called Rossetti.' And they will say, 'I think I should like to buy some of that man's pictures,' and so they will ring, and come in and buy."

Dentistry is supposed to be among the peculiar triumphs of our own civilization, but here we find the journal of the American Medical Association speaking with positive enthusiasm of the dentistry of antiquity. The oddest of all is a Phœnician specimen of bridgework found in a tomb near Sidon in which the teeth are united by gold wire, two of the teeth having been transplanted. In the museum of Corneto are a number of fine specimens of dental work of the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ. They consist of bridgework made by riveted bands of metal. One of them supported three artificial teeth, two of them being made from a single ox tooth grooved to imitate human teeth. It will be remembered that Martial speaks of an old woman who was so frightened that her teeth fell out, and elsewhere he compares the fine teeth of one woman with the poor teeth of another, and explains that the former had purchased her dental equipment while the latter still depended upon nature. The Romans were very particular about their teeth. They had them filled when necessary and were experts in the making of washes, dentrifices, and the like.

The correspondent of the London *Daily Express* who is now with the Turkish forces in Tripoli says that the Turks are hoping much from the cost of the war to Italy. The war is costing Turkey nothing, but the Italians are spending vast sums in incessant cannonading at nothing more vulnerable than the desert sands. The correspondent says that there are Italian prisoners in the hands of the Turks and that they are well treated, and especially the wounded. He then adds: "The Turkish doctors have other patients, too. I was in one of the medical tents this morning, and there entered a muffled little figure in the dress of an Arab girl. Hiding her face, she crouched on the floor, and the doctor, removing bandages and pads, showed me a ghastly cavity in the poor little creature's shoulder. An Italian bullet had entered—from behind!—and had passed through, making a dreadful wound. I questioned her, and the child, still muffling her face in her striped robe, told me how the Christian soldiers broke into her father's house and killed her mother and sister, and how she, being near the door, had run out into the street. Some of the soldiers followed her to the door, and stood there firing at her as she ran down the street; and 'At last,' said she, 'one of those Christians shot me as you see, here in the shoulder, and I fell down.'"

An unpleasant incident attended the opening of the Indian Durbar. When the time came for the Gaekwar of Baroda to be presented to the emperor, instead of observing the usual ceremonial he bowed once and then turned his back. On the following day the Gaekwar published his apology. He had been overcome by nervousness and had failed to observe the usual formality, an explanation somewhat thin in view of the fact that he has occupied the throne of Baroda for nearly thirty years and presumably knows how to comport himself. Moreover, the loyalty of the Gaekwar is by no means above suspicion. His territory has become a favorite harbor for the disaffected, and during his many European visits he is known to have consorted with leaders of the so-called popular party. The Gaekwar of Baroda is one of the three native princes who are entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, and it is quite upon the cards that upon the next occasion he will get nineteen only. That would be considered a smart punishment, as it would mean a reduction in the standing of the state. There are eight native princes who receive nineteen guns, thirteen who receive seventeen, sixteen who receive fifteen, five who receive thirteen, and thirty-eight who receive eleven. The present Gaekwar was specially selected and educated for the position that he now holds, his predecessor having been deposed for misgovernment. Among his jewels is a pearl necklace worth \$10,000,000 and his annual income is about \$6,000,000.

The clash between the King of Spain and his aunt, the Infanta Eulalia, is typical of the religious feuds that now agitate the whole country. The objectionable book written by the Infanta was aimed at the Church of Rome and was intended to emphasize her sympathy with the reformers by divorcing the king himself is supposed to hold

liberal opinions, and he was probably annoyed more by the breach of etiquette than by the affront to piety. It is generally believed that among the counsels given to him by the late King Edward was a warning that the church was the real enemy of Spain. It is certain that the religious liberals are now in the saddle everywhere and are determined to press their advantage to the uttermost. A correspondent of London *Truth* says that there is no parallel to the situation in Europe and that the quarrel between the king and his aunt is but an example of feuds that are raging in every family in Spain.

We had nearly forgotten the Camorra trial, but now comes a dispatch to remind us that it has been going on steadily for nine months but that it now seems likely to collapse from sheer weariness. The jury has notified the court that it needs no more evidence, and yet there are still ninety-two witnesses who must be heard if the opposing counsel insist upon their rights. The public prosecutor has allowed it to be known that his speech will occupy two weeks, and as most of the prisoners have their own attorneys, who have the right to speak for practically as long as they wish, the outlook is not an encouraging one. But that the trial should come to an end without a verdict is unthinkable. All competent observers are agreed that its conduct has been effective and dignified and that the delays are due only to the magnitude of the task.

European economists are busily estimating the cost of a war between England and Germany, not, of course, the cost in human life, which does not matter, but the cost in money, which does matter. Italy's war with Turkey is costing \$400,000 a day and she has only 60,000 people in the field. The Boer war cost a total of \$1,035,000,000. The Russo-Japanese war cost Russia \$723,000,000 and Japan \$650,000,000, but these figures will all be surpassed in the struggle that every one assumes to be close. A moderate estimate assumes that the loss in a war between Germany, France, and England lasting a year would be \$2,300,000,000 each. Professor Riesser, the German finance expert, puts the figures a little lower. Assuming that Germany puts 2,000,000 men into the field and keeps 1,000,000 as a reserve, she will pay for the first year \$1,620,000,000. France will pay about the same, and also England. The first step on the declaration of war would be to transform all state banks into war banks, to seize deposits everywhere, and to issue paper money to be accepted at face value. No European country has a war reserve with the exception of Germany and Russia. But Germany's famous treasure house in the tower of Spandau contains only \$30,000,000, while the Bank of State at St. Petersburg has in its vaults \$495,000,000. That such a discussion should arise at the present time is ominous, especially as there are but few signs that the peoples of Europe have any intention to enforce their own peaceful interests upon their governments.

Mr. G. B. Shaw is displeased with the Irishmen who made a disturbance at the New York performance of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." He says they are stage Irishmen and are no longer to be found in Ireland, in fact that Ireland is now in full reaction against them. He adds that sometimes these Clan na Gael Irishmen come over in cattle boats. "You know what the name means—the 'Collectors of Gold.' They collect gold when they can get it—coppers when they can't. For Ould Ireland, of course. You must bear in mind that Ireland is now in full reaction against them. The stage Irishmen of the nineteenth century, generous, drunken, thriftless, with a joke always on his lips and a sentimental tear always in his eye, was highly successful as a borrower of money from Englishmen—both in Old and New England—who indulged and despised him because he flattered their sense of superiority. But the real Irishman of today is so ashamed of him that the Irish players have been unable to find a single play by a young writer in which Ireland is not lashed for his follies. Now you can imagine the effect of all this on the American pseudo-Irish, who are still exploiting the old stage Ireland for all it is worth, and defiantly singing 'Who Fears to Speak of '98?' under the very nose of the police—that is, the New York police, who are mostly Fenians."

The French surgeon Czernieck in his reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian war tells a story that seems to place Bismarck in a new and more gentle light. He says: "Seated on some straw and propped up against a pillar of the church of Rezonville was one of our poor soldiers, a quite young man named Rossignol. A shell, striking him like the lash of a whip, had carried away both his eyes and the bridge of his nose, leaving the front of the skull bare. This fearful wound was covered with a dressing. He lay there calm, silent, and motionless, in quiet resignation. Bismarck stopped in front of him and asked me what was his case. He seemed really touched. 'There is war for you, messieurs the senators and deputies!' Then, turning to one of his suite, he said: 'Please bring me some wine and a glass.' He filled the glass to the brim, took a sip, and then, gently tapping the shoulder of the poor martyr, he said: 'My friend, will you not drink something?' Rousing himself from the deathlike stupor that was creeping over him the man assented. We then saw Bismarck stoop and very softly and slowly give the wounded soldier the wine. Rising again, he drank what was left in the glass, and said: 'What is your name, my boy, and where do you come from?' 'Rossignol, from Brittany.' The count then took his hand, and said: 'I am Bismarck, my comrade, and I am very proud to have drunk out of the same glass as a brave man like you,' and stretching his hand over the horribly mutilated head, he seemed to give him a mute benediction."

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

One-seventh of the population of the United States now is of foreign birth, and, barring the Indians, all of it is of foreign descent.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Gods of the Saxon.

We have set the White Christ forward, we have bid the old gods go,  
We be Christians, Christian peoples, singing psalm tunes staid and slow,  
We have strewn the graven idols, we are bounden to the Lord,  
*In hoc signo* is written—but we prove it with the sword.

For the old gods played us hazards, and they tracked us in their wrath  
By the smoke of sacrifices that we made along our path;  
Saved us to outwit each other; broke us if they listed, then,  
And at best of all their saving they were gods, and we were men.

But the White Christ He is lowly, He hath thorns about His brow,  
He hath sorrowed, He hath suffered,—Lord, what boots Thy sorrow now?  
Seeing that we give our brother to the kite-kind and the crow,  
And the shell-strewn bones to whiten where the shy wild cattle go.

And the old gods gather, gather where the shrilling bugles break,  
For the hot-blown breath of battle fans the elder gods awake,  
Calling high above the trumpets, saying: "Thus the old rune runs,  
By the net that took the fathers ye shall surely snare the sons.

"By the bitter lust of empire, by the fret of boasts withstood,  
By the itch of prideful peoples that must make their boastings good,  
In the fern damp, by the veldt-side, we have brought them stark and low,  
They that make no more for mornings, nor for any winds that blow."

We be Christians, Christian peoples, thinking scorn of ruder days,  
But above the *Pax Vobiscum*, keener than the prayers we raise,  
Come the jeering gods of warfare from the ends of all the earth,  
By the White Christ, wan and wounded, and they mock Him with their mirth.

—Mary Austin.

## The Death-Song of the Hemlock.

Ye say I am old—I am old—and ye threaten to hew me down,  
Lest the roof of your puny dwelling should be crushed by my heavy crown;  
Ye measure my spreading branches, ye mock me with idle fears—  
Ye pygmies that creep at my footstool, what know ye of age or years?

I reckon ye all as shadows! Ye are but as clouds that pass  
Over the face of the mountains and over the meadow grass;  
Your generations are phantoms; like wraiths they come and go,  
Leaving no trace behind them in the paths they used to know!

But I! For six hundred rolling years I have stood like a watch-tower, I!  
I have counted the slow procession of Centuries circling by!  
I have looked at the sun unblenching, I have numbered the midnight stars,  
Nor quailed when the fiery serpent leaped from its cloudy bars!

Or ever ye were a nation, or your Commonwealth was born,  
I stood on this breezy hill-top, fronting the hills of morn;  
In the strength of my prime uplifting my head above meaner things,  
Till only the strong winds reached it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!

It was mine to know when the white man ventured the unknown seas,  
And silence fled before him, and the forest mysteries;  
I rose, his towers and steeples that pierced the unfathomed sky,  
And his proud domes darkened the Heavens—but above them all soared I!

He builded his towns and cities, and his mansions fine and fair,  
And slowly his fertile meadows grew wide in the tranquil air;  
He stretched his iron pathways from the mountains to the sea,—  
But little cared I for his handiwork! 'Twas the One Great God made me!

The Earth and the Sun and the mighty Winds and the Great God over all,  
These had me stand like a sentinel on the hill-top grand and tall.

Know ye that a hundred years ago men called me old and worn?  
Yet here I tower above their graves, and laugh them all to scorn!

For what are threescore years and ten, ye creatures of a day?  
Ye are like to me the flying notes that in the sunshine play!  
Shall I tremble because ye threaten, and whisper that I am old?  
I will die of my own free, lordly will, ere the year has shed its gold!

But till then, as I stood or ever the land of your love was born,  
I will stand erect on my hill-top, fronting the hills of morn;  
In the pride of mine age uplifting my head above meaner things,  
Till only the strong winds reach it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

An improved method of administering ether and chloroform for surgical operations—a method which is said to have reduced the death risk of anesthesia to nothing and to have eliminated in 90 per cent of cases the nausea which has usually racked patients after operations—has been discovered and proved. "Vapor anesthesia" is what Dr. Gwathmey, the famous surgeon of New York, calls the method. What he does is to force the vapor of ether or chloroform, or a mixture of both, through warmed water before letting the patient breathe it. The warmth of the water causes the anesthetic, instead of irritating the mucous lining of the lungs and bronchial tubes by its coldness, to reach them at approximately blood heat. The water itself absorbs the poisonous aldehydes, which, with the irritation caused by the chill, have caused the nausea.



## THE CROCKER COLLECTION.

New Yorkers Crowd the House of the Late George Crocker, to Appraise the Art Treasures on Sale.

A decorous but manifestly curious throng has possessed the house of the late George Crocker at East Sixty-Fourth Street and Central Park East yesterday and today. Admission was gained by cards issued to applicants by the American Art Association, the object being to afford an opportunity for inspection to prospective purchasers of the furniture, porcelains, and cabinet pieces accumulated by the millionaire collector and now to be sold and scattered. A view of these treasures of art in their appropriate setting is a well considered appreciation of their value, especially to those qualified to discriminate, and the attendance proves an interest that may well be called general, whether it be commercial or artistic. I am inclined to believe that few of those who have visited the spacious residence at this time are really looking for bargains in bric-à-brac. Most of those with whom I mingled carried themselves with an assumed jauntiness that was at intervals quite overcome by an air of awed interest, such as that which makes even experienced sightseers in a museum step cautiously and look reverently. There were enough, however, of the assured sort, who commented flippantly and criticized ponderously. Collecting objects of art is evidently a serious business. There is hardly a specimen in the more than eight hundred catalogued that would not delight one not already sated with contemplation of beauty in form and color, but rare indeed is the offering that is not depreciated by some one among the critics appraising them. The sale, set for the last of the week at the American Art Galleries, will emphasize their judgments.

More unqualified praise is given to the rugs, tapestries, and portières than to any other department of the collection, and it seems entirely justified. On the floors of the reception-room and the drawing-room there are Persian rugs that would be worthy show-pieces anywhere. They are in handsome colors, harmoniously blended, and the general effect is one to charm the eye. Perhaps the surroundings, in space and arrangement, add measurably to their appearance of costly fitness, but even so, their choice is evidence of the good taste of their former owner. A pair of Flemish tapestries, with designs after Watteau, are neglected by none of the connoisseurs who pass through the rooms. I would be completely satisfied did my post-Christmas summing up of resources demonstrate the possibility of acquiring them in a legal way. To those who can revel in ecclesiastical ornaments, with their symbolism and suggestion, one might recommend an Italian embroidered altarpiece, clear and impressive in design, deep and rich in color. I can not have the Watteau tapestries, and would be prepared to content myself with the handsome crimson portières, did I not realize that they are meant for arched portals more stately than those which give entrance to my study.

Porcelain vases are numerous, some Chinese and characteristic, some European and more attractive to the eye not trained to technicalities of ware and finish. The critics sniff at the setting of an old Chinese vase in the drawing-room, which is mounted in gilt ormolu. They say the Louis XVth ornate design of the mounting does not suit the conspicuous porcelain vessel, and probably they are right, though I found greater incongruities in the collection which almost fills the dining-room. How is it possible to bring together the gems that have been wrought by the artisans of all countries and all historical periods without now and then a clash of artistic proportions and values? For me, there is neither beauty nor utility in a set of little silver butter-dishes with a burnished coin for the centre of each.

As I refer to the catalogue now I discover that more than half of its contents remain unknown, to prompt another visit, though my view was leisurely and purposeful. I saw many elaborate sets of furniture which did not tempt me, and among the books, half a thousand volumes or more, the finest bindings enclosed pages that could not possibly stir my interest. There is a collection of guns that would awaken the cupidity of a sportsman, but I lingered longer over an interesting lot of snuff-boxes that tell many stories of a custom that went out with lace sleeve-trimming for men. Was there ever a stranger mixture of courtly indulgence and repellant detail than is brought to mind by these jeweled receptacles that might fitly have served as tiny caskets for unset diamonds and rubies? But to have a dozen of these old-time accompaniments of dignity and grace in one's cabinet as a deposit-fund of romantic speculation! Others prefer the squat Japanese clocks, the jades in their crystal cases, the miniature carvings that speak of Oriental patience and devotion to art, but I shall bid for at least one snuff-box.

This letter should be something more than a copy of the catalogue, but to give more than a hint of the features of this display preceding the sale would require more space than I am allotted. In addition to the objects of art which have been mentioned there is a noteworthy collection of paintings. These have not been exhibited to visitors. They will be shown at the American Art Galleries and sold at auction at the Plaza Hotel on the evening of January 24. The proceeds of the sale of the contents of Mr. Crocker's house are to be given to Columbia University, as provided in his will, and they will make up a bequest of importance, as the amount should not fall short of \$200,000. In

fact, the furniture, porcelains, and bric-à-brac should bring much more than half of that sum.

One can easily pardon the desire to see an art collection like this, made by one who could gratify his taste, regardless of cost, and if there was only one probable buyer in every twenty visitors it will not seem strange. And, again, it is perhaps quite as well, now that it is to be scattered, that it should go to enrich and beautify a hundred homes, though to few that can be more appropriate than the one which has held them all. The university will have their equivalent in money—if the bidders are not faint of heart—but the dreams of the artists, made imperishable, will delight those who possess them and the greater many who are privileged to see them once or often. Should I be so fortunate as to obtain one of those gemmed snuff-boxes, I shall learn to enjoy the real Scotch or Macaboy, and with every whiff of its flavor recall the museum of costly vanities that kept me better than amused all this winter afternoon.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1912.

## Death of Admiral Evans.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, "Fighting Bob" to an admiring nation, died suddenly at his home, 324 Indiana Avenue, in Washington, on January 3. Acute indigestion ended the career of one of the most popular officers in the navy. He was ill less than two hours. He had not been in good health for some years, but it was not suspected that his end was near.

Rear-Admiral Evans had been crippled since the fierce assaults on Fort Fisher on January 15, 1865, in which he participated both by land and sea, and during which he received four rifle-shot wounds. His dashing courage and outspoken manner made him popular in the navy long before he attracted national attention. It was during the Chilean episode, in 1891, that he won the sobriquet "Fighting Bob" on account of the readiness with which he met and disposed of a ticklish situation at Valparaiso.

In the war with Spain Rear-Admiral Evans was conspicuous, particularly at the battle of Santiago, where he commanded the *Iowa*. Subsequently he commanded the Asiatic and Atlantic fleets, and was on hoard duty in Washington. His last prominent service was as commander-in-chief of the fleet on its journey from Hampton Roads to San Francisco en route around the world.

"Bob" Evans was a gallant naval officer, whose career furnishes an example for the young men who are coming to the front. He was able, industrious, brave, and patriotic, and his memory will be kept green in the service and in the hearts of his countrymen.

Wherever a German table delicacy is in demand, there is the Westphalian ham to be found. It is given its peculiar piquant taste by the use of juniper berries in smoking the meat. The juniper shrub is indigenous to northwestern Germany and so plentiful, especially in Westphalia, that to its presence is due the growth, during the past several centuries, of two principal industries of this German province, the distillation of gin and the preparation of hams. After weeks of preparation the hams are ready to be smoked. The smoke-houses consist sometimes of two, and sometimes of three stories, the fire being kindled in the lowest and the meat hung in the second and third, to which the smoke ascends through holes in the flooring. Westphalian hams are invariably smoked over a bright fire made of beech-wood only, except that juniper twigs and berries are constantly thrown on the fire. Beech-wood sawdust is strewn over the fire in case it becomes too strong. The smoking process requires on an average about eight days.

A South American railroad from Arica, Chile, to La Paz, Bolivia, is able to boast of equipment unique in the history of railroading. At its highest point it reaches an altitude of 14,105 feet, making it one of the highest lines in the world. The effect of the quick ascent and great altitude on people having weak or abnormal hearts is to be counteracted by having oxygen compartments in the passenger cars. Passengers subject to mountain sickness or heart weakness may occupy the oxygen compartments, in which they will have in the air they breathe the same proportions of oxygen as at sea level.

A relic of the Days of Terror in the Revolution, when the aristocrats were strung up to lanterns in the Paris streets, has disappeared. Until a few days ago the last of these old lanterns, which were pulled up and down on a pulley to a gallows-shaped iron rod, still hung opposite the Hôtel de Lausanne on the Quai des Célestins. Some necessary repairs to the quay made it imperative to pull down the wall, and the lantern has been sent to the Musée Carnavalet. It was the last oil lamp in the Paris streets, and up to this time was filled and lighted every evening.

In Italy a means has been discovered to turn to account the hitherto worthless pips of the grapes used in wine-making. Oil is now extracted from them on a commercial scale by a process of direct heating with tetrachloride of carbon. The latter is obtained in abundance in Italy in the preparation of electrolytic soda.

Earthquakes occur with considerable frequency in New Zealand, but no damage has so far been noticed in the case of reinforced concrete.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, has just been made a baronet.

Clara Barton, first president of the American Red Cross, founded in 1851, recently celebrated her ninety-second birthday at her home in Glen Echo, Maryland.

Prince Adelbert, the Kaiser's second son, who is expected to join the German cruiser *Bremen* on the West Atlantic station this summer, is an expert on the use of torpedoes and a naval tactician of ability.

Patrick Francis Gleason, who has just been admitted to the practice of law in California, has been for years a priest in the Catholic church. He lives at Truckee, and arduously prepared himself for the examinations just ended. Father Gleason passed at the head of a class of eighteen.

The Duchess of Aosta, a foremost member of Italy's royalty, is a nurse on the Red Cross hospital ship *Menfi*, which is used to convey wounded soldiers from Tripoli to Italy. That her identity might not be discovered she assumed the name of Signora Aosta. She is a nurse of ability, and is beloved by the soldiers.

Miss Mona Wilson, the only woman on the insurance commission for England, whose members were recently named by Lloyd George, is the daughter of Canon Wilson, formerly archdeacon of Manchester. She has long devoted herself to the study of industrial questions, and has served on the Home Office department committee of industrial accidents.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, the widely known lilliputian, has been on the stage for fifty-four years, and is still vivacious and young in spirit. She has visited nearly every country in the world, and has met all the Presidents of the United States who were in office during her stay in this country. She is in private life the wife of Baron Magri. Her first husband was Charles S. Stratton.

Canon James Denton Thompson, whose appointment as bishop of Sodor and Man has just been approved by King George, is an author of considerable prominence, as well as an interesting minister. He was born in 1856, and since 1905 has been rector of Birmingham. One of his best-known books is "Church and the People." He is fond of outdoor life and plays a good game of golf.

J. C. McReynolds, special assistant counsel for the government in its recent action against the Tobacco Trust, has retired as a "trust buster" and will open law offices in New York. He is a native of Kentucky, a graduate of Vanderbilt University, where he later became professor of law. He practiced law in Nashville, was a gold Democrat, and was an elector-at-large from Tennessee on the Palmer-Buckner ticket.

John Douglas Southerland, Duke of Argyll, who has written an opera which will be produced this spring, is the former governor-general of Canada. He held that high office from 1878 until 1883. The duke is the author of a number of works, probably his best known being "Life and Times of Queen Victoria." Since 1892 he has been governor and constable of Windsor Castle. He married Princess Louise, sister of King Edward VII.

Darius Miller, a multimillionaire of New Britain, Connecticut, who began life with \$700 and the determination to succeed, has made most of his fortune at home, having little of the rolling stone in his nature. With his original fortune—a gift from his father—he went into merchandising. His store prospered and grew. Other investments proved successful, but Miller kept his store, which he still conducts, and at the age of eighty-one years has no intention to lay down the reins and retire.

Otto T. Bannard of New York, mentioned as the man whom President Taft is relying upon to direct his campaign in the Empire State, ran for mayor of New York a few years ago, but was unsuccessful. He is a prominent banker, but began life as a lawyer, practicing until 1889, after graduating from Yale and Columbia. He is president and active manager of the National Employment Exchange, organized in 1909, on the Sage Foundation. He is unmarried, and a member of the University, Union, and Yale clubs.

Judge William Cather Hook of Leavenworth, Kansas, who may be named as the successor of the late Chief Justice Harlan in the Supreme Court of the United States, is at present one of the judges of the Eighth Federal Court. He gained unusual prominence by his recent decisions in the Standard Oil case and the Harriman merger. Judge Hook was born and raised in Leavenworth. His probable appointment has caused some opposition among state railroad commissioners, who find fault with some of his rate decisions.

Governor George W. Donaghey of Arkansas, who has threatened to liberate scores of men in the convict camps if the contractors do not use more humane methods in handling them, began life as a cabinetmaker. He was born in Louisiana in 1856, and has made his own way in the world. He has been a furniture dealer, hardware merchant, and contractor, and has erected buildings in Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana. Since 1883 he has lived in Arkansas. Governor Donaghey is a director in two banks and is interested in other pursuits.



## THE WOMAN WHO SANG.

Related by One of the Gentlemen Who Came Home Late.

Our rooms were in an oppressively quiet street. Frondeur and I, who generally came home late, and she, the woman who sang across the way, were the sole disturbing elements. We used to sit in the summer nights with open windows to hear the concerts of our unknown neighbor, which began about ten and went on to midnight. Our concerts were *al fresco*, and, in the German custom, were frequently given at sunrise, though oftener than every May Day. Ours, as to noise and discord, were Wagnerian, but she was a true Italian. But the neighbors slept through both, as they do in the city through all noises—of cats, milkmen, and drays for the ferries. It was only when we had not the material for getting up one of our concerts that we attended hers—that is to say, when we were poor, and had to stay in the house. It would have paid us at the same price as that of one of our own musicales. She was of the "old school good school," as I said, with its trills and quavers and surrenders of sense to sound. I thought her voice perfect, and battled for my conviction with Frondeur, who had heard more operas than I had heard of; but, "Pshaw, I tell you it is worn! But she is a consummate artist," he would say.

One night Frondeur did something rash. It was a "Trovatore" night. She had sung something—the "Tacea la Notte." I think—and then had let her fingers wander at random over the old score. Snatches and catches we got of all the most hackneyed melodies, till we marked the quick leap of "Di Quella Pira." Frondeur squirmed in his chair. "I wish she would play that again," said he. Sure enough, something in the spouting melody had arrested the listless fingers. It began again, and with the note came one from my chum, struck with wonderful accuracy, considering the distance. The piano stopped, and then came the sharp repetition that marks the waiting accompaniment. Frondeur jumped to his feet—had I ever seen him do so before?—and went storming up the splendid score clear to the great A and down again without a break, the piano firmly accompanying. I had never heard him sing before, except the anthems whereby and with hallooing Jack Falstaff lost his voice. Then he sat down and damned himself in the polyglot profanity which I envied. With an Esculapian precision and elaborateness, he cursed each member of his corporeal frame, and devoted his soul to every Gehenna that the mind of man has invented, as those of a boy and a black-guard, swearing *à la mode de Paris et de Londres* and in the famous Liverpudlian.

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"There's your prima donna, Ned," he said, the next evening, as we started back to our rooms after dinner. I looked up, and along the shady street I saw a stoutish woman, a little less than middle-aged, with brown clustering hair and red cheeks, and a broad, laughing mouth, advancing toward us. Frondeur worked at home during the day, and had seen her before from his window.

"Not quite divine, eh, Pendennis?"

"I am not likely to apotheosize any opera-singer," I said, somewhat ruffled by his airs of seniority.

"Gad! you might as well that as the other thing, for all you know about 'em. She'd better 'ware of dog-catchers, though."

I had noticed a little hound running along the gutter by her side, loosed from the leash which she held in her hand.

As Frondeur spoke, one of two men who had been driving a dilapidated horse and cart slowly along the street as we walked, leaped suddenly from his seat, and dashed straight at the unfortunate dog. It was all in a moment. Coming in the same direction as ourselves, who had almost met the singer, he had to pass us to reach her pet. Strange to say, he neither passed us nor reached the pet; for the elder of the two gentlemen in his path, without so much as turning a glance over his shoulder, suddenly changed his cane from his left hand, wherein he had swung it, to a position under his right arm. The knob was heavy, and protruded a matter of eighteen inches behind the gentleman's back. I prayed then, and I pray now, that one of the blackguards whom the city of New York licenses to worry ladies and children, and harass and madden harmless animals in its streets, lost an eye by that manœuvre—as neat a one as may be found in "Napier," "Kinglake," or the "Comte de Paris." At any rate, he said he had, emphatically. Pray heaven, as I said, that for once in his dirty life his foul lips spoke truth. The signora was quick as Frondeur; her clasp was on the dog's collar, the brute himself was in her arms, and she, with tucked-up skirts, was running homeward for dear life before the Billingsgate recitative was half over. We followed slowly; for she had turned back as soon as Frondeur had stood his ground long enough to say so, and so reached her house ere long, and without incurring a suspicion of premeditated resistance to the law. She stood on the steps. The dog was safely housed. With her embonpoint in a state of billowy agitation, her cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, the signora was simply charming. She shook her fan at Frondeur as if she had known him for years. She would not have done it to me. It was the freemasonry of Bohemia. "Ah, sir, it was inimitable, that ruse! You are Napoleon, and all for my little dog; but he was Baillo's dog, Crispino—he named him."

Frondeur bowed and laughed.

"A musical animal, indeed! Do you think he could strike a key from a piano across the street?"

She gave a pretty little gasp of surprise, and then a suppressed scream of delight.

"Oh, my Manrico! and you are the Troubadour—Il Trovatore? And the dog-catcher shall be Di Luna. Imagine him in 'Il Balen'! But you had an encore—half a dozen. I tried you on 'Favorita' and 'Lucia.'"

"Indeed!" said Frondeur, with one of his frank laughs. "I spent what voice I had in your service, and have hardly been able to speak since. Besides, you know, a man must sleep one night a week."

She asked us in after a little more of badinage, and, in truth, I was not sorry, fearing from our clatter that the neighbors, who went to bed, I think, with the sun, would rise in wrath and expel us from the precincts of Philistia.

Was there ever a pleasanter evening spent than in that second-floor front? The room was a revelation to me. Books and music and pictures in hopeless confusion. Piles of little, chunky, green-covered French novels. Balzac and Paul de Kock—the signora was not squeamish, evidently; autograph scores innumerable, some of them of great name. Each of the wondrous trio, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti—whose splendid song-burst filled the earlier years of the century, and made Italy forget her chains—were represented. I provoked a roar from Frondeur, and a piteous appeal from the signora, by asking the latter if she had known the author of "Sonnambula," who died, he it said, when she, though no chicken, was in long dresses. Nay, there was never such an evening before in my life, and there have been few since.

There were many visits across the street as the summer wore on. We suspended our concerts pretty much. There was some place to go of evenings, music to be heard without paying for it in drink, and the signora's lively talk and droll, graceful ways supplied the stimulus to exercise, which two flagging and fatigued brains used to seek in kummel and brandy. We had been getting, in truth, into a habit of spiritual inebriety that was as dangerous as pleasant.

One day I had been obliged by a raging headache to leave the tread-mill for a season, and so rode up through the blistered streets to the end of our block, and then, with half-closed eyes, reeled along the pavement to the door of our domicile. Entering the rooms, I found them empty, front and back. Frondeur's work—New York correspondence for the Paris *Tambour*—lay on the table. I thought he had gone down to the Café Vingtrins to get some politics out of the morning papers. Then I heard a well-known laugh outside the window, and looking across the street saw the truant ensconced in the singer's casement, chatting gayly, with the stem of his long, porcelain pipe in his teeth. After a while he came in whistling, in capital spirits.

"Hullo, old man! Sick, eh? What's the matter? Some old spree come back on you? Thought you skipped a headache or two last spring. Getting it now—mills of the gods, you know."

Then he went on to tell me where he had been. I informed him that I knew.

Why hadn't I come over, then? She looked cool and fresh enough of a morning to cure a headache, and she might have fussed me up. There was nothing like a woman around when you are sick.

I thought sickness of all kinds disgusting, I said, and would not intrude it on any one. Besides, he had heard, no doubt, of that unlucky gentleman, M. de Trop.

"De Trop! Ho, ho—and you think I've gone philandering, sentimentalizing?"

"Not by any means. There is no place for sentiment between you; but—I don't know that Charlotte is a married lady, or a moral man is Werther."

Frondeur laughed a little disgusted laugh. "The old leaven is in your lump. From the easy way in which that woman admitted you to her acquaintance you have doubts of her. If you had been required to be viséed before you were let into the same room with her, and stamped and countersigned to insure introduction, you would have none. Oh, they are pretty safeguards, and of great avail. Damme! I wish I had a double X now for all the women I've known that way, and whom—"

He stopped, and then went on more quietly. "That a woman smokes cigarettes and burns brandy in her coffee is a sign of nothing except that she disregards conventionalities, and I can bet you, boy, that if you take that for a sign of anything further, you will get into awful trouble some of these days. There are no signs of anything further to be trusted."

I felt thoroughly ashamed by this time, and begged pardon.

"You haven't harmed me," he said, "and it isn't your fault. It's the cursed, foul, narrow-mindedness of the society in which you and I and every gentleman were bred." He turned to his work, and continued looking toward the opposite windows. "She's a good woman, and a good Catholic. I wish to God I were." For, like many a gentlemanly wreck, Frondeur was firm in the faith, if not proficient in works. Such people are the least blown about by the winds of doctrine of a time like ours. They receive their convictions in their youth, and lock them up in their bureaus, and, when bested by age or sickness or ill-fortune, bethink them of their beneficent qualities, and take them out often; and, like all ignorant folk, who, knowing that a medicine is good, think that the larger doses they may take the better, so have longings for the shelter of the Romish communion, such as my chum expressed.

It was not to be expected that a woman so cheery as Mme. Alberti—for such was her name—should not

have friends, and we often saw them from our windows, and sometimes ran across them in our calls. There were many gay, gossiping ladies, some of them queens of song, who came with spicy bits of greenroom scandal, grumblings about salaries and managers, and with anxious questionings for madame to answer about the horrors of the provinces. Neither was there wanting an occasional impresario, with a company to make up and wanting material. We met one, a droll, bluff Frenchman, who advised her to pitch the doctors to the deuce and come along with him. She might as well die on her first night as stay where she was. But would he have her die on the stage and spoil a *scena*? He seemed to be in some doubt there. The disappointment of the audience might be counterbalanced by the free advertising that such an event would give his troupe. There were needy songsters, too, in plenty, and I fear that madame's purse was too often opened to settle up old scores for them among the table-d'hôte keepers.

As I indicated, madame was on the sick list. She would die—burst her heart—she said the doctors had told her, if she sang an opera through.

"You will find that high C a stepping-stone of your dead self to higher things, some time," said Frondeur, one night, as she mounted it with a little strain that began to be noticeable in her voice.

"Yes," she said, "to die on the high C, that would be pleasant, would it not?"

"Ay, or on the low one."

"That is not a good way to talk," she said, leaving the piano and coming toward him, "for you, though it might do for me, who have something to complain of. Do you want to be running around Europe all your days doing nothing? Was the greenroom such a heaven? I do not like your signs. You are careless. See the holes burned all over your clothes with sparks, and these stains at the third button of your vest; that is where the beer drops off the bottom of the glass. Ah, you must not do that. I have seen so much"—and she turned to her instrument again with a face full of the pain of remembrance.

I was out of town for the two closing weeks of the summer, and knew nothing of what was going on in our street. It was late one night, shortly after my return, that I sat in my room alone. Frondeur had gone across the street, but I was too far down on my luck to accompany him. Briefly, I was learning to accept defeat at the hands of the world. It is a hard lesson, and well it is to learn it young, as I did. I was beginning to find out that I was one of those "who don't, somehow, seem to get along," and the reception of the conviction was not pleasant. Presently my chum came in, and, after putting on his slippers and loading his pipe, inquired abruptly if I could afford a ticket to hear Alberti in concert.

"Who the deuce is Alberti? What—I thought she couldn't sing."

"The key of her life," said he, quoting his favorite Clough as he puffed jerkily, "is not 'I will,' I suppose, but 'I must.' She can't starve."

"But I hadn't imagined she was hard up."

"No, I suppose not. She is one who will carry all sail till she runs under."

"She must have made a great deal of money."

"Ay, and spent it. They all do. Especially when they have a man to help 'em."

"And she had?"

"She is a mime—isn't she? I fancy that like Sir Walter and others, she has an old crack in her heart that was never more than half healed. Let us go to bed."

\* \* \* \* \*

The first chill of autumn was in the air, the pavements shone with the first autumn rain, and the lamps flickered in the first autumn wind, as I slammed the door behind me and took my place with Frondeur on the back seat of the carriage that bore madame, her friends and fortunes, to her resuscitation in the musical world. She, with her skirts and hoop—it was in the hooped era—occupied the other seat.

"A bad night for it," said Frondeur; "look out for your throat, madame."

But madame did not heed him. She was thinking, as I guessed, of La Scala and her début, of youth and health and the sunny Italian skies, and the handsome tenor; and then, perhaps, of the northern drizzle and soak and cold, of foreign comrades, of the comradeship of defeat, and of Death and Poverty that were fighting for the possession of her. Her face lighted and her step grew buoyant, though, as she mounted the steps of the hall. The crowd about, the lights, the carriages, the audience pouring in—these were the heralds of battle and victory. They were concert-singers, the others; and what lay-figures beside the queen of the great boards, the grand opera, with her ease and confidence and superior *rapporti* with her audience!

What was the light in her face in that mad song from "Lucia"? Only the delight of triumph, or had she weighed the consequences and found truth in the old manager's words, "Better die on your first night than live here"? Prescience she may not have had, but I think, in the calm of this later time, that the first strain of her aria from the orchestra filled her with high resolve and longing to go with the immortal numbers still on her lips, or ringing in the ears through the sleep or waking of those who heard, and that with this her face was radiant as Stephen's before the Sanhedrim.

As we drove home through the rain, she was pale and exhausted, but vivacious and happy. At the house an idea struck her. She would have a little supper.



She was going to be rich now, and it was her treat. We boys had been fêting her all summer, she said, which we had been able to do out of the savings arising from the abandoning of our amateur entertainments. I should run around to Cretillon's, and order something.

"Remember," she said, laughing in the doorway, "*vin à discrétion—à discrétion, remember!*"

I vanished into the darkness, and she went back into the light—in very truth.

When I returned—ten minutes of time—there was a bustle in the house and women in the room. Madame lay rigid on her sofa, and Frondeur was rubbing her hands. The light blazed on the pleasant room, and the books and pictures and music—shone on the polished keys of the open piano.

"What is it?" I gasped, in blank dismay.

"My God, my God, she is dead!" he cried, breaking down. And dead she was, on the high C, rehearsing her conquest. The servant came in a moment later with the tray from the restaurant. It seems rather ghastly now, but then I thought it a natural thing to do—the only thing, in fact. Frondeur and I had little or no money. I took the *portemonnaie* from the dead woman's pocket, and paid for the supper. Then they turned us out. We were men. It was proper. Madame was left alone among strangers. In that chapel, or stall, of the temple of art, the disheveled Philistines watched their dead votaress till morn, and then, thank God! their work, begrudged, for her was done.

ANDREW EDWARD WATROUS.

#### Colorado Cliff Dwellings.

In southwestern Colorado some of the most interesting, most picturesque, and most valuable antiquities of American history lie practically inaccessible to the tourist and the student. These are the cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde National Park. These strange, mystic cliff houses are so ancient that archaeologists have not been able as yet to determine when they were occupied. Nor are they sure whether the people who made their nests in the hillsides under the shelter of some mighty rock were Indians or of some other race. The archaeologists say the cliff cities were in ruins at the time of the coming of the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century, and they place a thousand years ago as the most recent date at which the cliff houses of the Mesa Verde could have been occupied. The latest theory in regard to the dwellers of cliffs is that they were not Indians, one theory being that they were Asiatics.

To open up this territory and make it accessible for travelers, Secretary Fisher has asked Congress for an appropriation of \$41,615 for the coming fiscal year, an increase of more than \$34,000 over this year's appropriation. Most of this money will be used for building roads through the Mesa Verde Park. At present the only way to get to the cliff houses is by taking a nine-mile horseback ride over rough roads. This has to be preceded by an eighteen-mile ride in carriages. The only sleeping accommodations at the government camp near the cliff dwellings are tents. Secretary Fisher wants \$29,500 for building and repairing roads through the park.

In the last two or three years several of the finest specimens of the cliff dwellings have been repaired by the government and restored to something like their original appearance. These are known as the Cliff Palace, the Spruce Tree House, and the Balcony House. But there are 347 other cliff houses scattered along the hillsides in the various cañons of the Mesa Verde ("Green Tableland") National Park.

For many centuries the incense plant had been in Christian churches before it really became identified botanically. Sir George Birdwell, a distinguished English botanist, and for many years special technical adviser to the India Office, is given credit for the identity of the plant. Acting on his suggestion men were sent out into South Arabia and the Somali country, returning with specimens of what Sir George had been seeking.

Consul S. L. Gracey calls attention to the soft and smooth tone of the bells in use at temples and monasteries in China and Japan. The quality of tone is due, he says, not only to the use of excellent material but also to the absence of iron clappers. The bells are never swung, but are always suspended in a fixed frame, and are sounded by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet.

It is a curious thing in connection with the renewed interest regarding South America potato cultivation that along the east coast of South America the tuber is considered a European vegetable, and is cultivated only by those gaining their experience from the Old World.

There are 505,000 known species of animals, according to a paper read at the recent session of the American Society of Naturalists, held at Princeton, New Jersey.

Scotland is growing potatoes for the export trade. Recently 1500 tons arrived for New York buyers, paying duties to the amount of \$750.

Ten sailing vessels, each a century or more old, still are in service in Denmark's merchant marine.

#### "THE MIRACLE."

A Stupendous Mystery Play in London's Olympia.

Could this be Olympia? This that huge and gaunt arena lately filled with automobiles, this the scene of Judge Moore's equine triumphs? It seemed impossible, unbelievable in fact had not the exterior been too familiar to allow one to mistake that mammoth structure for any other building.

But the transformation was truly astounding. By some magic of scenic art plus an amount of hard physical labor which recalled the days when I saw Buffalo Bill's staff fitting up the same amphitheatre for the Wild West show, the vast spaces had been filled with what had the appearance of a stately mediæval cathedral. There were the long drawn aisles and fretted vaults, a spire-domed tabernacle brooding over a figure of the Madonna, a lofty crucifix, and all the lights and shows of an ancient shrine of faith.

Really it needed a reference to the programme of the evening to bring one back to reality. That programme set forth that Olympia was to be the scene for six weeks of a "wordless mystery spectacle" entitled "The Miracle," which was to introduce two thousand players in a performance for which Karl Vollmoeller had prepared the scenario, Engelbert Humperdinck the music, and Max Reinhardt the producing genius. And now on this Saturday night before Christmas a dense audience had gathered to pass its verdict. It was an unusual audience in many respects, and mostly in that before the mystery began one felt as though a religious service were toward. For to be bidden to such an occasion on what was virtually Christmas Eve was a novel experience for the Londoner. At the approach of the great Yuletide festival his amusement instinct becomes somewhat dormant in anticipation of the pantomime orgy of "Boxing-Night." Clearly, then, he did not know quite what to make of it; and between the strangeness of being summoned from his fireside on Christmas Eve and the uncertainty as to whether "The Miracle" might not after all be an anticipation of "Boxing-Night" he was caught in that mood which gave him half the air of a devout churchgoer.

To clarify his mind a little he turned to the programme again. Which was wise. A wordless play, a ballet which relies upon action to tell its story, a mystery which is to be made more mysterious by dumb show—these things need all possible preliminary elucidation. "The Miracle" is no exception. Its spectators should demand a copy of the scenario when they book their seats and study it closely before attending the performance. Then they will understand that the story which is to engage their eyes by spectacle and their ears by music is a variant of that old German legend which Maeterlinck had in mind when he wrote his "Sister Beatrice," that legend, in short, of the beautiful nun who in her convent retreat heard the call of the outer world and could not resist; who turned from the holy service of the Virgin to seek happiness with a valiant knight; who became the love sport of many men, from a king to a common soldier; who knew the shame of unwedded motherhood; and who is saved from the doom of a witch to find refuge once more and forgiveness in that haunt of piety and peace from whence she had been lured.

All this was portrayed in a series of pageant pictures remarkable for their noble breadth and harmonious coloring. They were divided into three sets: the before and after life of convent seclusion, and, between them, an intermezzo series of the frail nun's life in that outer world to whose spell she fell captive. First, then, came an impressive tableau of the cathedral interior, where the Virgin and Child were the central points of interest. To the burden of anthems and *Ave Marias*, with an undercurrent of nuns' prayers, a great crowd moved slowly into the vast temple; with the worshippers are many halt and lame, whose deformities vanish before the Madonna's shrine; and by and by they all, nuns and lay folk alike, as slowly disperse. One, however, is left, the beautiful nun Magildis, to whom has been given the special charge of the Virgin's shrine. And it is as she is bowed down before that shrine in solitude that there comes into the silence of the cathedral the fresh voices of young children at play outside. The music of those voices is irresistible; Magildis invites the children in to play and dance with them; but with the children there has entered a wandering Spielmann, the strains of whose pipes awaken womanhood and motherhood in the nun's heart and create in her soul a frenzy for the life of the outer world which all her appeals to the Virgin are powerless to quell.

And so she yields. The piping wizard evokes a handsome armor-clad knight on a great horse, with whom Magildis rides away into the night. Then follow the pictures of her life in the outer world, seven in all, comparable to the seven stages of sacred story. They are all rich in mediæval color, especially those of the knight's death and the nun's abduction by a robber baron, and the scene in the Inquisition chamber, whither she is brought to answer for her supposed dealings with the powers of darkness. In all these pictures Magildis is depicted as the sport of fate, the victim of the tempter Spielmann, who is ever hovering in the background after the manner of his exemplar in "Faust." Won by the throw of a dice, she passes from lover to lover, ever more and more degraded, until at last, from the terror of insanity and the wild rage of a mob, she is redeemed by that Virgin whose shrine she had abandoned.

In the interval the life of the convent has pursued its quiet way. None knew that the Madonna had stepped from her shrine to wear the habit and fulfill the duties of Magildis, though all deplored the loss of the miraculous image which had somehow disappeared. The final picture may be imagined: the return of the wanderer, the resumption of its shrine by the miraculous image, and the acceptance by the Virgin of Magildis's child in place of the Holy Infant.

Such is "The Miracle" in its framework, a blending of the setting of "Faust" in a background of "Lourdes" without the verse of Goethe or the prose of Zola. In staging and grouping and lighting the spectacle marks a new era in the entertainment annals of London. There is, perhaps, too much for the eye to take in—gathering crowds, dancing children, raging mobs, knights and soldiers, vistas of pine-clad mountain passes, a bewildering phantasmagoria of the mediæval world. And yet the wayward nun, as impersonated by Mlle. Trouhanowa, and the Spielmann as portrayed by Max Pollenberg, at all times were such centres of continuing interest as to prevent the story from falling to pieces. Mlle. Trouhanowa sustained her difficult rôle with superb resource, as appealing in her spiritual fervor as she was enchanting in her worldly abandon; while Herr Pollenberg had at first all the allurements of the tempter and then all the cynical triumph of victorious evil.

To the music of Professor Humperdinck it is not possible to give such unqualified praise. In those parts of his score where he has relied upon folk melody his effects are enchanting and wholly in harmony with the spirit of the mystery, and the same is true to an almost equal extent of the numbers which owe their inspiration to airs associated with favorite hymns. Where he has failed in some measure is in not giving sufficient breadth to his chorus, and in attempting to depict Magildis's conflict of soul by orchestral music of such a violent character as diverts the attention from the psychology it is supposed to interpret. Yet, all in all, "The Miracle" is an amazing production which may at this Christmastide prove a serious rival not only to the "legitimate" drama, and to Oscar Hammerstein's strong opera programme, but also to those pantomimes of "Dick Whittington," "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," and the rest which have been the staple of cockney Yuletide amusement for so many generations.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, December 27, 1911.

#### The First Oil Paintings.

The curator of the Museum of Ghent has resolved one of the chief difficulties in the history of painting, namely, the attribution of the invention of painting in oils to Van Eyck in 1428 (says the *London Standard*). It has been known that the method of painting in oils was used by a monk named Theophilus in the twelfth century, and that statues, standards, banners, and manuscript miniatures were decorated by means of it both in Germany and Flanders previously to the work of Van Eyck. Yet a strong tradition has always associated Van Eyck with its primary discovery.

From a German writer of the sixteenth century, Carl Van Maude, who retained connections with successors of the Van Eyck school, the curator of the Ghent Museum, has, however, extracted the following paragraph:

"Van Eyck covered his paintings, executed in distemper, with a coating of his own composition, into which a particular kind of oil entered as an element. This procedure had great success, owing to the brilliance which it imparted to the works. Many Italian painters had sought this secret in vain, having failed in their efforts owing to ignorance of the proper process."

According to this authority, therefore, Van Eyck invented a process which had effects equivalent to those of painting in oils—namely, that of brilliant surface and that of resistance to damp and even to washing, but this process was a process of oil coating.

This interpretation of Van Eyck's secret corresponds with the known fact that Alfonso, King of Sicily, only sent Antonello of Messina to Bruges for the purpose of penetrating Van Eyck's secret after he had discovered that a painting by Van Eyck which he possessed was impervious to water. Again, Louis Dalman, a painter of Valentia, who studied under Van Eyck and assimilated his technic, painted in distemper.

Economic waste, represented by the coal range, was strikingly illustrated in tests made recently at the London electrical exposition. Demonstration proved that the shrinkage of meat when cooked in a coal range is surprisingly great. A leg of mutton weighing eight pounds and eight ounces showed a shrinkage of two pounds and eleven ounces when cooked in the coal range, whereas a leg of mutton weighing nine pounds showed a loss of one pound and four ounces when cooked in an electric oven. The shrinkage for the gas oven was two pounds and four ounces on an eight-pound leg of mutton.

There are about 1060 persons on the staff of the Bank of England, of whom 840 are at the head office in London and the remainder in the branches throughout the country. Five hundred porters and mechanics are also employed. The bank prints its own notes and Indian rupee notes, together with all postal orders and old-age pension orders; this work is done at the head office.



## UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA.

Stephen Graham Writes Another Book About Russia and His Experiences as a Russian Tramp.

When Mr. Stephen Graham wrote "A Vagabond in the Caucasus" we began to recognize how little we knew of Russian life. Now Mr. Graham has written another book. He calls it "Undiscovered Russia," and in it he raises another corner of the veil that has obscured the real life of Oriental Europe. Russia, to the Western mind, is a synonym for autocratic decrees, secret police, and still more secret revolutionists. From Mr. Graham's point of view Russia is a vast agricultural country, teeming with religious, respectful, superstitious people, who know nothing and care nothing for politics, who are content and happy, and whose worst misfortune would be an adoption of the shadowy grievances that group themselves around the names of liberty and equality. Russia, says Mr. Graham, is not a land of bomb-throwers, it is not a land of intolerable tyranny and unhappiness, nor of a languishing and decaying peasantry, nor of a corrupt and ugly church. However disturbing it may be thus to have our conceptions overthrown, we must at least admit that Mr. Graham speaks with authority. He is not among those who "investigate" a continent with a limited round-trip ticket in their pockets. He prefers to view the country from the standpoint of the tramp, wandering from village to village, living the life of the people, speaking their language, thinking their thoughts. It is in such ways that "Undiscovered Russia" was written.

Mr. Graham looks squarely at the essentials of life and he tells us that Russia is a happier country than England and that it would have been well for England had she never pursued the phantasy of freedom. Here is a conversation with some Russian friends to whom he is known as Stepan Petrovitch:

"But Stepan Petrovitch thinks Russia a more happy country than England, and thinks we ought to help her to throw off the 'oppression of her freedom'!"

There was a laugh, and every one looked towards me. "I do think," said I, "that you young men would find yourselves just as rebellious if you were called upon to live a London life. You have no notion of London life. I can tell you it is very different from that of Moscow or Petersburg."

"Better!" said Alexey Sergeitch. "Well, you could call it better perhaps—I don't know. I don't call it better. In Moscow or Petersburg two-thirds of the young men are students, in London, nine-tenths are clerks."

"Well dressed and earning a good salary," the woman put in.

"No, earning a very poor salary, and working ten hours a day to get it, and having very little prospect. I can assure you I'd rather be here under police surveillance than be one of the million clerks of London. You are individuals cultivating your minds, and they are bolts and wheels rotating monotonously in the great machine. You are tyrannized over by an autocracy; they are enslaved by a plutocracy."

"But at least you are all educated," some one called out, "and we have a hundred millions who can neither read nor write. Take Archangel Province, only one in five can sign his name."

"There you make a mistake. It is true we have no illiterate peasantry, but you think that means that the poor man ordinarily goes through a university course, as does the Russian student. In England we have millions of badly educated people; in Russia you are either well educated, or not educated at all. You may choose which you please. I prefer 'no mind' to 'a little mind.'"

The author expresses the same conviction in many places. For the pursuit of freedom he would substitute the pursuit of happiness, and he finds that they are by no means the same thing. He seems to say that the Englishman has freedom but no happiness, while the Russian has happiness but no freedom, and he advises his peasant friends to cling to the reality of happiness and to ignore the mirage of freedom. But by freedom he means a commercial freedom, which is twin brother to slavery:

If one thing has struck me more than another in my Russian wanderings, it has been the unanimous hospitality of the people. It is possible to travel the length and breadth of Russia, and lodge at a different house each night, and never once be refused food or shelter, though one should not have a farthing in the pocket. Often, as I have recounted, I have met pilgrims who have been tramping holly for years. Such life is far removed from that of the English people, far removed from that of any commercialized people whatsoever.

Freedom, which is so much vaunted, is nowadays nothing more or less than commercial freedom, the freedom to organize labor, the freedom to build factories, the freedom to import machines, the freedom to work twelve hours a day instead of three, the freedom to be rich.

The Russian peasants are the poorest and most illiterate people in Europe, and withal the least discontented, the most hospitable and the most charitable. Let us see exactly what the Social Democratic party wish to commit them to.

The Social Democrat clamors for agricultural machinery so that the moujik may earn as much as the American farm hand. But the Russian harvest is now tended by a hundred million peasants, whereas twenty million could do the work with machinery. The eighty millions of surplus labor would then be available for the factories that do not want them, and so liberty would mean a new problem of the cities and the millions who are free would also starve. Russia, says the Social Democrat, has a greater commercial future than any other country in the world:

Without doubt, and therefore let us pray God to strengthen the hands of the Tsar and of all reactionaries, and continually to replenish them with the old wisdom!

It is sad to think of tyrannical oppression, of young men and women executed or exiled. But think of the danger inherent in the oppressed and in the thoughts of these men and women. Think what they were ready for—

Ready to rush into all the errors of the West, ready to raise up the image of Baal once more, ready to rebuild the slums, ready to give the sweet peasant girls to the streets, ready to build a new Chicago, ready to make London an example of blessedness.

They look towards England. They call our land civilized, not knowing that it long ago ceased to be civilized and became commercialized. "The English are free," said a Pinyega revolutionary to me. "We are still slaves." But we are all slaves. I put the question to him, "Which would you rather be, slave of God or slave of capital?" But he could not choose because he knew nothing of the latter slavery. I quoted the words of Nietzsche to him with regard to the wedding of democracy and plutocracy: "Once men played with gold, but now gold plays with men and has enslaved them."

Mr. Graham visited the colonies of the banished at Pinyega, Archangel, and Liavlia, and here he lets us see the other side of the shield. He says that in their eyes was the unfulfilled vengeance, the offspring of some fearful human pity that came out of intense sympathy with the suffering, the flogged, the tortured. All these revolutionists were hoping for war and had been full of expectation when the government seized the British trawler *Onward Ho* in the White Sea:

Then another who had heard of the *Onward Ho* incident asked eagerly did I think there might be a war. The revolutionaries all dearly hope for a European war so that they may attack the government whilst she is harassed by international strife. Vain hope, I should say, unless Russia herself makes the war.

I told them I thought the day of the revolutionaries was over, and then one of them agreed, adding: "That is why so many of us are committing suicide. Unless we gain the victory, the world is not worth living in, and we had rather we hadn't been born. Some of the cases of assassination recently, where the revolutionaries gave themselves up, were merely acts of suicide. When the cause is lost, kill some black-hundreder official and get hanged, that's my motto."

Elsewhere there are other grim suggestions of those aspects of Russian life with which the news agencies make us most familiar. After leaving Archangel the author determined to find a large town and to rest for awhile, and so he pushed on to Kotlass:

But Kotlass was a wretched place, more like a remote Welsh market-town than a place of gayety. I had been told it was a great agricultural centre, and I expected shops, a theatre, a High Street, lights, people. Instead of which, beyond just a large village, a collection of cottages in a big field.

I slept at the house of an ex-soldier who told me seriously that when he served on the garrison at Grosdny, the Jews ate a soldier every second day of Easter.

"Why ever did you let them do it?" I asked. "Oh, we were revenged. We paid them back, you can be sure."

A funny consolation I thought. This was one of the poor ignorant Jew-massacres and pogrom makers. No doubt in this benighted rural town he sows, year in year out, much hatred of Jews by his absurd story.

The superstition of the Russian peasant is gross enough, but it seems to have a saving element of caution. The author tells us of the suicide gospel that was preached at Kekhtya by a fanatic who announced the end of the world and that those wishing to find favor with God must kill themselves in advance. As there was some reluctance the preacher himself set the example, thus proving the courage of his convictions:

He displayed a rope and announced his intention of hanging himself, bidding the people follow his example. "It is easy for me to die," said he, "but I show you the way." A peasant whom he had instructed fixed the rope upon the slanting blasted pine that hung over the water; and before all the people the holy man placed his neck in the noose and hanged himself. Women sobbed, men cried and flung themselves to the ground; some of those who were in boats on the water flung themselves to drown, and others looked to the pale cloudy heavens to see them open.

The prophet died without a groan, and then suddenly whilst the peasants were wondering in what order they should mount the scaffold, a drunken man clambered to the preacher's platform and said dramatically, "Well, now, that's all over; he's hanged himself, he was a cunning one."

A peasant pulled him down, but somehow the crowd took up what he said, "It's all over, we can go home." And the whole crowd that was going to kill itself slunk away home.

That might have been all; but the dead prophet was left swinging in the wind, and his dreadful prophecy still haunted the minds of the peasantry. The following day ought to be the Day of Judgment if he had spoken the truth.

Sure enough there was a great storm. Seven persons drowned themselves and others tried and failed, but the majority were canny enough to wait and the storm passed over, as storms do. The people firmly believe in the Antichrist, and if one has a personal peculiarity it is well to conceal it for fear of a mistaken identity that may have unpleasant results. Where barbarism lies so close under the skin it is natural that there should be reversions, and these, says the author, often occur:

There are many districts in the North where the peasants have bred back, not indeed towards the ape, but towards something certainly more elementary and barbaric than the ordinary moujik. By the way, it is a strange fact that a town crowd of Moscow, Berlin, or London, is much more like the monkeys than the European peasantry, more nimble, more slender, more clever. The moujik when left to himself tends to develop towards the state of ancient Britons, he becomes wilder, braver, and he unlearns Christianity and gets back to the devils and spirits of the woods. Wherever there is no priest within twenty versts, the strange breeding back begins. Hence the occasional cases of paganism which are brought to the Russian courts; and for every case brought to court there are hundreds that no one ever hears of.

At Nikolsk the author found himself in bad company. The place was suspicious and inhospitable and the letters that he wrote at the postoffice were opened by the police. At last he found a lodging, but the people were drunken and presently the inevitable policeman appeared:

The drunkards looked at the gendarme solicitously and anxiously. "What is it, Vasya?" said the little Russian. "Why have you come today? Drink a glass of vodka with us!"

Vasya shook his head seriously. He really couldn't be on friendly terms with them at present. He wouldn't even accept a cigarette. He came straight to me, and putting one open hand on my shoulder, ejaculated: "Please, your passport."

I gave him my Archangel letter, and he looked at it upside down.

"What is this?" he asked.

I explained.

"You'll have to come at once to the office of the Ispravnik. He won't keep you long."

"Surely it's not necessary," said the two men; "he's done no crime. Let him stay. We will be surety."

"It's only a form," said the policeman.

"You'll wait till I dress," I said. "I may be some time, as I have some difficulty in putting these on." I pointed to the *portanki* and *lapti*. He agreed. Then from my knapsack I took a clean collar and tie, and an English jacket, and made myself as important looking as possible, combed my hair, and put on my linen putties and birch-bark boots.

"You'll be free in an hour," said the little Russian. "You'll come back, of course. The samovar will be ready. We'll have a game of cards. You play Preference? No; oh, then we'll play *wind*. Don't take your things; leave your cloak and your camera and your heavy sack."

"No. I think I'll take everything," I said. "For who knows, perhaps I may be in prison all night, perhaps I may be sent out of the town—God only knows what may not happen."

The policeman took up an indifferent attitude. If I left my things, that was my affair. I did not, however, leave anything, for I was perfectly sure I should not return.

The Ispravnik was courtesy itself. The visitor had been arrested for his own safety: "I had to save you; it was as God ordered." The hosts were thieves and would have robbed their guest:

We laughed over the passport system. "God made man in four parts," said the Ispravnik, "body, soul, spirit, and passport; and when Adam jumped from the soil, God tapped him on the shoulder and said sharply, 'Passport,' and Adam picked up his passport lying beside him, and saw the name 'Adam' written there, and the year of his birth *One*, and the name of his village *Eden*, and God read it and saw that it was good, and He charged him to take care of it."

"Strange things happen through passports," said my host. "Here is a story: Two men going to penal servitude met in the convict train and exchanged passports; one was an old man going for three years, and the other a young one going for twenty years. By exchanging passports they exchanged punishments. The young man gave the older one thirty roubles in consideration of the extra years, but of course the latter did not mind, and indeed he died shortly afterwards, with nearly twenty years unserved. God won't make him serve those twenty years after death. Hell is the same heat for all: for Ivan the Terrible, or Borgia, or Oliver Cromwell. That's why I say 'Have a good time.' Though, of course, who believes in hell nowadays? Only the moujiks."

The author's opinion is so reactionary—or so discriminating, according to the point of view—that he would not have the people taught to read. The peasant, he says, does not read about life, he lives; he does not read about death, he dies; he does not read about God, he prays. He talked with the squire's son at Visokaya on this point:

"I'd teach them all to read," he said, "print books cheaply and spread them broadcast. Look at the great masters waiting to be read, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Dostoiyevsky, Dickens, Nietzsche. Think what boundless profit the moujiks might have, what new ideals, what development, what delight! Then, modern writers would also get more money for their books."

I disagreed, because in England, free education has nearly killed good modern literature. In the estimation of new literature, the majority is always wrong—in the estimation of the classics the majority are always sheep. Therefore I say, keep the majority out of it till the minority is quite sure it can take care of itself.

"You talk of Nietzsche for the masses," I said. "Do you not know that passage—'That everybody is allowed to read, spoileth in the long run, not only writing, but thinking. Once Spirit was God, then it became man, and now it is becoming mob—'"

"Oh," he replied, "but in Russia even the lowest read Nietzsche and understand. Why, in Moscow the boys in the schools call themselves Dionysian of Apollonian just as in yours they call themselves Whig and Tory."

"As in ours they call themselves Oxford and Cambridge," I replied, and I saw he hadn't understood me. But that is what Nietzsche meant by spirit becoming mob.

Mr. Graham does not believe that Russia will listen to the blandishments of "progress." To whatever lengths the West may go he hopes that Russia will still remain as a shadowy background "where the benighted moujik kneels in secret—the saving grace of Europe." These are heterodox views at a time when we have been persuaded that votes and legislative acts are the only road to perfect happiness. But at least Mr. Graham has written a delightful book based upon facts that are unimpeachable.

UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA. By Stephen Graham. With twenty-six illustrations and three maps. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

The Philippine legislature has made an appropriation for an exposition to be opened in February, 1912, which will include not only fine exhibits of Philippine industries, but samples of the handicrafts of the natives and some of the processes of manufacture. Besides the thirty-one so-called civilized province exhibits, the seven special or wild-tribe provinces will have exhibits illustrating native work and native products as well as habits, customs, and manner of living. This exposition will be an adjunct to the Philippine carnival, which has become a notable annual event in that portion of the Far East.

London papers say that Great Britain is to be the only nation absolutely independent of cable communication with any part of the globe, a result to be brought about by a chain of world-encircling wireless stations, for which negotiations have been completed between the British postmaster-general and the Marconi Company.

But one class of Hindus emigrate—the Sikhs. There are two million of these people in the Punjab and many of them are Christians. While they are loyal British subjects, and more than 4000 have settled in British Columbia and Alberta, they are not allowed to bring their wives into the Canadian provinces.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Coming China.

In an unpretentious form Professor Joseph King Goodrich has made a valuable addition to our knowledge of China. That he is sometimes inaccurate in his historical data in no way lessens the worth of his general reflections, based as they are upon personal and intimate knowledge as well as upon sympathy, without which there can be little knowledge of real weight. In some respects his experience corrects the prevailing impression. He tells us, for example, that the Chinese have already a real democracy of their own and that the autocracy of the court has often been modified by a passive but effective resistance on the part of the people. Unpopular officials have found their positions untenable for the same reason, and in this way public opinion has asserted itself none the less actually for being unorganized.

It is interesting to read the opinions of one so well informed and yet who wrote before the recent developments that have so startled the world. The author foresaw the downfall of the Manchus, but he thought it "almost inevitable that such a revolution is to be a bloody one." At the mention of a dynastic change the "best Chinese look grave because there is no Chinese line from which to choose an emperor," while for a republic "even the most enthusiastic of China's friends are not yet prepared." Before we can say that this statement has been generally falsified we shall have to know a good deal more than we do now about the events of the last few weeks. Elsewhere the author states definitely that "China is not yet prepared to become a republic." Professor Goodrich gives the general impression that the Chinese are essentially a far more progressive people than we have supposed and that their reputation for apathy is due largely to the ill-nature and ignorance of their critics. His book is one to be read by those who are interested in the lesser known aspects of vital events.

THE COMING CHINA. By Joseph King Goodrich. With thirty-two illustrations. San Francisco and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## The Bargain Book.

Every one loves a bargain, and especially those bargains that result from unexpected "finds" in the domain of art and literature. And the authors of this enticing book would have us believe that "finds" are by no means so rare as we have been told and that every bric-à-brac shop has something with which to reward the patient searcher. The chance of securing a prize, they say, has seldom been greater than it is now, and lest we should be in doubt as to the reality of the prize or fearful of the traps set for the feet of the unwary we are guarded, warned, and counseled at every point by these fourteen delightful chapters. We have two chapters upon "finds," another on the tricks of dealers and collectors, another on thefts in the art world, and a particularly interesting survey of recoveries from the earth and what may be hoped for in this direction. In short, it would be hard to find a work more useful to the collector or more stimulating to a pursuit that still has many triumphs in store for the enthusiast. A valuable feature is the addendum containing charts of discoveries, inventions, and those who have made them. There is also a good index.

THE BARGAIN BOOK. By Charles Edward Jerningham (Marmaduke) and Lewis Bettany. With nine plates and nine charts. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## Cuba.

Mr. Forbes Lindsay defines the scope of his volume as an account of the "history and progress of the island previous to its independence; a description of its physical features; a study of its people; and, in particular, an examination of its present political conditions, its industries, natural resources, and prospects; together with information and suggestions designed to aid the prospective investor or settler."

The author has carried out this extensive programme in a pleasing way. He makes it clear that the commercial future of Cuba depends upon American capital and American immigration, the two combined forces that must result in annexation or control. Self-government, he says, has been marked by utter failure. The native rulers can not be persuaded that they are the administrators, and not the owners, of public funds. Taxation is enormous, the tariff exaction with nothing to protect being at the rate of \$12 per head. The peasant is aware that he is worse off now than he was under Spain, and if you talk to him of independence he does not know what you mean. He fought for a full stomach and a scrap of land and is ready to fight again for any one who will make similar promises. To overthrow one administration is to invite a worse, and the only ones living in contentment are the professional politicians. And yet the country has enormous wealth and needs nothing but honest control.

How wealthy it is the author makes clear enough in a series of well-written chapters on sugar, tobacco, minerals, and agriculture. Perhaps we have enough histories of Cuba, and Mr. Lindsay does well to confine his

retrospect to some fifty pages. But there is always room for so careful a survey of present conditions as is to be found in these pages.

CUBA AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Forbes Lindsay. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

## France and the French.

If Mr. Charles Dawbarn wished to prove that the French are a great people he has succeeded to admiration. But no such proof is needed. Public education has now advanced so far that we can recognize a difference in national genius that affects every department in life and produces the dissimilarities that a past and more intolerant generation would have attributed to inferiority. French commercial life, for example, is not inferior to our own, and if "American methods" are not encouraged it is because the Frenchman distrusts self-praise. The more loudly the merchant insists that his goods are unapproachable in quality the more determined is the customer to discredit him. Hence the French newspaper carries few advertisements and they are never self-assertive.

The author's whole book is indeed a consideration of the point of view, and perhaps the point of view is more distinctive in France than in any other country and its effect more pronounced in every department of life. The French revolution is still an unaccomplished fact and the Associations law and a dozen others are as much a part of that upheaval as was the taking of the Bastille. The Frenchman still shares in the sentiments of the Revolution and they still inspire him to complete the work that they began.

The author has lived in France for ten years, and certainly he used his time to good purpose. There is no aspect of the national life that he leaves untouched. Literature, the drama, politics, religion, education, the law, the woman's movement, the family, and the press, all receive their due share of attention, and in such a way as to persuade us that the author has reached his conclusions intelligently and that prejudice has no part therein. But he uses his last words to predict "some sort of revolution" as inevitable for the town populations, and he seems inclined to believe that the monarchy would be re-established but for the fact that a monarchy implies an aristocracy, and the aristocracy, he says, is hopelessly lost. But how many European countries are there of which a revolution may not be predicted with equal assurance?

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH. By Charles Dawbarn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

## Her Husband.

Enid Gerard becomes fascinated by a grim and dour Scotchman, marries him, and is then compelled to leave him by his overbearing disposition. After ten years she relents and consents to return to him and to effect a reconciliation that shall be outward only. But she finds that his disposition is apparently changed, and just as she is about to fall in love with him for the second time she discovers that he is not her husband, that her husband is dead, and that he is being personated for property reasons by his younger brother. The idea is an extravagance, but it is worked out as well as such an extravagance will permit. The book has two faults. Enid's first love for her husband is allowed to take the form of a groveling and fawning servility that is disgusting, and we have also the sudden introduction of a mystic element that is incongruous. Evidently the author wants to introduce her own ideas upon Oriental philosophy, admirable enough in their way, but she drags them in by the heels and leaves them sprawling inadequately over the last few pages.

HER HUSBAND. By Julia Magruder. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

## Mysticism.

To Evelyn Underhill belongs the credit for the best and most sympathetic work on mysticism that has yet been written, a book that is not only a faithful record, but that is illuminated by an understanding of, and possibly a participation in, those abnormal states of consciousness which she writes. That she fails to do justice to non-Christian mysticism is a fault of her enthusiasm and one that it is easy to pardon. The church in its earlier history supplies such a wealth of material, while the mystic terminology of other faiths would be so perplexing, that the reader may well be content with what he has.

The author is to be congratulated upon the admirable arrangement of her work. Avoiding anything like a chronological history of mysticism, she classifies the states of consciousness that lie like milestones upon the path of the mystic, explaining each one by the recorded experiences and exhortations of the great saints. Thus we have separate treatises on the awakening of the self, the purification of the self, the illumination of the self, voices and visions, introversion, quietism, contemplation, ecstasy, rapture, and the unitive life.

Whether the mystics have a real goal, whether they actually attained to a super-sensuous consciousness, whether there is a super-sensuous consciousness, must be left for the determination of the individual, who will

answer according to the bent of his own mind. But there will be few who can remain unaffected by the array of testimony furnished in this notable book, testimony covering a long period of time, identical in its main features, and offered by men and women famous not alone by their piety, but by their intellect and their influence upon the world. From the historical point of view the book is a remarkable one. To those mystically inclined its value can hardly be overated.

MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

## Everyman's Religion.

The religion sketched by the author is hardly that of "everyman," seeing that it is based upon the Bible alone of all the sacred books of the world and will therefore appeal only to those to whom the Bible appeals, that is to say to those of Christian education. Nor will it appeal much to the increasingly large number of Christians who are turning hopefully toward mysticism as offering a possibility of knowledge transcending that of the intellect and who therefore are not anxious that religion shall square itself with an etherealized materialism. Its mission is rather to those who are disgusted with dogmatism and who wish to free their minds from the shackles of orthodox theology. The author's attitude is well shown by his treatment of miracles. Apparently he would wish us to believe that some miracles have occurred but not nearly so many as we have been told. Presumably we may believe, for example, that Lazarus was raised from the dead, but that the Gadarene swine were obsessed by devils was merely a mistaken opinion of the historian. But did not Christ assent to that opinion, and is one story more difficult to accept than the other? If we can believe that any miracle has ever happened we can quite as easily believe in all recorded miracles, including those of paganism and of the church fathers, which are quite as well attested as any others.

But the author's fifteen essays, beginning with "The Background of Religion" and ending with "The Life Everlasting," are exquisitely written and from an evident fount of sincerity and benevolence. Their appeal, where their appeal is felt, will be a powerful one, but we could wish that it had the added influence of a wider religious sweep that would better include the whole religious sentiment of humanity.

EVERYMAN'S RELIGION. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Third Miss Wenderley.

This is an old-fashioned, wholesome story of a girl who is compelled by family misfortune to go out into the world as a governess. She leaves a lover behind her, but she meets others, and among them a man whom she would have married but for his concealment of the fact that he has a half-breed wife in India, who dies just a day too late to save him from prevarication. Eventually Diana returns to her first love, as we know she will, but not before the reader himself has joined the ranks of her admirers. Diana is a very successful heroine who can stand upon her own merits and without the aid of thrills.

THE THIRD MISS WENDERLEY. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25 net.

## Brief Reviews.

Little, Brown & Co. have published a collection of stories by John Fleming Wilson under the title of "Across the Latitudes." They are all sea yarns, muscular and vivid, and while they contain plenty of fighting and of grim adventure there is no cultivation of the horrible for its own sake. The price is \$1.25.

Under the title of "Fairies Afield" the Macmillan Company has published a volume of fairy stories, four in number, by Mrs. Molesworth, with illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. Mrs. Molesworth writes the kind of fairy story that can be read with pleasure alike by old and young, the kind that represents intellectual effort, intuition, and literary style.

"Puppets," by George Forbes (Macmillan Company; \$1.20 net), is a distinctly unusual book. It is a story of some intelligent young people who discuss such topics as dreams, Christian Science, the thought world, and will power. There is no suggestion of pedantry or precocity, but the result is a sort of workaday philosophy convincingly expressed and simple only in its presentation.

To the notable Spanish series now in course of issue by John Lane Company has been added "Sculpture in Spain," by Albert F. Calvert. As in other volumes of the series the illustrations are very numerous, in this case 162 in number, and are grouped at the end of the book. The series now contains eighteen volumes and is certainly the most imposing presentation that has ever been made of Spanish art.

Volume XLIV of the "International Studio" (John Lane Company) is an eminently desirable possession. It comprises July, August, September, and October, 1911. It is well bound and with an extensive index. Those acquainted with the "International Studio"

will welcome every attempt to give it some of the permanence that it deserves. Its publication is a notable service to art.

"Mediaeval Story," by William Witherle Lawrence, Ph. D. (Columbia University Press; \$1.50 net), is a consideration of the beginnings of the social ideals of the English-speaking people. It comprises a course of lectures delivered at Cooper Union, New York, on Beowulf, the Song of Roland, the Arthurian Romances, the Holy Grail, the History of Reynard the Fox, the Ballads of Robin Hood, and the Canterbury Tales.

"The Chronicles of Clovis," by H. H. Munro ("Saki") (John Lane Company; \$1.25 net), is a collection of social sketches that have hardly plot enough to be called stories and that are bound together around the doings of a young man who is clever enough to be better employed. Some of these sketches persuade us that the author is a humorist of nearly the front rank, but others are not so good. It is a book not readily relinquished after the first taste.

Volume XII of the Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen, now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons, is entitled "From Ibsen's Workshop," and contains the notes, scenarios, and drafts of the modern plays from "Pillars of Society" onwards. The translation is by A. G. Chater and the introduction by William Archer. The thirteenth and concluding volume will be "The Life of Henrik Ibsen," by Edmund Gosse, the price of the whole edition being \$13.

"The American Republic," by Professor S. E. Forman (Century Company; \$1.10 net), is an inclusive treatment of the vital principles of American government. Intended for schools, it includes much more material than is usually found on such subjects as direct primaries, the initiative and referendum, the recall of judges, woman's suffrage, commission government, and municipal home rule. The author states the facts without discussion, and illustrates his work liberally with maps and diagrams.

Katherine Jewell Everts explains the object of her new book, "Vocal Expression" (Harper & Brothers; \$1), in the following words: "To convert the hard, high-pitched, nasal tone which betrays the American voice into the adequate agent of a temperament which distinguishes the American personality and to help English speech in this country to become an adequate medium of lucid intercourse." The book is intended for school purposes, but it is well adapted to private use and is both simple and practical.

No finer souvenir of California could be found than the handsome volume just issued by Paul Elder & Co. "California the Beautiful" consists of large-size photographs by eminent California photographers representing natural features from Shasta to San Diego, with appropriate verse and prose selections from California writers. The photographs are reproduced in mezzogravure prints and mounted, all the pages being printed on heavy mounting paper of handsome texture and tone. The price is \$2.50 net.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
**Robertson's**  
222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco

**CHARLES COOPER**  
Teacher of Piano  
3150 JACKSON STREET  
TELEPHONE WEST 574

**BONESTELL & CO.**  
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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The White Horse.

We open a volume of verse by Mr. Chesterton with some uneasiness. Very few men have written good verse as well as good prose, and Mr. Chesterton writes such excellent prose that it seems almost like a tempting of Providence to change horses. But a glance at his work is reassuring. This is real poetry of the good old heroic kind and of the days when even lust and bloodshed borrowed a certain glamour from the sunshine and from the honest, savage hearts behind them.

Mr. Chesterton writes of King Alfred and of his struggles with the northmen. He does not profess to be historical. If a legend is a good legend it is a true legend. That is to say it has all the truth that we need. And so he tells us how the call came to King Alfred:

In the island in the river  
He was hroken to his knee;  
And read, writ with an iron pen,  
That God had wearied of Wessex men  
And given their country, field and fen,  
To the devils of the sea.

And he saw in a little picture  
Tiny and far away,  
His mother, sitting in Egbert's hall,  
And a hook she showed him, very small,  
Where a sapphire Mary sat in stall  
With a golden Christ at play.

Alfred calls the chieftains together and leads them against the pagan Danes, firing them with his own religious fervor:

Follow the star that lives and leaps,  
Follow the sword that sings,  
For we go gathering heathen men,  
A terrible harvest, ten by ten,  
As the wrath of the last red autumn—then  
When Christ reaps down the kings.

Mr. Chesterton divides his book into eight sections covering Alfred's crusade against the Danes and his triumph over them. But at last he foresees that "the heathen shall return":

They shall not come with warships,  
They shall not waste with brands,  
But books be all their eating,  
And ink be on their hands.

It would be a pleasure to quote at length from these fine verses that carry with them a suggestion of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." That they would be improved by a greater metrical accuracy is probable, and yet Mr. Chesterton, when he errs in this respect, does so deliberately. The winged phrase must always be used, even though it be under or over weighted with syllables, and sometimes there is a certain roughness due to the same cause.

THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. By Gilbert A. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

## The Mating of Anthea.

Miss Kencaly borrows her central idea from Walter Besant's "Golden Butterfly." She presents us with a beautiful girl who is intended by her guardian to be the mother of a new order of humanity and whose training for this arduous position includes an ignorance of reading and writing. Her mate is selected upon somewhat similar principles, although not carried to such an extreme, and the only thing that prevents the girl from fulfilling her destiny is the trifling fact that she fails to fall in love with the man selected and bestows her affections in quite another direction. Such things will happen even under full eugenist control. The story is well told and worth reading at a time when the woods are full of crazy theories intended to teach nature a new way to do old things.

THE MATING OF ANTHEA. By Arachella Kencaly. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

John Bigelow, the aged diplomat and author, died leaving his "Retrospections of an Active Life" uncompleted. The Baker & Taylor Company issued the first three volumes of these reminiscences two years ago, and it is understood that Mr. Bigelow left the material for the remaining volumes in a condition which will permit of its being promptly prepared for the press by his son, Major Bigelow.

Clara Louise Kellogg, the first American prima donna to distinguish herself at home and abroad, is writing her memoirs for publication.

Frank Craig, the English painter and illustrator who has been in this country for the past two months, has just sailed for England. Mr. Craig came to America at the request of *Harper's Magazine*. He is now engaged on a series of important pictures which will illustrate Arnold Bennett's articles on America, which are to appear soon in the monthly.

The *Cavalier* and the *Scrap Book*, two of Frank A. Munsey's group of monthly magazines, have been merged and become a weekly fiction magazine, the first number of which was to appear January 6. The new magazine will be called *The Cavalier*.

A volume entitled "South America Today, a Study of Conditions, Social, Political, and Commercial in Argentina, Uruguay, and Bra-

zil," by Georges Clemenceau, former prime minister of France, has just been brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons. As one of the leading and most forceful citizens of the French republic, the author was afforded by the sister republics of South America exceptional opportunities for studying at first hand their institutions and systems of government.

James Loeb, the New York banker who retired from the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. a few years ago, is to assume the financial burden of the translation into English and publication of the classical authors of all periods, the series to include about 200 volumes. The need for such a work was brought to the attention of Mr. Loeb in Paris by Professor Salomon Reinach, of the Louvre, who pointed out that for many years there had been no English translations of the minor Greek and Latin authors, and those of the later periods. While it is not planned to make the series an edition de luxe, it will be published in first-class style.

Tolstoy left three unpublished novels, which will be brought out in the original Russian at the end of this year. Curiously enough, all have French titles.

Louis Tracy, the English novelist, has never been reproached for over-production, though his books come out regularly, yet Miss Jeannette Gilder in the *Reader* says that he turns out volumes over other names, virtually suppressing evidence which might be cited to prove he was writing too much.

*Home Progress* is the name of a new monthly magazine which the Houghton Mifflin Company has brought out to aid in its educational movement in behalf of children. It illustrates a course of reading for the advancement of health and the ideals of the home, and is entertaining as well as instructive. Dr. David Starr Jordan, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, and others are advisory directors in the "Home Progress" movement, and its development will attract thoughtful educators everywhere. A copy of the magazine will be sent by the publishers, from their Boston office, for twenty-five cents.

## New Books Received.

SHOULD WE STOP TEACHING ART. By C. R. Ashbee. London: B. T. Batsford; 3s. 6d. net.

A consideration of art from the educational point of view.

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO THE BIBLE. By George Hodges. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.20 net.

Issued in the Child's Guide series.

FOR A NIGHT. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers; \$1 net.

Three stories translated from the French by Alison M. Lederer.

FROM THE LIPS OF THE SEA. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, New York: George William Browning; \$1.

A volume of verse.

FUNDAMENTAL FACTS FOR THE TEACHER. By Elmer Burritt Bryan, LL. D. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

Intended to develop the thought that the end of all human activities is life.

MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT. By Ritter Brown. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.50 net.

A survey of some current economic problems.

LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. Edited by H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A collection of correspondence including letters of Leigh Hunt, Emerson, and Hughes.

SELF-INVESTMENT. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the "inspirational" series.

IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN. By Cara E. Whiton-Stone. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

THE MASTER OF EVOLUTION. By George H. MacNish. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A treatise on evolution.

ORGAN AND FUNCTION. By B. D. Hahn. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A study of evolution.

FIRST LOVE. By Louis Untermeyer. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

WAR AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Graham Sumner, LL. D. Edited by Albert Galloway Keller, Ph. D. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2.25 net.

An essay on war now published for the first time, together with the most important and characteristic utterances in essay form from the creator of "The Forgotten Man."

THE PORT OF HAMBURG. By Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.50 net.

Showing the effect of the rate policy on state railroads studiously devised to further the country's foreign trade.

FROM SCHOOL THROUGH COLLEGE. By Henry Parks Wright. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1 net.

Suggestions growing out of personal observation of student life.

THE REFORM OF LEGAL PROCEDURE. By Mootfield Storey. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.35.

Designed to bring about the reform of certain clearly defined abuses in legal procedure.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PROCEDURE. By Robert C. Morris, D. C. L. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.35 net.

The history of arbitration and an indication of the progress made up to this time.

## NECROLOGY, 1911.

United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins, in Washington, January 4.

Bishop Alexander H. Vinton, in Springfield, Massachusetts, January 18.

Paul Morton, life insurance president, in New York, January 19.

David Grabam Phillips, author, shot, in New York, January 23.

Captain Charles Barr, yacht-builder, in Southampton, England, January 24.

Rear-Admiral William H. Reeder, in Paris, January 24.

Sir Charles Dilke, in London, January 26.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in Newton, Massachusetts, January 28.

General Henry M. Nevins, in New York, January 30.

Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, U. S. N., in Washington, February 1.

General Piet A. Cronje, Klerksdorp, Transvaal, February 4.

Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, in Philadelphia, February 11.

Congressman Amos L. Allen, in Washington, February 20.

Sam Walter Foss, poet, in Somerville, Massachusetts, February 26.

Antonio Fogazzaro, author, in Venice, Italy, March 7.

Rear-Admiral John C. Fremont, in Boston, March 8.

Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, in Boston, March 13.

Jennie Joyce, actress, in New York, March 14.

Frank Work, financier, in New York, March 16.

John B. McDonald, engineer, in New York, March 17.

Nathaniel Thayer, financier, in Boston, March 21.

Stanley Robison, baseball magnate, in Cleveland, Ohio, March 24.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, author, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, March 30.

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor James H. Tillman, in Asheville, North Carolina, April 1.

Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, in New York, April 2.

Craig Lippincott, publisher, in Philadelphia, April 6.

Denman Thompson, actor, in West Swanzy, New Hampshire, April 14.

Hon. Edward A. Moseley, in Washington, April 18.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 9.

Lieutenant George Kelly, aviator, killed at San Antonio, Texas, May 10.

French Minister of War Bertheaux, killed by aeroplane in Paris, May 21.

Mrs. Williamina P. Fleming, scientist, in Boston, May 21.

Edward Harrigan, actor, in New York, June 6.

Carrie Nation, in Leavenworth, Kansas, June 9.

Robert P. Boss, in Inglewood, California, June 12.

Dr. E. Peabody Gerry, in Phillipston, Massachusetts, June 22.

Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, in London, July 15.

Colonel Albert Clark, in Highgate, Vermont, July 16.

Mrs. Ole Bull Vaughan, in West Lebanon, Maine, July 18.

Myer Jonasson, in New York, July 21.

Edwin A. Abbey, artist, in London, August 1.

Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, in Newton, Massachusetts, August 1.

Colonel W. C. Greene, copper magnate, in Cananea, Mexico, August 5.

United States Senator William P. Frye, in Lewiston, Maine, August 8.

John W. Gates, financier, in Paris, August 9.

Jameson Lee Finney, actor, in London, August 9.

Professor William L. Hutchings, in Boston, August 25.

Ex-United States Senator Roger Q. Mills, in Corsicana, Texas, September 2.

Mrs. Katherine C. Thurston, novelist, in Cork, Ireland, September 6.

Mr. Masuchiki Shimose, inventor, in Tokio, Japan, September 7.

Ex-United States Senator Thomas H. Carter, in Washington, September 17.

Premier Stolypin, shot September 14, died in Kiev, Russia, September 18.

General Samuel C. Lawrence, in Medford, Massachusetts, September 24.

Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, in New York, October 3.

William E. Curtis, traveler and writer, in Philadelphia, October 6.

Cornelius N. Bliss, financier, in New York, October 10.

Justice John M. Harlan, United States Supreme Court, in Washington, October 14.

Eugene B. Ely, aviator, killed at Macon, Georgia, October 19.

John R. Walsh, banker, in Chicago, October 23.

Ida Lewis, keeper Lime Rock Lighthouse, October 24.

Rear-Admiral James H. Sands, in Washington, October 27.

Joseph Pulitzer, journalist, at Charleston, South Carolina, October 29.

Bishop McKay-Smith, in Philadelphia, November 16.

President Cacres of San Domingo, assassinated, November 20.

Kellogg Durland, author, October 21.

Ex-Senator Dryden, in Newark, New Jersey, November 24.

Rear-Admiral Wilde, in North Easton, Massachusetts, December 3.

Thomas Ball, sculptor, December 11.

John Bigelow, diplomat and author, in New York, December 19.

## Let This Be Your Guide

Do you use the street-cars? Most people do. Thousands and thousands ride on them to and from work day after day. They, of course, are familiar with the cars running over the route covered by them, but are probably not altogether sure about cars running to the other various outlying districts.

Visitors in this city must of a necessity be so unfamiliar with their surroundings that they are forced to seek information in order to get about.

Much time is thus lost every day, to say nothing of the annoyance and inconvenience caused.

To overcome all this, as far as possible, and to make the street-car problem a simple one, the following card has been compiled for the benefit of the public, giving the route traversed, together with the number of the car making such route:

Route.	Number
Sutter and California.....	1
Sutter and Clement.....	2
Sutter and Jackson.....	3
Turk and Eddy.....	4
McAllister Street.....	5
Masonic Avenue.....	6
Haight Street.....	7
Market Street.....	8
Valencia Street.....	9
Guerrero Street—Sunnyside.....	10
Mission and Twenty-Fourth.....	11
Ingleside.....	12
Cemeteries.....	14
Third and Kearny—Beach.....	15
Kentucky Street.....	16
Mission Street.....	18
Ninth and Polk.....	19
Ellis and Ocean.....	20
Hayes and Ellis.....	21
Fillmore Street.....	22
Fillmore and Mission.....	23
Mission and Chutes.....	24
San Bruno.....	25
Ocean View.....	26

For the sake of ready reference and convenience, it would be advisable to cut this out and paste it on a card. Or if preferred, the cards printed for public use can be obtained from the proper office of the United Railroads.

It is a very simple matter to become adept in determining the proper car to board for any section of San Francisco, after giving a little study to the information just announced. Each car is numbered, and the number is so large and plain that there is not the slightest chance for mistake. At night the numbers are made equally plain.

With this copy of the *Argonaut* at hand, all that the uncertain one needs do before setting forth, is to look over the card, note the number of the car which will carry him or her to the desired destination, and, at the most convenient station, board it without bother or worry.

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### "THE RED ROSE."

Everybody that knows anything about musical comedy knows that Harry B. Smith is a name to conjure with; that is, in musical-comedy fields. And Harry B. Smith (assisted by another Smith; presumably his brother) wrote the book and the lyrics of "The Red Rose." Naturally we expect something of "The Red Rose," and, naturally again, we are not disappointed. That is to say, not very much disappointed. But Harry B. Smith has his talent for his specialty so highly cultivated that, at times, it becomes almost automatic in its workings. And "The Red Rose" happened during one of those times. But of course Harry B. Smith wrote it anyway, and so, though he hadn't anything particular to say when he wrote it, still, what he said was said with his usual felicity and easy humor.

There are four comedian rôles in "The Red Rose," and all four of them have bright lines and amusing business. The usual ingenuity in the arrangement and action of scenes is evident, and the piece has a plot. Plots in musical comedies are getting to be the thing. The plot, however, although kept well to the fore, does not succeed in maintaining sustained interest. And, during the periodical disappearances to which (like the Humboldt River) all musical-comedy plots are liable, we occasionally find we've lost interest in it. Which is to say that Jove was nodding just a little bit when the book of "The Red Rose" was written.

It is all about life in the students' quarter in Paris, and there are many artists, male and female. The artists of the coquettish sex rather surprise us by the length of their skirts; in fact, long skirts seem to be a characteristic of all the ladies' costumes in "The Red Rose." But they make amends; yes, the fair wearers they certainly make amends.

First and foremost among the amenders is *chic* little Zoe Barnett, who comes back to us looking as if she had grown a little taller, thinner, and tider than of yore, but quite as fetching as ever. Everybody knew, when Zoe Barnett was a local favorite here, that a *bouffe* actress with her gift would be sure to "hear the East a-calling" some day. So she did, and I rather think the East has kept her pretty busy ever since.

Zoe Barnett has stage presence, individuality, a voice. She knows how to dance, she speaks well, with an irreproachable accent, she has humor, and she can act. Her best qualifications, however, were not brought to the fore in "The Red Rose," for her gift of humor has not much of a chance. The pretty model who bewitched the heir of an American millionaire is obliged to be a little sad, a little bitter, and a little cynical. But she is a girl who mightily affects the dance, and there we recognize the lightsome Zoe Barnett who tripped and bounded into the affections of the Princess Theatre standbys. I think, however, that Miss Barnett is a little less spontaneous than formerly, her manner more elaborated, and, in speaking, her voice takes on singing inflections. It is a meaningless trick I particularly detest, and it is unworthy a bright woman of Zoe Barnett's mettle.

Maurice Darcy and Edwin Burns, as the two American trust magnates, and Joseph Standish as a Germanized picture-dealer, together with Ernest Lacey as the Englishman, carry the fun of the piece with sufficient spirit and spontaneity to keep up a ripple in the audience, although I think audiences have a much greater preference for one splittingly funny comedian than for four who can amuse only in the comparative degree.

The great card, aside from Zoe Barnett (although she is not featured), is the chorus. It is perfectly amazing how the crop of pretty girls keep up. It seemed to me that there was a particularly nice-looking lot of girls in "The Red Rose"; that is, with faces as yet unhardened by the toughening process to which their trying lives expose them. Gentle, feminine, even sweet and innocent, were the pretty faces above those long, red-flowered costumes worn by the bacchanals in the dance. But at the ball those maids of the decorous faces knew how to dance, and much of the time their toes were pointing to the zenith and the proper, long skirts were busy making amends for their unusual propriety.

The music of "The Red Rose" runs to the lively order. Very few sentimental ditties block the whirl of gaiety.

A Jack Mason is mentioned on the programme as arranging the dances, and Jack

has rather a pretty taste in carrying out the details of his trade.

The third act represents a ball in the artists' quarter of Paris, and the stage is full of light, color, gaiety, and the rhythm and grace of dancing figures. Several of the men are very good dancers, Zoe Barnett's proficiency in this art we all remember, and Grace Ellsworth is full of rhythm and spring from top to toe. She was supposed to play the part of a mature and rather ridiculous charmer, but she did not shine so much in that side of her impersonation as she did in the graceful and rhythmic agility of the retired ex-dancer.

The scene of the "ball of the four arts" is rather reminiscent of a similar one in "Miss Innocence." So is the character (very well played, by the way, by Ernest Lacey; in fact, the company as a whole is good) of the Englishman with the catchword, "my blunder," reminiscent of a character in "Miss Innocence." An imitation somewhere. It depends on which of the two pieces was written first.

There are, indeed, a number of slight echoes in "The Red Rose." Leo Stark's funny little skip as given in "The Spring Maid" was reproduced by Mr. Lacey, when as Lionel Talboys, he says petulantly, "I don't want to go." And the joke by the same character—in rather questionable taste—"I'd hate to go to her as an amateur," has the moss of decades upon it. Mr. Smith also borrowed an incident from Pierre Frondaie's very clever and interesting comedy "Montmartre," in order to make a curtain to his third act. In "Montmartre" Marie Claire, the lawless child of impulse, tears off the necklace of pearls given her by her wealthy, but detested lover, and flies off to pearl-less poverty with the one she loves best. And all the guests, men and women, after a momentary *fausse honte* precipitate themselves on the floor to gather up the scattering gems, while the curtain falls on this tableau inspired by cynicism.

In "The Red Rose" it is as a daughter restored to a wealthy father that Lola wears the gems. Everything is strictly respectable in "The Red Rose" except a few errant jokes, plus the love-making of the American millionaire to Gyp, a vagrant little coquette of Bohemian Paris; a rôle which was played with much vivacity by Marguerite de Von, and who looked very much the character in her decidedly alluring ballet costume at the ball.

These book-writers of musical comedy are very close students of up-to-date French pieces, but it is evident that they are obliged to do some deodorizing before they put borrowed ideas before the astonishing American public, which takes kindly to the ideas themselves but is very insistent about the labels being of the most impeccable respectability.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"A distinguished violinist of this city," writes Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, "was talking recently about women who fiddled and now fiddle. He complained that nearly all of them classed as great erred in this—they tried to play like a man; they wished it said of them that they had a virile tone. He did not except Lady Halle, Maud Powell, or Miss Parlow. The only great woman violinist I remember was Teresina Tua, and her greatness consisted in the fact that she always played like a woman; she was womanly and fascinating." Some of us remember this beautiful apparition—her real name was Maria Felicita Tua—who took the first prize at the Paris Conservatory, made a great reputation in Europe in the 'eighties, and married Count Franchi-Verney, who was nineteen years older than his bride. Saint-Saëns once said, apropos of Augusta Holmes, that when a woman wrote for the orchestra she was noisier than any man because she wished to show that she was not a poor, weak thing on account of her sex."

Joe Weber and Lew Fields, the dialect comedians whose fame, made in New York, has been accepted at par in other cities, were partners for twenty-seven years, but separated in 1904. After seven years of divided effort they have decided to work again in combination, and will form a new organization to be called the Weber & Fields All Star Company and produce the well-known Weberfeldsian style of entertainment. Lillian Russell was the first of their former stars to sign a new contract with the firm.

Another play of Oriental life is attracting attention in New York, with the Hichens drama, "The Garden of Allah," continuing majestically. The new piece is a study of people and conditions in Bagdad a thousand years ago, and Otis Skinner as Haji, a beggar, offers a forceful and picturesque characterization. Edward Knoblauch wrote the play, and it has been produced by Harrison Grey Fiske with a sumptuous scenic equipment.

Ethel Barrymore has proved the worth of "The Witness for the Defense," or the magnetism of her acting, and Mr. Frohman announces that the play will last his star all this season and at least half of the next.

### "A GRAIN OF DUST" ON THE STAGE.

Among the stories written by David Graham Phillips it is probable that "A Grain of Dust" won the highest favor among his fascinated readers. It may be remembered that it told of the remarkable mating of a Choate-Webster-Cromwell style of lawyer and a colorless yet perfectly enchanting stenographer. Of course the novel went the way of all well-circulated love stories—to the stage. James K. Hackett played the drama on the road and at length introduced it to New York. Following is a free criticism of the play and the star, written by Louis Sherwin of the New York Globe. In so far as it may tend to discourage the custom of revamping novels of this type for theatrical purposes its purpose is excellent:

If David Graham Phillips were still alive I should like to take him to see "A Grain of Dust" at the Criterion. His remarks would really be worth listening to—which is more than can be said for the play in which James K. Hackett is appearing, a play supposed to be founded on Phillips's novel of the same name. To be sure it resembles the book about as much as a mince pie resembles a pair of trousers. That would not necessarily be anything against it. A mince pie might be perfectly good as a pie, however insufficient it might be as a representation of trousers. You would not blame it for not resembling the trousers merely because the name of the maker of the trousers were attached to the pie. By the same token, if Louis Evan Shipman's version of "A Grain of Dust" were a good play its difference from the book would be immaterial.

Not that there is anything so tremendously sacred about David Graham Phillips's novel. Phillips was very much in earnest, frightfully in earnest. Consequently, as Oscar Wilde said of Hall Caine, "he wrote at the top of his voice." As a book, "A Grain of Dust" had some vigorous truth in it. But this truth, being a bitter commentary on the uxoriousness of American husbands, and the uselessness of a certain type of American wives, has been carefully eliminated from the play, except for one brief moment, when Shipman pokes fun at Phillips. The drama, therefore, having none of the merits of the book, all of its absurdity, with a lot of *Family Herald* heart throbs and vaudevillian humor thrown in to season the mixture, is neither one thing nor the other. Of course it was inevitable that Mr. Shipman should take a good deal of liberty with the novel. But what he has done is not merely a liberty, it is a laurajeanliberty.

It is only fair to say here that Mr. Hackett has been exceedingly successful with "A Grain of Dust" out of town. Also that Monday night's audience laughed quite heartily at some of the most crinolined jokes ever heard outside of musical comedy. I would not have been surprised at any time if E. M. Holland had come down to the footlights and sung a comic song about mothers-in-law and the divorce court, words by Harry B. Smith, music by Karl Hoschna. And I'm perfectly sure it would have been enthusiastically applauded. A fair sample of the jokes is the venerable one about the Waldorf being "an institution for conferring exclusiveness upon the masses." Oliver Herford please copy.

Frederick Norman, the legal Superman of Phillips's hectic imagination who threw over his rich fiancée to marry his stenographer, thereby making an enemy of rich fiancée's papa, would be recognized by neither friend nor foe, as he is in the play. Mr. Shipman has deferred to the star's chest notes and his insuperable love for a nice, fat, maudlin part. Consequently poor Norman becomes a weird mixture of "Wedded But No Husband," of cloak-and-sword hero. In fact, he's a sort of hairy harumfrodite, hero and heroine too.

Mr. Hackett in his efforts to be gallantly humorous and tenoriously noble, gives an utterly stagy and irritating performance. He emits the most impeccable platitudes with a deprecatory smile that in no way conceals a baffling self-satisfaction. But again it must be acknowledged that his work seemed to please at least the noisiest portion of the first-night audience, whatever it may do to subsequent ones.

He is abetted by a company of such excellent actors that it is painful to see them engaged in such rôles. To behold such an artist as E. M. Holland, for instance, obliged to stoop to make an elaborate, ceremonious, thrice-explained joke out of taking a drink of whisky, is really too much for people who respect good actors. Mr. Holland as a low comedy lawyer's clerk with the delicate, sparkling facetiousness of an office boy is rather a mockery. Frazer Coulter almost makes the wicked old millionaire human, but the author was too much for him. Izetta Jewel as the stenographer who married the boss, left him, and then came back, is colorless, but perhaps not to be blamed for that.

It may be gathered from this that Mr. Sherwin thinks the play is no improvement on other dramatized novels, but it seems only fair to say that it would take a genius on the stage to make the Phillips hero and heroine anything but freaks.

### Driving Away Theatre Patronage.

New York theatre managers are waking up. In their erring Western confreres will see a great light. This is from the New York Globe: "Evidently the complaints of theatre-goers have been heard from the seats of the mighty. The practice of managers in sending all their front rows to the hotels and other ticket agencies has created so much disgust that some of them have been led to see that the custom was driving people out of the theatres. Henry W. Savage is taking the lead in giving the general public some-

thing more of a fair deal. It is his plan to distribute the usual allotment of seats to hotels and libraries, but the seats consigned to such brokers will not as heretofore be all the choice locations. Every alternate row will be reserved for sale at the box-office, thus enabling the regular theatre patron to procure the best seats at the box window, without being obliged to seek the hotels and pay a premium for chairs in the front rows of the orchestras."

Edna Goodrich, formerly Mrs. Nat Goodwin, has been engaged by Daniel Frohman to appear with Charles Cherry in "His Neighbor's Wife." Miss Goodrich has decided to devote herself to the stage hereafter and to become a star in her own name.

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CHARLEY GRAPEWIN and Company, in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp"; REYNOLDS and DONEGAN, Dancing on Rollers; FOUR FAMOUS VAMPIRES: SCHENCK and VAN; OSCAR LORRAINE (one week only); CARLSON and WILLARD; New Daylight Motion Pictures; Last Week, WILL ROEHM'S ATHLETIC GIRLS.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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Second Week—Beg. SUNDAY NIGHT, Jan. 14  
John C. Fisher presents the musical comedy of brilliance

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Immense Company, including ZOE BARNETT  
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Special "POP" Concert  
This Sunday aft., Jan. 14, at 2:30

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Tickets for both on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

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Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney, Pianist assisting  
Tickets \$1.00, at usual box-offices.  
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Subscription (4 concerts), \$3.00

Admission 50 cents

Tickets at Kohler & Chase's and Sherman & Clay's three days before concert.



VANITY FAIR.

It is a dull week that does not see the appearance of some new and infallible beauty recipe. Most of them live until their successors appear, and no longer. They come in with a flourish of triumphant trumpets and they disappear almost before there is time to describe them.

The no laughter plan is the latest. Laughter wrinkles the face and draws upon the dreaded lines that are eloquent of advancing years. Therefore do not laugh. No matter how great may be the social humiliation of your dearest friend you must not laugh at her, not even behind her back. A single delighted smile may lay the foundation for a wrinkle or a crease that will take hours of massage and harrels of cold cream to remove.

But the laugh is not the only thing to be avoided. It is among the worst of facial offenses, but there are others. It may have been noticed that even society ladies, high-up society ladies, will sometimes allow a flicker of expression to cross their faces, a momentary gleam that almost suggests the presence of a thought, an idea, an emotion, a sentiment. Of course no such thing is there actually. It is what our scientific brethren would call a reflex action, but it must be guarded against. It sets the face in motion. It helps to wear it out. To preserve our beauty there must be absolute immobility. Laughter is fatal, thought of any kind is suicidal, sentiment or emotion once allowed to enter the mind are sure to be reflected upon the face, and there you are, don't you know.

The society of the ladies who do not laugh now numbers about eighty. They meet regularly in order to compare notes, but one wonders how they can do this without laughing. It would be enough to make a cat laugh. But perhaps these are the same ladies who once formed the Pomona Club and spent hours a day in chasing apples around a room with the tips of their fingers. It is surprising that ladies can find time to do all these things with their new political duties weighing so heavily upon their heads.

A Paris husband has applied for divorce upon the ground that he will no longer hutton his wife up the hack. The phrase is an awkward one, but there seems no way to improve it. Let it go. We all know what it means, those of us who are initiated. This particular victim suggests that he would not mind the task occasionally, but he has to do it half a dozen times a day. One of the gowns has forty-nine huttons, and he invariably finds when he gets near the south pole that there is a lack of symmetry in the opposing halves and that somewhere or other there has been a faulty connection. Then he has to work backward, find the unmated hutton or the unmated hole, and do it all over again. Therefore he asks for legal release from a slavery worse than death.

The case is exactly as stated. We have been there. It is even more so. Buttons are by no means the worst of the contrivances that women use to shut themselves up behind. Buttons are had enough in all conscience, but how about hooks, frisky little ahominations impossible to grasp, still more impossible to insert into their receptacles that are usually made of cotton and indistinguishable from the surrounding landscape? A more heartbreaking task can hardly be imagined, and it will always be found that the moment success seems to be within sight the woman will begin to talk or breathe. The first time this task was set to us we halved the difficulties by driving the hook firmly and resolutely into the fabric of the dress, but there were reasons why this was never attempted again.

It is strange that women have never achieved a better plan for closing themselves up behind. One would think that it could be done just as easily in front or that it could be managed by means of a spring, or a lever operated from the van. Imagine a man fixing his suspenders by means of a row of minute hooks and invisible eyes.

It is announced that boys are to be admitted to the matrimonial course recently started by the Gardens High School of Los Angeles. There is no statement as to the precise nature of the instruction imparted at this ridiculous school except that it contains everything essential to courtship and marriage except, we may suppose, a modicum of maidenly modesty. Perhaps this would be too much to hope for.

We may wonder why Los Angeles likes to be laughed at. Really she seems to. She must know that her beautiful name at the head of a news item is a warning of something that is screamingly funny in the item itself, and that this is true not only of America, but also of Europe. One day we read of women detectives authorized to arrest the flirtatious male. Then we read of male detectives, selected for their good looks, and whose duty it is to attract advances from women and then to put them in prison. Now comes the matrimonial school. Perhaps Los Angeles does not know what the world thinks of her or that she is regarded in municipal matters as the clown of civilization. It may surprise her to be told that it is just such

huffooneries as these that make her the happy hunting ground for the predatory Socialist. It is not so much reason and intelligence that guard us against political extravagances as the wholesome force of precedent and convention. When this force has been overcome by an epidemic of women policemen, municipal newspapers, matrimonial schools, and other tomfooleries of the kind, the ground is ploughed and ready for all other sorts of weird nonsense. What Los Angeles needs is not a matrimonial school, but a well-built, airy, roomy lunatic asylum large enough to contain her cranks, fanatics, reformers, and all other hysteriacs.

Pity the sorrows of the rich. Being human beings, in spite of many opinions to the contrary, they want to give each other Christmas presents and the like, and there is now nothing on earth costly enough to be a rarity or to give pleasure.

Take the case of Mr. Gary of the Steel Trust. Mr. Brandeis says that Mr. Gary gave his wife a necklace costing half a million dollars. Mr. Gary says that he did nothing of the kind and that the story is a fabrication, but then he might have done so if he had wanted to, so the moral of the story is unaffected. Moreover, Mr. Gary should know better than to interfere with a gentleman who wanted to talk about Marie Antoinette and her diamond necklace and who simply had to have some modernizing illustration. Some people seem to have no manners.

Now this necklace could not have given Mrs. Gary any real pleasure. Probably she could have half a dozen for the asking. So what is a rich man to do whose heart is filled with the milk of human kindness but who can find nothing expensive enough to show just how full his heart is of the aforesaid milk? There is a mixture of metaphors here, but our intentions are good.

Mr. Dooley, under the assumed name of F. P. Dunne, talks about this problem in the *American Magazine*. Mr. Worldly Wiseman is sore perplexed to know what to do at Christmas. He says:

"There's my wife. The last Christmas I spent with her in Paris I went down to the Rue de la Paix and got her a jewel that should have made her eyes stick out. Cost me a harrel of money. A harrel! What did she do? Thanked me and chucked it into a work-basket full of flannels that she was sewing for some hospital. There's my sister. She loves jewels, but she has so many they're an incumbrance to her, and they're so valuable that she doesn't wear them when she goes out, but leaves them in a safety deposit vault and puts on imitations. There's my nephew. He'll have my money when I die, if he behaves himself; but he's got almost as much money now in his own right as I will leave him. What can I get for him? When I was a boy if I got a gold watch or a scarfpin at Christmas I was happy, but he has as many gold watches as Simpson, the pawnbroker, and a different pin for every scarf he owns. He's only a sophomore in college, but he owns a ninety horse-power machine, a string of polo ponies, a motor-hoat that can make thirty miles, and he's negotiating with the Wright Brothers for an aeroplane. What's the use of trying to surprise him? I suppose it's the same way with the presents he sends to me. I wish he'd not send me anything, but come over and spend a week with me. But of course I can't expect that. He'd be hored to death."

Certainly he would be hored to death, that young hopeful whose only complaint against life is that he has exhausted its resources and that the world can no longer supply the material for a thrill or an emotion.

Here is an advertisement copied verbatim from *Votes for Women*, a London periodical devoted to the political advancement of the gentler sex:

"Ju-Jutsu (self-defense) for Suffragettes, private or class lessons daily, 10:30 to 7:30; special terms to W. S. P. U. members; Sunday class by arrangement; Boxing and Fencing by specialists.—Edith Garrud, 9, Argyll Place, Regent Street."

Miss Mary Champion continues to ingratiate herself with her own sex by insisting that women have no code of honor and by imploring them to beg, borrow, or steal one. In order to convince them of their deplorable lack she propounds two problems for their consideration and asks for replies. Here is the first problem: "Is a woman justified in cutting an acquaintance about whom she has heard a scandal?" And here is the second: "May she warn another woman against a man whom she considers unprincipled?" These problems were submitted some weeks ago, but so far there has been no plethora of replies. Mary ought to offer an automobile for the best solution and then there would be something doing. In the meantime she might remember that codes of honor are not invented. Like Topsy, they "just grow."

Heaven forbid that we should attempt an answer to these particular questions. It is certain that nine women out of ten will cut an acquaintance about whom they have heard a scandal and that nine women out of ten will not warn another woman against the un-

principled man. What they ought to do is another matter. In every case they will believe themselves to be actuated by a sense of duty; and heaven save us all from the woman with a sense of duty. Actually they will be animated by hostility toward their own sex.

At the inauguration ceremonies of new buildings of the University of Vienna, the

prorector, Dr. Bernatzek, expressed regret at the exclusion of women as students in the department of jurisprudence. The faculty had expressed itself in favor of the admission of women twelve years ago. Five years ago another communication was sent to the imperial authorities asking that women be allowed to matriculate as students of law. This request was also ignored.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

—OF—

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1911

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$8,335,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof (\$3,965,062.50), of the State of New York (\$350,000.00), the actual value of which is.....

2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks.....

3—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS (\$6,277,000.00), the actual value of which is .....

\$23,156,790.80

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\$53,833,541.20

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Total Liabilities .....\$57,833,541.20

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,  
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.  
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,  
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
City and County of San Francisco } ss.  
JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.  
JAMES R. KELLY, President.  
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1912.  
CHAS. T. STANLEY,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Suffering beneath the razor of an incompetent barber, the customer signaled to the operator to halt. "Yes, sir?" inquired the barber, inclining his head. "Give me gas!" said the customer.

It was a faithful Swede girl who, when the winter was coldest and the furnace was not working right, was admonished by her mistress to take an iron to bed with her to warm it. In the morning the kindly woman asked Lena how it worked. "Priddy gude," she said, "Ay had it almost warm by morning."

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, was talking about criticism. "I like pointed criticism," he said, "criticism such as I heard in the lobby of a theatre the other night at the end of the play. The critic was an old gentleman. His criticism, which was for his wife's ears alone, consisted of these words: 'Well, you would come!'"

The other night at an Independence revival a long-winded brother got up and talked for an intolerable time in a most repetitious and tiresome manner. He was followed by the pastor, whose earnest words stirred the congregation. A little later the minister asked a stranger in the church, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," replied the stranger, "but I wouldn't have been much longer, if you hadn't talked just when you did."

An under-sized yokel approached a sergeant in the barrack yard of an English military depot. "I want to join the army, please," he said. The sergeant looked him up and down, and replied, "You can not join the army, my lad; you are too small." "Too small!" said the youth. "What about that little fellow over there?" "But he is an officer." "Oh, is he?" exclaimed Chawbacon. "Well, I'm not particular; I'll just join the officers."

Bishop Logan Herbert Roots of Hankow is profoundly interested in the Chinese revolution and stands very high with the Hankow Chinese. He once said that when he first went to China he had a good deal of difficulty in remembering faces. He mentioned this difficulty to a mandarin. He said: "I'm getting over it now; but in the beginning here in Hankow you all looked as like as two peas." "Two peas?" said the intelligent mandarin, smiling. "But why not say two queues?"

An ardent advocate during the recent campaign said: "A point upon which a great deal of weight has been placed is that women do not want the suffrage, and that it would be cruel to impose it upon them. The cry about cruelty to women reminds me of a dialogue that passed between Johnnie and his mother: 'Johnnie, your little sister has been hauling you on her sled for half an hour. Why don't you get off and haul her?' 'Mamma,' said little Johnnie, 'I am afraid she will take cold.'"

A farmer near Corning, Kansas, whose son was an applicant for a position under the government, but who had been repeatedly turned down, said: "Well, it's hard luck, but John has missed that civil service examination again. It looks like they just won't have him!" "What was the trouble?" "Well, he was short on spellin', and geography, and missed purty fur in mathematics." "What is he going to do about it?" "I dunno. Times is mighty hard, and I reckon he'll have to go back to teaching school for a livin'!"

A reply very characteristic of the statesman and diplomat who made it is given in the "Autobiography of Alfred Austin." Lord and Lady Salisbury were among the guests at Hewell Grange. Lord Salisbury had come to speak at a public meeting. On the morning of the day when the speech was to be delivered, seeing Lord Salisbury passing into the study, I said to him: "I suppose you are going to think over what you will say to-night?" "No," he said, in his ironical way, "rather to think over what I must not say."

Senator Gore was praising the art of compromise. "Compromise is a good thing," he said. "Take the case of a young builder I knew. He got married about a year ago, and after the marriage he and his wife had an interminable dispute as to whether they should buy two motor-cycles or a five horse-power runabout suitable to their means. He said: 'My wife and I wrangled for months and months, but, thank goodness, we have compromised at last.' 'What have you compromised on?' I asked. 'A baby carriage,' he answered, with a wide, glad smile."

A Richmond woman has in her employ a colored cook who has managed to break nearly every variety of article that the household contains. The mistress's patience reached its limit recently when she discovered that the dusky servitor had broken the ther-

mometer that hung on the house porch. "Well, well," sighed the lady of the house, in a most resigned way, "you've managed to break even the thermometer, haven't you?" The maid replied in a tone equally resigned, "Yessum; and now we'll have to take de weather jist as it comes, won't we?"

Tim Connors was being loomed for fish commissioner. Tim claimed to have assisted in the catch of as many as 60,000 mackerel at one clip. "It's this way," he said in recital. "Ye spread a great nit and lower a lamp lighted. The mackerel do be a curious lot and they swim up in great numbers to see what the devil the light is for. Lind me your pencil. Now," said Tim, jahning a piece of paper with the pencil point, "when they crowd around the light they stick their heads through the nit. The mackerel has little bits of ears and gets caught by thim. He can't raylease himself, not having anny ha-ands."

Sir Robert Morier was a wit as well as one of the greatest diplomats of the Victorian era. In his recently published memoirs we find more than one good story and vivacious bit of characterization. On Gladstone, whom he knew well, he has some sharp comments: "Many-sided, if you will, but then it is by a perpetual succession of one-sidedness." "His mind resembles the fasses of a Roman lictor, a bundle of sticks . . . with no organic vegetable life binding them together . . . and in the middle a great axe with which he can at any moment hew to pieces any opponent who personally attacks him." Among the stories, we have Metternich's famous remark during the revolution in Vienna when the mob howled round the Chancery and a frightened archduke asked what the row was: "Your Excellency, this is what the democratic gentlemen call the voice of God." There is also a story of King Victor Emmanuel, who told the German Crown Prince that what he liked was hard fighting, and that if the worst came to the worst and he lost his crown "he could always turn pirate."

## THE MERRY MUZE.

No Improvements.  
Though motor-cars change yearly  
In engine or in frame,  
The water-wagon model  
Remains about the same.  
—New York Sun.

St. and St.  
Our neighbors? Well, they're hard to heat,  
I hate to make complaint,  
But half the people in our St.  
Would aggravate a St.—Puck's Quarterly.

Thy Hosiery.  
The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,  
Mean quite a pile of work to me;  
I count them over, every one apart,  
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.  
Each sock a mate, two mates a pair,  
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;  
I count each sock unto the end, and find  
I've skipped a hole.  
Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof,  
See how it looms across my sole,  
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth  
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!  
—L. Cose Russell, in Puck.

Is Never Turned Down.  
There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chance to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—He's *The Man Who Delivers the Goods*.

The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain; and they haven't their lanterns at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's the man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's *The Man Who Delivers the Goods*.

One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the hizzle to blow; one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells the story of woe; and one, if requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and rods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's *The Man Who Delivers the Goods*.

One man is afraid he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is ever alert, on his guard, lest he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's had, and one is a creature of moods, so it's they for the joyous and rollicking lad—for *The One Who Delivers the Goods*!

—Walt Mason, in Talking Machine World.

On his return from a winter holiday the greatest buttonholer in London was telling his acquaintances at his club in Pall Mall that he had been occupying a house at Davos, not far from Mr. Labouchere, who, he added, was in a very melancholy state. "I am truly sorry for that," said one of his hearers. "What's the matter with him?" "Well," replied the bore, "I was out walking one day, when I saw Labouchere coming down the lane toward me. The moment he caught sight of me he darted into a fir wood which was close by, and he hid behind a tree till I had passed on. Oh, very sad, indeed!"

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Katherine Moulton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Moulton of Minneapolis, and Mr. Henry Seward Van Dyke of Los Angeles, will take place January 20 in Santa Barbara. Mr. Van Dyke is a son of the late Supreme Judge Walter Van Dyke, and a brother of Mr. William Van Dyke of Los Angeles, Dr. Edwin C. Van Dyke of this city, and Mrs. Franklin Bangs of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Shields have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alexandra Shields, to Mr. Harold Casey, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey. Mr. Casey is a brother of Mrs. Emory Winslow and Miss Margaret Casey. Mrs. Horace Wilcox Morgan has issued invitations to a bridge-tea for January 17 at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel and with their guests later attended the recital given in the St. Francis ballroom by Mrs. Soley-Morlie and Miss Estelle de Beer.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton was a dinner hostess Tuesday evening preceding the recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained at dinners at the Hotel St. Francis and occupied boxes at the recital.

Others who gave dinners Tuesday evening were Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayne, Jr., Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt, and Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie Gordon entertained recently at a dinner at their home on Jackson Street.

Miss Hazel Palmanter has issued invitations to a tea January 16 at her home in Oakland, complimentary to Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained fourteen guests at a dinner at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Miss Milward Holden gave a tea Friday at her new home on Devisadero Street.

Miss Edith Treanor entertained at a bridge-tea recently in honor of Miss Ysabel Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark entertained at a musicale Sunday at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of several of the young people who have since returned to their Eastern colleges.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve gave a dinner and theatre party in honor of their daughter, Miss Rebecca Shreve, who has since returned to her school in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. W. S. Porter entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Wednesday at her home on California Street.

The Misses May and Fannie Friedlander were hostesses Thursday at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall gave a dinner and bridge party at her home Tuesday evening.

Miss Harriett Alexander will be hostess this afternoon at a tea in honor of Miss Josephine Redding and Miss Ory Wooster.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has issued invitations to a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon, February 8, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau will be hostess Tuesday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker were the guests of honor at a dinner given Friday evening by Mrs. Stetson-Winslow. The party later attended the Cinderella ball at Scott's Rite Hall.

Miss Helen Bertheau was hostess at a dinner complimentary to Miss Marie Louise Foster and Miss Minna Van Bergen, who will be the guests of honor at a luncheon to be given next Tuesday by Mrs. Starr Keeler at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Louise Kellogg entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea Wednesday in honor of the Misses Gladys and Linda Buchanan and Miss Dorothy Johnson.

Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., was host Saturday evening at a dinner in honor of Miss Myra Josselyn and Mr. William Duncan.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby gave a dinner and theatre party Thursday evening in honor of their sister, Miss Cornelia Armsby.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess at a bridge-tea yesterday at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. Millen Griffith gave a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Myra Josselyn and Mr. William Duncan. The affair preceded the Gayety dance at the home on California Street of Miss Dora Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a theatre and supper party last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Harriett Peterson Miller entertained at a theatre party in honor of her niece, Miss Kate Peterson.

Miss Kate Peterson was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of Miss Edith Page Smith.

The Misses Marguerite and Evelyn Barron entertained a large number of young people at a dance Monday evening.

The Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin have issued invitations to a tea January 23 complimentary to Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Miss Innes Keeney was hostess at a dinner last evening and with her guests attended the Cinderella ball.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell will entertain at a hall at the Fairmont Hotel February 2 in honor of the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Helen, and Master Charles Crocker have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Sidney Ashe of Turlock is in town for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. A. W. Denman has returned from a visit to his home in Los Angeles after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Miss Jennie Hooker has recently been the guest of Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond McGavin, who are at present residing in Los Angeles, will leave in April for Norway, where they will remain two years.

Mrs. John Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, are enroute returning to Germany, where Miss Brice has been studying art during the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller and their little daughter have returned to their home in Ross after a visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mrs. Genevieve Walker and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Walker, left Sunday for their home in Baltimore after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris (formerly Miss Emma Spreckels) sailed Thursday from England and will come to this city for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams are en route from South Africa to San Francisco. Mr. Williams is a nephew of Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Mrs. E. B. Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara are in town for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman of Ross are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John A. Darling has returned to England, where she has leased a country home for the season.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow have returned from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George E. Bates and Mrs. M. C. Porter left Monday for the East and South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and their daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, of Menlo, are established at the Bellevue Hotel.

The Messrs. Arthur and Reginald Paget have returned to their ranch in Inyo County.

Mr. and Mrs. George Garritt left Sunday evening for a brief visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight spent the weekend in Burlingame.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson of Santa Barbara has been spending the past fortnight at the Hotel Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson are established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Esther Denny has returned from Stockton, where she was the guest of Miss Anna Peters.

Mrs. Albert Reese, wife of Lieutenant Reese, U. S. N., has returned from Honolulu and is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Schlessinger.

Captain Robert H. Fletcher, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fletcher have returned from the Presidio, Monterey, where they were the guests of Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wright.

Miss Anne Martin has returned from a three years' visit to England and is spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. W. O. H. Martin, at her home in Reno, Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn are established at the Hotel Stewart.

Miss Laura Benet of Benicia, who went East recently, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan (formerly Miss Margaret Thompson) at her home in Annapolis.

The Misses Marie and Elena Brewer are expected next week from Los Angeles, where they have been spending the past three months. They will join their sister, Miss Ysabel Brewer, who is the guest of friends in this city.

Mr. Fay Boericke will come from Chicago to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Dorothy Boericke, and Mr. Metcalf Symmes, which will take place the first week in February.

Mrs. Lawrence Fuller has returned from Philadelphia and with Mr. Fuller is established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and their three little sons left Thursday for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bates (formerly Miss Katherine Devol) have gone to Panama for a three months' visit. They will be the guests of Colonel Devol, U. S. A., and Mrs. Devol.

Colonel C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., Mrs. Bailey, and their daughters have returned to their home on Puget Sound after having spent two months with Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader have recently moved from the Presidio to an apartment on Presidio Avenue.

Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Minnegerode, U. S. A., and his bride are established at the Presidio, Monterey.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, wife of Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., arrived Sunday from the Philippines and was the guest of Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Sr., and Miss Cora Smedberg until Tuesday, when she left for Boston to visit her mother, Mrs. Chaffin. She was accompanied by her two little sons.

The Messrs. Raphael Weill and Frank Unger, and Dr. Frank Ainsworth, will leave in March for a tour of the world.

Mr. Vincent Whitney has returned from a brief visit in Rocklin.

Mrs. Willis Polk and her son, Mr. Austin Moore, left Sunday for the East. Mr. Moore will spend the next six months in Cambridge preparing for Harvard College. They were accompanied by Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., and Mr. Earl Miller, who returned to college after having spent the holidays with their relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding spent the week-end in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Dr. George Franklin Shiels and Mrs. Shiels have arrived from New York and will spend several weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Mitau, Master Martin and Miss Sachs, are now en route for Europe to be absent for one year. They will visit Egypt this month.

The Grazi Paris Grand Opera Company began its season in Los Angeles Tuesday night, and, profiting by its experience in San Francisco, opened in "Herodiade." During the week it has given "Lakme," "Louise," and "Lucia," evidently distrusting the more magnificent but less easily appreciated "Les Huguenots."

## CURRENT VERSE.

## For Sappho.

One noon I sat and sang to you  
(Over our heads the roses blew),  
I touched as in wild dream my lyre,  
The music I drew forth was fire,  
And fire the words that sought my tongue—  
Ah! I was your lover and mad and young.

You leaned on the marble and looked at me  
(Over our heads the roses blew),  
My song was the lure and beauty of you—  
Like flame beneath thin ivory!  
But ever your burning eyes would scan  
The sea for the Lesbian ferryman.

—Wilton Agnew Barrett, in Forum.

## Guarded.

Once, long ago, a little one of mine  
Would take my hand and look into my face,  
As if she magically might divine  
My tempted heart, my imminent disgrace;  
And by that hand-clasp and that wistful look  
Would lead me safe into the better way,  
Her faith so perfect that I could not brook  
The thought of aught to waken her dismay.

That little one has vanished; o'er her head  
Blow summer blooms, and on her stone you read  
The simple story of the life she led,  
Joyous in semblance, innocent in deed.

But even yet, across the dim of years—  
How many!—comes in the old pleading guise,  
To keep me clean from all that soils and scars,  
The Christ-like candor of those early eyes.

—Richard Burton, in Harper's Magazine.

## Old Time, the Thief.

Then should we ponder e'er we brand old Time a thief:  
Though he may take the blossoms from the  
swaying vine,  
Not robbery is it, for he most richly gives  
In place of these the clustered globes of sun-  
kissed wine.

And is he robber when he gleams from o'er a  
brow  
The glint and glimmer of the tresses bronze or  
brown,  
When in their stead he places 'bove the fair sweet  
face  
The gentle radiance of shining silver crown?

Why is it that the mortal heart doth ever mourn  
When ruthless Time doth take of youth's un-  
meaning grace,  
When with a subtle touch no master may e'er  
reach  
The story of a life he traces on the face?

—Cora Lapham Hazard, in New York Tribune.

## A Practical Poet.

To sell a million copies of one's poems, even at a penny a copy, is so unusual an achievement that we are not surprised to find that Edwin Drew, "Britain's roving rhymester," made use of original methods in accomplishing it (says the New York Evening Post). He soon learned that the ordinary pay of the poet brought little return; so, while still a youth, he conceived the idea of selling first and printing afterward. He began by showing his last piece to his friends, asking them at the same time whether they would buy it if he had it printed. As they liked it, he gave "the great order" for two hundred copies, and resolved to canvass the district. He sold out the entire edition and ordered another, and this success encouraged him to pursue the same policy until he had "worked" virtually all the British Isles. Nature had been kind to him in giving him "a fair power in both departments" of writing and selling, and "I have had the assistance of 'the trade,' too," he writes in the London Tit-Bits, "for if a poem happened to take, then stationers and news agents would sell it, and if each shop sold a few, then some thousands of copies would be sold, and I have seen one of my pieces make a hole in 100,000. That meant good times. I have taken a city of over 300,000 people and pretty well done every house in it, so that in a few weeks I was quite a public character."

## A Stranger in Chicago.

Suhjoined is an alleged communication, printed by Bert Leston Taylor in his column of wit and humor in the Chicago Tribune. It is doubtful that he received the note at all. Mr. Taylor writes such things out of his own head, and often is forgiven for doing it:

SIR: Is the Press Club of Chicago a reliable concern? The day before Christmas I sent over four pairs of pants to be pressed, and I don't seem to be able to get them back. All I can get out of these people is, "Send over the coats and vests to match." I am a stranger in town, and would appreciate your advice.

POETO BRITCHEZ.

Vienna has heard the newest operetta by Franz Lehár. It is called "Eve," and "departs considerably from the Viennese style, and has skillful if not always original music for a sentimental book."

Rose Stahl has remained six months in New York with her new play by Klein, "Maggie Pepper," and the piece seems likely to repeat the success of "The Chorus Lady."

The all-star revival of "Pinafore" with De Wolf Hopper and Eugene Cowles in the cast still goes on merrily in New York.

# Pears'

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Red Rose" has blossomed forth at the Columbia Theatre to the intense delight of theatre-goers and is to be reckoned as one of the real unadulterated successes of the season. The second and final week of the engagement will open with this Sunday night's performance, and there is every indication that immense audiences will continue to enjoy John C. Fisher's fine production. "The Red Rose" is being presented at the Columbia Theatre by an ideal musical-comedy organization headed by Zoe Barnett, the same Zoe Barnett whose popularity during musical-comedy seasons in this city has made her particularly favored among players. Her performance in "The Red Rose" shows a wonderful advancement in her stage work and she must be reckoned among the cleverest of musical-comedy stars. Miss Barnett is surrounded by a large company, including many capable people. The chorus is a sprightly one and sings and dances to the delight of the big audiences. There is plenty of good comedy in "The Red Rose" and the music gems are more numerous than in any other opera seen here in two seasons past. There will be a matinee at special prices, ranging from 25c to \$1.50.

Miss Cecilia Loftus will begin the last week of her engagement at the Orpheum next Sunday matinée. Her programme will be entirely changed, and among the famous people she will mimic will be Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Yvette Guilbert, Sarah Bernhardt, Marie Dressler, Hattie Williams, Ethel Barrymore, Mme. Nazimova, Alice Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, and Constance Drever. Miss Loftus will also give an imitation of Maud Allan in two of her classical dances, "Moments Musical" by Schubert and "The Dance of the Gnomes" from the Peer Gynt Suite.

The new acts, of which there will be five, will be found fully up to the highest standard of vaudeville. Charley Grapewin, assisted by Anna Chance and a sterling company, will appear in a little play of which he is the author, entitled "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp." It is sharp, fast, and effective, and Mr. Grapewin presents in the rôle of the insignificant down-trodden Pipp, fallen from grace and asserting his rights, an exceedingly clever and amusing character sketch. Earle Reynolds and Nellie Donegan will introduce an elaborate novelty in their dancing and roller-skating act. They have had the distinction of appearing before the king and queen at Buckingham Palace, London. They were also on the coronation programme at the London Palace Theatre. The Four Famous Vanis will accomplish astounding feats on a tight wire with ease and grace. Miss Ollie Vanis is conceded to be one of the most expert wire performers in the world. Joe Schenck and Gus Van will appear in songs and piano playing. They are said to have good judgment in the selection of their songs and their act is described as pleasing. Oscar Loraine, the protean violinist, will be an attraction for next week only. He is a wizard on his instrument and his act is novel as well as tuneful.

Carson and Willard, the amusing Dutch comedians, and Will Roehm's Athletic Girls will conclude their engagement with next week's bill.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be the greatest of all George M. Cohan's comedies, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," which will be played here by the same company that appeared in it for a solid year in Chicago. Millions of readers throughout the land are familiar with the character of J. Rufus Wallingford, the most plausible and ingenious rogue in modern fiction, who manages to keep within the letter of the law and is a mighty likable chap, but yet is a crook of the deepest dye. It is said to be one of the greatest of modern laugh-makers.

Flo Irwin, sister of May Irwin, is one of the members of the cast coming here with the production of "Madame Sherry." Oscar Figman returns, as does also William Cameron, and others.

"Alma, Where Do You Live?" has been hooked for a single week's engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Joseph M. Weber, under whose management this music piece has won such remarkable success, has arranged for a tour, lasting many months, and will include almost every large city.

## The De Pachmann Concerts.

The dates of the concerts by Vladimir de Pachmann, the Polish piano virtuoso, and the greatest Chopin player living, are two Sunday afternoons, January 28 and February 4, and Tuesday night, January 30, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

In Oakland De Pachmann will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday afternoon, February 1.

This will be the positively farewell tour of this, the most unique and original of pianists.

George Arliss has played Disraeli, in the play named for its chief character, one hundred and twenty-five times in New York and there is still no indication of waning interest.

## San Francisco Orchestra News.

The San Francisco Orchestra, under the direction of that gifted composer and conductor, Henry Hadley, will give its first popular concert, specially arranged for the convenience of those unable to attend the usual Friday events, at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 14, at 2:30. Not only will the programme be of a popular nature, although every number is one of musical value in the highest degree, but the prices will also be quite special—in fact as low as in the large musical centres of Europe, where the government largely supports the symphony orchestras. The Musical Association of San Francisco wants to interest every one who loves music in the work of the home orchestra, and therefore has arranged a scale of prices that will permit all to enjoy the new organization, which is composed of sixty-five of our best musicians.

The programme includes the overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," a fine arrangement of melodies from Wagner's "Lohengrin," the beautiful Peer Gynt Suite by Grieg, and Victor Herbert's brilliant "Irish Rhapsody."

Seats are on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and the prices range from one dollar down to as little as fifteen cents.

## The Next Symphony Concert.

Next Friday afternoon, January 19, at the Cort Theatre, the third of the regular symphony concerts by the San Francisco Orchestra will be given with the following splendid programme: "Unfinished Symphony," Schubert. "Symphonie Espagnole" for violin and orchestra, the soloist being Mr. Eduard Tak, the concertmaster of the orchestra, who was specially engaged by Mr. Hadley for this orchestra. Mr. Tak has been associated with the Pittsburgh, New York, and Thomas Symphony Orchestras. "Symphonic Waltzes," by F. Stock, the conductor of the Thomas Orchestra, and Wagner's ever welcome "Ride of the Valkyries."

Seats are on sale at both the music stores as usual. The next popular concert is scheduled for Friday afternoon, January 26, and there will be another similar event in Oakland on Thursday afternoon, January 25.

At the fourth symphony concert De Pachmann, the great pianist, will be the special soloist.

## Minetti String Quartet Concert.

For the opening of its twentieth season the Minetti String Quartet announces a concert for Thursday evening, January 25, at Kohler & Chase Hall. The programme will include a Quartet in G major, by Mozart; Trio (for two violins and viola), by Tancicew (first time in San Francisco); Quartet, op. 18, by Beethoven.

Giulio Minetti, the head of the Minetti String Quartet, has been in the front rank of San Francisco musicians for many years. No one has done more to encourage and sustain an interest in chamber music than this gifted violinist, and his efforts have given pleasure to thousands. The other members of the quartet are Hans Koenig, violin; Julius Haug, viola; Arthur Weiss, cello. There are no artists here who have won greater regard than these.

It is a matter of congratulation with music lovers that the season promises unusual opportunities, and among them there is no special event of more peculiar interest than this initial appearance of the Minetti Quartet. Mr. Minetti and his associates deserve the favor of the public, and their programme ensures a musical feast that is offered but seldom. The date, January 25, should be noted and underscored, that it may not come and pass without remembrance.

## Second Beel Quartet Concert.

The second concert of the Beel Quartet will be given at the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel on Sunday afternoon, January 21, with the following splendid programme: Quintet for Strings and Clarinet, Mozart; Sonata for piano and violin, Cesar Franck, played by Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoncy and Sigmund Beel; Quartet, Op. 18, Beethoven.

Seats are on sale at the usual box-offices maintained by the Greenbaum management, and also at the news stand of the St. Francis Hotel.

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## Tetrazzini to Return.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has arranged with W. H. Leahy for some special concerts in March by Tetrazzini, who has just created a furor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, this being her first engagement at that institution. The critics all agree that her voice has broadened wonderfully and is more beautiful than ever.

## Occidental Kindergarten Association.

At the annual meeting of the Occidental Kindergarten Association the following officers were elected: President, Miss Florence Musto; First Vice-President, Miss Rose Steinhart; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Andrew Armer; Recording Secretary, Miss J. Paulson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. L. Stone; Treasurer, Miss Lutie Goldstein.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's superb revival in Paris of "Lucrèce Borgia," one of the few plays that Victor Hugo wrote in prose, has aroused a great deal of animated discussion about romantic melodrama in general and about Victor Hugo in particular (says a correspondent of the New York Tribune). Mme. Sarah Bernhardt acts her part with marvelous ardor and youthful enthusiasm. She is justly applauded with frenzy by admiring audiences. She has mounted the play with consummate art, and her impersonation is magnificent. But without Mme. Sarah Bernhardt the play itself would fall to the low level of commonplace melodrama. Goethe, dictating to Eckermann a criticism of Victor Hugo, said: "Hugo's characters are not beings of flesh and blood, but mere puppets that manœuvre at his caprice, and to whom he imparts all the contortions and grimaces necessary to produce the effects that he has in mind." On the other hand, Théophile Gautier described "Lucrèce" as a "gigantic drama nearer to Æschylus than to Shakespeare." Sainte-Beuve, more reserved in his praise than Gautier, said that "Lucrèce" was "a triumph." When the play was again brought out, in 1870, Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote: "This disinterment of 'Lucrèce Borgia' makes one appreciate in comparison the immortality of Racine. There are five coffins in 'Lucrèce Borgia.' There ought to be six of them—the sixth for the play." The verdict of the French critics today is a sort of compromise between the effervescence of Théophile Gautier and the cruel severity of Barbey d'Aurevilly, and pronounces the theatrical characters of Victor Hugo's finest prose play to be adroit, artificial literary creations, in distinction to the personages of Shakespeare, Racine, and Molière, which are essentially human.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What are you going to swear off this year?" "Taxes."—*Baltimore American*.

Little Elsie—What is the dead-letter office, mamma? Mather—Your father's pocket.—*Answers*.

"May I count upon getting your vote, Miss Teake?" "Oh! I shan't be old enough to vote for two years yet."—*Life*.

Visitor—Are your children doing anything for you in this your last illness? Old Man—Yes; they're keeping up my life insurance.—*Puck*.

"I fear that hoy of mine is incorrigible." "What now?" "He wants to send Santa Claus a Black Hand letter."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Stenographer—Hello, Mame! Are you still with old Rumsey, the broker? Ex-Stenographer—Very little. We are married now, you know!—*Puck*.

First Bohemian—May I borrow your gray tie? Second Ditto—Certainly. But why all this formality of asking permission? First—I can't find it.—*Answers*.

Patience—How long will their honeymoon last do you suppose? Patrice—Why, I can't tell. I don't know just how much money he's got.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Guennie—Why did you refuse him if he is such a prudent man? Gertie—He said he thought if he got married he could save more money.—*London Opinion*.

Bill—Did you say he was working for the government now? Jill—No, I didn't say he was working. I said he had a government job.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Was it a very bad play, then?" he asked. "Bad?" she replied. "Why, my dear hoy, even the lights went out at the end of the second act!"—*London Tatler*.

She—Why do you want me to take the morning glory as my floral emblem? He—Because the morning glory knows when to shut up.—*Baltimore American*.

"But I've heard that you've proposed to three other girls this month." "I—er—er—was merely rehearsing for my proposal to you."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Councilman—I've come to see, sir, if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery. Old Resident—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.—*Tit-Bits*.

Crawford—I wonder what Dorcas wanted with a Christmas tree? He hasn't any children. Crabshaw—His wife insisted on having one for Fido.—*New York Times*.

Harduppe—Is Wigwag honest? Borrowell—Well, he came around to my house the other day and stole an umbrella I had borrowed from him.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"You say your jewels were stolen while the family was at dinner?" "No, no. This is an important robbery, officer. Our dinner was stolen while we were putting on our jewels."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work." "Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle." "So it was, but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."—*Boston Transcript*.

"What names would you suggest for a list of the world's greatest men?" "None," replied Mr. Meekton. "After talking with Henrietta I'm inclined to think there isn't any such thing."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Highupp—How was the charity ball? Mrs. Blasé—All right, but it's a wonder they made anything when you consider the small amount they spent on it. Their expenses were actually less than their receipts.—*Puck*.

Mrs. Gadsby (hugging dog)—I don't know what we're going to do about poor, darling, Fido. Mr. Gadsby—Humph! What ails him? Mrs. Gadsby—Why, haven't you noticed how irritated he becomes whenever the baby cries?—*Puck*.

Mrs. Greening—And what does this statue represent? Mrs. Brawning—That is Psyche, executed in terra cotta. Mrs. Greening—Poor thing! They are so barbarous in those South American countries.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I am afraid Mrs. Wapping is a termagant," remarked Mrs. Pilcher. "Indeed," said Mrs. Bluntsome, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows. "Some people take up every new fad that comes along."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Why do you wear a monocle in Parliament?" "Well, you see," replied the candid tourist, "some of those speeches are deucedly dull, but you can't well go to sleep, you know, with one eye propped open with a bit of glass."—*Washington Star*.

"I had to let that new maid go. I discovered that she was neglecting the children when I was attending my club meetings." "That so?" "Yes. Positively, she couldn't

think less of them if they were her own."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Is there anything you can do better than any one else?" "Yes," replied the small boy, "I kin read my own writing."—*Tit-Bits*.

"I'm quite willing to propose to him this year," she said, "but I dread one thing." "And that is?" "Asking his mother if she'll let him marry me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Habbs (a prospective chauffeur)—Under no circumstances must you run over twenty miles an hour. The Chauffeur—You don't want an auto; you want a man to take you out in a baby carriage.—*Life*.

Casey—Now, phwat wu'd ye do in a case loike that? Clancy—Loike phwat? Casey—Th' walkin diligate tills me to stroike, an' me ould woman orders me to ke-ape on wurkin'.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "our cook wants more wages." "Well, I should think she would. I don't see how she can expect to keep her health unless she can afford to eat at a restaurant."—*Washington Star*.

Real Estate Agent—Well, sir, what do you think of Boomville? Mr. Kummer—Why, there are no people in it. R. E. A.—Ah, that's just it! See how much greater it makes the chances for unprecedented increase in population.—*Watts Wonder*.

Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked recently how she stood on the vote for women question. She replied she didn't "stand at all," and told a story about a New England farmer's wife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote. "No, I certainly don't! I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sakes let 'em do it!" she replied.

Herbert E. March, the charity expert, was talking about charity. "It's altogether erroneous, the prevalent idea of the rich man's callous, stupid attitude in the face of poverty and suffering. That prevalent idea is illustrated well in the story of Mrs. Gohsa Golde, to whom a charity worker said: 'Thousands of poor people freeze to death every winter.' 'Dear me!' Mrs. Gohsa Golde replied, 'why don't they go to California?'"

The aviator's wife, while out for a spin with him, said: "I'm afraid we will have to go down again, dear, I have lost one of the pearl buttons off my coat, and I can see it gleaming down there on the grass." "Forget it, honey, that's Lake Erie."

### DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1912. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts, become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from January 1, 1912. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1912, will draw interest from January 1, 1912.  
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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Hope Springs Eternal.

We have a new reminder of an old maxim—Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—in reports from Fresno, where Messrs. Tveitmoie and McCarthy are holding what they call a convention of the California Building Trades Council. In spite of the knockout suffered by McCarthy on the 26th of last September, it appears that he cherishes hopes of again occupying the mayor's chair of San Francisco and of again presenting the grab-bag of official and other forms of opportunity and favor to the rag-tag-and-bob-tail element which makes up his political following. Mr. Tveitmoie, an ex-convict and now under new charges of crime, under inspiration from Mr. Job Harriman, late of the McNamara defense, likewise late Socialistic candidate for mayor of Los Angeles, appears to have devised the plan. There is to be a working combination between labor unionism and Socialism. These twin hopes of an ideal social state are to go hand in hand to victory under the banner of McCarthy and under the whips of Tveitmoie and Harriman. It is a pretty scheme. And it has the moral advantage of a noble aim. There are two flaws in it. One is that the unionists and the

Socialists won't have it; the other is that the moral and social forces which overwhelmed McCarthy last September are still with us.

### German and Other Socialists.

We need not wait for the rebalots in Germany to recognize that the Socialists have won a great victory at the polls. They have recovered all the ground that they lost in the last election and more besides. They will have the balance of power in the new Reichstag.

The emperor is naturally dismayed, and yet if he had the prescience that only life in the streets and among the masses can give he would have known that no other result was probable. His message to the people before the election is sufficient indication of that unawareness of facts common enough among rulers. He asked for a government majority, not that plans for peace and prosperity might be forwarded, not that constructive statesmanship might be encouraged to raise the level of happiness and comfort, but simply and solely that Germany might have more warships and more soldiers. Looking out over the vast field of German needs he could see nothing but ships, cannon, and soldiers. And now, looking back at the result, he deploras nothing but the apparent waning of warlike fervor. Is it any wonder that Socialism should triumph in a country thus identified by its ruler with the destructive rather than the constructive forces of civilization?

And yet Socialism is not confined to Germany, nor even to those countries that have been driven by suppression and autocracy into political eccentricities. It is true that German Socialism is different from the Socialism found elsewhere, in that it has a broader base, it is more hospitable to every kind of discontent, and it avoids all incitements to violence. If the German subject had the same political rights as the American citizen it is probable that the Socialist movement in Germany would sleep for a generation. There would seem to be nothing left to fight for. The German Socialist is struggling not so much for something as against something, and that something is autocracy. He is far less concerned with specific economic theories than with his rights to a political voice. Marx and Bebel appeal to him not as economists, but as apostles of human liberty, of self-government, and of constitutionalism.

It is therefore easy to understand the triumph of Socialism in Germany, but it is not so easy to explain its progress elsewhere and in countries where democracy is already the rule. The man who pays taxes, who is forced to enter the army, but who is not allowed to vote either for taxes or for army, has a grievance that can not be gainsaid, and he can not be blamed for rectifying that grievance in any lawful way. But it is hard to understand how any democratic community, how any community in which every man has a vote, can complain of misgovernment except misgovernment by its own follies and passions. The universal vote is the last possible word in political liberty. There are no theories of freedom that can go further than this. Thenceforth governor and governed no longer exist apart, and there can be no abuses or oppressions except those that are self-devised and self-imposed. The democratic country that complains of misgovernment is avowing its own incompetence. It is inviting a despotism.

And yet Socialism is advancing in America and everywhere else. We may blink the fact, we may call it a transitory vagary, but the fact remains. It is the most aggressive fact of modern times, and the most disquieting. Upon every hand we hear denunciations of our government that would be extravagant if applied to the government of Spain, denunciations based upon the amazing theory that the whole administrative machinery is an oppressive one, invented and applied for the exploitation of the masses. Whether our government is bad or good is not the question. Bad or good

the fact remains that we made it ourselves. It was not imposed upon us by some superior power, it does not come from an irresponsible caste or class. Every nut and every bolt in that machinery was fashioned and put in place by a community in which every man has a vote, in which every vote is of the same value; and every nut and every bolt could be thrown out by the same process. And yet a stranger might well suppose from a Socialist address that America is governed as Poland is governed by Russia, or China by the Manchus.

If the government is so bad as the Socialist would have us believe it would be interesting to hear his remedy. Of mere economic theories we have had enough and to spare. They do not touch the question at all, which is this: If a system so hopelessly bad has been built up by a community enjoying the utmost possible rights of self-government what guaranty have we of better days by asking that same self-governing community to drag up the old system by the roots and to build a new one? There can be no further extension of political rights, since these can go no further than "one man, one vote," and "one vote, one value." Nor can we suppose that there has been any vast extension of popular wisdom when we see how the vote is still neglected or misused. Then what basis have we for the supposition that we can turn foolish voters into wise ones by the mere substitution of one economic theory for another? In the last resort every democratic system depends upon the wise use of the individual vote. Almost any system will work well if the individual voter be wise. No system will work well if he be foolish.

The reform of human nature is the last task that the reformer will ever willingly face, but actually there is nothing that can be reformed except human nature. All other reforms are the results of this. The men who supported Schmitz in San Francisco and Tweed in New York would support the corresponding malefactors of a Socialist order, and under such an order the power of a Schmitz or a Tweed would be ten times greater than it is now. If the Socialists know of any way to dissuade the voter from applauding and sustaining a rogue instead of an honest man we should like to know what that way is. So long as there are faults in human nature there will be faults in human government. The only way to better things is to reform the faults in human nature—beginning with one's own.

### Concerning a Civic Centre.

It appears to the *Argonaut* that there is a quite unnecessary anxiety in a good many quarters for a "civic centre." It seems also to the *Argonaut* that the colossal scheme projected, if it shall be carried out, will tend rather to retard than to promote a wholesome and orderly growth of the city. We have observed that under the conditions of modern life public structures—school buildings, auditoriums, churches, and the like—tend rather to blight the immediate locality in which they are placed than to promote its prosperity. If he can help it, no man of business establishes himself alongside a great public structure. And we suspect, business and traffic with all that combines to make up the hustle, the bustle, and the "go" of a modern city will rather avoid than gather around the projected civic centre. We fear that if San Francisco at a great outlay of money, which by the way we haven't got without more borrowing, shall create a civic centre near the old city hall site or anywhere else, with noble structures, parks, fountains, and all the rest of the fine things architects and artists tell us about, it will tend to confine and cramp development, rather than promote a widespread utility and beauty. It will be exceedingly difficult for business, now so rapidly moving up Market Street, to get past four or five "dead blocks"—however beautiful from an architectural standpoint—and when it does get by, we are likely to have two separated business districts rather than a concentrated



one. To put it briefly, we fear that an elaborate "civic centre" in the heart of the town will destroy the symmetry of something far more important to a commercial city, namely, its business centre. Everywhere in the country it is noticeable that the activities of business laugh at the calculations of architects and artists. It is notably so at Washington, which is not a commercial city, likewise notably so at New York and Chicago, which are commercial cities. Business seeks rather to get away from civic centres than to cluster about them. And this being so, we believe it will be a practical mistake to plant a clutter of public buildings and parks directly in the line which business is now pursuing in San Francisco.

We commend to San Francisco the plan now being followed in New York. The old city hall has been torn down at last—or is in the way of it—and there is to be put up in its place a building of considerable height—with floors enough to answer the business necessities of the municipality. Why not do the same here? The city hall site is ample, and a building of five or six or seven stories would afford sufficient house room for generations to come. The situation is convenient, and the construction may easily be made beautiful. Concentration of municipal offices in a single ample building will be infinitely better from a business point of view than a series of detached and scattered offices separated by parks, etc.

San Francisco has done much since our great smash-up of six years ago, and she has still much more to do. We have had to go heavily into debt for the things already achieved and we shall have to go further into debt for a city hall. Is it prudent or reasonable under all the conditions now to pay six millions of dollars, more or less, for land and then to pay untold millions for detached city buildings and for surrounding parks when every practical consideration may be answered by a single building on the site we already own? In the judgment of the *Argonaut* it would be inexpedient even if a vast and showy civic centre were an assured advantage. And when we reflect upon the considerations above set forth, that the project is one of doubtful advantage, it seems unwise to the point of folly.

The future of San Francisco will not rest upon the sort of "civic centre" she may have. It will rest upon her commercial development, and upon the character of her people. We are not able to see that either the one or the other is likely to draw effective inspiration from a mere architectural picture, however beautifully designed or developed.

#### La Follette and Wisconsin.

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, regarded from the personal and political standpoint, presents an interesting picture of individual success. After being educated at the public cost in the University of Wisconsin, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1880. In the same year his political activity began, and he succeeded in getting himself elected as a red-hot reformer to the district attorneyship of Dane County, which office he held for four years. In 1885, still in the character of a reformer, he got himself elected to Congress, serving till 1891. In the meantime he built up a political machine by means of which he got himself elected governor of Wisconsin in 1901, again in 1903, still again in 1905. Being elected by his own political machine to the Senate in 1905, he resigned the governorship. He has been in the Senate ever since.

It is to be noted that Mr. La Follette has made a distinct personal success of political life. He has now for thirty-two years held one fine office after another. Incidentally he has done some good work undoubtedly, albeit as Governor Osborn recently remarked that while leading the fight in Wisconsin against railroad domination he has never said anything against an equally notable brewery domination. There are those who prefer railroad domination to brewery domination, but as Governor Osborn declares, "It was good politics to fight the railroads, but it wouldn't have gotten Senator La Follette anywhere to fight the brewery-owned saloons." The senator, it appears, while always a reformer, has never taken up any cause excepting an essentially popular one. Incidentally, the senator has always contrived that his activities should redound to his own advantage.

But while Senator La Follette's political activities have steadily operated to his own advantage, what have they done for Wisconsin? The man himself has gained distinction and a continuing good salary. But what have the people of Wisconsin got out of it all?

From 1900 to 1910 Wisconsin's percentage of growth in population decreased from 22.2 per cent to 12.7 per cent. During the same decade the percentage of growth in the neighboring state of Michigan increased over the previous decade from 15.6 per cent to 16.1 per cent. In other words, Wisconsin, under the continued agitations inspired and promoted by La Follette to his own continuing advantage, has fallen distinctly behind her sister state, which has had a less troubled political history. And it is not in evidence today that Wisconsin is ahead of Michigan at the point of political morality or any other.

All of which is important only in that it affords interesting suggestions of the tendencies of political agitation. Such an agitation may now and again carry forward the political fortunes of an active and ambitious leader, but they rarely or never result in advantage to a state.

#### Mr. Tveitmoe at Fresno.

Mr. Tveitmoe and Mr. McCarthy evidently believe that union labor has learned nothing from its painful experience with the McNamara's, that it is just as credulous as ever, and just as willing to part with its wages for the supposed defense of indicted men. Mr. Tveitmoe and Mr. McCarthy ought to know their audience. Probably they do. And yet it might be thought that there is a limit to the gullibility even of the building trades unions now assembled at Fresno and so warmly welcomed to that progressive stronghold by Mayor Rowell himself.

It may be remembered that Mr. Tveitmoe is under indictment by a federal grand jury for complicity in dynamite outrages. That is to say, he is in exactly the same position as were the McNamara's before their confession. But he evidently intends to play the same part that they played and to adopt the rôle of persecution and martyrdom that they were forced to resign. The same pleas, the same defiance, the same pretenses, were displayed in the speech at Fresno that took three hours to deliver, and once more we are asked to believe in a vast conspiracy against labor with Mr. Tveitmoe instead of the McNamara's in the central position and fitting the appropriate halo to his head. He even had the effrontery to describe the McNamara trial itself as an attack upon organized labor, and this in spite of the fact that the prisoners confessed their crimes and that the truth of their confession is unchallenged. Now Mr. Tveitmoe ought to know whereof he speaks. Doubtless he does, and also of a good many other things of which he does not speak. He is nearly at the top of the labor-union tree in San Francisco, but it would be interesting to know what labor union in general has to say to such a statement as this—that the conviction of two self-confessed dynamiters is an attack upon itself. But then, once more, Mr. Tveitmoe ought to know what he is talking about. Probably he does. But at least he is indiscreet.

And so we may suppose that the assessments are to begin once more, this time for the defense of Mr. Tveitmoe and his associates. It seems that the McNamara fund was exhausted—curiously enough—contemporaneously with the collapse of the defense. The secretary of the fund says that the total amount received was \$190,000. Mr. Darrow admits that he received just this amount, and we may assume that he will return none of it. So Mr. Tveitmoe must begin all over again with more contributions, more assessments, more squeezing of the ever compliant sponge. But perhaps a careful inquiry might show some little remnant from the McNamara fund in spite of Mr. Darrow's gorgeous remuneration for his unselfish and humanitarian work for "the cause." Some dissatisfied labor unionists are pointing out that there are over forty thousand union members in California alone and that they contributed upon an average at least \$5 each. This would amount to \$200,000, and we know that the financial drum was beaten loudly in every state in the Union and also in Canada. Mr. Tveitmoe should make inquiry into this. He might find some crumbs that fell from the rich man's table and that would be useful for his own defense.

There is some mystery about this McNamara defense fund, and there are some unionists, and among them Mr. Breslin, the president of the defense league, who are anxious to unravel it. Mr. Gompers asked for \$500,000, and there is every reason to believe that it was subscribed. Evidently Mr. Darrow did not get it all, strange to say. Even if we allow a substantial sum for the bribery of jurors there is still a lot of money unaccounted for and Mr. Tveitmoe ought to

have his "whack" at it. It is said openly in Los Angeles that the Harriman campaign was financed from the McNamara defense fund. The Socialists certainly spent a lot of money, and it can hardly have been their own, for they have none or they would not be Socialists. Perhaps the spending of this money is hardly a matter for public inquiry, but it may be proper to suggest to Mr. Tveitmoe that he inquire into the existence of a possible—but highly improbable—credit balance before wringing reluctant dimes and quarters from the pockets of wage-earners who no longer feel it incumbent upon them to put vast sums into the pockets of Mr. Darrow or small sums into the pockets of jurors.

#### China Marks Time.

The situation in China is nearly the same as it was a month ago. The armistice has been extended for two weeks in order that the Manchukuo court may decide either to resign or to continue fighting. If it resigns, or if it is forcibly expelled, a national convention will be held to determine the future form that the government of China will take, republican or otherwise. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who calls himself provisional president, refuses to permit any such discussion until the Manchus are out of the way and the field empty. In other words Dr. Sun Yat Sen is the dictator of the country, and so far is opposed only by the demoralized Manchus acting nominally under the orders of the infant emperor, but actually under those of the premier, Yuan Shi Kai.

It may almost be taken for granted that the Manchus will go, willingly or at the point of the bayonet, and that the national convention will be held. The convention will be made up of the provincial governors, themselves unelected to that or any other position, and as such autocrats in their smaller way as the emperors have been in their larger way. If this wholly undemocratic convention shall decide upon a republic it will appoint the president, who will then assume control subject to such checks as the convention may impose. But practically speaking he will be a dictator. China is not likely to go further in the direction of popular government than the Japanese have done, and the Japanese constitution leaves the emperor an entirely despotic power. His authority is greater than that of the Russian Czar.

China might get along passably well under such a republic if she had a man of supreme genius to control it, such a man who comes into the world once or twice in a century, such as Lincoln or Napoleon. There may be such a man, but he is not visible, and none but such a man can govern four hundred millions of people who have never even heard of self-government and who are accustomed to look upon an autocratic emperor as a manifestation of God. Unfortunately patriotism alone is not enough for such a task. Dr. Sun Yat Sen is certainly a patriot, but his abilities tend rather toward subterranean plotting than the broad ideals of constructive statesmanship. He has none of the "divine fire" of the great leaders of men. Perhaps he feels this himself, for he is reported as favoring the presidency of Yuan Shi Kai, who has ability, but also an unfortunate reputation for subtlety, selfishness, and ambition. In short there is nothing more in sight than a change of dictators, and this might be a good change if only the right dictator is found who will be strong enough to resist rival jealousies, to reconcile the people to the religious shock of change and to the continuance of the tax gatherer, and to hold the foreigner in awe. These are large requirements, and so far there is no one evidently able to fill them. But unless they are filled there will be chaos in China.

#### No Need for Surprise.

When P. H. McCarthy sat himself down in the mayor's chair he announced with a resounding thump on the table that he considered the Building Trades Council of San Francisco his first responsibility and his paramount duty. Other things—including the business of the mayoralty—must under this declaration become secondary and subordinate. When McCarthy "reached out" for the police department, he placed at the head of the commission a man whose first interest was the keeping of a saloon and sporting men's resort at the junction of Kearny and Market Streets. In the philosophy of this fine gentleman the interests of the police department were merely secondary and contingent as related to the saloon and the gambling business. When Mr. McCarthy reorganized the board of public works he put its presidency in the hands of a man whose



chief distinction had been won in the congenial pursuit of knock-down and drag-out labor-union politics. The board of works was a point of vantage for such a man, but his first instinct was not the promotion of municipal interests. When Mr. McCarthy undertook construction of the Geary Street railroad, he did it after a plan whose chief and foremost motive was the advancement of labor-union politics with a particular eye to the fortunes of P. H. McCarthy. In every department and phase of our municipal affairs there was put a man who held in his mind's eye as over and above every other interest and consideration, not the welfare of the municipality, but some private, personal, or political interest. Every official was thinking more of something else than of his job.

All this being so, is there reason for surprise that the city funds as well as the services which they are designed to promote are in bad shape? Did any man of common sense expect things under the McCarthy régime to be done diligently or honestly? Who in reason could have looked for anything but inefficiency, extravagance, graft, and general demoralization under such an order of things?

We shall know pretty soon how matters stand with the several public funds; and we may just as well be prepared for big deficits all along the line. Undoubtedly the several fixed departments are honeycombed with extravagance and rotten with graft. Assuredly the school fund so generously provided will not build the schools as planned. Assuredly the Geary Street fund will not complete the road. Assuredly every regular and special fund in our municipal system will be found depleted, shamelessly reduced by incompetence and dishonesty.

We trust that the new administration will not seek to minimize the conditions. Let them be declared without reserve, to the end that San Francisco may have a lesson—even another lesson—in the cost of class government, especially when placed in the hands of incapacity, irresponsibility, and unblushing rascality.

It goes without saying that the cost in mere money of the taxpayers is only a minor item in the account. Far more serious forms of cost may be traced in community discredit, in retarded enterprise, and in the ten thousand restrictions with which McCarthyism has clogged the wheels of progress.

### The Symphony Orchestra.

It has long been the ambition of the music-loving element in San Francisco—an element, we are pleased to believe, relatively larger here than elsewhere—to maintain a permanent local orchestra for the interpretation of music in its higher phases. It has been attempted at various times, but always until just now upon an insufficient financial basis. In the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, established under a guaranty believed to be sufficient to sustain it for a period of five years, we have now an enterprise, or perhaps we would better say a movement, of the highest hopefulness. It is not, indeed, an orchestra of players devoting all their time and energy to its service—that would be possible only upon a very large financial foundation—but it is a body of competent men inspired by real enthusiasm for musical art. With few exceptions, the orchestra is made up of musicians who have proved their title to be regarded as artists even in their rendering of the works of the great masters. It is within the vision of those back of the present movement to duplicate here the musical achievements in Boston and New York; but for the present they must be content with such an orchestra as San Francisco can support, patient to wait, to work, and to hope for higher development in process of time.

The promoters of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra believe themselves fortunate in the choice of Mr. Hadley, who came with high recommendations and whose work has already demonstrated his zeal and capacity. Mr. Hadley is one of the few musical artists who may truly be said to be an American, for while his training has been in the broader musical world, he is an American by birth, spirit, and sympathy. His symphonic compositions have been played by the Boston Orchestra in this country, by the Woods Orchestra in England, by the great orchestras of the Continent, and have won commendation alike from musicians and critics. His career as a conductor has been brief, but judging by the results he has achieved here with an orchestra made up of men for a long time unaccustomed to symphonic works and who have been playing together for less than two months, it is full of promise. If Mr. Hadley's continuing work as a leader shall sus-

tain hopes which have been formed upon its beginning, San Francisco will enjoy the distinction of having the first American conductor.

Nothing goes anywhere without popular support. Endowments may bring musicians together, drill them, exploit them. But there are limits to the power of endowment, however generous. It is only through the appreciation and support of the great public that real success may be attained. It is therefore gratifying to note that the orchestra seems already to have obtained a strong grasp upon popular favor. The theatre in which the concerts have been held has been filled to overflowing at each performance by a sympathetic and attentive audience. No similar movement ever inaugurated here has met with such a generous measure of support. Symphonies by Tchaikowsky and Beethoven have already been performed, and other classical works are promised for the future, when the orchestra shall have acquired the ease and precision which come only with practice. Besides these, popular concerts have been given with programmes appealing to less classic taste and even to children.

The inspirations back of this new musical movement are not only artistic, but moral. The Symphony Orchestra has found financial backing upon the theory that it will contribute to the higher civilization of the community. It has more behind it, too, than mere money, for it has the enthusiastic support of those who are interested in making life in San Francisco happier and who are glad to contribute not only money but time and personal effort to that end.

### Ruef and the "Bulletin."

Noting the protest of the *Argonaut* against a movement to release Abraham Ruef from San Quentin through the grace of executive clemency, the *Bulletin* says that "the *Argonaut's* editor has declared, shouted, and shrieked a thousand times that Patrick Calhoun who was, and is, the president and responsible head of the United Railroads, never paid a cent of bribe money for the overhead franchise." This is a fair sample of the *Bulletin's* method in dealing with questions of fact. Now neither the *Argonaut* nor its editor ever at any time "declared," "shouted," or "shrieked" that Patrick Calhoun or any other man charged with bribery was innocent. What the *Argonaut* and its editor did was to ask for Patrick Calhoun and every other man charged with crime a full, fair, regular trial under the laws. No man can find in the files of the *Argonaut*—and they are open to anybody who may care to examine them—any claim of innocence for Patrick Calhoun in connection with the graft procedure or a demand that anybody under accusation be permitted to evade full legal inquiry and full legal penalty if found guilty. The concern of the *Argonaut* in the whole graft business was not for immunity for individuals, but for integrity of the law. Again and again the *Argonaut* declared its belief that crimes had been committed. Again and again it pleaded for their thorough and legal investigation, without respect to the outcome.

The *Argonaut* did condemn the graft prosecutors, not because they prosecuted graft, but because they conspired with, trafficked with, pardoned, and condoned graft—even to the extent of making, behind repeated and melodramatic denials of the fact, a secret contract of immunity with Abraham Ruef himself. It further condemned them because they corrupted the prosecuting office and made it serve the cause of private interest and personal malice. It still further condemned the prosecutors because, setting themselves above the law and in contempt of it, they proceeded by extralegal and destructive methods under the mask of moral pretensions to commit crimes as shameful, or even more shameful, than those charged against Patrick Calhoun and others.

Again, the *Bulletin* declares that "Holman held Ruef guiltless of bribery in the trolley case"; and it uses this lie to bolster up a charge of moral inconsistency because the *Argonaut* now—Ruef being securely in San Quentin—objects to his release. "Why," it asks, "this change of front?" The answer is that there has been no change of front. Never, directly, by implication, or by inference, did the *Argonaut* hold Ruef guiltless—or hold anybody else guiltless. What it did demand was a fair trial for Ruef, which, let it be remarked, he never had. For his first "conviction" was under a secret bargain with the so-called prosecutors, and his second conviction was a travesty upon the law and its guaranties. Guilty Ruef was and is beyond a moral doubt; but if there is a man in Cali-

fornia with any knowledge of the law and of the circumstances who believes that he had a fair trial we have not been able to find him. Ruef, in stripes at San Quentin, suffers no wrong, for he deserves all that has come to him. But society suffered a grievous wrong through the procedure by which he was put there; and release of Ruef now, under the circumstances in which it is asked, would not undo that wrong, but, on the other hand, would emphasize and aggravate it.

If the movement now—supposing the thing were possible—were not to release Ruef and make a hero of him, but to put him back into the prisoner's dock and to give him a fair and legal trial, the *Argonaut* would support it. It is no friend of Ruef; it believes no punishment too severe for him. But it knows that instead of being tried under the law he was "railroaded" to an arbitrary conviction in defiance both of the spirit and the letter of the law. And incidentally it remembers that while this shameless business was in progress, in open disregard and contempt of every legal principle and precept, the *Bulletin* was shouting and yowling for it.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. La Follette says that "we progressives" are in favor of applying the recall to the judges. It would be interesting to know just whom Mr. La Follette would admit to the sacred circle of progressivism. If the recall of the judges is to be made the test it is to be feared that the circle would be a very narrow one and that a good many politicians who believe themselves to be progressive would find themselves in outer darkness. As a matter of fact the recall of the judges has practically no defenders outside of a few Western states who have a partiality for boss rule and an abiding inclination to let the reform bosses think for them. Friends of conservative government could wish for nothing better than that Mr. Taft's opponent, whoever he may be, should avow himself to be in favor of the recall of judges. The conflict would be decided upon the spot, for the great mass of the country has no intention to abolish the one supreme safeguard against tyranny that is furnished by an independent judiciary. The real progressive opinion of the nation is in favor of placing the judges still further away from the rule of the mob.

At last the shameless aggressiveness of the demand for more pensions has aroused a protest on the part of a group of men who have the best reasons for preserving the self-respect of the still great veteran army. Last week Senator Lodge of Massachusetts received a petition signed by many Massachusetts veterans of the Civil War, including such men as Major Henry L. Higginson, Colonel N. P. Hallowell, and General Hazard Stevens, protesting against the passage of the Sherwood pension bill. The petitions says in part: "We think no additional pensions should be established except for honorably discharged soldiers who are disabled and in absolute need. \* \* \* No soldier enlisted under any promise by the government, express or implied, that the pension, such as is now proposed, should be granted at any time. As a gratuity or burden it should not be imposed on the country."

The initial proceedings of the new city administration show clearly enough that a number of McCarthy officials were in illegal occupancy of their positions, that others were in receipt of illegal salaries, and that, generally speaking, there was a "cynical contempt" for the law in the matter of appointments and remunerations. There is, of course, nothing new in this. Every one was aware of the illegality, which was impudent and arrogant. But now we should like to know what is going to be done about it. It is supposed to be an axiom of civilization that every illegal act has its attendant penalty, and we usually measure a civilization by the certainty and speed of the penalty. To content ourselves with asking these officials to withdraw is not enough. In fact it is ludicrous and humiliating. Whether the illegality was in the appointment or in the acceptance of the appointment remains to be seen. Probably both were illegal, together with the passing of the salary lists by the auditor and the general official acquiescence. But whoever has broken the law ought to be punished for it, and smartly punished. Otherwise these illegal appointments will soon have all the sanctity of precedent.

Southern California has a Japanese population of more than 20,000, and Los Angeles is to have a Japanese vice-consulate.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## The Constitutionality of the Constitution.

FRESNO, January 15, 1912.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In a recent article in the *Outlook* Colonel Roosevelt has presented to the American people a subject that is to him a very serious matter, namely, of the courts holding certain legislative acts unconstitutional. Colonel Roosevelt sees great danger to the republic in the rulings of the courts that hold unconstitutional certain legislation extremely popular with Colonel Roosevelt and others.

The remedy that Colonel Roosevelt suggests can be stated in the following language: "When a court overturns a public statute," says Mr. Roosevelt, "an appeal should be made to the people. If their vote sustains the view of the court, the statute remains valid and unconstitutional. But if they vote that it shall be considered constitutional, then it shall be constitutional, and operative."

After the customary elimination of all adversaries, and the extinction of all enemies of his new method of reform, Colonel Roosevelt concludes his dissertation with the following characteristically modest estimate of his own work: "What I have advocated is not revolutionary. It is not wild radicalism. It is the wisest and highest kind of conservatism."

However, Colonel Roosevelt, no longer being President of the United States, and now being only ex-President, however much we may esteem him personally, and in howsoever high esteem we may hold any person who has had the honor to hold what we regard as the most exalted office in the world, it is still permissible without treason to discuss the question as to whether or not these suggestions are either rational or workable.

This is perhaps all the more appropriate in view of the fact that Colonel Roosevelt's suggestions have been favorably received by at least a large portion of the press, including the *Kansas City Star*, which (doubtless without offense to Colonel Roosevelt) rather ingenuously admits that the plan is "now Mr. Roosevelt's plan" which, however, "follows the idea formulated for the *Star* by Dr. Charles McCarthy of Wisconsin."

Without offering to engage in the quarrel as to who is entitled to the patent on this panacea for all the ills that flesh and bones are heir to, we would proceed to suggest that upon its theoretical side the suggestion of Colonel Roosevelt would amount not to the people of a state, or of the nation, voting upon the adoption of a constitutional provision upon its broad and general application to the whole people for indefinite time, but would be in effect submitting to them as to whether or not they did or did not approve of a certain decision of a certain court. The referendum would be as to the unconstitutionality of the statute, but it would be easy to observe that in actual practice the question discussed would be the desirability or undesirability, the popularity or unpopularity of the particular decision that had precipitated the referendum upon the constitutionality of the constitution.

Assuming that Colonel Roosevelt may be correct in the idea that the average banker, captain of industry, peanut vender and popcorn salesman on the street constitute a superior tribunal to determine the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the constitution itself, to the tribunals of justice heretofore selected by the American people to pass upon such questions; assuming this, we are then driven to a consideration of the practical side and workability of this suggestion.

The plan proposed by Colonel Roosevelt, or "Dr. Charles McCarthy of Wisconsin"—whichever the true author of this illustrious idea may be—evidently relates to that character of decisions that relate to the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of legislation relating to the regulation of railroads and other public utilities, and police regulations, and to matters of health and sanitation, and all of which, while they sometimes relate to provisions of the constitution of a state, are also necessarily subject to the consideration as to whether or not they are violative of the provisions of the constitution of the United States which prohibit any state from depriving any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or denying to any person the equal protection of the law, and other provisions of the federal constitution relating to the property rights and civil liberties of the people. Inevitably, therefore, this class of cases would ordinarily, though not always, fall within the jurisdiction of, and would ordinarily be brought, and might always be brought, in the federal courts, and of course the question of the enforcement of the statute held to be unconstitutional would relate not to the constitution of the state, but in many, and in fact in most instances, to the constitution of the United States.

Assuming that where a majority of the people in a state regard themselves as parties in interest under a decision, and where they regard the decision as against their interests, that they ought to be allowed to repeal the constitutional provision and allow the statute to go into effect no matter how seriously it invaded the rights of the minority, nevertheless, after indulging in this assumption, we would find ourselves in the dilemma, if we sought relief, of having to refer the question of the constitutionality of a statute, held unconstitutional under and in connection with the federal constitution, to the entire population of the United States of America—as to whether or not this would include Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Philippines we are not advised. But in any event, the referendum under the present "archaic constitution" of the United States could not be accomplished without the required concurrent action of both houses of Congress, and then being submitted to the vote of the people of all of the states, or in the absence of congressional action, by the initial action of the legislatures of three-fourths of the states of the American Union. By the time such action could be had, the parties in interest under the decision would have been a long time dead, and their "children's children" would have only an academic interest in the application of the panacea.

In this, or any other view, the suggestion is as unworkable and impossible as an aeroplane trip to Mars. I am therefore able to agree with Colonel Roosevelt that his suggestion "is not wild radicalism." "It is the wisest and highest kind of conservatism." Of course it is. The suggestion of the preposterous and unattainable is always conservatism. It never works and it never hurts, and that which neither hurts nor helps may always appropriately be called "conservatism."

In all seriousness and candor I would submit to the consideration of the thoughtful readers of the *Argonaut* as to how it can possibly have come about that illustrious men who have filled great offices with distinction, and leading journals edited with ability, can be guilty of advocating processes and procedure that are impossible and unworkable, and that a stranger to our present conditions would necessarily suppose had originated in the dark of the moon, in the middle of the night, in the centre of Africa, because this is about the only place on earth where we could imagine that such apparent, total lack of appreciation or comprehension of our free constitutional government could exist.

There are many serious and important things to be done, there are wrongs to be righted, and the administration of justice, like all other human affairs, can be improved, and why should we not be engaged in the deliberate and sane work of improving it instead of filling the air with discordant noises, and the newspapers and magazines of the country with suggestions and arguments which, if submitted to the strictest test of reason and understanding, are wholly un-

worthy of the consideration of a supposedly civilized and intelligent people.

If this is strong language, and if it be resented by the friends and admirers of the user of the strongest and most violent language of his generation, we inquire in reply, "Why not?"

If this be not an occasion for strong language, when will such an occasion arise? Are not the ends of justice and the ultimate rights of man the occasion for the deepest thought and the strongest language? Is this to be the achievement and the end of this boasted "government of law and not of men"? Is the result of a hundred and thirty years of government of the people only to demonstrate their incapacity to choose men of adequate character, learning, and ability to decide ultimate questions of constitutional law and human rights? Must "the appeal" be taken from the best and highest tribunals they can choose to the street, to the voters, the lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, and the preacher, each upon the precise question as poorly advised as the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, or organ-grinder or the tamale vender? Shall the unconvicted burglar, the untaught and unrepentant thief have a final vote upon the interpretation of our laws and the rights of our people instead of submitting them as the fathers decreed to the most learned, wise, and judicial men that can be selected by the average judgment of all our people, or by those chosen to select for them, as Colonel Roosevelt has had frequent occasion to do in his own career to his entire approval and satisfaction? Have we reached a point when he who can neither run nor read, but yet may vote, shall be a part of a chosen tribunal "on appeal" to reverse the decision of the supreme court of a state or of the United States? If the judge shall declare, "I find naught against him," and hold that a citizen is protected by the common guaranties of civil liberty that are hedged about us all—nevertheless if the majority shall cry, "Away with him, away with him," shall it be so? Or are we merely passing through strange and evil days, and will not, after all, the people take heed of wiser counsels and return from following strange doctrines and false gods, and pay loyal and continued allegiance to the land that was the "Pilgrims' Pride" and the government "for which our fathers died"?

FRANK H. SHORT.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

We need hardly be surprised that the Home Rule party throughout Great Britain has been struck with consternation by the papal decree dated October 9. To understand the full significance of that decree it is necessary to read it in full. It is as follows:

We, of our own motion, do ordain and decree as follows: Whenever private individuals, whether of the laity, or in holy orders, men or women, summon to a tribunal of laymen any ecclesiastical persons, whatever be the case, criminal or civil, without any permission from an ecclesiastical authority, and constrain them to attend publicly in these courts—all such private individuals incur excommunication at the hands of the Roman Pontiff.

It is needless to add a word of elucidation to a decree that thus openly places the priest beyond the reach of the civil law. The Anglo-Saxon world has believed that the pre-eminence of the lay courts was settled forever seven hundred years ago, and now the claim is revived just at the moment when Ireland, the most Catholic country in the world, seems likely to be ruled by her own parliament, over which the Catholic element will dominate. That Home Rule must mean Rome Rule has been the main and the most effective contention of the Conservatives ever since Mr. Gladstone introduced his first bill. That contention has been slowly worn down to the vanishing point during the succeeding years, and now comes this papal decree that makes it almost certain that one of the first acts of an Irish parliament would be to accept a pronouncement that puts all priests above the law. In England and America the decree will be ignored. In Spain, Italy, France, and Portugal it will throw oil upon the flames of religious hatred. In Ireland it may well mean a further postponement of the hopes of generations.

The Assyrians seem to have been a people of common sense as well as of learning. The library of Assurbanipal contained 20,000 books written on clay tablets, and these are now being translated with the result that we have the opinion of an eminent archaeologist to the effect that the average child of Nineveh, 650 years B. C., was better educated than the average child of today. And yet education did not save Nineveh. Some of the medical treatises are models of simplicity and we can hardly doubt the effectiveness of their prescriptions. Thus we are told that if a man has colic we should "make him crouch down on his heels and pour cold water over his head." That ought to cure colic if only the water is cold enough. Again, "When a man is bilious rub him with an onion and let him drink nothing but water and abstain from food altogether." The onion part is probably decorative. At least it can do no harm, while the abstention from food is salutary in the extreme, even for those who are not very bilious. But if a man is in "a weak state" why should it benefit him to "strike him on the head fourteen times with your thumb"? This is suggestive of faith healing.

Austria is trying to revive the ancient trade guilds which were the forerunners of the modern labor union. Admission to the ancient guild was a mark of honor and could be won only by acknowledged excellence of handicraft. Those outside the guild were under no disability except the assumption of inferior workmanship, and this assumption was enough to insure the honorable status of the guild. But Austria is evidently going the wrong way to work if we may judge from the decrees that are being promulgated. Among these is a recent order forbidding any one to take portrait photographs and to sell them unless he has served a regular apprenticeship and been admitted to the guild. It is a well-known fact not only in Austria, but elsewhere, that the best photographers were originally amateurs who by experiment attained a skill that finally tempted them into a remunerative professionalism. The new decree means that all these amateurs will henceforth be excluded unless they enter some studio in a menial capacity and work their way up in the same way that a boy would do.

We are in the habit of supposing that there are some human rights that are inalienable, although it would be hard

to say what they are. No one nowadays has a good word to say for the right to labor, and if the right to pursue happiness has not yet been challenged it is only because the pursuit is obviously hopeless. But has a man who has committed no offense the right to live at all, or is it only a privilege. Here is a certain Polish Jew named Bernstein who is in trouble in London for disobeying a deportation order. Bernstein came from Poland, and as the British authorities did not like the color of his hair he was ordered to return. But he was turned back at the Polish frontier because he had no passport, and so he shipped to England and was arrested for disobeying the previous order. In his defense he had the effrontery to say that he had to be somewhere, which was evident enough. It was suggested that he go to America, but to this there was the objection that America did not want him, would not have him at any price, and would fight at the dropping of the hat, as Mr. Roosevelt says, rather than allow him to land. There seemed nothing for it but to hang the unlucky Bernstein, but in the meantime he was sent to jail for a month, so that the authorities might decide what to do with a man who persisted in going on living against the wishes of civilization. Perhaps The Hague Tribunal could decide what to do with Bernstein.

What is there about a public pension fund that has the effect of creating a state of debauchery and of turning those who touch it into mendicants and liars? When workmen's insurance was introduced into Germany we were told that the industrial problem had been solved and that an example of Christian responsibility had been given to the world. And now Dr. Friedensburg, lately president of the insurance bureau, writes a book to tell us just what this insurance fund has actually done. He tells us that it has debauched its beneficiaries and has made successful fraud one of the chief ambitions of the people. If the wife is injured she becomes at once the employee of her husband. If the husband is injured then the wife was the master. Wounded children are invariably found to be employed, no matter if they are only four years old. Aged men who have done no work for years are described as plowboys as soon as they accidentally or purposely cut their fingers, and the mother-in-law who burns her wrist at the kitchen range is duly "sworn in" as a nurse girl. Every child killed was the "sole support" of its parents, while in one case a farmer injured while on his way to church to pray for rain declared that praying for rain was an agricultural pursuit and that he was entitled to a pension. In 1886 there were 100,159 accidents reported and in 1908 there were 662,321 accidents. The making and support of claims has become a great industry, while the land is covered with an evil blight of inspectors, claim auditors, claim agents, and attorneys. And yet this same system on an even wider scale is about to be introduced into England with the same throwing up of hats and hosannas, and within the last few months we have seen similar beginnings in California.

Mr. Henri Vigniaud—who knows more about it than any man living—tells us that we may leave Columbus in his niche as the discoverer of America. It is his own personal belief that the Scandinavians did land somewhere in Labrador, but of this there is not a vestige of evidence except the vague references in the Sagas, and the Saga writers drew no sharp line between fact and myth. For them whatever was great, and heroic, and beautiful, was also true. Mr. Vigniaud reviews the so-called evidence in favor of the Scandinavians and finds it in every case incompetent. The documents are either apocryphal or not so ancient as supposed. The skeletons and the inscriptions that have been discovered in Massachusetts and elsewhere have been successfully explained away as having no connection with the voyagers from the north, while it is now known that the tombstone discovered near Washington was no more than a trick. It is well that this matter should be laid at rest before the attention of the California legislature was called to the Scandinavian heresy. Having undertaken the rectification of history by legislative resolution and denounced the sacrilegious hand that dared to interfere with the story of the Boston Tea Party the legislature might have passed on to a similar defense of the Columbus cult.

And, speaking of history, it seems that the scholastic world of France is troubled about the errors to be found in some of the current educational books. Taine has been the subject of some rough criticism, but what shall we say of the textbook that opens with the following classic statement: "The first King of France was Pharamond, who is thought never to have existed." Or that other remarkable book which describes Bonaparte as "Marquis de Buonaparte, lieutenant-general in the army of Louis XVIII." But these are insignificant in comparison with a Russian historian, Professor Illovaisky, who says: "Louis XVI was a good and peaceful king. After a long and happy reign, throughout which he gave proof of special sagacity in the choice of his ministers of finance, he died quietly, beloved by his people. The cause of his death was hemorrhage. Louis XVI was succeeded by his son, Louis XVII. During his reign the brave French army, led by Général Napoléon Bonaparte, conquered the greater part of Europe. It was owing to this that, with the help of the Czar, Napoleon was sent in exile to St. Helena."

But what is a poor Russian professor to do? If he admitted the possibility of a king losing his head it might easily happen that he would lose his own.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The new social register of New York City contains 11,519 families. This is hardly to be taken as the official number of the "400" as revised to date. According to the social register the social centre of the city has moved within six years from Fifty-Eighth Street to Sixty-Second and Sixty-Third, and it will continue to move northward.



## LOTOS CLUB DINNER TO HARMON.

The Governor of Ohio Entertained at a Feast Where Politics Was Excluded.

Lotos Club members delight in bringing to their banquet board, as guests of honor, men of distinction and individuality regardless of their creeds, political or religious. William Winter, dean of dramatic critics and distinguished writer of poetry and prose, was entertained several weeks ago in high goodfellowship, and last Saturday night another complimentary meeting and spread of royal fare gathered the strength of this dignified yet alert and social Manhattan organization. Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio had the place of honor at the table, on the right hand of President Frank R. Lawrence, and in his greeting by the ranks of members assembled, and the applause that followed his address—an eloquent, philosophical, and patriotic utterance—there was the ring of hearty regard and congratulation. The dinner to Mr. Winter was in celebration of the poet's birthday, which had passed a little time before; the dinner to Governor Harmon might also be a birthday anniversary appreciation, for although Governor Harmon will not complete his sixty-sixth year until February 3, the occasion was impressively personal in tone, with only veiled allusions now and then to his eminent duties and responsibilities.

There were allusions, however, made gracefully and ingeniously. The menu card bore an allegorical design which presented a record and a veiled prophecy. Fame, pictured as an attractive sibyl, pondered over a tablet on which was inscribed a list of honors won, beginning with "A. B., Dennison University, 1866," and continuing to "Governor of Ohio, 1909-1911," while the fateful figures, "1912," preceded a blank which the lady with the poised pencil was evidently about to fill in. Toastmaster Lawrence said in his introduction of the guest: "The Lotos Club is a strictly non-political organization. But all shades of public opinion are represented here, and if all the principles of all its members could be rolled into one the result would be such a conglomeration as would appall the human intellect." He welcomed Judge Harmon as one who had stood in the forefront of many a hard fight for principle, whose name is identified with the cause of honest and wholesome government.

Governor Harmon's response had principally to do with the journey through the East of the governors of ten states of the Northwest and the Pacific Coast or their representatives, and its value as an educating, fraternizing crusade. He was one of the party, of which he said:

"The origin and purpose as well as the high official and personal character of the members of the party, took it out of the class of junketing expeditions at public expense with which the country is familiar, and this was quickly perceived, as was shown by the nature of their reception everywhere and the character of the men who extended it."

One of the striking pictures which Governor Harmon presented was in these words:

"A broader view of their visit came to me like a vision; its nobler, more enduring significance seized me. It was on the most impressive of the many occasions at which it was my good fortune to be present. The governor of Maryland with a notable party which included several Southern governors took us all down on a great ocean vessel to Fort McHenry. From the spot where Key from the window of his prison on the enemy's ship saw the flag still floating in the dawn we beheld it glorious in the sunlight. And the remembrance flashed upon me that when it so inspired Key to compose our national hymn it bore only seventeen stars. Three of the new ones represented states carved out of the original colonies. One, only one, the last, stood for a state brought forth after the Revolution on the border of the vast wilderness beyond the Ohio, and that state was my own. . . . And then I saw the new stars come twinkling on the azure field in quick succession, sometimes in pairs and clusters, until the flag on that fort that day was full, the constellation complete as surely as the God of Nations meant it to be from the beginning, forty-eight stars instead of seventeen."

Dr. St. Clair McKelway said felicitously that "the club has honored governors who became President and Presidents who never were governors. The drift of choice, however, has been toward Presidents who could hold debatable states or could surely carry commonwealths which themselves carried a considerable number of electoral votes." He added, "Should the convention of any party next year nominate any man who has deserved a Lotos dinner, that convention will do well. Two nominees, each of whom had been Lotos honored here, would be such an excellent balance of character and capacity that the election could well be dispensed with, and the Lotos Club could well be allowed to determine by the throwing of dice which one of the two should be President."

Governor Baldwin of Connecticut sat at the left hand of the toastmaster and rose to add his congratulations, and others at the guest table who spoke were William B. Hornblower, Job Hedges, John Kendrick Bangs, ex-Senator John C. Spooner, A. Barton Hepburn, and General Stewart L. Woodford. Lotos Club members were present in force, and even a partial list of names would make this letter too long. They came from across the North River, as did Chancellor Mahlon Pitney of New Jersey, and from greater distances, as did

Governor MacCorkle of West Virginia, but the majority were well-known men of New York, like De Lancey Nicoll, Elbridge G. Snow, and J. H. Flagler. There was, of course, no political significance in their presence, but it was a cordial recognition of the personal esteem in which Governor Harmon is held.

NEW YORK, January 8, 1912.

FLANEUR.

### Ballads from the Punjabi.

"Tell me, Mistress, who will marry you, Mistress, marry you?"  
"Khaka, my lady, he will marry me, lady, marry me.  
He has two yoke of oxen, sturdy to hoe,  
And four for the well-wheel; his land lies low,  
And the scent of his locks mocks the roses that grow  
In the gardens of Persia. Khaka will marry me, lady, marry me."

"When death comes, Mistress, who will carry you, Mistress, carry you?"

"My sons, if Allah is gracious, they will carry me, lady, carry me.  
One at my feet and one at my head;  
If Allah gives children, there's peace for the dead,  
For the lights will be lit, and the prayers will be said.  
God pity the soulless. My sons will carry me, lady, carry me."

We came: The dust-storm brought us: who knows where the dust was born?

Behind the curtains of heaven and the courts of the silver morn

We go where the dust-storm whirls us, loose leaves blown one by one

Through the light toward the shadows of evening down the tracks of the sloping sun.

We are blown of the dust that is many and we rest in the dust that is one.

We have pitched our tents, we feast and we play on the shifting sands of life;

We are drunk all day with the things of this world, with laughter, and love and strife.

Friends come and friends go, but Death's sentry waits, and the last long march must be done,

For the camel-bells tinkle, the load must be strapped, and we fare forth friendless alone

Out into the Western darkness that shrouds the last rays of the sun.

—Mullani.

"The Shoes of Swiftess" is the caption of an editorial tribute in the New York Sun to the automobile show of last week in Madison Square Garden. There is more of practical philosophy than eloquence in the article, but its concluding lines on the conqueror's chariot of the present are of characteristic Sun quality: "What economic and social changes it has made and is making; its influence upon real estate and country life; how to it is due amelioration of the gruffness of tavern-keepers and the fact that the area of barbarism and pounded steak has shrunk marvelously; its effect upon travel, the sense of landscape, the picturesque; how the downtrodden hinds of Kansas and Nebraska won't go save in their own machines to a meeting whereat is to be uttered their protest against the Money Juggernaut that grinds humanity: of these and a thousand other high arguments shall the world hear when our 'Philosophy of Automobility' is completed. Meanwhile the toast is: More horsepower and less asspower in these United States!"

Cairo, with a population of 654,486, is not only the capital of Egypt and the metropolis of all Africa, but the literary centre of the Moslem world, as Mecca is its religious and Constantinople its political centre. The Earl of Cromer, not without reason, described the Ulema of Cairo as the "guardians of the citadel of Islam." No other city in the Moslem world has so many students of Moslem theology and law or pours out such a flood of Moslem literature as does Cairo. Millions of pages of the Koran, commentaries by the hundred thousand, and scores of books attacking the Christian faith, defending Islam or propagating its teaching, come ceaselessly year after year from the Moslem presses of this great centre of Moslem learning.

Farming at night is the innovation just introduced by E. W. Fowler, who lives twelve miles west of Lodi, California. Fowler has two crews of six men each and has been plowing night and day. Immense searchlights are attached to the plows and the laborers declare that they can see at night almost as well as during the day. An incongruous feature of the work is that when the night crew is eating breakfast at six o'clock at night the day shift is eating supper from the same table. Fowler is planting 2000 acres of barley and has resorted to the novel scheme of working twenty-four hours a day in order that he may get the grain in before the heavy rains.

In very truth a modern battleship does, in modern phrasing, carry some bunting. About \$150,000 is spent by the United States navy for flags each year. Every case of bunting costs the government \$560; every roll costs \$11.25. The bunting comes from Massachusetts. Every piece is subjected to the most severe test. It must weigh five pounds to every forty yards and stand the weight test of seventy pounds to two square inches. It is steeped in salt water for six hours and then exposed to the sun for the same period of time. If after this treatment it continues to be bunting of a distinguishable color it is pronounced fit for service.

Yokohama's fire-fighting apparatus is owned by the association of insurance companies, which also pays the firemen. The coolies who assist when a blaze calls out any part of the department receive on an average four cents per hour. The regular staff of firemen and watchmen are paid an average of \$7.47 a month.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Mary Woods cuts the patterns for all the flags made at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which furnishes practically all of the flags used by the United States navy. She is a native of Ireland, and for thirty-five years has been making flags for the government.

Charles Williams, raquet coach for King George and English champion of the game, has come to this country to engage in matches in the East. Last year he won the English championship and later defeated Jamsetji of Bombay, who claimed the world's title.

William J. Bland, recently elected secretary of the Oxford Union Society, is the first American and first Rhodes scholar ever elected to an office in this society. He is a native of Kansas City, Kansas, and became a student at Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship.

Mayor Joseph Dennis of Belle Centre, Indiana, who has just assumed office, is probably the oldest mayor in this country, having just entered on his eighty-first birthday. He was mayor of the city thirty years ago, and a generation has passed between his two terms in the office.

Lord Howard de Walden, the richest bachelor in England, if not in all Europe, is about to be married. He is in his thirty-second year. His vast property interests in London, which yield him an annual income of about \$1,500,000, were inherited from his grandmother, the sister of the Duke of Portland.

Theodore L. Weed, who has just been appointed director of the postal savings system, is a Connecticut man, and has been in the government service since 1898. He has been Postmaster-General Hitchcock's principal executive assistant in the management of the department, and in his new capacity will receive a salary of \$5000 a year.

P. Elverton Bancroft, aged eighty-five, claiming to be the oldest ice-skater in the United States, recently appeared in an open-air exhibition at his home, Woburn, Massachusetts. For an hour he sped about the pond, performing intricate evolutions. He is a former business man of Woburn, and for the past seventeen years has not missed indulging in this winter sport.

Major Harley B. Ferguson, who devised the plan for raising the *Maine*, now successfully in operation, lives most of his time on a big dredge that is part of the raising equipment in Havana harbor. He musses around in the mud and smiles at the perplexing questions arising daily. He is a native of North Carolina and a West Pointer, having graduated in 1897 at the head of his class.

Dr. Cecil Hook, recently reported to have been told by the British war office that he was "too old" when he applied for an appointment as honorary chaplain of the British army, has, since 1905, been Bishop of Kingston-on-Thames. He is a spry youth of sixty-seven years, and does not at all agree with the war office. Dr. Hook was ordained a priest in 1869, following in the footsteps of his father, who was Dean of Chichester.

Henry F. Ashurst, who has just been chosen by popular vote as a United States senator from Arizona, left home at fifteen to become a cowboy, and at the age of nineteen was a deputy sheriff. Later in life he studied law, and he was admitted to the bar in 1899. He is thirty-six years of age, has been cowboy, hodcarrier, deputy sheriff, lumberjack, law student, and legislator. He has been a member of three territorial legislatures and was speaker of the house in 1899, the youngest man ever chosen to that position.

Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, who gave the world that form of pottery known as "Losanti" ware, experimented for ten years before she produced it. She is a pioneer in her work and is the centre of ceramic art in Cincinnati, which is the centre of ceramic art in this country. In 1875 she took up porcelain work, and three years later the judges at the Paris exposition hooked pottery of her making for a medal, until they learned the maker was a woman, and gave her honorable mention instead. Her porcelains have taken prizes in many exhibitions in this country and Europe.

Redmond Prindle, at the age of eighty-six, has just retired after thirty-five years as manager of the loan department of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Chicago. He will continue with the company, however, in an advisory capacity and visit his office daily, as he declares he is far from being a "back number." He went to Chicago seventy-six years ago, worked as a printer's apprentice, and later engaged in the lake trade. He served one term as city alderman and was also a member of the city board of education for several years.

Loren J. Drake, handling the largest sales force in the world—3500 men—as director of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, worked as a laborer when a youth, and at twenty-five was conductor of a little passenger train, running between Oil City and Corv. It took both muscle and diplomacy to be a successful conductor on the line, which was patronized largely by well drillers and their kindred, but Drake possessed the requisites and subdued the most turbulent who traveled that way. In 1875 he went into the oil business. He is a big, white-haired man, genial, simple, and unaffected in manner, and is one of the most approachable of men.



## MARY HARRIS (COLORED), BOSTON.

## The Counsel of a Small, Brown Book.

When the commercial compass pointed toward Boston, I winced; hearsay, that incorrigible impressionist, had painted the Athens of America in such cold colors—gray matter, blue stockings, brown bread. "Culturville by the Charles." I once heard it called. Indeed, I shuddered when, after a few whirring hours, I alighted at the Back Bay Station and beheld a sign reading "Technology Café," and a few moments later one loomed before my vision with this rhythmic phrase in silver letters, "Symphony Lunch." I resolved to eschew the pedantry of this city if I had to dwell in a tenement. Some prowling about, and I happened upon a little suite in the rear of a building where it seemed one would be safe from the dreaded sphere of intellect. With the aid of Mary Harris, a colored charwoman, who worked for most of the tenants and who agreed to come to me two evenings after six p. m. weekly, and Sunday mornings until eleven, the little suite proved most comfortable. The rent was light, because one room was dark. Mary came on hours appointed, swept, dusted, shook, polished, and all the rest of it.

One Sunday morning, as Mary gave an extra dusting stroke to my little group of books on the corner of the mantel, she remarked, "These nice lookin' books 'um."

"Do you think so, Mary?" mechanically.

"Yes'um I do." More polishing of the few volumes and she ventured: "Did ye ever come across a little brown book 'bout so big?" indicating a few inches of space with her sepia fingers.

"No, Mary, I think not."

"It's awful good reading 'um."

"Have you read it, Mary?"

"Yes'um, I read a way in it—my man he run away with a woman two years ago and I liked to died I felt so bad—work all day and walk the floor all night and no eatin' and no sleepin' and awful chokin' in my throat, and then one day I sees a little book on a second-hand stand marked five cents, and I says that's awful cheap for a book; then I sees somethin' was the matter with it—cover all rainsoaked, and I bought it and that night when I was thinkin' 'bout Jo Harris, I picks up this book and I read a ways and all to once I stood in the middle of the floor, and I says, 'Mary Harris, you forget that nigger!' Then I goes to sleep and aint thought so much 'bout him since."

"Who wrote the book, Mary?"

"'Twarnt wrote 'um, it was printed."

"What was it about?" humbly.

"I dunno—I couldn't make out some of the words, but it was sure nuff good readin'. I'll bring it over next time I come."

"Do, Mary, bring it, without fail."

The following evening, when I returned from my day of toil in Clark & Co.'s suit department, the elevator boy drew from the same pocket containing a copy of the "Deadwood Dick Series" a small brown volume, and gripping it with his nicotine-stained fingers, he held it toward me.

"The washwoman told me to give ye this."

I glanced at the cover: "Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson." The two first pages were entitled "Heroism." Intellectual Boston I had indeed eluded, but the spirit of New England's immortal son was pervading my home that evening as I sat mute with reverence and contemplating the soiled swollen volume.

Mary became a personage after the Emerson incident, and I looked eagerly for her coming.

"Have you read any other books, Mary?" I asked her one evening, as she folded my few imitation rag rugs preparatory to taking them upon the roof.

"No 'um, I did never read no other good books."

She placed the rugs in the other room and proceeded with mop and muscle to wash up the hardwood floor. While she drew the mop with firm, sure stroke across the floor, she continued: "Yes'um, I did read one 'bout a carved door—grand carved door what folks come miles for to see, an' one time some one they wanted to see what back of the door and they opened it and there warn't nothing there but old rubbish heap—old dirty rubbish heap—that's what."

"Have you got that story, Mary?" eagerly.

"No'um, I aint got—I dunno where it went."

"Did you read it in a book?"

"What 'um?"

"Did you read it in a book?"

"No'um, I didn't." The floor was cleansed and she took the rugs in her arms and I opened the door for her. She stood on the threshold, her arms folded across the floorwear, and blurted: "I didn't read that in no book 'um."

"Where then, Mary; in the newspapers?"

"No—not in no noospapers," contemptuously.

She drew her arms tight about the rugs and began. "It was this way: that woman Jo Harris run away with, she was in the lady minstrel show and wore awful fine clothes—that's how he got took with her. Then one night when I was thinkin', I says, 'Wonder if she'll comfort him when he's out o' work and all caved in?' Then I says, 'No she won't—she aint nothin' but a grand carved door what opens on a rubbish heap—all to once I said it quick like that, and then I made it up to you likes as I did read it somewheres. Don't laugh at me 'um, I aint nothin' but a foolish nigger woman."

"I am not laughing at you, Mary," earnestly.

She passed out of the room, and I closed the door. I was reflecting upon Mary's remarkable con-

fession, and the possible wisdom of my wiring a magazine writerette in New York whom I knew to be eternally poking her dainty nose in all sorts of nooks and crannies in search of copy—wiring her that I had discovered a mine of mental ore, shares of which I would dispose of at so much per idea, bargain day once a week—a brisk knock on the door interrupted my profits.

"Come in," I snarled.

She whirled in, portmanteau in hand, that Helen Ford, just as she used to whirl into my room in little old Manhattan. I grabbed her in glee. The portmanteau fell to the floor, flopped over on its side and was still.

"First minute I have had since I got your note," breathlessly.

I removed the two spike-like hatpins from her Panama, and she, scorning the fact that I was sole owner of two chairs, perched herself on my trunk.

"Tell me, how do you like the place and what are you doing here?"

"With Clark & Co., in the suit department. Nothing exciting so far, except an old blind musician who came in today and said he wanted a dress for his wife, who was up in the 'White Mountings—somethin' that wouldn't tear.' I spent two hours with him while he tested the strength of the fabric in several suits, and then in despair I directed him to the ticking department, where I learned he bought ten yards, and the last I heard of him he was inquiring for wire bustles."

"That should suffice for a beginning," she remarked calmly.

Just then Mary returned from the roof and proceeded to get supper. While she was in the combination bath, kitchenette, and laundry, I whispered to Helen: "She has a story I want you to hear. I will ask her to tell it while we are having supper."

While Helen and I munched biscuits and drank tea, cup after cup, Mary repeated the tale of her change of heart by way of the brown book. When she finished, Helen made goop eyes at me and buried them in her cup. Mary passed in to the kitchenette and Helen whispered, "Where did you find the Mohammedette?"

"I did not find her; she found me."

I wanted an encore, so ventured to Mary, as she replenished the biscuits, "I think Jo Harris was a very weak man and you were very fortunate to lose him; bolstering up a weakling must be very wearing."

Mary sniffed the air with her sepia nostrils and replied with vigor, "What if he was weak; aint I strong for two? What did Goddellmighty make me strong for if it wasn't to help a weak one? Yes'um, I'm strong enough for two."

She went out in the hall and Helen said, "Thought the only treat you had given you was a blind musician and so on?"

When we left the table I glanced at the still prostrate portmanteau, and asked, "What have you in there?"

She opened it and drew out a one-piece gingham gown.

"My uniform, Ragsy, a new one. The laundries burn up one's clothes so. Will you pin up the hem for me? It is too long."

I knelt, pins in mouth, to adjust the length of the robe of service, and Helen slipped the uniform over her street suit.

"Take me through the hospital some time, Helen?"

"Yes, if you are good, but we must go down to auntie's the first time we are both off duty. Nine o'clock! I must be going, dear."

She proceeded to fold the uniform and placed it in the portmanteau.

"It is awfully good to see you again, Ragsy, and do not let me lose track of you. I finish in a few months and then I will visit a week with you before I take up any work."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You are sad, Mary, what is the trouble?" I said to my personage as she washed up the floor to an accompaniment of sighs.

"Yes'um, I feel kind o' sad. Today, when I was coming over, I see a lot o' little ones playin' on th' corner, and I say, Mary Harris, they aint none o' 'em yourn', I says, 'Mary Harris, you feel the life in your right arm and your left arm and all through ye and know how it ought to be runnin' through your little black boys and girls!' Then I sure feel sad."

"You may marry again some day, and then—"

She stopped suddenly, clenching the floor cloth tensely.

"What good o' dat?" she fairly growled at me, and then continued: "Jo Harris was the only man I ever loved or ever goin' to love, and gittin' married aint goin' to make no man the right father o' your children; no'um, it's got to be the man what you love; no'um, I aint never goin' to git married again."

She relaxed her clay-colored fingers and drew the cloth slowly across the spot she had been washing.

"Perhaps Jo Harris may come back some day, and—"

"Huh, you think I take him back; no sir, he kin stay where he is."

The floor-washing continued and I was silent. Shortly after the eloquent outburst, Helen called to have me take a walk with her in the Public Gardens. While we were gazing alternately at the Alice blue sky and the newest things in green, and tan, and red, as displayed by Dame Nature, who can combine with impunity colors which would result in rank heresy should our poor finite paws attempt the blend, I asked Helen to take me down to Gloucester.

"Can't," says she; "must be back at four. Dr. Morton is going to operate and I will give the ether."

"Thought it was your day off," greatly annoyed.

"It is, but the doctor asked me to give ether and I must be there."

"What is Dr. Morton like?" curiously.

A wave of crimson which was never seen on sea or land or anywhere excepting upon Helen's Celtic, once removed, face, surged to her brow and she became deeply interested in the handle of my parasol.

"He—he is plain as an old shoe, lanky, mumbles his words, but—" The head was well back on her shoulders, and she continued, "in the operating room he is mag-nif-icent!"

Her eyes left the handle of my parasol and were away down by the fountain. I didn't say anything; I just wondered what Dr. Morton was really like.

At 7:30 the following morning, the telephone rang. It was Helen. "Hello, what is it so early?"

"That Mary Harris—tell her to come quickly—Jo Harris badly injured—he is calling for her—asks us to send for Mary Harris, Boston, Massachusetts. Get her, Ragsy, it may save him, and he's got to be saved—he's Dr. Morton's case!"

I heard the receiver click and I knew my instructions were at an end. In a flash I was on my way to the tenement in Northampton Street, where Mary lived, and shortly after, had her with me. All the way over she crooned softly, "Goddellmighty, keep him till I come."

I left her with an attendant at the Blossom Street entrance, and went about my own affairs.

A few weeks later Jo Harris was pronounced out of danger and the honors were equally divided between Dr. Morton, Helen Ford (nurse), and Mary Harris. When Jo had completely recovered, Mary took him to Magnolia, where, through the efforts of Dr. Morton, she had secured a position as caretaker of a country house.

I miss her very much. I miss her tonight—dresses hooked up the back are such a plague and I want to catch that 7:10 train to Gloucester.

The ceremony will take place at 8:30 and whatever else I miss in life, I will see Dr. Morton and Helen Ford join hands and begin their journey toward The Common Goal.

It was a very pretty wedding, simple in the extreme. Helen was radiant in a white lawn. The presents were many and interesting: a cedar chest filled with linen, a lot of silver, a mahogany desk, pictures galore, and a little thumb-worn and soiled brown book with black letters.

ANNE PARTLAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1912.

Trade in booby eggs is one of the sights of Kingston, Jamaica. Long ago the British seamen gave the name "booby" to several of the species of gannets, because these fowls are regarded as stupid. The eggs are gathered in vast quantities on the islets at certain seasons of the year and taken to Port Antonio by the boatload. The arrival of a boat with booby eggs is the occasion of no little excitement among the negro women, who buy them by the box and then sell them by retail chiefly in Kingston, though they are also sold in Spanish Town, Port Antonio, Montego Bay, and in other towns on the island. Though sold mostly by the dozen to housekeepers, booby eggs are also peddled, hard-boiled, on the streets of Kingston, salt and pepper being provided that the purchasers may eat the eggs at once. These eggs are about two-thirds the size of an ordinary hen's egg, and are quite palatable.

A curious and interesting people are the Pribiloff Islanders in Bering Sea. When the United States government took over the islands, along with Alaska, the Russian colonists became in a measure wards of the nation, but they have remained true to the influence to which they were first subjected, and in some respects are today more Russian than American at heart. All of them are members of the Russian church, and all of them have Russian names, selected for the most part from among the nobility. The United States government has in this instance been a faithful guardian of a primitive people. The result is that today they are the most highly civilized, best clothed, best fed, and most healthy of all the natives of Alaska.

Argentina supplies 90 per cent of the frozen beef and frozen mutton consumed in Sheffield, England. Australia and New Zealand provide the remainder. Its use is constantly increasing. Frozen meat is never saved, but is chopped with a cleaver. The retailers receive the meat in quarters which they chop into angular blocks, from which the quantities desired by customers are cut. These blocks afford material for fine window displays, and the windows of frozen-meat shops are generally piled high with all sizes and shapes of solid red beef.

In times of financial difficulties the Loochooans, residents of the southwestern islands of Japan, sometimes pawn the graves of their relatives. They are always redceded, however, failure to do so meaning family disgrace. The turtle-back shaped tombs, usually located on a hillside facing the water, are elaborate affairs of stone and cement, and their cost and upkeep often bankrupt the family.



## DICKENS AND OTHERS.

## The Literary Centenaries of the New Year.

John Bull appears to be growing weary of stamps. Whether it is that the muligade that he has to consume in the interest of his mail is as much as his digestion can endure, or that he has at last taken to heart that little incident of 1765 which followed so quickly upon his attempt to foist a Stamp Act on the American colonies, the fact is patent that he is rather out of conceit with adhesive labels. This momentous truth is illustrated not only by the million objectors against Mr. Lloyd George's insurance stamp, but also by the apathy which the British public has shown in connection with the Dickens centenary book-plate. For nearly a year past, in anticipation of the hundredth anniversary of the novelist's birth, a philanthropic committee has been urging Dickens lovers to buy their penny stamp in the hope of thereby raising a fund sufficient to secure a comfortable old age for those five granddaughters of the novelist who are in reduced circumstances. The project has, by high and low, been heartily blessed by bell, book, and candle, and yet the fact remains that the stampbuyers have been so few that for the past three weeks the *Daily Telegraph* has been exerting its "largest-circulation" influence to raise a fund supplementary to the Dickens stamp revenue.

But even that effort has been a comparative failure. So far as John Bull is concerned, it is evidently better to be a live cricketer than a dead novelist. For when the *Daily Telegraph* espoused the cause of W. G. Grace it raised a testimonial of ten thousand pounds, whereas its appeal in the name of Dickens has thus far elicited only a little more than three thousand pounds. To be able to score a hundred runs "not out" evidently appeals more to the British mind than the ability to write "David Copperfield" or "The Pickwick Papers."

While, however, the *Daily Telegraph* Dickens fund has caught the general public in a grudging mood, it has illustrated once more the generous instincts of the theatrical profession and the liberality of the novelist's fellow-craftsmen. The stage is worthily represented among the subscribers by Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Ellen Terry, H. B. Irving, and Henry Arthur Jones, whose donations range from a hundred pounds downwards; while the writers of fiction include Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Braddon, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Barclay, Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Robert Hichens, W. W. Jacobs, and Harold Begbie, with gifts varying from Miss Corelli's fifty pounds to Mr. Jacobs's two guineas. The publishers are represented in sublime isolation by the Macmillan Company and their generous gift of one hundred pounds, not a farthing having been contributed by the many firms who have coined untold wealth out of the novels. Even Chapman and Hall, Dickens's own publishers, who are constantly announcing new editions and exploiting their traditions, have not given a cent. On the other hand, many Americans in England have added their gifts to the fund, following in this the liberal example of Whitelaw Reid, who, in addition to buying sufficient stamps to mark every volume of his five or six sets of the novels, has subscribed twenty pounds. When all these gifts are taken into account, it will be seen that as the fund does not greatly exceed three thousand pounds the response of the English public has not been enthusiastic. Whether that means a lukewarm celebration of the novelist's birth on the 7th of February only the event can tell.

Although apparently inevitable in the circumstances, it is a matter for regret that the centenary of Dickens must now be associated with an effort to make provision for some of his descendants. Even a Shakespeare celebration might suffer from such a handicap. Hence the satisfaction which Browningites must take in the thought that the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, due next May, will not be complicated by any eleemosynary side issue. Whether the Browningites of America have decided upon their arrangements for the event is not within my knowledge; so far as London is concerned no announcement has been made up to the present, and yet it is certain that the day will be marked here in an adequate and dignified manner. Perhaps, however, the Browning cult has lost something of its fervor since the poet died. That would seem to be the inference from a piece of evidence which is lying before me. It is a page in a second-hand book catalogue which reached me last night, on which are listed no fewer than thirteen first editions of Browning's works, the prices of which vary from fifty cents to a dollar and a quarter. As they are all in the original cloth and described as in first-rate condition the prices quoted are low enough to suggest that the Browning faith has cooled to a surprising degree. What the Boston Society will think of this depreciation in the value of the oracles of their prophet does not bear contemplation.

With Dickens and Browning occupying the commemorative limelight of the new year, lesser writers who were born or died in 1812 or some equivalent century are likely to fare badly. And yet there are two or three who should not be forgotten when we come to "praise famous men" in 1912. There is Samuel Butler, for example, whose "Hudibras" may not be so much read but is surely as often quoted as ever. In Stokes's admirable "Encyclopedia of Familiar Quotations" Butler is credited with supplying fifty-six tags to the conversation of the twentieth century, a total in excess of that given to Browning and Dickens and only two or three short of the number attributed to Burns. This

is an excellent showing for a poet born so long as three centuries ago, and the endurance of his fame is further illustrated by the fact that a new edition of his heroic-comic epic was published so recently as 1903. The ter-centenary of Butler is not likely to be distinguished by any considerable addition to our knowledge of the man, but it may have the effect of directing attention to his remarkable studies in prose, which are preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum. In their biting satire, their wealth of epigram, and their mordant humor those Butler fragments show that he did not reserve his best for his famous poem. His sketch of the publisher, for example, would have rejoiced the heart of Byron. "His conscience," he wrote, "is no part of his calling, in which he regards nothing but his profit, and therefore desires most to deal in contraband goods, which he buys cheapest and sells dearest."

Two other widely different writers, John Horne Tooke and Samuel Smiles, figure among the centenaries of 1912, the former having died and the latter been born a hundred years ago. Neither survives in quotation, but while Tooke's "Divisions of Purley" is no longer acclaimed as a book which must be read by all who aspire to a thorough knowledge of English, the "Self-Help" and kindred volumes of Smiles are still the gospel of those ambitious youths who would fain emulate the example of Hogarth's "Good Apprentice." As Smiles is a typical illustration of the author who is successful and yet never wins the suffrages of those who elect the classics, his centenary is not likely to greatly move the waters of literary history in this new year, and yet his indomitable example in turning to journalism and book-writing when he found that he could not thrive as a doctor in a community of healthy Scots where there were seven other men of medicine is not without value in an age of overcrowded labor markets.

Whatever may be the commemorative fortune of Butler and Tooke and Smiles, it may be hoped that the claims of Edmund Malone to the grateful recollection of students of literature will not be overlooked. Few of the thousands who have enjoyed the pages of Boswell's life of Johnson are conscious that Malone had a considerable share in making that book what it is, even though Boswell did acknowledge his indebtedness and testified that than his friends there was "no man in whom more elegant and worthy qualities are united"; while perhaps fewer still are aware that it is to Malone their thanks are due for that wholly entertaining volume known as "Spence's Anecdotes." These services, however, are trivial compared with Malone's labors in settling the text of Shakespeare, in evolving order out of chaos of the chronology of the plays, in throwing light upon the Elizabethan drama in general, and in exposing the forgeries of Ireland and the Rowley fictions of Chatterton. There is only one shadow on his fame; he ought not to have painted Shakespeare's bust at Stratford "a good stone-color" and thus obliterated the tints which might have been most suggestive in deciding the shade of the dramatist's hair and beard. Some may even regret that Malone threw cold water on the deer-stealing legend and other picturesque stories; but when all deductions are made, what remains should be esteemed sufficient in bulk and value to insure a worthy remembrance of its author on the hundredth anniversary of his death next April. It is high time, for one thing, that he should be accorded the honor of an adequate biography, especially as a mass of his correspondence still remains in manuscript and is invaluable for the light it throws on the literary history of the eighteenth century and the personalities of such sons of fame as Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, and Edward Gibbon.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, January 3, 1912.

A private letter from a member of the American Peace Society of Japan gives some of the concrete results of the recent visit to that country of David Starr Jordan as chief director of the World Peace Foundation (says the editor of the *New York Evening Post*). Making due allowance for the part played by curiosity in bringing together the large audiences that listened to the addresses, the correspondent writes that they secured for the movement the ear of the Japanese nation. In one of the cities visited, the lecture "was the occasion for such an open espousal of the peace cause by leading men" as to bring about the organization of a peace society with a membership of six hundred. The Japanese magazines are also displaying increased interest in the question, and one of them has issued a special peace number.

Curacao, the most important of the Dutch West Indies, is without fire insurance and a fire department, though the island has a population of over 50,000. The buildings in the towns are all of stone, hence this happy condition of affairs. Recently the first sawmill was installed, being furnished by an American firm. "It is hoped," says a consular report, "that this will not increase the erection of wooden buildings and necessitate insurance and a fire department."

An underground emergency hospital has been opened in a coal mine at Collinsville, Illinois. The walls are of concrete, this material being regarded as affording protection from cave-ins and small explosions. Miners who have been injured will be treated here before being taken to the surface.

## GOLD AND SILVER MINING.

## Production Figures for the Past Year and Brief Notes of Developing Districts.

The gold mining industry in the United States was generally active in 1911, but early figures indicate a total production for the United States and Alaska slightly below the output of 1910. The most notable features of the industry in 1911, according to H. D. McCaskey, of the United States Geological survey, were the resumption of normal labor conditions in the Black Hills of South Dakota, the increased dredge output in California, development of production in the new Innoko-Iditarod placer region of Alaska and the Republic district of Washington, continued development and prosperity of the great Goldfield (Nevada) and Treadwell (Alaska) mines, normal conditions also on the Mother Lode in California, improvement in metallurgical methods, and general increase in activity at many small deep and placer mines. Renewed interest in prospecting was shown in Colorado, although the gold output of the state decreased owing to the gradual exhaustion of several large ore bodies and to continued small decrease in production from the great Cripple Creek camp.

Increases in output of gold are indicated by early figures from Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, South Dakota, Utah, California, Alaska, Arizona, and Washington. Nearly a quarter of the total output is still coming from gravels of placer mines, mainly by dredging in California and drifting in Alaska. Taken as a whole, however, the gold production of this country for 1911 practically duplicates the aggregate of the preceding year. Silver, on the other hand, though credited by the United States Geological Survey as of relatively small importance in the United States, shows a substantial increase in output for 1911, and it is estimated that 57,796,117 fine ounces were produced. This was largely due to the prosperity of the gold, copper, and lead mining industries.

California maintained about the same output as in 1910, both in gold and silver. The state annually produces between \$19,000,000 and \$21,000,000 in gold, the fluctuation being almost entirely due to the lack or presence of the water supply. Abundance of water power enables the quartz mills and placer properties to operate steadily. Dredge mining is constantly increasing, and last year it was responsible for 40 per cent of all the gold mined in the state, the Yuba River field being the most productive. The deep mines yielded 55 per cent of the gold product, Amador County leading in this field. The gold output was \$20,310,987.

Oregon's hydraulic mines are the most productive and their number is greatest. The deep mines of the state are producing more ore than formerly, but its grade has declined nearly one-half, which accounts for the falling off in total gold production. Baker County is still the largest gold producer. Last year Oregon produced \$599,235 in gold and \$38,014 in silver.

Preliminary figures for Washington indicate an increase in gold output, the figures being estimated at \$504,537. Silver worth \$78,209 was mined. The Republic remained the most productive district, and much was done in the way of mill building and development.

It is estimated that Nevada fell short in silver production fully a million dollars, the total, according to preliminary figures, being \$5,858,364, though the gold output shows a slight increase, being \$18,968,578. Esmeralda County yielded about \$12,500,000 in gold, the Goldfield mines producing the larger part. Deep mining was appreciably more profitable, indicating the permanency of the ledges with depth. The Diamondfield district is being revived, owing to the production of gold-silver ores. The Comstock lode produced fully \$600,000 in silver.

Owing to floods in the San Juan region and the consequent damage to the railroads, ore from Silverton, Rico, and Telluride, in Colorado, was not available, reducing in a measure the output of gold. It became necessary to extend the great Roosevelt drain tunnel to permit ore extraction from the lower levels of mines affected by the undertaking. Towards the latter part of the year an increased tonnage from these mines paid tribute to the enterprise. The preliminary figures compiled by the director of the mint give Colorado a gold production of \$19,153,860, or about \$1,000,000 less than in 1910. Silver also fell off, 7,530,940 fine ounces being the estimated product.

The principal gold mines of the Black Hills, South Dakota, were steadily operated, and the state produced last year approximately \$7,430,367 in gold and 206,188 fine ounces in silver, the gain in gold alone being fully two million dollars over 1910.

Dredge mining, which had considerable to do with Idaho's increased gold yield, is making a large growth in that state. The increased silver production was due in part to improvement in the ore of the Hunter district and the development of new producers at Wardner and near Murray. The lead mines produced 90 per cent of the state's output of silver. Gold was produced to the extent of \$1,169,261, and silver, \$4,129,291.

Montana's total gold production is given at \$3,169,840, and silver, \$6,114,228.

Utah led in the output of silver, with 12,679,633 fine ounces worth \$6,973,798, establishing a comfortable lead over the previous year. The gold output was greater, owing to the larger quantities of siliceous ore mined. No new developments were made in the deep mines. Gold aggregating a total of \$4,709,747 was produced.



## A TRAMP THROUGH SPAIN.

Harry A. Franck Describes Another "Vagabond Journey" in Southern Europe.

When Mr. Harry A. Franck wrote "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" he showed us the only way in which such travels can be made illuminatingly. And yet how many have the courage to launch themselves into a foreign land practically without money, or means of locomotion other than those furnished by nature? When the author found himself with a four months' vacation ahead of him and decided to spend it in Spain his total financial resources were \$172. To avoid the possibility of a calamitous stranding he deposited \$40 to be forwarded to whatever quarter of the globe insolvency might overhaul him. That left him with \$132, and after he had bought a steerage ticket from New York to Gibraltar his capital was reduced below the hundred-dollar mark. But a hundred dollars will take one a long way in Spain if one is prepared to eschew railroad trains, to tramp through the long days, and to sleep at night where the good God may direct. But it needs courage, plenty of it.

A steerage ticket on a German steamer does not offer to the passenger a bed of roses. But the company was good, probably far better than in the saloon, to those who prefer human nature free from the overlay of convention. Among the steerage passengers were seven men who had been deported, all of them for good and sufficient reasons except one gigantic and flawless fellow whose only fault was the possession of \$21 instead of the requisite \$25. The author says he could not help pitying the poor wretches whose only reward for years of repression of every appetite had been a month of misery and repression:

"*Porca di Madonna!*" cursed the nearest, pointing to three small blue scars on his neck; "for nothing but these your infernal doctors have made me a beggar!"

"On the sea, when it was too late," whined his companion, "they told me with red eyes should not go to New York, but to a city named Canada. *Madre di Dio!* Why did I not take my ticket to this Canada?"

"You will next time?" I hinted.

"Next time!" he shrieked, dropping from his bunk as noiselessly as a cat. "Is there a next time with a hook like that?" He shook in my face the libretto containing a record of his activities since birth, lacking which no Italian of the proletariat may live in peace in his own land nor embark for another. Across every page was stamped indelibly the word "deported."

"They ruined it, curse them! It's something in your *maledetta* American language that tells the police not to let me go and the *agenzia* not to sell me a ticket. My book is destroyed! *Sono scomunicato!* And where shall I get the money for this next time, *diceme?* To come to America I have worked nine, ten, *songue della Vergine!* how do I know how many years! Why did I not take the ticket to this Canada?"

The ship officials were suspicious of Mr. Franck. They could not understand that any one should have a destination other than America or Italy, and therefore they were resolved to see that he did not land at Gibraltar. And the British officials were equally suspicious. Probably never before had such a thing happened as a steerage passenger from New York to Gibraltar. The ship's commissaries produced the manifest to the boarding officer:

"T'ird classy mancefesto, signori," he apologized.

"Eh!" cried the Englishman. "A steerage passenger for Gibraltar?"

The steward jerked his head backward toward me.

"Humph!" said the spokesman, inspecting me from crown to toe. "Where do you hail from?"

Before I could reply there swarmed down the companion-way a host of cabin passengers, in port-of-call array, whom the Englishman greeted with hared head and his broadest welcome-to-our-city smile; then bowed to the launch ladder. As he resumed his chair I laid my passport before him.

"For what purpose do you desire to land in Gibraltar?" he demanded.

"I am bound for Spain—" I began.

"Spain!" shouted the Briton, with such emphasis as if that land lay at the far ends of the earth. "Indeed! Where are you going from Gibraltar, and how soon?"

"Until I get ashore I can hardly say; in a day or so, at least; to Granada, perhaps, or Málaga."

"Out of respect for the American passport," replied the Englishman grandiloquently, "I am going to let you land. But see you stick to this story."

From Gibraltar the author started off on his tramp inland and the great journey was begun. At San Pablo he could find no inn, but was received with unbounded hospitality by the alcalde, who informed him that it was impossible to walk to Cordoba, offered to pay his fare from his own pocket, entertained him royally, and refused to allow him to pay a cent for anything. But the alcalde was finally persuaded to trust the foolhardy to the care of God, who was experienced in such matters, and so the journey was resumed. Such was Spanish courtesy, and of this the author was to have another experience on his first encounter with the *guardias civiles*, whom he met just outside Ronda:

A mile up, two *guardias civiles* emerged suddenly from a fissure, the sun glinting on their muskets and polished black three-cornered hats. Here, then, of all places, was to be my first meeting with these officious fellows, whose inquisitiveness was reported the chief drawback to a tramp in Spain. But they greeted me with truly Spanish politeness, even cordiality. Only casually, when we had chatted a bit, as is wont among travelers meeting on the road, did one of them suggest:

"You carry, no doubt, señor, your personal papers?"

I dived into my shirt—my knapsack—and drew out my passport. The officers admired it a moment side by side without making so bold as to touch it, thanked me for privilege, raised a forefinger to their hats, and stalked on down the broiling rock.

Cigarette-smoking is universal throughout Spain. No one is sacred from the all-pervading smoke, and I told that the directors who should attempt to

forbid smoking in their establishment would in all probability be invited to hump over their own ledgers. And yet the tobacco is execrable:

The Spaniard is strikingly the antithesis of the American in this, that his "pleasures," his addictions, come first and his work second. Let the two conflict and his work must be postponed or left undone. In contrast to his ceaseless smoking the Spaniard never chews tobacco; his language has no word for that habit.

To the foreigner who smokes Spain is no Promised Land. The ready-made cigarettes are an abomination, the tobacco a stringy shag that grows endurable only with long enduring. Matches, like tobacco, are a fabrication—and a snare—of the government monopoly. Luckily, fire was long before matches were. These old men of Jaen one and all carried flint and steel and in lieu of tinder a coil of fibrous rope fitted with a nickled ring as extinguisher. Few peoples equal the Spaniard in eagerness and ability to "beat" the government.

A book about Spain would be incomplete without a description of a bull-fight. Such descriptions have often been given and Mr. Franck's experience need not be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that he acquires the Spanish woman of heartlessness. On the contrary, he says that in many ways she is exceedingly tender-hearted. The difference is in the point of view. Moreover, the author seems a little skeptical of the supposed feelings of the average foreigner who would have us believe that he was forced from the arena by disgust at the cruelty of the display:

It is the all but universal custom, I note in skimming through the impressions of a half-hundred travelers in Spain, to decry bullfighting in the strongest terms. Nay, almost without exception, the chroniclers, who appear in most cases to be full-grown, able-bodied men, relate how a sickness nigh unto death came upon them at about the time the first bull was getting warmed up to his business which forced them to flee the scene forever. One must, of course, believe they are not posing before the gentle reader, but it comes at times with difficulty. To be sure, the game has little in common with croquet or dominoes; there are stages of it, particularly the disemboweling of helpless hacks, that give the newcomer more than one unpleasant quarter of an hour. Indeed, I am inclined to think that had I a dictator's power I should abolish bullfighting tomorrow, or next Monday at least; but so, for that matter, I should auto races and country hillboards, Salomé dancers and politicians, trainboys and ticket speculators. Unfortunately—

It is the hunger for excitement that sends the Spaniard to the bull ring, and not the sight of blood and injuries which, in the intoxication of the game, he entirely loses sight of. But sometimes the bull-fight is used to compel the attention of the authorities to grievances that would otherwise go unnoticed:

The newcomer will long remember his first bull—certainly if, as in my own case, the first banderillero slips at the moment of thrusting his barbed darts and is hooted like a soccer football half the ring by the snorting animal. Still less shall I forget the chill that shot through me when, with the fifth bull at the height of his fury, a gaunt and awkward boy of fifteen sprang suddenly over the barriers and shook his ragged blouse a dozen times in the animal's face. As many times he escaped a goring by the closest margin. The toreros did not for a moment lose their heads. Calmly and dexterously they manœuvred until one of them drew the bull off, when another caught the intruder by the arm and marched him across the ring to the shade of the mayor's box. There the youth, who had taken this means of gaining an audience, lifted up a mournful voice and asked for food, asserting that he was starving—a statement that seemed by no means improbable. The response was thumbs down. But he gained his point, in a way, for he was given a fortnight in prison. Incidents of the sort had grown so frequent of late in the plaza of Seville as to make necessary a new law, promulgated in large letters on that day's programme. Printed words, in all probability, meant nothing to this neglected son of Seville.

The Spanish bull is a genuine fighting animal, trained for the purpose, and demanding the utmost courage and resolution to overthrow. The meanest bull, says the author, that enters a Spanish ring is a more fearful brute than the king of a Texas ranch. Their horns are long and needle pointed and the *empresa* that dared turn into the ring a bull with the merest tip of a horn blunted or broken would be jeered into oblivion:

The Spanish espada is almost invariably "game" to the last. The sixth bull of this Sunday's tournament was, as often happens, the most ferocious. He killed six horses, wounded two picadores, tossed a chulo as high as a one-story house, and, at the first pass of Vasquez, the matador, knocked him down and gored him in the neck. A coward, one fancies, would have lost no time in withdrawing. Vasquez, on the contrary, crawled to his feet and swung half round the circle that all might see he was unafraid, though blood was streaming down his bespangled breast. The alguaciles between the barriers commanded him to retire, but it was to be noted that not one of them showed the least hint of entering the ring to enforce the order. The diestro advanced upon the defiant brute, unfurled his red muleta, poised his sword—and swooned flat on the sand. The bull walked slowly to him, sniffed at his motionless form, and with an expression almost human of disdain, turned and trotted away.

"*Palmas al toro!*" howled a hoisterous fellow at my elbow, and the vast circle burst out in a thunder of hand-clapping and cries of "*Bravo, toro!*" while the wounded espada still lay senseless in the centre of the ring.

At Guarraman he met a blind man who got his living by wandering from place to place telling the old stories of the country, an art that one had supposed to be extinct with the old troubadours:

Then in the night that had settled down he fell to telling stories, not intentionally, one would have said, but unconsciously, fascinating tales as those of the "Arabian Nights," full of the color and the extravagance of the East, the twinkle of his cigarette gleaming forth from time to time and outlining the boy seated wide-eyed on the floor at his feet with his head against his master's knee. He was as truly a minstrel as any troubadour that wandered in the days of chivalry, a born story-teller all but unconscious of his gift. When after a long time he left off, we drifted again into conversation. He was wholly illiterate and in compensation more filled with true knowledge and wisdom than a houseful of schoolmen. His calling for five and twenty years had been just this of roaming about Spain telling his colorful stories.

"Were you horn so?" I asked late in the evening.

"Even so, señor."

"A sad misfortune."

"You know best, señor," he answered, with a hearty laugh. "I have no notion how useful this feeling you call sight may

be, but with those I have I live with what enjoyment is reasonable and find no need for another."

Mr. Franck returns again and again to the subject of the Spanish priest, for whom he shows no love. After describing his agonies in the chair of a barber who had never learned his trade, he says:

While I suffered, a priest dropped in to have his tonsure renovated and gloriously outdid in the scrofulousness of his anecdotes not only this clumsy wielder of the helmet of Mambrino, but exposed poor timorous Boccaccio for a prude and a Quaker.

The author quotes with approval Gautier's comment that "the Spanish church is scarcely any longer frequented except by tourists, mendicants, and horrible old women." In Toledo the priest was ubiquitous, and one can only wonder why a populace apparently so indifferent to religion should yet tolerate a priesthood that concentrates within itself the luxury of the country:

Try though one may, one can not escape the conviction that the fat of Toledo goes to the priesthood, both physically and figuratively. High or low, the churchmen that overrun the place have all a sleek, contented air and on their cynical, sordid faces an all too plain proof of addiction to the flesh pots; while the layman has always a hungry look, not quite always of animal hunger for food, but at least for those things that stand next above. Nowhere can one escape the cloth. Every half-hour one is sure to run across at least a bishop tottering under a fortune's worth of robes and attended by a bodyguard of acolytes, pausing now and again to shed his putative blessing on some devout passer-by. Of lesser dignitaries, of cowed monks and religious mendicants there is no lack, while with the common or garden variety of priest, a cigarette hanging from a corner of his mouth, his shovel hat set at a rakish angle, his black gown swinging with the jauntiness of a stage Mephistopheles, ogling the girls in street or promenade, the city swarms. Distressingly close is the resemblance of these latter to those creatures one may find loitering about the stage-door toward the termination of a musical comedy.

Catholicism is quite a different thing from the ecclesiastical establishment in the eyes of the Spaniard. To be Spanish is to be Catholic, but as for recognizing the church, that is quite another matter. Upon one occasion the author attracted some attention by his uncereemonious treatment of a fat priest, and he records the following conversation with an amused observer:

"You are not then a Catholic, señor?"

"No."

"Ah! A Socialist!" he cried with assurance.

For to the masses of southern Europe Socialist and non-Catholic are synonymous.

"I doubt, señor," I observed, "whether you yourself are a Catholic."

"Cómo, señor," he cried, raising his hands in a comical gesture of quasi-horror. "I, a *cristino viejo*, no Catholic!"

"Do you go to church and do what your cura commands?"

"What nonsense!" he cried, using a still more forcible term. "Who does? My wife goes now and then to confession. I go to church, señor, to be baptized, married, and buried."

"Why go then?"

"Caramba!" he gasped. "How else shall man be buried, married, and baptized?"

In Asturias the author found people who were Spanish in little more than name, whose language was almost unintelligible, and whose sectionalism was so great that a man from one village would deeply resent being taken for the resident of another a mile distant. Their language was so primitive that the infinitive of the verb served indifferently for all tenses and persons. Naturally, his stories of the outside world were received with unflinching amazement:

Most taking of all the stories I could produce were those concerning the high buildings of New York. I had developed this popular subject at some length when a mountaineer interposed a question that I made out at length to be a query whether those who live in these great houses spend all their time in them or take an hour or two every morning to climb the stairs.

"*Hoy ascensores*, señores," I explained, "elevators; some express, some miztos, as on your railroads."

A long unaccountable silence followed. I filled and lighted my pipe, and still only the heavy breathing of the untutored sons of the hills about me sounded. Finally one of them cleared his throat and inquired in a humble voice:

"Would you be so kind, señor, as to tell us what is an elevator?"

It was by no means easy. Long explanation gave them only the conception of a train that ran up and down the walls of the building. How this overcame the force of gravity I did not succeed in making clear to them; moreover, there was only one of the group that had ever seen a train.

It may be inferred that Spain is suffering mainly from underdevelopment and misgovernment. The author is frank in his diagnosis of these evils and in the remedies that he would employ:

There is one road to redemption for Spain—that she shoot her priests and set her soldiers to work. As isolated individuals the merry, dissolute fellows of the cloth might be permitted to live on as they have, and suffer the natural end of such living. But as a class they are beyond reform; their point of view is so utterly warped and incorrigible, they have grown so pestiferous with laziness and "grat" that there is no other remedy, "*no hay otro remedio*" as the Spaniard himself would say could his throttled mind cast off the rubbish of superstition and cant for one clear thought. Let him who protests that they are teachers of the youth go once and see what they teach—the rapid, senseless lies about "saints" so far from truth as to be an abomination, so far above the possible aspirations and attainments of real humanity as to force the rising generations from very hopelessness of imitation to lose heart and sink to iniquity as the priesthood has done before them. Or are there some who still credit them with feeding the poor? A high praise, indeed, exactly equal to that due the footpad who refunds his victim's carfare that he may be the more quickly rid of him.

Here we must leave an unusual book, but a book for which the author has prepared us by his previous exploits elsewhere and along similar lines. Mr. Franck is a born traveler, and if his favorite methods imply privations and hardships it is evident enough that the compensations are adequate.

FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated with photographs. New York: The Century Company.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Healer.

Mr. Herrick presents us with a double problem, and it can not be said that he solves either. His hero is an unconventional physician, a man of real learning, but who has been so sickened by the charlatanism of his profession that he has gone out into the wilderness to minister to the hunters and trappers. Eric Holden is a "healer." He has all the knowledge of the schools and he has also that indefinable gift that makes the true physician, a gift of healing that ought not to be bought or sold. The author is not the only one to feel that the art of the healer, of the true physician, can not be acquired, although it may be aided, by intellectual study, but he leaves us in doubt if the "institutional" system of medicine whose practitioners are paid by salaries and not by fees is actually the remedy that we know to be needed.

The second of Mr. Herrick's problems is the old one. Holden is called upon to operate on a beautiful girl who has injured her head while on a summer vacation in the woods. His unconventional hearing and dress and his unusual force of character have their due effect upon an impressionable girl and Nell is convinced that the life of the woods and in pursuit of an ideal is exactly the one for her. And so she marries Holden and is happy while the glamour lasts. Then comes the disillusion. Nell has been carried away on a wave of sentiment, but when the wave recedes, as waves do, we find that she is quite a conventional young woman with a love of dress, of the big city, and of the round of social observances that constitute the life of her tribe. And, of course, she needs money. Then the struggle begins. Holden is gradually enticed into changing his camp hospital into a sanatorium that becomes fashionable. Slowly he feels that he is drifting back into the medical quackery from which he had escaped, and he foresees that the orthodox city practice is ahead of him unless he rebels. It is the old struggle between the ideals of the man and the conventions of the woman. There can be no permanent tie between them. There must be either a surrender or a breaking of the tie. And for this problem also we find no solution except one that is not in the book. Men with ideals incompatible with society conventions should not marry, for no woman ever surrenders willingly a social status that is more dear to her than life itself.

Mr. Herrick fills his stage comfortably. There is the young city doctor who throws in his lot with Holden, the company promoter who looks upon financial indifference as a sort of insanity and there are the wife's relatives, who deplore her union with a barbarian. Other characters fit to and fro, doing useful bits of story-building and reflecting the light upon the central theme. Mr. Herrick is a master of the art of story construction. He takes himself seriously, and if his problems are those of human nature and to be solved only by time and a growing wisdom he is hardly to blame for that.

THE HEALER. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

## The Blood of the Arena.

We are indebted to the translator of this story for a striking and realistic picture of Spanish life, a story written, of course, for Spaniards and therefore free from all appeal to foreign sentiment. Such a story is worth a dozen travel books, or impressionistic descriptions of Spanish life.

"The Blood of the Arena" is the story of a bull-fighter, or rather of a matador, for the various grades of the arena are carefully defined. We see him as a boy haunting the slaughter-houses in search of amateur adventure among the cattle. Then comes the chance to show his mettle in the real sport and at last Gallardo blossoms forth as a full-fledged matador of extraordinary daring and therefore the idol of Seville and finally of the country at large.

We have, in short, a picture of bull-fighting from the inside and with all the wealth of detail that only a Spaniard and a skilled writer can give to it. We see Gallardo in the dressing-room, in the arena, intoxicated with the plaudits of the crowd, nursing his wounds after a disaster, and we understand his ambitions, his fears, and his humiliation after defeat and loss of nerve. The story is valuable because it is not the result merely of inquiry or curious observation. It is a picture of bull-fighting life by one to whom bull-fighting as a national amusement is normal. And it is drawn for those to whom bull-fighting is normal. It is a picture from the inside, and not from the outside.

The general effect is to make us slightly more tolerant of the national Spanish sport. At least we are willing to raise it to a level with fox-hunting, and deer-coursing, perhaps even to that of the more deadly football. Dr. Ruiz, the surgeon of the Seville arena, explains to us that we must sometimes have a spice of savagery to redeem our civilization. There was a time when the *auto da fe* was a public festival and when Spaniards roamed over the world in quest of adventure. But the Inquisition is gone and the Spaniards stay at home and witness the bull-fight instead of the burning of heretics, and kill bulls instead of Huns and Indians. All other

people have their corresponding sports, quite as cruel, and often more so. Barbarous, all of them, but the barbarous part of human nature still demands to be fed.

The story, as a story, is admirably written, with well-balanced parts and all the restraint that marks a serious work. It is neither a defense of bull-fighting nor wholly an attack upon it. It is more effective than either because it seems to be the dispassionate truth. And it is specially noteworthy because it marks a questioning attitude on the part of the Spaniard as to the legitimacy of a sport that may be equaled elsewhere in cruelty but that can not thus be justified.

THE BLOOD OF THE ARENA. By V. Blasco Ibañez. Translated by Frances Douglas. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Hereditry.

When Dr. Jordan deals with the subject of hereditry he always writes as though he knew. He uses the same terminology of precision that he would employ in explaining the hony structure of a fish or the circulation of the blood. We should never guess that his conclusions are theories or that when he is most emphatic he is only guessing.

"The Hereditry of Richard Roe" is a plea for eugenics. Dr. Jordan describes it as a "discussion," but it is not a discussion. He is not arguing with us. He is telling us.

Now Dr. Jordan has a right to advance any theories that commend themselves to him, and it is our privilege to read them and to admire his scholarship and the hold lucidity of his presentation. But theories should be presented as theories, and not as fixed conclusions of science. The chemist who tells us of the composition of water can take us into his laboratory and prove the truth of what he says. But can Dr. Jordan prove to us that "whatever our Richard Roe may be, his nature was fixed by that of his parents." Of course he can not, for by "nature" the author means the whole nature, moral, mental, and physical. The mental nature of Shakespeare, and Paul, and Napoleon, and Jeanne d'Arc were all "fixed" by their parents, just as the nature of a sausage is "fixed" by the ingredients on the chopping board. It may be so but science has not proved this. It has only guessed at it.

Elsewhere we have the same positiveness of statement about the unknown and perhaps the unknowable. Thus we are told: "The theory that the ego is a separate being which plays on the organs of the brain as a musician on the keys of a piano belongs not to science but to poetry. . . . it is not fact." Dr. Jordan means that it is not ascertained fact, but to say that such a theory is not true is unscientific, quite as unscientific as to assert that the blood of St. Januarius liquefies as a portent of coming events. It is to be feared that science and piety are sadly dogmatic, science more so than piety. We might remind Dr. Jordan that there are scientists as eminent as himself, which is saying a great deal, who believe that the ego is separate from the brain and that it plays upon the brain as a musician on a piano. But they do not dogmatize on it.

Having a theory, the author proceeds in the recognized scientific way to deny all the facts that seem to controvert it. It is surprising what a robust and inclusive denial can do for a theory. Pre-natal influences, for example, are not wholly friendly to hereditry, so pre-natal influences are swept upon one side with a wave of the band as possibly having little or no existence. And yet almost any gynecologist could establish the facts past all cavil.

There is room in the world for eugenics in tabloid doses, especially when presented in such a finished form as this. But the majority of people will still cling to the conviction that there is something in human nature, it may be genius, or love, or the power of self-sacrifice, that is not due to a fortuitous concourse of parents and grandparents and that is incalculable. The majority of people will still believe that there are laws relating to human character of which materialistic science has not yet caught a glimpse.

THE HEREDITRY OF RICHARD ROE. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1.20.

## Love vs. Law.

This hook created some sensation in France and it deserves attention in other countries where women have not yet invaded the law but are doubtless intending to do so. The author's object seems to be to show that women must choose between public and domestic life, so far, at least, as law is concerned; that they can not have both.

The story centres around André Vélins and his wife. Both are lawyers, but André is incomparably the better lawyer of the two. But Henrietta is beautiful, her appearance in court is a novelty, and she has a woman's influence over judges and juries. Naturally she gets the lion's share of the business and, equally naturally, there is a certain resentment on André's part and a gradual estrangement in the domestic circle. It is all very pitiful, because we feel the incongruity of such an interposition. Business has become a disintegrating force where all other elements are harmonious.

The author has genuine skill in drawing her pictures. She creates the atmosphere of the law courts with the new ingredient of femi-

nine influence, the pervading suggestion of sex sentiments and jealousies, the tragedy of the unsuccessful woman, the no lesser tragedy of the successful. We feel that the reign of cold, intellectual justice has been challenged and that influences of discord and injustice have secured a footing under the guise of pity and tenderness. "Love vs. Law" is a hook to be read, a hook of marked literary skill, a hook with a meaning.

LOVE VS. LAW. By Colette Yver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

## Tolstoy.

Mr. Romain Rolland's new volume on Tolstoy is hardly a biography nor is it wholly a literary criticism, but rather a combination of the two. It is an effort to make Tolstoy write his own biography by means of his letters and hooks, to trace the development of Tolstoy's consciousness as it is revealed in his own work. The success is sufficiently striking to justify the attempt. Mr. Rolland seems to give us a more complete picture of essentials than could be given in the more orthodox biography. He shows us, moreover, that an extreme admiration for Tolstoy is by no means incompatible with trenchant criticism. He was unjust to Beethoven and indeed to musicians in general, and he believed that music ought to be regulated by the state in order that incompetent persons may not "wield so frightful a hypnotic power." But, says the author, music can have no evil influence over those who have no ears to hear it, that is to say the average audience. Tolstoy's assaults upon science were similarly unbalanced and arose from a certain mental impetuosity that clung obstinately to first impressions. Tolstoy always believed that he was the first to discover his own theories, while his championship of the conscience against the intellect led him often into extravagances. Mr. Rolland has given us a penetrating and judicial survey and we seem to know Tolstoy the better for his work.

TOLSTOY. By Romain Rolland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Furniture.

Probably furniture is more indicative of national characteristics even than architecture, because it is more general and more domestic. National ideas of art, utility, and comfort would naturally find embodiment in articles of daily use, and so the interior of the house becomes more expressive than the outside and more eloquent of the people who built it. The subject of furniture is one not to be overlooked by the historian and the sociologist.

In this respect Esther Singleton has rendered a service of marked value. No more comprehensive history of furniture has ever been written nor one that shows a wider research or a deeper knowledge. Beginning with early Egypt, she traces the history and development of domestic furniture down to the present day, illustrating her subject with 119 plates and sixty-eight text cuts. Her hook should be a delight to the collector, and if it can stimulate the manufacturer to a greater inventiveness or even to imitiveness it will not have been written in vain.

FURNITURE. By Esther Singleton. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$7.50 net.

## Basnet.

Mr. S. G. Tallentyre calls his story "a village chronicle." Certainly it is hardly a novel, seeing that it has no definite beginning nor end. It deals with country life in England a hundred years ago, when the *Quarterly* was a power in the land and the "Pickwick Papers" had just appeared in volume form. We have the squire and his lady, the country doctor and the country lawyer, the young ladies who wore white muslins upon state occasions and sang pretty, simple songs, and were always chaperoned, and who flirted as much as such circumstances would permit. It is all charmingly and quaintly told and with as much interest as though it were a regular novel with the curtain falling to the strains of the wedding march. The author has done a dainty piece of work, a well-drawn picture of the last generation.

BASNET. By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Ember Light.

This is a story of two married couples, a rich and a poor, who work out the fate often enough allotted to differences in financial status when nature takes a hand in the game of compensation, as she usually does. John Ingleby and his wife are poor, and it sometimes happens that the man deteriorates under poverty while the woman is glorified. Wealth too often reverses the process and degrades the woman. The author tells the story feelingly, but is a little too prone to allegorical interludes and to a loss of directness.

EMBER LIGHT. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. New York: Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.30.

## Chemical Problems.

Professor Duncan tells us that solid opportunities for wealth lie everywhere at hand. The world materials are capable of a thousand useful applications not yet discovered or developed. We need a thousand things that

chemistry will give us if we have the materials and lubricants to life waiting only to be claimed. In the course of a substantial volume the author tells us in what directions to look, and the most promising fields for discovery, and he writes not as one who is interested in money-making, but rather as one who would enlarge the field of human knowledge and who would invite as many as possible to the same quest. The hook is a fascinating one from the theoretical point of view. In practice it becomes invaluable.

SOME CHEMICAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By Robert Kennedy Duncan. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"Robert Louis Stevenson," by Isobel Strong (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a short biography and appreciation by the joint author with Lloyd Osbourne of "Memoirs of Valima." It contains nothing that is strikingly new, but it is pleasantly and intimately written and a worthy member of the little library with which it is uniform. The price is \$1.

The Mediaval Town series (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 per volume) has been enlarged by the addition of "Coventry," by Mary Dormer Harris. This series is now an extensive one and covers a large number of the mediaval towns of Europe. "Coventry" is a well-written history of a town that played a large part in the history of the middle ages.

In "The Writing of News," by Charles G. Ross (Henry Holt & Co.), the author has done as much for the newspaper aspirant as can be done by advice and admonition. The city editor will do the rest, but perhaps not so suavely nor so patiently. Mr. Ross treats every ordinary department of news and he adds chapters upon newspaper correspondence and copy-reading. It is a useful hook.

"The Woman Movement in America," by Belle Squire (A. C. McClurg & Co.), will be found to answer the purpose of those who need a brief and concise account of the "struggle for equal rights." Perhaps so short a work would have been better had it been entirely historical, but the author has thought it well to make it somewhat in the nature of a plea, and she pleads vigorously and well. There are several portrait illustrations.

"Essentials of Exposition and Argument," by William Trufant Foster, Ph. D. (Houghton Mifflin Company; 90 cents), is intended for the use of high schools, academies, and debating clubs. The essentials of exposition and argument are presented in simple form and from the point of view of the high school student. There is a chapter on brief drawing and another on evidence, the whole book being enriched with clear illustrations of the principles involved.

"The Boy with the U. S. Census," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50), is an unusual hook and a good one. It is intended to familiarize the young with the general working of the government so far as its operations come within the scope of the census taker. It therefore includes a large number of national problems, such as immigration, and these are handled not only accurately, but in a way acceptable to the hoy reader.

"English for New Americans," by W. Stanwood Field and Mary E. Coveney (Silver, Burdett & Co.), is intended for the use of adult non-English-speaking pupils and is based upon the opinion that the ordinary text-books supplied for that purpose are too difficult, the vocabularies too large and the subject matter too far beyond the pupil's educational background. The hook with its illustrations and vocabularies in many languages seems well adapted to its purpose.

The boy scout movement was certain to call forth an appropriate literature, and so we have a fine story by John Finnemore entitled "Brother Scouts" (J. B. Lippincott Company). The scene is laid in China and we have a long series of fights with pirates and all other kinds of adventure that boy scouts were invented to engage in. The book is a large one and contains a full allowance of colored illustrations of a nature vigorous enough to correspond with the text, which is saying a good deal.

Hodder & Stoughton have added "David Copperfield" to the sumptuous edition of Dickens now in course of preparation. Nothing handsomer of its kind has been seen for a long time. The pages measure about 11x8 inches, the type is excellent, and the binding is in red and gold. But the chief charm of the hook is in the twenty-one colored illustrations by Frank Reynolds, R. I. Illustrations are usually a matter of taste and personal conception, but Mr. Reynolds seems to have caught the spirit of the story with unusual success.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

**Robertson's**  
222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Capitals of China.

Those who speak of the yellow peril or who look upon China with jealousy or fear will not find much consolation in Dr. Geil's imposing book. Nor will they be able to discount its authority. Dr. Geil's status as a Chinese traveler has long been established, and even this remarkable work can place it no higher than it is already. When he wrote "A Yankee on the Yangtze" he showed his capacity to see and to judge, and now he completes his task, or at least continues it, by this summary of the history and condition of each of China's capitals and of the eighteen cities that dominate her eighteen provinces. There is nothing perfunctory in Dr. Geil's work. He knows whereof he speaks and he writes always of human beings and human things and not of the possibilities of exploitation for money-getting.

Dr. Geil says that China is arming and he tells us what he means by this. He says that arsenals are in evidence in every great centre, that no white man may enter the barracks, that soldiers may not talk with white men, and that this is true, not here and there only, but at every capital. The whole empire, he tells us, seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness, and with resources where-with no one European nation can compare. The worm, he infers, is about to turn. There will be no more such monuments as that erected to Von Ketteler, whose "crash may be heard any day." Imagine a monument to Benedict Arnold in the Capitol at Washington and then estimate the feelings of the Chinaman when he looks at the monument to Von Ketteler.

The records of the eighteen capitals are of remarkable interest. In many cases, and as illustrations, these are copied verbatim, and curious mixtures of fact and superstition they are. Here, for example, is an extract from the annals of K'un Ming Hsien: "Fourth moon, sixth year, Chia Ching, the Drum of Heaven sounded very loud. Eighth moon, fourteenth year, same reign, a star fell, sounding like thunder. Seventh moon, thirty-fifth year, a comet appeared. It was several feet in length and lasted for a moon. In the summer of the twenty-ninth year of Wan Li there was a terrible famine. In the thirty-fifth year of Wan Li an extraordinary bird screamed; the shrieking killed many people." Here we have an historical model that for condensation leaves nothing to be desired. The author's style is always upon a high plane, his information exact, and his presentation an impressive one. Those who want commercial facts will not find them here, but those who desire an insight into the national spirit of China, past and present, will do well to consult Dr. Geil's unique work.

EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA. By William Edgar Geil. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5 net.

## His Rise to Power.

Mr. Miller gives us a story of reform politics that is much like many that have gone before it with the addition of a saner outlook upon conditions. We have a young district attorney who is the embodiment of all the virtues and who challenges the supremacy of a machine that is the embodiment of all the vices. Of course there is the beautiful daughter of one of the "higher ups" and with whom the district attorney falls in love and who does her best to persuade him to play the ordinary game of political life in the ordinary way.

The story is a departure from the usual formula in its more correct estimate of facts. We are not asked to look upon a community that is hungering after righteousness and that is foiled by the machinations of a few clever villains. On the contrary we are told that the people alone are to blame, that they create the criminals and approve of them. "We don't really care," says one of the characters. "We don't want things changed. Because politics as it is exactly represents the national and personal ideals of the people." Reform must be directed to the "average citizen." Nothing can be done without the leavening of the mass with moral ideals.

HIS RISE TO POWER. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

The publishing business of the Baker & Taylor Company has been sold to Doubleday, Page & Co. The Baker & Taylor Company will confine itself hereafter to wholesaling the publications of other publishers.

The first chapters of a new novel by William J. Locke, "Stella Maris," appear in the January Century, promising a tale of charming fantastic conception and treatment.

Professor Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, controverts the impression which many critics are conveying that there has been a falling off in the quality of novel-writing, and that the great makers of novels are dead, or, like Mr. Hardy, have ceased to produce. He instances the group of younger novel-writers in England and America, who have already won or are winning their spurs, disproving this pessimistic conclusion, and goes on to make another statement which will

interest many people—that the novel which ten years ago sold by the hundred thousand does not sell so largely today, not because people are less interested in fiction, but because they are reading other kinds of literature.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Tante," which is to be issued in this country by the Century Company this week, has run into several editions in England. The author is a native of Englewood, New Jersey, but has lived abroad, largely in Paris and London, since childhood. Two of her latest works, "A Fountain Sealed" and "Franklin Winslow Kane," have dealt largely with American life and character. "Tante" is the story of a woman of almost phenomenal beauty and charm, the greatest pianist of her day, and of the cosmopolitan crowd which surrounds her.

R. C. Lehman, present editor of *Punch*, has compiled a volume of letters of Dickens which more particularly illustrate his connection with *Household Words*. The book is called "Dickens as Editor." Sturgis & Walton Company will bring it out early next month.

Annie Kimball Tuell, in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, says that Thackeray has gained in affection after all the years. That no longer is he called insufferably cynical, but that in him is recognized the kindly man, the chivalrous editor, the artist strong and light of touch. Miss Tuell is not alone in her belief, though there are more gray-heads, perhaps, than youths in the ranks of his faithful readers.

The recent acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of "On the Southern Plains in 1860" by Frederic Remington has fulfilled the expressed wish of that artist to be represented there by a painting as well as by his bronzes. Yet it is probable that Remington will continue to be known primarily as an illustrator in black and white.

Miss Elizabeth McCracken will be editor of the new Houghton Mifflin Company monthly, *Home Progress Magazine*.

Shelley's likeness to Plato and his debt to him are traced by a writer in the *University Magazine*. The English poet, like any Greek, "lacked utterly the Puritanic distinction of right and wrong," hating sin because it was ugly rather than because it was sinful; had "no deep sense of awe"; and like Plato, "cordially disliked history, and yet had a wonderful intuitive grasp of a political situation."

The "Almanach de Gotha" for 1912 is the one hundred and forty-sixth annual issue.

"Tribly" was the first "best-seller." As proof that there is something in the "best-selling" matter, the *Bookman*, which knows that its monthly list is the subject of some ridicule, reminds us of Du Maurier's book, and that the other best-sellers of that time were "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Manxman," and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." The *Bookman* editor does not think that these books have been entirely forgotten after seventeen years. Last year's six best-sellers were "Molly Make-Believe," "The Broad Highway," "The Prodigal Judge," "The Rosary," "Queed," and "The Long Roll."

## New Books Received.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BOND INVESTMENT. By Lawrence Chamberlain. New York: Henry Holt & Co. An elaborate treatise upon every department of bond finance.

OUR COMMON FRIENDS AND FOES. By Edwin A. Turner. New York: American Book Company; 30 cents.

A collection of original stories about some familiar animals.

SECOND YEAR LATIN FOR SIGHT READING. By Arthur L. James. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents net.

ADVENTURES IN LIFE AND LETTERS. By Michael Monahan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

A series of essays.

HIGH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. By Charles R. Dyer. New York: American Book Company; \$1.20.

Parts I and II. Physical and economic.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D., and Sett Lauck, A. B. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"How does immigration affect American civilization, and what is its influence likely to be in the future?"

HER HUSBAND. By Julia Magruder. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A new novel.

ONE HUNDRED FOLKSONGS OF ALL NATIONS. Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.50.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## In the Cloth-Mill.

In the dark high-raftered room  
Sits the weaver at his loom;  
Now to right, and now to left  
Speeds the shuttle through the web.  
Like a bird across the sky  
Back and forth he makes it fly.  
Or like mouse when all are sleeping  
See it through the threads come creeping.  
Then, as though affrighted, dive,  
Till you think it thing alive!

Music here the weaver makes,  
When the great loom throbs and shakes,  
When his hand and foot shall beat  
Quick-step march for soldiers' feet;  
Or a song for shepherd lads,  
While he weaves their chequered plaids.  
Till the loom with one voice speaking  
Sets each beam and rafter creaking,  
Till the song of warp and woof  
Rises rocking to the roof.

Swifter till the web be done,  
Singing all the way you run,  
Fly shuttle, faster fly,  
Weave the ragged fleece!  
—From "Poems," by Marna Pease.

## Peacocks.

In gorgeous plumage, azure, gold and green,  
They trample the pale flowers, and their shrill cry  
Troubles the garden's bright tranquillity!  
Proud Birds of Beauty, splendid and serene,  
Spreading their brilliant fans, screen after screen  
Of hunched sapphire, gemmed with mimic suns—  
Strange magic eyes, that, so the legend runs,  
Will bring misfortune to this fair demesne. . . .

And my gay youth, that, vain and debonair,  
Sits in the sunshine—tired at last of play  
(A child, that finds the morning all too long),  
Tempts with its beauty that disastrous day  
When in the gathering darkness of despair  
Death shall strike dumb the laughing mouth of song.

—From "The Inn of Dreams," by Olive Custance  
(Lady Alfred Douglas).

## At Olympia

The fanes of Zeus and Hera spell decay;  
Of those who worshipped here there is no trace  
Save, mute within the valley's wide embrace,  
Symbols that show how Glory passed away.  
Where once she dazzled with her morning ray  
These broken columns, mighty in disgrace,  
Attest; for they like phantoms haunt the place  
And glean no little wonder from the day.  
And yet why mourn? Why marvel that no more  
The altar smokes? The sun holds no regrets;  
The sea hold none; the mountains wear no chains;  
Still Alpheus dimples onward as of yore;  
And lo! the air is sweet with violets.  
Gods come and go; Nature alone remains.  
—C. G. Blanden, in *Chicago Post*.

## The Light Heart.

Vibrations sweet as from a plectrum fall  
Upon a world that gathers store with loss—  
A world no longer visible and gross,  
Loud with the unseen owl's hallooing call  
From far-down frontiers, to take the ear.  
We see the mighty heart of Heaven hare;  
Untraceable in gliding through the air  
The earth-embracing moon looks full and clear,  
Leading on night distinct with many a star,  
Unhooding our dull eyes, until they see  
Bright shoots of light out of infinity,  
Phantasms divine, shadows of things that are.

If in the inviolable sky we spell  
No letter of a message; if we see  
Of all the noble shows of nights and days  
None for us, or our hopes designed, this pays  
The expense of duller being here. What matter  
This mortal earth that scatters and decays,  
If we have tasted this? If we he shed  
As the perfected olive to her hed  
As worshipping the creature that heget her.  
—From "Poems," by Miss M. Jourdain.

The world has seen no royal musician since Frederick the Great played his last tune on his flute. The approaching centenary of the birth of Frederick has revived interest in the great man's Tityrean piping, and a certain industrious Johannes Hennigsen has unearthed contemporary comments on his playing. It seems that the king excelled in adagio movements, into which he infused a warmth and tenderness of feeling that would hardly have been expected from the conqueror of Rossbach and the friend of Voltaire. "It is difficult to listen to his performances without weeping," says one musician. Toward the end of the Seven Years War he sat down to play in a quartet, and at the finish cried enthusiastically: "It is as sweet as sugar!" His companions were not so sure. For Frederick had lost a tooth and his fingers had stiffened with gout. Finally in 1778 he had to give up his flute-playing, and "I have lost my best friend" was the wail of the disconsolate monarch.

## The Man Who Knows Is Safe

Being absolutely certain in this world is what counts. The man who KNOWS is always sure of himself. Others are just as sure of him, because they know he is dependable. He never guesses. He never says his figures are "just about right." His watch is "almost" correct, or that a train leaves "nearly" on the hour.

But this is not an essay on efficiency.

How many men know when the last car leaves a certain point? Suppose you were detained until after midnight, and you were dependent on the street-car service to carry you to your destination here in San Francisco. Would you know for a certainty when and where to make connections?

As a matter of public interest and for the direct benefit of the public, the following schedule of the "Owl" service of the United Railroads is herewith presented:

Sutter Street line leaves Sansome at 1:18 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Turk and Eddy line leaves the Ferry at 1 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Haight Street line leaves Haight and Market at 2:16 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Valencia Street line leaves Ferry at 1:30 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Market Street line leaves Ferry at 1:15 a. m. and hourly thereafter.

Fillmore and Sixteenth Street lines leave Broadway at 1 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Eighth and Eighteenth Street lines leave Eighth and Market at 1:50 a. m. and hourly thereafter.

Third and Kearny Street line leaves S. P. Depot at 1:40 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Mission and Twenty-Fourth Street lines leave Twenty-Fourth and Hoffman Streets at 1:10 a. m. and half-hourly thereafter.

Sunnyside Street line leaves Fourteenth and Valencia Streets at 1:16 a. m. and hourly thereafter.

This information will be gladly received by every person who has recourse to the street-car. Lack of this knowledge, it is safe to say, causes many a belated San Franciscan many a wearisome wait, many a long, tiresome tramp and untold vexation of spirit in the "wee sma' hours" of the night.

How convenient it would be if one had a card with this schedule printed on it, pocketbook size, which could be readily consulted. And there are such cards. The United Railroads has had them printed for public distribution, and they can be obtained by application at the office headquarters, unless it is desired to cut out this announcement and paste the necessary part of it on a card at home.

The "Owl" cars run on time, as do the cars operated during the day, for schedules must be followed to maintain the proper operation of the entire system, and the faultfinder—there are professionals in this sphere of action—is informed that a constant and minute check is kept on the running time of all cars, and the officials not only demand, but obtain a high degree of conformity between the schedules and actual running time. Any blocking of the street by a vehicle can, it will be readily seen, throw the entire schedule out of gear and tie up a long string of cars, causing delay for which the carmen are sometimes blamed by unreasonable passengers.

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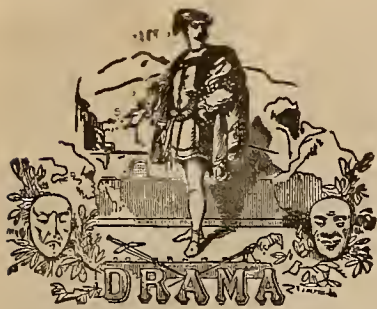
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PUCCHINI'S ITALIAN-AMERICAN OPERA.

Much curiosity was felt in America from the very first to know how America and Americans would figure in grand opera, and here in California, whose early history furnished the theme, the interest has reached the acute stage. Bret Harte has immortalized our beginnings in fiction, and now the opera composer of the day is giving to those picturesque times a musical setting. So we are keen to know what "The Girl of the Golden West" is like, translated into grand opera.

Well, to be explicit, she is not very much like "The Girl of the Golden West." She is very Italian, very traditional, very conventional, from operatic standards. She is a pretty, plump, black-haired, black-eyed piece of operatic femininity, who falls in love at first sight, and who conducts a Bible class in a saloon. I think we Californians have taken the Bible class a little hard; have rather balked at it, in fact. We don't recognize its vraisemblance. The miners who frequent Minnie's saloon are early California miners in dress only, plus a few antics. Their manners and sentiments are those of the average operatic chorus. The sheriff's is a purely traditional figure, and so is Dick Johnson's.

The dialogue in the first act at those times when the play is more closely adhered to has its incongruous aspects. But of course we must remember that we are unused to understanding all the puerilities of grand opera recitative.

Listen to the "barkeep," for instance, singing in melodious accents, "There's a stranger outside, who must be from San Francisco. He asks for whisky and water." A subdued, respectful giggle greeted every recurrence of the phrase "He is from Sac-r-ramento"—and it was odd and amusing to hear this brief bit of recitative:

Sheriff—Minnie, I'm just crazy about you.  
Minnie—You don't say so.

But, to divest ourselves of any preconceived standards of what the Californian atmosphere should be, and just judge "The Girl of the Golden West" as a music-drama, it is unquestionably a success. Curiously enough, one has to pass two verdicts upon it, for the vocal and the orchestral scores are of very different merits. Puccini shows the same tendency in all his operas to furnish a rich, warmly colored, highly suggestive, and exceedingly dramatic orchestral background, which invariably eclipses the vocal score. It is thus with "The Girl of the Golden West." The orchestral score is beautiful and satisfying; yet since opera was more particularly invented for the exploitation of the singing voice, there is something wrong, incongruous, and incomplete in an operatic composition of which the instrumental music casts into the shade the best efforts of the singers.

There is a great deal of rather monotonous recitative in "The Girl of the Golden West," and the arias collectively lack not only melody but beauty. Some of them are actually displeasing.

The first act of Belasco's play is by far the best, in spite of the dramatic happenings in later ones. But in the opera the librettists, instead of unreeling the thread of the story, have introduced numerous *divertissements* in order to allow opportunity for "effects." These effects, however, are not at all distinctively Californian, or even American, except for the names, the dress of the men, and numerous allusions to whisky. The *locale* might have been Mexico, or South America. The more piquant phases of the girl's character, which Belasco developed so successfully in the first act of the play, do not appear. The story pauses in this first act for the purpose of giving atmosphere, but the atmosphere is entirely that of the saloon-home for the boys. They are checkfull of sentiment—the "boys"—which is indicated pretty thoroughly by a beautifully appealing number, sung by an old minstrel who wanders, fiddling, into the girl's saloon, and sings a song which is taken up and sung with wistful sweetness by the miners. It is expressive of a longing for home, and though it is rather tricky and sensational, the way it is brought in and utilized for an emotional outbreak on the part of a homesick lad and a grand burst of generosity from the "boys," still the fact remains that this musical episode, which is quite extraneous to the story, forms one of the most pleasing and melodious passages in the whole opera.

A good feature in the opera is that it be-

comes progressively more interesting and exciting. There is a certain rigidity to the dramatic action of the first act. In fact the love scene did not go well. The sheriff, traditional figure though he is, is more interesting than Dick Johnson. The orchestra, too, lends him valuable aid in expressing the turbid, animal jealousy he feels for the handsome, intruding stranger. The first really exciting scene is that of the game of poker between the man and the woman. It has, in spite of its melodramatic aspects, good dramatic qualities, and carried well with the audience, which, for the first time, gave really enthusiastic applause.

The third act, like the first, is a condensation of the action that goes into two in Belasco's play. In this respect, the Italian librettists (there are two of them) have done their work well. The peril in which the girl's sweetheart is placed by the miners' knowledge of his bandit career leads to a dramatic scene in which his hanging is imminent. The girl's opportune appearance in the nick of time gives her an opportunity to beg melodiously for her lover's life. This is preceded, however, by an aria sung by the prisoner, which is his farewell to life, and the sweetest and most moving number that falls to his share. The departure of the reprieved man and Minnie, singing their farewell to California, shows a disconsolate group of the boys, erstwhile savage avengers, now subdued and saddened by the loss of their home-maker and idol. And upon this the curtain falls.

The production, of course, is what Savage has trained us to expect. All details were faithfully attended to, and the stage settings either striking or suitable, as demanded by the story. The lights were admirably managed, and all the multitudinous business in the saloon during the first act, the gambling, the handing out of drinks, the antics of the "boys," etc., went in a way that showed careful rehearsals.

Savage carries with him a numerous company, including three sopranos, five baritones, and two tenors. Mme. Villani, who sang Monday night, is a plump and pretty woman with a clear, sweet, and artistically managed soprano, which is admirable in every respect except for an alteration of tone in the high notes which robs her voice of some of its beauty. Umberto Sacchetto's tenor showed this sweet singer, evidently, from his accent, not an Italianized American, to be an artist. Carl Gantvoort was, vocally and dramatically, an appropriate figure in the rôle of Jack Rance. The chorus of men's voices was unusually sweet and satisfying. Not a yowler in the lot, and their pianissimo effects were exquisite.

Polacco leads; I think Polacco was the man of the hour Monday night. He has his large body of musicians under splendid control, and at all times the musical intentions of the composer were carried out to the exact degree intended, if it were only to the amount of subduing applied to the muffled thunder of the drum, which agitated our nerves during the poker game, and, like the Oriental tom-tom, created a bodiful atmosphere.

People are quite curious to know how it strikes one to hear opera sung in English. I should say that, except during the recitative, it sounds much like Italian or French opera. There are few Gogorzas or Bisphams on the operatic stage, and the greater part of the time the text was incomprehensible. Once in a while, from a chance phrase more clearly articulated than usual, we were put on the track of things, and heaved a sigh of relief. The "barkeep," Vernon Dahart, is the gem articulator of the company. To him I would like to pay my respects, because he did his rôle so well in every way; he has an unremarkable but sweet and arresting voice, and has taken a leaf or so from Bispham's book. Not only does he make us understand every syllable, but he causes the soothed ear to crane for more.

It will be interesting to learn from the future just how much permanence of public favor "The Girl of the Golden West" will enjoy. Puccini is a good self-advertiser, and something of a sensationalist. One need not detract from his talent in saying that. He has caught the American public with this opera, and his other works are swinging along high in favor. Success, universal success, stifles criticism, but the musical authorities, while they appreciate his abilities, and recognize that he has pronounced individuality, do not feel that his genius is of the towering order. Nor is there anything in "The Girl of the Golden West" to make us think so. Its great merit as a musical composition lies almost entirely in the orchestral score.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Oscar Hammerstein, the redoubtable operatic impresario, having conquered London, is said to have declared the possibility of his giving attention to San Francisco and New Orleans as fields for opera cultivation. No task is too great when there is the will to accomplish, but Mr. Hammerstein has a distance view of the difficulties.

That Italian-Swiss Colony wines are California's choicest product was proved at the Turin International Exposition, when they were awarded the coveted "Grand Prix." Try them and be convinced.

AN ORPHEUM STAR.

Cecilia Loftus is the star of the Orpheum bill this week, as she was the star last week, as she will be the star next week, and a star of such magnitude that all the others on the programme seem diminutive twinklers by contrast. Some will say that Miss Loftus is too great an artist for vaudeville, as they said it of Dr. Wüllner, the German lieder interpreter, but they are wrong. No amusement that attracts so large and so representative a following may be set down as unworthy, and its improvement, its persistent effort for higher standards, for cleaner, brighter, more inspiring features should be recognized and commended. It has climbed many steps to make possible, not the appearance of such stars merely, but their gracious reception, their attentive, interested audience, their meed of applause, hearty, sincere, and general.

Miss Loftus in imitations, as a phrase, carries little of allurements. There are imitators in abundance, so-called, most of them mere burlesquers of actors who have achieved eminence or notoriety. They range from the parlor pest to the vaudevillian who ekes out his slender offering with confessedly stolen material, excused and apologized for as an imitation. Only by the poverty of the language are we required to give the same descriptive term to what Miss Loftus presents. She more than seems, she is. So many varying expressions that mirror diverse emotions not only, but that change the contour of the face, the shape and position of the eyes—seemingly their color—and give an almost uncanny strangeness to each appearance of their wearer, were surely never so completely at the command of any other actress. The poses, the movements of hands, arms, and shoulders, the walk and dance might be, and often are, successfully counterfeited; but to show a new face, archly Gallic and formally sentimental, as Yvette Guilbert, and a moment later to reproduce the tired, sophisticated, pathetic countenance of Rose Stahl, and all this without a line from the make-up pencil, is much more than a theatrical incident. There are painters who know the technic of the brush yet never produce a great picture. Miss Loftus has the eye of the artist, to catch and preserve every detail of her copy, the technic of the actress to place them impressively, and, above all, the imagination and the will that enable her to make her impersonations alive and not mechanical moments.

This week she appears in portraiture of Nora Bayes, Bert Williams, Carrie De Mar, Nazimova, Yvette Guilbert, and Rose Stahl. She also dances in the Maud Allan style, gracefully, daintily, beautifully, though with no conspicuous lack of drapery. Most piquant and delightful of her acting numbers is her impersonation of Yvette Guilbert singing an old-fashioned English song. It is so distinctive a portrayal that it creates a personality in every way unlike its imitator, and it is deliciously funny. Hardly less remarkable a change is that to Alla Nazimova, and the scene from "A Doll's House" is vivid and forceful. Nazimova's eyes seem dark with suddenly aroused passion, but the same eyes seen under the brim of The Cborus Lady's traveling and much-traveled hat are pale and wistful. And the voice that is throaty and vaudevillianous in the song of Nora Bayes, is tense and electric in the lines of the Russian actress, and deep, drawlingly decisive in Rose Stahl's monologue.

Miss Loftus's gifts are above description. She is a beautiful woman, beautiful in feature and form as well as in intellectual and emotional expression. And great as are her capabilities as an actress, it would not be easy to choose among modern plays one altogether worthy of her talent or that would give any adequate range for her wonderful versatility. Perhaps the little half-hour she gives to these impersonations holds the distilled graces of her art as no other presentation could.

Were it possible to speak justly in less space of this feature of the Orpheum bill, there would be room to mention more at length other attractions. Oscar Lorain, the violinist, plays notably well. He could win quite as much favor without changes of costume, for his music is the thing. The Athletic Girls, who fence, wrestle, and box, are genuine, and rather interesting specimens of the sex that is now conquering every kind of opposition.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

The San Francisco Orchestra's Plans.

The San Francisco Orchestra will give its second popular concert in Oakland next Thursday afternoon, January 25, at 3:15, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, with the following programme: "March Slav," Tschaiowsky; Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart; "Rondo Capriccioso," for violin, played by Mr. Eduard Tak; "Theme and Variations" from Suite No. 1, Moszkowski; "Tannhaüser" Overture, Wagner.

The usual popular prices will prevail and seats will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday morning.

The third "Pop" concert in San Francisco will be given at the Cort Theatre next Friday afternoon, January 26, at 3:15, the programme: March Slav," Tschaiowsky "Magic Flute Overture," Mozart; Music from "The Nutcracker," Tschaiowsky; Prelude to "The

Deluge," Saint-Saëns; Overture, "Tannhaüser," Wagner.

Seats will be ready Monday at usual box-offices.

The fourth Symphony Concert will be given Friday afternoon, February 2, with De Pachenmann as soloist, and Mr. Hadley's Symphony No. 2 will be played for the first time in this city.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Men have for long been aware that women lack the power of comradeship, but they have hesitated to mention it, partly from feelings of delicacy and partly because women would not know what they meant. It is of no use to attempt an explanation of sight to one who has never had it, and in the same way women can not understand a comradeship that is not a part of their constitution. But it seems that women are awaking to a sense of their deficiencies in this respect, which is a comforting sign, for there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men made perfect. Here we have a woman writing to an Eastern paper upon this very subject. She quotes Mr. Chesterton, who says that there are only three things that women do not understand, and they are liberty, equality, and fraternity. Men, she says, have something that women have not but that they must have. They have the power of comradeship and good-fellowship. Men, wretches that they are, have acquired these virtues in unvirtuous ways, by eating, drinking, and smoking. When they meet for these gross and carnal purposes they create an impersonal atmosphere. They forget their own individualities and each contributes to the impalpable sentiment of comradeship. But how different it is with women, how impossible they find it to shake off their rigidity, the self-consciousness of clothing, deportment, caste. There is no pervading spirit that enwraps them all and brings them into the bonds of a common, impersonal geniality. A woman is always a separate being. She has no pack consciousness. She never belongs to a team.

Men have known this for a long time, but have not liked to say so. Now that the discovery has been made by a woman there is no harm in assenting enthusiastically to its truth.

A certain amount of public opinion seems to have been aroused on the subject of the current dances. The awakening has been a slow one, as the awakening of public opinion always is, but at last the materfamilias has deigned to notice the strange things that her daughters are doing and to forbid them. Not that the prohibition will have any effect. The daughter of the family took the bit between her little white teeth some time ago, and now she knows no law but her own sweet will. The mothers of today might just as well forbid the winter rains as forbid their children to display themselves in any way that they will.

There was a time when the lower fringes of society aped the manners and copied the practices of the wealth and education above them. We have changed all that. It is now the lower levels that set the pace for the upper, prescribe their amusements, and regulate their practices. If we wish to be fashionable, to be up to date and modern, we seek out the dregs of society and faithfully copy their misbehavior and vulgarity. The more we can misbehave, the more vulgar we can be, the more unchallengeable are our credentials to fashion and modernity.

The current dances furnish an illustration. All of the most objectionable among them originated on the Barbary Coast. They were danced by the thugs and the demimondaines who congregate there. They represented the evil and sensual life always to be found in the dark places of big cities. Some of them were typical only of the abandon and violence of lawless life. Others among them were flagrantly, suggestively, and symbolically indecent. It may be said that they were imitative dances, and imitative of unmentionable things, and every one who ought to know will know what that means. At first these dances excited only the tolerant disgust of decent persons, who looked at them very much as one looks at the animalities of wild beasts in cages, at jungle love, and at apes scratching for fleas. Those who excused them did so on the ground that the dividing line between men and brutes is a narrow one, and that just as there are man-like brutes so there must be brute-like men. One does not expect much from the Barbary Coast.

But what shall we say when we find that wealth and culture are visiting the Barbary Coast and transferring to their own drawing-rooms the practices found there? What shall we say when we find that these imitative dances have become the favorite amusement of young men and women whose education alone—not to speak of morality—should have turned their tastes in another direction? How shall we characterize the young woman who finds some strange pleasure in pretending to belong to the demimonde, or the young man whose ambition is to imitate a thug? We can at least say that the pretense and the imitation are lifelike, indistinguishable from the real thing. Are the demimondaine, the *fille de joie*, the Apache, the types that our young people have chosen for themselves, the models that excite their emulation? Really it would seem so. Or may we more charitably assume that at least the young women do not know what they are doing, do not realize the suggestiveness of their dances, do not realize the physical and moral degradation of their performances?

If these dances were beautiful or graceful they might be condoned, but they are neither. There are some Oriental dances that are indecent, but yet, in a sense, charming to see. No such excuse can be urged in favor of these modern American dances. They have no redeeming feature. They are ugly, awkward, and ludicrous. A family of brown bears in the woods will show more grace, more delicacy of motion than the young people in our ballrooms, whose clumsy contortions and sprawlings are an outrage upon the human body.

One of the chief dancing teachers in America said recently that good dancing could not be found either in Chicago or in San Francisco. Certainly one may look far in San Francisco before finding any approach to good dancing even among those who pride themselves upon the art. And it is an art. It is the melody of the body, and therefore incompatible with the ape-like antics usually to be found in the ballroom. How much more incompatible is it with practical and imitative indecency?

There is no help for it. Either women must cease to have children or they must surrender some of their public duties. The latter course is unthinkable, for women never surrender anything, so we can only hope that the feminist leaders will use their influence to persuade their followers to give up an evil practice into which a misguided nature has led them.

Take the case of the New York school-teachers. The supreme court said that women could not be discharged from the schools for the offense of getting married. The supreme court in its judicial capacity was unaware of the results that in some few rare and exceptional cases have been known to follow matrimony. Such matters are not included in the legal course, and even a judge can not be expected to know everything. So the teachers went back to their desks and disciplined the children by day and the husbands by night. But now the education board is up in arms about it. Close observation has led the board to the conclusion that matrimony is apt to be followed by periods of enforced abstention from school duties for medical reasons. The board does not know why this should be so, but it states the facts, and also its conclusion that there is some subtle connection between the aforesaid matrimony and the aforesaid abstention from school duties. Now, the teachers are paid for the performance of those duties, and the board naturally objects to any action upon their part likely to incapacitate them from doing the work for which they are paid. It is reasonable enough, and we should all feel the same way about it. A teacher has just been dismissed for not performing her duties under such circumstances, and now the teachers' committee say that they will appeal to the courts to determine if a teacher need or need not do the work that she is paid to do, if she may or may not do certain things deliberately that are likely to prevent her from doing that work. It almost seems too simple a matter for the courts to be troubled about, but then the courts are never so happy as when they are tangling up some perfectly simple proposition. The women contend that they have a right to be in two places at the same time, to undertake certain work and also certain other duties that will make that work impossible, to exact payment for services that are not rendered. To the feminine mind these seem to be elementary human rights, for to the feminine mind everything becomes an inalienable right that happens also to be an interest.

The great Koh-i-Noor diamond was worn at the Delhi durbar by the queen and not by the king, and so we have one more triumph of what some people call superstition. It was originally intended that the king should wear the jewel, but a research into the depths of Indian public opinion disclosed the fact that the Koh-i-Noor was expected to bring good fortune to a woman, but had fortune to a man. Some of the great Indian princes thought the matter so serious that they remonstrated against any act that would arouse in the public mind an expectation of bad luck, and what greater bad luck can there be than the expectation of it? So the king had to be content with the common cheap gems of the ordinary regalia, while his consort wore the cream of the lot. Whatever may be our views of this particular superstition we may be sure that Queen Mary believes in it.

It seems to the cold and cruel intelligence of the man that a woman who allows herself to be deliberately skinned alive, actually and physically skinned, in the search for rejuvenescence, ought not to be allowed to exact damages from the skinner because the operation has turned out less successfully than she expected.

There is a man in Paris now awaiting trial upon a charge of fraud. He claimed to be in possession of certain ointments that would remove the old skin and replace it with new. He explained that the process was slow, painful, and costly. He seems, indeed, to have stated the precise facts, although not all of them, and we can readily believe that his victims flocked to him in herds. They would

have endured the pain of hell to recover their beauty, for what other hell could he so intolerable as the loss of beauty to those whose whole existence was bound up in their physical perfections.

How many women he treated will never be known, for only one among them, a woman of over fifty, has come forward with a complaint. She herself had undergone treatment for the head alone, but there were others who desired to be skinned from north to south and east to west. Now this man did exactly what he said he would do. The new skin was all that could be wished. Wrinkles and lines had disappeared and a magical youth took the place of the sign manual of age. But only for a time. The process destroyed the hair as well as the skin, and although new tresses appeared in due course there was an indefinable something about them that was repulsive and ugly. But there was worse to come. The new skin did not preserve its beauty. It shriveled. It became yellow, and it was marked with crow's-feet and wrinkles worse, far worse, than those that were displaced. The remedy had not taken twenty years from the life of the victim, or it had done so for only a few weeks. It had added ten years.

Now what right has that woman to damages? What right has she to occupy the time of the courts? If she were a child or an idiot she would be entitled to the peculiar protection of the law against the results of her own folly. But she was a woman of education and the wife of a lawyer. If she could have silenced her maniacal vanity for a moment she would have known that it is not possible to be flayed alive and to profit by it permanently. So far from being allowed to appeal to the law it would seem that women of this sort ought themselves to be punished for placing irresistible temptations in the way of the potential criminal.

Every now and then we read some indignant denial of the assertion that human hair is shipped from China for use by the women of America and Europe. We have always been suspicious of those denials. That women use a vast quantity of hair that is theirs only

by purchase is unquestioned. There can be no doubt that human hair has a market value. Then why must we not believe that the hair of dead Chinamen is actually exported and used. There are a great many dead Chinamen that it would be a pity to waste. Their hair is long and admirably suited for the purpose. Why, then, should it not be used for that purpose. Obviously it is so used.

Now comes a report from London on this very matter. It quotes "one of the largest dealers in human hair," and it is to the effect that the revolution in China and the abolition of the pigtail is likely to glut the market and that artificial fringes, tails, and "rats" will be cheap. We are told that the only white countries that do not use Chinese hair are France and Austria. These countries prefer to be supplied from Bohemia and Moravia. America, England, and Germany depend largely upon China.

And there you are. There is no particular objection to using the hair of Chinamen except on the part of those who do object to it, of which we are one. But it would be nice to know its antecedents. If it comes from the head of some nice clean little Chinaman who has abandoned his pigtail in order to show his political opinions, well and good. Even then we should like to know that it had been boiled for a month in carbohydric acid. But it is evident that the hair we have been using so far had no such source. It came from the dead Chinaman of the common or garden variety, from the Chinaman who had died a natural death, and natural death includes all sorts of nasty things, and also from the Chinaman who had died an unnatural death at the hands of the executioner, although it seems natural enough that a Chinaman should die after his head is cut off. But there, what's the use? If woman's vanity demands the use of a Chinaman's hair she will be quite indifferent whether the dear, dead Celestial came to his end by cholera or by blighted affections. She needs the hair!

Clara (blushing)—I just heard again from Jack. Maud—He writes a splendid love letter, doesn't he?—Life.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton recently mentioned an English spinster lady who said, as she watched a great actress writhing about the floor as Cleopatra, "How different from the home life of our late dear queen!"

They were waiting for dinner and the virtuoso, who was to play afterward at the musicale, was whiling away the time at the piano. "How would you like a sonata before dinner?" he asked. "Hardly," returned the host; "I had four on the way home."

Socialism, as entertained by most people, is summed up in a story of two Irishmen who were discussing the beauties of the theory. "Sure 'tis the happy time coming," said Pat. "Tis the brotherhood of man, and the good fellowship of all. If you had twenty thousand dollars you'd let me have tin of them, wouldn't ye, Mike?" "I would that," said Mike, heartily. "And if you had a hundred horses the half of them would be mine?" "Faith they would." "An' if ye had two pigs, sure, ye'd give me one?" "I would not. Ye know perfectly well I have two pigs."

Dr. Cyrus L. Cutler, the well-known Springfield surgeon, is a member of the Colonial Club, an institution that fines its members for talking shop. Dr. Cutler, getting out of his motor-car, entered the Colonial Club the other day for luncheon, and, advancing into the restaurant, said to a lawyer, as he took off his goggles: "Well, old man, how are you?" The lawyer got Dr. Cutler fined then and there for talking shop. The next day, when he arrived at the club again for luncheon, the surgeon, angered at what had happened, cut the lawyer. The latter then had him fined once more.

During the dinner hour, two bricklayers were playing cards in the house they were building. "Look here, matey," said Bill, "this 'ere game is too slow. Let's try something more exciting. I'll bet you two bob that I cut the ace of diamonds first time." "Done!" said Jack, his companion. Bill borrowed a sharp knife of another workman, and cut the pack fair in half. "There," he cried. "And over the money, sonny. The ace of diamonds is cut first go." Jack grinned. "I reckon it's you what'll do the 'anding over," he said. "I put the ace in my pocket while you was a-borrowing the knife."

Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol, recently told a story about a new Southern member of the House whose frugality he is commending to his congressional friends. The new member arrived in town and hunted Superintendent Woods up immediately. "I reckon I'd like to look at my quarters," said he to the superintendent. He was taken to the House office building and shown to one of the substantially furnished office-rooms. "This is fine," said the new member, "but where are my other rooms?" "Oh, you can't have another room for several years—not until you have become chairman of a committee," replied Wood. "My God!" exclaimed the Southerner, "how do you expect me to sleep, cook, eat, and work in the same room?"

Filial disobedience was once asserted by that amiable old villain, the late King Milan of Serbia. It was in the days after his deposition, when his chief object in life seemed to be how many liquors he could absorb in Paris in a given time. A young attaché of the British embassy encountered him one evening, and just at the moment that he had reached the pathetic stage. This, it may be added, was usually about eleven o'clock in the evening. He nearly sobbed on the bosom of the diplomatist, much to his obvious embarrassment, and informed him, between his tears (and his drinks), that his son, the late murdered King of Serbia, was slowly but surely breaking his heart. "I had a letter from him the other day," he gurgled, "in which he plainly consigned me to the infernal regions. What do you think of that?" The attaché was lost in thought for a moment. Then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, he replied, "Well, why not humor him, just for once, and go there?"

Joseph E. Widener, at a dinner in Philadelphia, was congratulated on his father's unique and magnificent gallery of pictures. "Yes," said Mr. Widener, "my father is a connoisseur—a true connoisseur." He added, with a smile: "And I don't use the word 'connoisseur,' either, as the great painter used it. A great painter, you know, was asked by his little son: 'Father, what is a connoisseur?' 'Well, my son,' the father answered, 'did you notice that tall, white-haired gentleman at my studio yesterday?' 'The one with the sahn-lined overcoat, father?' Oh, yes, I noticed him." "Well, my son, he is a connoisseur." "But how do you know he's a connoisseur, father?" "By his actions, my son." "But, father, he acted like every one else at the tea, didn't he?" "Certainly not, my boy. Certainly not. The others drank my

Russian tea, ate my foie-gras sandwiches, and took leave. But he—he bought a picture."

SECRETS OF HOTEL MEN.

Simeon Ford is a popular hotel man in New York. That is, he is popular with other hotel men. When the bonifaces get together and talk confidentially about the great public done good by them, Mr. Ford always rises up at the table and says a few paragraphs which are calculated to kill any germs of remorse that might have sneaked in with the banquet. His reputation as an after-dinner wit shows an increasing annual growth. As evidence that it is difficult to tell all the truth about his humorous gifts, the following excerpts from his address at a recent dinner of Manhattan tavern-keepers are presented:

I read in a newspaper that the reason I gave up after-dinner speaking was because the man who wrote my speeches was dead. I desire to contradict that statement. The man who wrote my speeches deserves death, but he is still, partially, alive.

I am almost ashamed to appear before you again. George Washington made one farewell address to his army which has become a classic and is printed in the fourth reader, and he died in the odor of sanctity with an excellent reputation for truth and veracity. I have made twenty-five farewell addresses to this army and my reputation for truth and veracity is growing steadily worse.

This coming back is quite a serious question. The surest way to come back is not to go away. Jim Jeffries tried it, but darkness overtook him. The boss scrapper of them all tried to work "The Return from Elba" on us and he is now hibernating on Long Island studying the habits of the shy bivalve after whom his home town is named. He will find the habits of the oyster most exemplary—as a rule. He will also find that if the oyster has the slightest defect in his character or blot on his escutcheon he is sure to wind up in the soup. He will also find that the oyster's main hope of survival is dependent upon his lying low, keeping dark and preserving a discreet silence. No one can accuse the oyster of being chatty or gabby.

I know of but one man prominent in politics less garrulous than the oyster and that is Charley Murphy. And see how nicely Charley gets on! He doesn't need to apply to the Carnegie fund for a pension. The wolf never approaches his door. If it did Charley would be wearing furs the next day.

Next to bread the most popular viand with the restaurant public is catsup. The moment a guest is seated he proceeds to force himself full of bread washed down by copious draughts of catsup. He leaves but little space for other viands. It would really be better to charge for bread and catsup and to give the other dishes away. If I had got to pay for the mountains of bread and oceans of catsup I've dispensed in the past thirty years I wouldn't be associating with you fellows at all.

The magazine muck-rakers have got after the hotels. Excessive prices and vast profits is their theme. I don't know many rich hotel men. I've helped bury most of those who have died in the last twenty years. One article began with the statement that for ten cents, a piece of lemon and a few crackers, costing perhaps five cents, the hotel charges 25 cents, a clean profit of 500 per cent.

Isn't it a wonder the Attorney-General doesn't get after us?

But we know of a lot of expenses which those poor, feeble little clams have to shoulder. We have to charge more for them than they cost us or we couldn't make a living. Take this modest inn, for example. The rent and taxes run up, I presume, well above a million a year. The clams referred to have to pay their share of that rent. They are accompanied by china and glass and linen and silver and flowers and music. They are served by haughty waiters from la belle France in open-faced clothes, who get pay. All these refinements add to the pleasure of the guest and he demands them, and he can not expect to get his clams as cheap as if he bought them off a sloop at Fulton Market. The writer of that article ought to buy a pair of rubber boots and a hoe and go down to the beach and dig his clams.

When I was a boy working downtown by skillful "sojering" I would occasionally be kept at the store in the evening and get 50 cents for supper money. Then the next day I would dash around to the Astor House and get lunch. The Astor House was opened just in time to receive Columbus when he landed and has been a successful hotel ever since. Some of the original waiters are there still. I go down now every once in a while when I have a craving for real food. I love to climb up on a high stool and eat a chicken paté and drink a cup of good coffee out of one of those iron-clad cups and revel in the sufferings of the man who stands behind me waiting for my seat begrudging my every mouthful.

Last week I struck a waiter of unparalleled stupidity. At the conclusion of the repast I congratulated him on being the worst in the world (and I am an expert). I asked him if he had pursued his present vocation for any considerable period or whether he had just graduated from the hod-carriers' association. He indignantly replied that he had worked uninterruptedly for seven years in the Grand Union, which answer might well be classed as the Retort Courteous or Right in the Eye.

When a hotel man makes fun of New York waiters it is obvious that he has become insensible to awe-inspiring objects. But Mr. Ford is cautious. Observe the restraint with which he modestly declares that waiters "get pay." If they do it is not all they get.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Myra McGavock Josselyn and Mr. William Coppée Duncan took place Wednesday, at five o'clock, at St. Luke's Church. Miss Marjorie Josselyn was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Martha Foster, Lee Girvin, Evelyn Barron, Ysabel Chase, Ruth Winslow, and Miss Helen Duncan of Detroit. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn of Woodside, and is a sister of Mrs. Ettore Avenali, Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Mr. Duncan is a brother of Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., and Miss Helen Duncan, and is related to Miss Coppée, Mr. Millen Griffith, and Mr. James Jenkins of Marin County. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan will occupy the home in Woodside of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Myra Josselyn during their absence in Europe.

Mr. James D. Phelan was host Tuesday evening at a dinner at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mrs. C. August Spreckels.

Mrs. Spreckels was again the complimented guest Thursday, when Mrs. Russell J. Wilson entertained at a luncheon at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Charles Green has issued invitations to a luncheon for Wednesday, January 24, at the Hotel St. Francis, in honor of Miss Marie Louise Foster. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis and entertained twenty guests.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has issued over one hundred invitations to a bridge-tee for Thursday afternoon, February 8, in the Colonial ballroom at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Marian Newhall will entertain at a dinner Friday evening, January 26, preceding the Oriental ball to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will entertain twenty-four guests at dinner and will later accompany them to the hall of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker gave a dinner last evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained forty friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel last evening preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' ball.

Miss Anna Peters was also a dinner hostess last evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Madeline Clay gave a luncheon last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Marian Stone, Miss Metha McMahon, and Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon complimentary to Miss Cornelia Armsby and Miss Oroville Wooster.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Gay Lombard of Portland, who will leave shortly for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Green Street, and with their guests attended the Cindarella Ball.

Among others who entertained at dinners the same evening were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Kate Brigham.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel gave a luncheon and bridge party last Friday at the Franciscan Club.

Mrs. Herbert Baker and Miss Floride Hunt will be hostesses at a tea Thursday, January 25, at the residence on Pacific Avenue of their mother, Mrs. Randall Hunt. The guest of honor will be Miss Marian Marvin, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Otis Johnson has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and their daughter, Miss Marian Crocker, will entertain a number of friends at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening, January 23, in honor of Miss Isabelle Beaver and Miss Dorothy Page.

Miss Gertrude Thomas was hostess last week at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb and Mrs. Mary Hanson Smith gave a tea Wednesday in honor of Miss Dorothy Boericke.

The Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin were hostesses at a bridge party Wednesday in honor of Miss Metha McMahon and Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Miss Frances Stewart gave a tea last week complimentary to Mrs. James Laurence Kauffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering presided at a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding.

Mrs. W. D. Fennimore was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Franciscan Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Metha McMahon was hostess at a bridge-tee at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. Edward Tobin was host at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Vicomte Philip de Tristan and Vicomtesse de Tristan.

Mrs. Starr Keeler gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club complimentary to Miss Minna Van Bergen and Miss Marie Louise Foster.

Mr. C. Y. Williamson was host at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of the new British consul, Mr. Carnegie Ross, C. B.

Miss Margaret Moore was hostess at a luncheon yesterday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Isabelle McLaughlin.

Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore gave a dinner at Yerba Buena in honor of Captain Alexander K. Jones, commander of the British sloop-of-war *Algerine*.

Miss Marian Huntington has issued invitations to a dance for Monday evening, January 22, at her home on Jackson and Maple Streets.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale will be hostess Monday at a tea in honor of Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Captain Charles Minor Goodall and Mrs. Goodall entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Thursday evening at their home in Oakland. The affair was complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw.

Mr. James K. Moffitt was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Piedmont.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden (formerly Miss Florence Pullman) and their four children will leave Chicago February 1 for San Francisco, en route to Santa Barbara. They will be the guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin and their two little daughters have come to town from Burlingame and will spend a month at the residence on Broadway of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler have returned to town from their ranch in San Diego County.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and Mr. Lucio Mintzer, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill in New York, have arrived in Paris, where Miss Mintzer will join Miss White, with whom she will travel during the next six months. Mr. Mintzer will return home to attend the university in Berkeley.

Miss Ethel Crocker will leave in March for Paris, where she will visit her aunt, Princess André Poniatowski. Miss Crocker will again resume her vocal studies. She will be accompanied on her trip by Miss Bessie Bowie, who, after a visit with her relatives here, will return to her studio in Paris.

Miss Mary Eyre is contemplating a trip to Europe, and will be accompanied by Miss Sarah Coffin and Miss Louisiana Foster.

The Misses Ysabel, Marie, and Elena Brewer are established in an apartment on Van Ness Avenue near Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander left Thursday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Greenebaum arrived in New York Thursday and expect to be away two months. Miss Beatrice Howitt has returned to San Rafael after a visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett has returned to Burlingame after a visit in town with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson. Miss Innes Keeney was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lyon have gone to Mountain View to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Lyon's mother, Mrs. W. B. Hooper.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. Louis Brugière and her son, Mr. Louis Brugière, left last Saturday for Newport. They will sail for Europe January 23.

Mrs. William Sproule and her daughter have gone East to visit Mrs. Veronica Baird.

Mrs. Robert Greer of Portland has been spending the past few weeks with her parents, Dr. C. N. Ellinwood and Mrs. Ellinwood, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson has returned to her home in Philadelphia after having spent the holidays with her father, ex-Senator Charles N. Felton.

Mrs. Adolph Scheld has returned to Sacramento after a visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman entertained the Misses Ruth Winslow and Ysabel Chase and Mr. Platt Kent over the week-end at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Edward H. Bennett has returned to New York and Chicago for a brief visit.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., and her daughters, the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg, left this week for New York en route to Paris, where Miss Enid Gregg will study vocal music.

Mrs. M. A. Tobin is contemplating returning to Europe with her daughter, Mrs. Raoul Duval, who is here from Paris for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Christine de Guigne, Jr. (formerly Miss Marie Louise Elkins), have returned from Europe and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Delaware Neilson in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. de Guigne will be at their San Mateo home after February 1.

Miss Ethel Clement, daughter of Colonel L. H. Clement, has returned from the East, where she has been visiting for the past two years, and is with her parents at 1038 Fulton Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson and their son Jack are now in Philadelphia, where they will spend the winter. They expect to return to San Francisco next spring.

Mrs. James Laurence Kauffman has returned to her home in Coronado after a visit in this city and Mare Island.

The Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott have recently been the guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Emilie Donohoe.

Miss Eliza McMullen left last week for New York en route to Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and her daughter, Miss Elena Robinson, have closed their home in Woodside and are established at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., returned last week from Tokyo, where for the past two years he has been first secretary of the American embassy, and is en route to Washington, D. C.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst has been spending the past two weeks in Los Angeles.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby left Sunday for New York, en route to Europe, for a few months' pleasure trip.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller, and Miss Caroline Peterson will sail Tuesday on the *Mongolia* for Honolulu.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie left suddenly for her home in Detroit on account of the illness of Dr. Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel are established in their town house on Washington and Franklin Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stowell Symmes will come from their home in Massachusetts to attend the wedding of their son, Mr. Laurence Metcalfe Symmes, who will be married February 7 to Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton have returned to their home in Millbrae after a brief visit in Europe.

Miss Katherine Kaime of Santa Barbara is visiting friends in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris have arrived in New

York from London and are en route to San Francisco.

Miss Esther Moreland, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., will leave next week for her home in Pittsburg.

Miss Minna Van Bergen has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sahla, have returned from a few days' visit at Paso Robles.

Miss Marie Louise Foster spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have been spending this week in town at the Fairmont Hotel.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

George M. Cohan's comedy without music, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night for a two weeks' engagement. This play is said by critics to be the most brilliant of Mr. Cohan's many works, and the public have endorsed it for two seasons in New York and a solid year in Chicago. Few among readers of fiction have missed the acquaintance of that most plausible crook, J. Rufus Wallingford, and the play presents him even more convincingly than the stories. Mr. Cohan has injected his own humor into the dramatization, and it is not only more amusing but more vitally interesting. A good cast will present the comedy, among its members being John Webster, William Forestelle, Rose Curry, John D. O'Hara, Junius Mathews, Jay C. Yorke, Florence Dunlap, and Marjorie Foster.

Special requests for an extension of Cecilia Loftus's engagement at the Orpheum have flooded the management, and in accordance arrangements have been concluded to make possible the stay of the star for another week—the third and last. Many have been unable to secure seats this week as well as last week, and the announcement will be received with pleasure not only by those but by the numerous admirers of her art who are anxious to see Miss Loftus again. She will present a new programme, offering, among others, imitations of Caruso singing the famous tenor solo from "I Pagliacci," of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and of Sarah Bernhardt. Newcomers on the bill for the week will include Una Clayton, the ingénue, in a comedy written by herself, "A Child Shall Lead Them," with a supporting company of three. Max Hart's Six Steppers are a family of dancers, four brothers and two sisters, who will offer the latest novelties in step dancing. Knox Wilson is a comedian who can amuse with his own sayings, but he also introduces musical selections on diverse instruments. Albert F. Hawthorne and Frank A. Burt have a military farce, "The Raw Recruit," and give it with entertaining spirit and dash. Next week will be the last of Reynolds and Donegan, the Four Vanis, and Charley Grapewin and company.

The final performance of "The Red Rose" will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night. The musical comedy has had a very successful run, and Zoe Barnett is making a big hit in the leading rôle.

## De Pachmann, Poet of the Piano.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the most poetic of all pianists, and the greatest player of Chopin works the world has ever known, will make his farewell appearance in this city at three concerts, to be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoon, January 28, Tuesday night, January 30, and Sunday afternoon, February 4.

At the first concert he will play a Mozart Sonata, works by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, and others, and a group of seven Chopin gems.

At the Tuesday night concert, in addition to eight Chopin masterpieces, he will offer Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, Liszt's brilliant "Mazurka," and works by Schumann and Mendelssohn.

For the final programme his selections will be entirely by Chopin.

Seats will be on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday morning, and mail orders will be carefully attended to if accompanied by check or money order and addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

In Oakland, De Pachmann will repeat the beautiful programme of Tuesday night, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, on Thursday afternoon, February 1, at 3:15, and seats for this event will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday, January 29. Mail orders for the Oakland concert should be addressed to H. W. Bishop, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

No music lover or student can afford to miss hearing De Pachmann; he is unique among pianists, and the greatest living player of the works of the romantic school.

Word has been received by cable of the sudden death in Weston-super-mare, England, of Dr. Francis W. S. Wicksteed, on Monday, January 7. His widow, who survives him, was formerly Miss Paula Moore, daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. I. C. Moore of this city.

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## FOR PRACTICAL PLAYWRIGHTS.

Henry Arthur Jones Talks of the Drama and the Work of Dramatists.

For a short season Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, is in America. Soon after his arrival in New York the *Evening Post*, among others, interviewed the author, and the report of that interview is entertaining and instructive throughout. The reporter proved his ability and serious interest by what he refrained from saying, and Mr. Jones, also, did not pose. There are few among modern dramatists who could speak so clearly, directly, and convincingly on a topic of which the actual knowledge of the public is in inverse ratio to its freely expressed opinions. In the following paragraphs the more striking remarks made by Mr. Jones are quoted:

"If I were thirty again," said the successful dramatist, "I should leave the drama wholly alone, I think. England and America today are ill places for a man of letters who would at the same time be a man of the theatre. In France, if you are the one, you are necessarily the other. Over there, if you've had a bad time hating with the whims and vagaries of manager-actors and the public, and if your play has not survived the struggle, you can yet be assured of a large reading public. Not so in England. The time one wastes in getting a play accepted and the risks one runs, however great one's advantages, of being sometimes strangely misrepresented on the stage, make literature a surer means of high and lasting reward. If you write a book you are judged by your own work. In a play you are judged largely by the work that others have done for you—manager, actors, scene painters, scene shifters, electricians. And the nervous wear and tear that accompany it all! I promise you, my friend Thomas Hardy, who reaped his quiet reward in Dorset writing novels, is quite the wiser man of us two."

After Mr. Jones had avowed that Hardy was a born dramatist by instinct, and that in France he would most assuredly have been one in fact, the eternal subject of how a young man should learn to write plays was brought up. It came, however, by way of Browning.

"Professor Lounsbury of Yale said the final thing about Browning's dramas when he wrote that Browning was no dramatist." Mr. Jones looked back over the plays of the great poet and smiled. "Description, explanation, story—all splendid, but no real drama. No, you mustn't put the blame on his break with Macready. Browning was not naturally and instinctively a dramatist, and more than this, he never studied the theatre. If you will not serve a long apprenticeship to the stage and learn its immensely difficult and intricate technique, you are scarcely likely to write a successful or even an actable play."

"But there are so many ways of studying plays, Mr. Jones."

"No, there is but one way. Study as much as you wish, see plays and criticize plays. But if you really make up your mind to write plays, spend three years on the actual stage. I don't care how badly you act; three years of that experience will teach you more than twenty years of closet study—or study from an orchestra chair, for that matter. Browning is the living example of what can't be done by a great genius who won't buckle down to learning the stage technique."

Mr. Jones admitted that the courses in dramatic practice of Professor Baker in Harvard, and the general dramatic coaching of William Lyon Phelps of Yale, were very promising signs for the future of the American drama.

"Professor Phelps of Yale is a very keen critic indeed," he said; "his hooks on the Russian and other modern novelists establish his position beyond cavil; and that is quite aside from his dramatic work and the fact that he is a delightful man personally."

But even the coaching of these professional enthusiasts for stage-writing would not, in Mr. Jones's opinion, serve as substitute for a few years' practical experience in the theatre.

"If an artist can convince Morgan that his canvas is good, he needn't worry about the rest of the world. But even if Morgan liked a play of mine so well that he attended it every single night, he could not make it a success with the public. The drama is, in the final estimate of it, judged by the great playgoing public. That is why seclusion from the public that goes to the theatre is incompatible with good play-writing. Your Brander Matthews has said it all, and Goethe before him. We must deign, we writers of plays, to stoop to Shakespeare and Molière and the Bible." Needless to say, at this juncture, Mr. Jones wore a broad smile. "These men were the foremost dramatists of their countries, but first of all they were the popular hack playwrights of their respective theatres."

"And yet, 'Le Misanthrope,' which is certainly one of the master's greatest feats, was never a great stage success?"

"But it still holds the stage, and is constantly revived, and one may make a distinction between a great play and a good acting play by the same author. 'Les Femmes Savantes,' which was always a success, is

a better play than 'Le Misanthrope,' even if it does not create a great character, or probe so deeply into human character."

"Do you mean," he said with a curious apologetic smile as if he did not like to mention himself in the same breath with the great Gainsborough, "that this play of the 'Misanthrope' suggested to me my play of 'The Liars'?" I suspect no one could ever see the connection, but here it is: The root idea of the French play is a serious man, surrounded by a crowd of ticklers. The germ of 'The Liars' is a serious man, surrounded by London society. Of course, the same does not follow out the analogy, and I varied considerably during its development, but there you are."

Then Molière to Edmond Rostand is the logical step.

As a solid literary figure he certainly is. Mr. Jones, "but I can never help feeling that Chantecler and even Cyrano are magnificent artificial creations rather than real human beings like Don Quixote or Hamlet. In spite of the grandeur of the poet, neither Cyrano nor Chantecler gives you a sense of reality."

Jugène Brieux, the famous dramatist, whom Henry Jones declares to be the greatest figure in comedy since the comedian of Louis XIV, himself, came in for his turn.

"Brieux is a great writer and a most delightful man; but he lets the reformer and the doctrinaire in him strangle the artist. For instance, he writes a play to arraign the present judicial system in France, and he has a murder in it. Now you know perfectly well," Mr. Jones smiled and pointed towards the adjoining chamber, "you know perfectly well, if you and I were having a discussion about the system of magistrates in this country, and were talking just heartily about it, if there should be a murder in that room—we'd stop talking and go and see what was happening. Well, the trouble with M. Brieux is that sometimes he won't stop talking." Here there was a slight pause. "Shakespeare, in 'Macbeth,' has a murder, too. And he manages to say a few things about ambition. You see the difference between the methods of the two men?"

It was hard to obtain from this man of seventy plays an inkling as to the manner of their writing. Mr. Jones suffers from a surfeit of plots. Today, after the seventy have been written—and another is very soon to swell the list—he has more scenarios in his pigeon-holes than he has ever had. Mr. Jones can not take a self-respecting vacation at a seaside for a fortnight without dreaming one or two new plots. When he has sketched his main theme in his head, Mr. Jones works out a system of elaborate scenarios. He divides his play according to the French method of scenes, and assigns to each separate division its exact purpose. The important situations of his drama he then attacks even more exhaustively, planning them minutely in advance. And then, as with Racine and Dumas and dozens of others before him, naught remains but the easy task of writing.

And while he was telling about it, his hand went sketching over the table, like that of an architect describing his plans or of an engineer explaining his new patent. The mechanical exactness germane to every playwright's nature was graphically hinted by that nervous, firm hand that went sketching his scenes and his situations, all over the tablecloth.

"How long does it take you to write a play?" was the last personal question. But since Mr. Jones wrote "The Liars" in three months, and took fifteen months to write "Mrs. Dane's Defense," you see, even he doesn't know.

## Minetti Concert Next Thursday Evening.

Beginning its twentieth season, the Minetti String Quartet will give its first concert next Thursday evening, January 25, at 8:15, at Kohler & Chase Hall. The programme will include a Quartet in G major, by Mozart; Trio (for two violins and viola), by Tancrède (first time in San Francisco); Quartet, op. 18, by Beethoven.

Many delightful concerts have been given in the past by this admirable organization, and under Giulio Minetti, its devoted and artistic head, its work will continue to be of the highest standard. No genuine music lover can afford to miss this concert. Tickets are now on sale at the music stores. The members of the quartet, all players of established reputation, are Giulio Minetti, violin; Hans Koenig, violin; Julius Haug, viola; Arthur Weiss, cello.

Mr. Minetti has recently received, direct from the hands of the composer, Arthur Foote's new Quartet in D major, and will present the work at a concert later in the season.

## The Beel Quartet Sunday Afternoon.

The second concert of the Beel Quartet will be given this Sunday afternoon, January 21, at 2:30, in the Colonial hall room of the St. Francis Hotel. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and may be purchased at the hotel on Sunday.

The programme is to be one of quite exceptional beauty and is as follows: Quartet in C minor, Beethoven; Sonata for piano and violin, Mrs. Marie Wilson-Stoney at the piano



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and Mr. Sigmund Beel; Quintet by Mozart, for quartet of strings and clarinet.

Mrs. Wilson-Stoney is the daughter of James K. Wilson, the banker, and one of our most talented and accomplished musicians. Mr. B. H. Randall, who will play the clarinet in the Mozart number, is a young American artist from Boston, where he played in the new opera house. He was engaged by Manager Greenbaum as solo clarinetist for the Paris Opera Orchestra.

The third Beel Quartet concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 11, and the first of the evening concerts on Thursday night, March 7.

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## Opening Dinner Hotel Sutter.

The newest and one of the most pleasantly appointed institutions of San Francisco is the Hotel Sutter, which will be formally opened Saturday evening, January 20.

Promise is given that the housewarming will be a very happy affair, as well as marking another gratifying step in the building of the new San Francisco. One thousand invitations have been issued, and preparations have been made by Manager Robert G. Clarke for the reception and entertainment of the hotel's guests. The dinner, of course, will really serve to formally announce the opening of this handsome hotel, which was completed last month.

Music will lend its charm to the evening, an orchestra under the leadership of W. C. Von Helms having been secured. In addition, Mme. Margaret Dodd, soprano, and Sig. Erato, tenor, will render selections.

The Hotel Sutter is a magnificent building of eight stories, absolutely fireproof, luxuriously furnished and equipped with every modern comfort and convenience which the twentieth-century traveler can desire.

It has 250 rooms and 185 bathrooms, fine café, bar, barber shop, reading and writing rooms, and is in the centre of the business district, close to the banks, the commission firms, and the retail shopping section. It takes the place of the old Occidental Hotel and the Lick House, quite famous in their day.

Located at the corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets, it is reached direct by street-cars from the Ferry building and railroad depot. A feature in the conduct of the hotel is the system by which the traveler may take any taxicab from the Ferry at the expense of the hotel. Already this arrangement has touched a popular chord and is proving highly gratifying to all concerned.

The Hotel Sutter is conducted on the European plan. Its rates are \$1.50 a day and up.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Knicker*—Do you have a new cook often? *Subbubs*—We have them close enough to gether to be twins.—*Puck*:

"What are the proper calling cards?" "Threes or upward are considered very good."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Fat Actress*—I do feel pleased. My new rôle fits me like a glove. *Friend*—Of course, it's the biggest in the piece.—*Pele Mele*.

*Man (at the phone; to man at the other end of the wire)*—How dare you talk to me like that! You're not my wife!—*Satire*.

"Wombat is a predestinarian." "What on earth is a predestinarian?" "A man who believes he's bound to get run over some day by an automobile."—*Puck*.

"She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man. "Yes," replied the young woman, with a glance at her rival's complexion, "and hand-painted, too."—*Stray Stories*.

*The Passer-By*—You took a great risk in rescuing that hoy; you deserve a Carnegie medal. What prompted you to do it? *The Hero*—He had my skates on!—*Puck*.

"We had a fine sunrise this morning," said one New Yorker to another. "Did you see it?" "Sunrise?" said the second man. "Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise."—*New York Ledger*.

"Would you call Bliggins a clever man?" "Certainly," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is not intellectual, but he is wonderfully clever in concealing the fact from strangers."—*Washington Star*.

"I see you're still in mourning, though your husband has been dead three years." "Yes, in the first place I can never forget him, and then my fiancé likes me better in black."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"I intended to give Womhat a little friendly advice this morning." "And why didn't you?" "Why, he started to tell me how to run my affairs, and that's something I tolerate from no man."—*Washington Herald*.

"Gee, hut it's tough to have to tell a bright, pretty, attractive, fascinating girl, the fervor of whose proposal shows how undying her affection is, that you can only be a brother to her!"—*Boston Globe*.

*Young Wife*—Do you think it justifiable for a wife to take money from her husband's pockets? *Older Wife*—It isn't a case of justification at all; it is a question of finding any to take.—*Baltimore American*.

"I would like," said a hook-agent to a hussy editor, "to call your attention to a little work that I have here." "Yes?" replied the editor. "Well, let me call your attention to a whole lot of work that I have here."—*Literary Digest*.

*Aunt Lucy*—Yes, uncle is hack from town, but it will be a week before he's up and around. *Neighbor*—Why, what happened to him? *Aunt Lucy*—He tried to pass through one of those revolving doors at the rush hour.—*Chicago News*.

*Excited Spinster*—Oh, Ethel, we're going to have such a time at the party. The new curate's coming, and he's color-blind! *Ethel*—Well, dear, what difference does that make? *Excited Spinster*—Why, he thinks all the holly-herries are mistletoe.—*The Sketch*.

"How is it that Rufus never takes you to the theatre any more?" "Well, you see, one evening it rained and so we sat in the parlor." "Yes?" "Well, ever since that we—oh, I don't know, hut don't you think that theatres are an awful bore?"—*Carnell Widow*.

"I suppose your wandering hoy will come home and pay the mortgage off the farm, as they do in stories." "No," replied Farmer Cornstossel; "that aint his custom. When he gits through makin' suggestions, it generally means another mortgage."—*Washington Star*.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight. "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism—" "What are you own inclinations?" "Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a lifework that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty!" "Woman, you're horn to be a milliner."—*Tit-Bits*.

*Wife*—I saw the loveliest lace spreads today, only two dollars and a half, and I wanted them awfully, hut I knew you wished to economize, and so I didn't get them. *Husband*—That's too bad, my dear, you could have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which horders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your æsthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than two dollars and a half.—*New York Weekly*.

One of the porters on the train out of Salt Lake City was an impassive-looking negro,

who had a ready, if inaccurate, answer to almost any question put him by the passengers. It was hard to tell whether he believed all that he said or whether he was having fun with his questioners. One man, on first catching sight of the lake, asked him if there were any fish in it. "No, 'ah," said the porter, "dere aint no fishes in dat lake, sah. Dey done tried ter see ef dey 'ouldn't have fishes in dere, hut dey wouldn't stay alive. De fishes dat stayed alive de lon, 'st was salt mack'r'l, sah, hut dey wa'n't very 'osp'rous, sah."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Leave It to Them.

When you're a has-been and out of the game; When eyesight is failing and you're getting lame; When Life's little winter comes on with its cold, Some one will warn you that you're getting old.

Age won't surprise you—of that have no fear— Time need not whisper the news in your ear; But somebody, somewhere, will warn you each day,— Some one will notice that you're getting gray.

The friend who has never in all of his life Thought once to cheer as you fought in the strife, Will gladly come forward with solace untold, Just to remind you that you're getting old.

Men are forgetful when one meets success; They are unmindful of one in distress. But you can depend on them always to say: "Good gracious, old chap, but your hair's getting gray!" —*Louis E. Thayer, in Puck*.

## The Tug.

The liner—she's a lady; that's the reason why, no doubt, She always needs assistance gettin' in an' gettin' out, She can't come up the river an' she dassn't dock alone So she whistles fer the tugboat in a most implorin' tone, An' the tugboat takes the hawser an' goes puffin' up the stream With his stack a-smokin' lively an' his engine spittin' steam, Then he swings her an' he pulls ber—like a cow-hoy drivin' stock, An' he hasn't got no manners—hut he gits her in the dock!

He's short an' stout an' chunky  
Like a fat old goat,  
An' he aint no liner's flunky  
He's a free-lance boat;  
Yet it's easy, when you view him,  
An' you hear him pant,  
To see there aint much to him  
But his power plant.

When there's any job to tackle be will take it anyhow  
Whether towin' racin' liners er a garhage scow,  
You will see him ploddin' heavy with a raft of rollin' logs,  
Or a-pantin' down the harbor with a barge of squealin' hogs,  
With a string of empty lighters er a ship from 'round the horn,  
With a fleet of pleasure barges er a freighter full of corn,  
He yanks 'em through the river an' his dusky whistle hawks  
As he tells the other steamers to be lookin' where they goes.

His captain is a feller  
That is all there, too,  
An' there aint a streak of yeller  
In the tugboat's crew,  
What they promise they stand pat on  
An' if paid the rate,  
They would tow the hull Manhattan  
To the Golden Gate.

The Tug—be bucks the river when it's full of grindin' ice,  
An' when there's trade to handle, why, you needn't call him twice,  
Fer he's out a-ridin' combers maybe fifty mile at sea  
An' he doesn't stop fer danger when he's lookin' fer a fee;  
He's the little giant belper, he's the live wire of the port,  
He's a nifty, nifty snorter an' a winner an' a sport,  
He's the snubby-nosed exploiter of the chances of the game  
An' he's never much on heauty hut he gets there just the same!

If there's any job to rustle,  
Any chance to take,  
You'll see the tugboat hustle  
Like his gauge would break;  
Two hundred pounds of steam on  
Make his en-gines throh,  
He's the husy little demon  
An' he's on the job!

—*Berton Braley, in Hampton-Columbian Magazine*.

Congressman Murray of Massachusetts, in the closing days of the last session of Congress, in August, made preparations to go to Wyoming on a camping and hunting trip. He was enthusiastic about it and took shooting lessons at a rifle gallery. The day his party was to leave for the West he received a telegram at the Capitol from his law partner in Boston. It read: "Come to Boston at once; important business; don't delay." Sadly, Mr. Murray abandoned his trip, surrendered his sleeping-car reservations and hurried to Boston. Arriving there he took a taxicab for the office. He dashed in, and there sat his partner. The partner said: "Hello, Bill! Come on, let's go fishing."

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### City Trusts and California.

All the world knows that there is a labor trust in San Francisco which prescribes the terms and conditions of wages in the building and other trades and holds them at figures considerably in advance of those of neighboring communities. But all the world does not know that there is likewise a mill-men's trust which prescribes the prices of finishing lumber, etc., and holds them at figures considerably in advance of those of neighboring communities. And we suspect that it will surprise many, as it has surprised the *Argonaut*, to learn that these two apparently antagonistic trusts work together hand in glove to the common end of exploiting the builder and the investor.

A concrete instance will illustrate the working of this system of hold-up participated in collusively by the labor trust and the mill-men's trust. A citizen of San Francisco now building or reconstructing his dwelling recently through his architect invited bids for a certain specified "interior finish." The lowest and most satisfactory bid was that of the Santa Clara mills, a concern operated by San Francisco and San Jose capital

within less than fifty miles of the city—one hour distant by train. It appears that the Santa Clara concern is not in the local San Francisco mill-men's trust; and it finds itself able to sell at a profit at prices below those established by the trust. But now comes the mill-men's trust represented by a committee and the labor trust represented by a committee—the two working jointly—and demands of the builder of the house that he shall cancel his contract with the Santa Clara mill because, forsooth, it is a "foreign institution," and that he buy his supplies at a considerably higher cost of the local trust. The local mill-men's trust, supported by the labor trust, demands in the sacred name of civic patriotism that its goods shall be bought, even though the price be arbitrarily and unreasonably higher.

In contrast with this selfish and monopolistic spirit which insists upon separating and isolating San Francisco from the country of which it is an integral part and of stigmatizing everybody and everything beyond the San Mateo County line as "foreign" and therefore under taboo, we commend the spirit of Mayor Rolph's remarks before the Unitarian Club on Monday night of this week. The mayor, while essentially a San Franciscan and in his official character speaking directly for San Francisco, understands the essential identity of San Francisco and the State of California. Under his practical and human view of the situation, nothing in California is "foreign" in its relations to San Francisco. It is to be hoped that the mayor in his practical dealings will not lose sight of the ideals which inspire his public utterances.

### The Elimination of Professor Wilson.

Months ago this newspaper saw weaknesses in the character and record of Professor Woodrow Wilson which it believed would break down his presidential candidacy. So, early in December, it predicted that before the convention period he would be eliminated from the calculations of his party. The event has developed rather sooner than it was expected; and curiously enough it has come about through the agency of men who for many months past have given their influence and their energies in Professor Wilson's behalf. It was Colonel George Harvey of *Harper's Weekly* who brought Professor Wilson into the notice of the country, first by promoting his election to the governorship of New Jersey, then by skillfully "booming" him for the presidency. It was Colonel Watterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* who, taking up Professor Wilson, gave him the countenance and advertisement which might have gained him his party nomination if he had been worthy of it. But these supports have dropped from under him. Colonel Harvey pronounces him an ungrateful and impossible man. Colonel Watterson remarks sneeringly that where he "hoped for another Tilden" he has "found a schoolmaster"—a man incapable of working in political association with others and lacking in the fundamental virtue of appreciation of obligations. Under the condition established by this change of feeling, nothing remains to be done with Professor Wilson's presidential boom but to bury it as speedily and decently as the circumstances will permit.

The country will excuse a great deal in a man to whom it has once given a substantial measure of approval and confidence. It is really and truly eager, sneers and gibes to the contrary notwithstanding, to find first-class men and to sustain them. The extravagances of Mr. Bryan, although they have been freely censured, have not shaken his vital hold upon the goodwill of vast numbers. Nor have the ravings, puerilities, and open dishonesties of Mr. Roosevelt bereft him of friendship and support. Mr. Taft's indiscretions, although they are widely deplored, have gained for him on the one hand as much as they have lost him on the other. But there is one sin which the American people will not condone, and that is the sin of ingrati-

tude. The fact may be assailed with many forms of moral logic, but when all is said and done the fact remains as potent as before. No man incapable of faithful coöperation with friends and helpers, no man mindless of political or friendly obligations, may hope to get ahead in American politics. The country will not have it. It does not perhaps stop to reason; it follows an instinct which controls every man who has warm blood in his veins.

The rock upon which Professor Wilson has foundered is one familiar to men of political experience or observation. It is nothing less than the familiar, cold-blooded, and essential principle of mugwumpery. The idea of the mugwump was and is that in politics a man, even while accepting favors from all possible sources, should and must live in a state of moral aloofness from other men. He must be better, wiser, stronger, and a good deal holier than anybody else. This doctrine has always made special appeal to the narrow specialist who styles himself a "scholar in politics." Your "scholar in politics," while willing enough to rise through the assistance and coöperation of others, rejects and resents any idea of obligation on his own part. In his smug philosophy he regards his political advancement as due to his supreme gifts precisely as Mr. Carnegie holds his vast wealth to be the product of his personal virtues. He is not consciously ungrateful, because he can not conceive himself as under obligations to anybody. It is a habit of mind which grows up in men accustomed from the pulpit, the rostrum, or the professor's chair to deal under assumptions of infallibility with immaturity or femininity and who fails to "mix" with other men. Your schoolmaster, to borrow Colonel Watterson's sneer, is almost invariably a man without consideration, without gratitude, without charity. Whoever has lived in one of his petty communities will bear witness that he is irresponsible as a citizen, incapable in the working relations of life, impossible as a neighbor or a friend. All knowledge and all virtue live with him; other men are tolerable and tolerated only as they accept his theories and contribute to his pretensions—and to his support.

Professor Wilson gladly accepted the support of Colonel Harvey in his campaign for the governorship; and as Colonel Harvey, like the high-minded man he is, wanted nothing in the way of reciprocal favors, all went well. Likewise Professor Wilson accepted Colonel Harvey's support for the presidency—and this with friendly manifestations—until somebody told him that it was being carried to a dangerous point. A man of natural and human feeling would have found decent and easy ways of moderating it within the limits of discretion. But Professor Wilson, after the manner of the schoolmaster, knew of no other than the arbitrary method. With a brutal bluntness he dismissed Colonel Harvey from his friendship, and then in sweet unconsciousness of having offended a gentleman and a friend, informed the newspapers that nothing had happened as between Colonel Harvey and himself. This was a truly professorial way of dealing; but to men of common and human instincts and impulses—to men of the Watterson type—it is nothing less than cold-blooded ingratitude tinged with falsehood. And so it has been accepted by the country. Professor Wilson in a pitiful effort to save his face still assumes to be a candidate. But this pose is a bluff which deceives neither himself nor anybody else. He is a dead duck—floating out belly-up on a swift ebb-tide. Probably his name will not be mentioned when the hosts of Democracy gather at Baltimore next summer.

### The Domination of Mr. Bryan.

In the utterance in which it fore-guessed the elimination of Professor Wilson from the presidential game this newspaper noted the continuing hold of Mr. William Jennings Bryan upon Democratic affections and



upon the party machinery. In connection with the events eliminating Professor Wilson this has become even more apparent. And there are reasons why it should be so. Mr. Bryan is the one figure in large politics who has neither turned tail nor changed his coat in recent years. He entered national politics as an advanced radical, as the champion of theories and causes inherited from the rank Populism of the early 'nineties. He was the first man of respectable political connections—the first strong enough or fortunate enough to bring an organized national party to his support—to espouse principles which another and more belated champion of innovation has sought to capitalize as a "new nationalism." Fifteen years ago Mr. Bryan, alone among the political leaders of the time, stood valiantly for all the "isms"—for all the half-baked doctrines and proposals which now make up the creed which calls itself progressive; and which has indeed progressed so far as to have lost sight of the wisdom and the caution of the founders of the republic. Mr. Bryan was the original progressive. He has not changed nor turned nor dodged. He is still the ideal progressive. He stands for everything that La Follette, Cummins, Roosevelt, and the rest of the crowd stand for. And he has behind him what they have not, namely, a record of unshaken fidelity and of persistent devotion to the cause. If today the mood of the country is progressive—if it is the popular will to nullify the traditions of our nationality, to wipe out the guaranties of the constitution, and to start on a wild career under the principle of democracy and in contempt of the old restraints—then Mr. Bryan is the logical man for President.

There are signs that Mr. Bryan's party is not blind to his title to leadership. To be sure, there is a conservative Democracy unfriendly to the Bryan programme as it was in the day of Cleveland, but this element is hopelessly in the minority. The vital forces of Democracy—its rank and file—are for Bryanism, and unless we are deceived, it hears and loves the voice of Bryan. Today Mr. Bryan in the eye and mind of very many is the preëminent man of Democracy, and it is inevitable that in one way or another his purposes as they relate to party policy will work themselves out in the events of the coming year.

Mr. Bryan does not presume to decline the Democratic nomination before it has been tendered him. But he has said, and we believe with entire sincerity, that he is not eager to be a candidate. He has declared that his supreme ambition is now for the success of his party; and we believe that he will put party success in advance of his personal vanities. But Mr. Bryan will either lead in person as the candidate of his party for the presidency or he will dictate who the candidate shall be. The powers in his hand are such that no man may be nominated over his protest. This is conceded by every close political observer—by every man of any party who is not blinded by his ambitions, his resentments, or his hopes.

And this being so, we are convinced that Governor Harmon or any other man representing the spirit of conservative or Cleveland Democracy, may just as well hang his harp on a willow tree and abandon the game. Hopes of a conservative candidate would probably be futile even if the majority rule prevailed in Democratic practice. But under the traditional rule which calls for a two-thirds vote in Democratic conventions the success of any protest which Mr. Bryan may interpose is an assurance.

If Mr. Bryan shall deem himself the most effective man for the Democratic nomination—and conviction on this score may not be difficult—he will take the nomination and for the fourth time go before the country as a presidential aspirant. But it is possible that Mr. Bryan may see himself stronger in the rôle of Warwick. He may, taking stock of the animosities and resentments associated with his name, think it wiser to try the magic of a new personality. And in this case who is the likeliest man from his point of view? Certainly not Mr. Folk for a multitude of reasons, certainly not Mr. Underwood of Alabama, certainly not Mayor Gaynor of New York. Then who? It is to be remembered that the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Champ Clark, is a close personal friend of Mr. Bryan, that he belongs to the same school of political thought, that he has shown Bryan continuing consideration in his administration of congressional affairs. Who so likely, then, if Bryan himself shall put aside the crown, as that it should pass to his next friend and his steadfast co-partner in the whimsicalities of Bryanism? By all odds, we

think Mr. Clark the likeliest man for the Democratic nomination if it shall not fall to Bryan himself.

#### The Progressives in Confusion.

The futility of the La Follette candidacy is now all but acknowledged. It has not one outspoken friend in the official organization of the party; and there is perhaps but one state—Wisconsin—in which it could get even a local endorsement. The Ohio incident told the story in terms which even Mr. La Follette himself could not misunderstand. Even the leaders of progressivism are not for him. The simple truth is that all of them are individually ambitious. Every mother's son of them hears the buzzing of his own bee and keeps more or less in concealment a private lightning rod. In the Ohio conference of progressives Mr. Garfield opposed the resolution endorsing La Follette, presumably in respect of Mr. Roosevelt. But in the back of his vision there was the picture of Mr. Garfield himself. Mr. Pinehot, too, in his little excursion into Ohio politics, spoke as for Roosevelt; but he, too, had visions of a nice young man with hair parted in the middle turning the White House into a bachelor's hall. And so all along the line. Mr. Cummins, encouraged by the obvious collapse of La Follette and undismayed by the lion annihilator of Oyster Bay, has come out openly in the character of Barkis. Even our own Hiram has started East on a visit of sentiment and affection to his son, who he has conveniently or adroitly placed somewhere handy in school.

Each of these aspiring gentlemen, if he could but know it, is making a separate and several fool of himself. No one of them—nor even all of them rolled up into one—has the mental or moral bigness for the presidency of the United States. There is but one figure in the progressive phalanx who holds in his personality and powers the possibility of a party nomination. That figure of course is none other than Mr. Roosevelt. If the progressive faction, subordinating its La Follettes, Cumminses, Pinchots, Garfields, and Johnsons, could unite upon Roosevelt and if he should then come out into the open and rally his forces, it might give Mr. Taft trouble. But in their hearts the state leaders of progressivism do not like Roosevelt. And for cause; for they know full well that with Mr. Roosevelt at the head of the progressive faction, the La Follettes and Cumminses *et al.* would dwindle to small dimensions. They are not minded to eliminate themselves. They are no more ready now to hand over the banner of progressivism to Roosevelt than they were to yield it when he demanded it in 1910 on the sacred ground of Osawatimie. Nor will Mr. Roosevelt come out in the open. He wants to be President again—there is no doubt about that. He demonstrates his overweening ambition in a hundred ways, even while denying and seeking to hide it. For once in his life he is afraid. He doesn't dare risk the loss of prestige, involving the collapse of his established fame, in an open candidacy. He prefers to work underhand, through devious and concealed channels, to seek by stealth that which he dearly wishes but lacks the manly frankness to ask for.

It is for the reasons here suggested that Mr. Roosevelt is not and will not become a real figure in the pre-convention campaign. Progressivism as a popular movement would undoubtedly welcome him, but progressivism as an organized faction will not get behind him. Mr. La Follette, it is to be noted, has openly attacked him in recent speeches. Nor, as we have already said, will Mr. Roosevelt in a frank and manly way declare the hopes he secretly cherishes. The one chance of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination is that of jumping into the convention ring with a double-somersault and a "Whoop-la!" Having adopted Mr. Bryan's principles, he will now imitate the tactics by which the peerless one gained a Democratic nomination in 1896. All of which may turn out to be good politics. But it is not the kind of politics the country has the right to expect from a man of Mr. Roosevelt's history and pretensions.

As to an independent progressive programme, apart from and outside the lines of the party—that is out of the question. There is no man, excepting perhaps Roosevelt, with the hardihood—and even he seems to be gun-shy—to lead such a movement, and there would be no followers. Progressivism seeks to capture the Republican party boots and breeches; it has no thought of abandoning it. Nor will it take any risks. It would rather stay with the party, even though it must play the rôle of traitor to it, than to venture boldly to establish its own scheme outside the party. Which after all is only a way of demonstrating that it lacks the courage

of its pretended convictions. But perhaps it has no convictions. Perhaps it is merely the vehicle of various personal ambitions.

#### Mr. Taft's Troubles.

In the meantime Mr. Taft's candidacy, while prosperous, is not untroubled. New York, whose support in convention is regarded as essential to anything like certainty, is shy. The President's essential progressivism, as illustrated in his energetic even though futile enforcements of the Sherman law, does not please the "interests" whose influences are centred on Manhattan Island. Wall Street mutters bad words every time his name is named. There are those not without large elements of political power, even in these reforming days, who would prefer some other man in the White House. There are even those among the "interests" who, knowing his adroitness in the acceptance of new programmes, would prefer Roosevelt if they could see the way to turn the trick without handing the presidency to the Democrats.

Then there is trouble in the Cabinet. Mr. Stimson, while owing and acknowledging allegiance to Taft, claims the privilege of friendship with Mr. Roosevelt, although the fact is a reflection upon his chief. Taft ought to fire him bodily, but he is an amiable man, indolent in his minor resentments, and one easily cajoled. He keeps Mr. Stimson in the Cabinet even though he must know in his heart that he is a detriment rather than a help to him.

Then there is Mr. Hitchcock. This precious example of inflated pigmyism was originally a clerk in the Post-office Department. When Mr. Roosevelt elevated his clerk Cortelyou into a Cabinet minister, Cortelyou elevated Hitchcock to be his own clerk. Hitchcock under orders from Cortelyou, he under orders from Roosevelt, devised the famous steam-roller, and did Roosevelt's bidding with it. Upon the political credit thus acquired Mr. Hitchcock came into Mr. Taft's Cabinet. His status in the earlier days of the Taft presidency was that of political expert and guide. Then when his lack of competence and his want of character were demonstrated he was by degrees separated from political authority. He found himself at last not the political guide and philosopher of Mr. Taft, but merely the managing head of the postal service. He has not been even respectfully mentioned in connection with the oncoming campaign. Mr. Hilles has completely superseded him as the man in charge of the President's political affairs. Mr. Hitchcock's loyalty has not been equal to the strain; and, after the manner of personal and political littleness, he has sought a mean revenge. The story is worth recital.

The first responsibility of a Cabinet officer is to his chief. What he does he does not in his own name, but in the name of the President. An honorable man in the Cabinet works in complete and cordial subordination to the President. At the same time a Cabinet place affords to a disloyal man exceptional opportunities of stabbing his chief in the back. A few days ago Mr. Hitchcock seized such a chance. Without consulting the President, who, whatever his ultimate opinions and plans may be, was not ready to father so radical a proposal, Mr. Hitchcock made public a project to nationalize the telegraph system of the country. It was a stroke of bald impertinence; and it was a stroke at the President. It was in its way adroit, for it proposed something well calculated in the state of public opinion to command popular approval.

What Mr. Hitchcock wanted, no doubt, was by a proposal popular in itself to arouse the resentment of Mr. Taft against an act of offensive insubordination. His calculation was that the treachery of a disloyal act would be lost amid the clamors of popular commendation of his specific proposal. Mr. Taft, he hoped, would in his resentment dismiss him from his Cabinet post and thus make a martyr of him—a martyr to a popular cause. Then the adroit Mr. Hitchcock would go where he belongs, to serve the cause of his real master, Mr. Roosevelt. He would take with him all the influences and powers attaching to his position at the head of the widespread postal service, plus the prestige of his famous steam-roller with such potentialities as may even yet abide with it. Probably he would be able to carry an element of organized force away from Taft and to Roosevelt. Possibly he might even be able to break into the pack now in training to come up from the cotton belt of Chicago next June as a solid force for Taft.

In gliding more or less smoothly over the incident and in retaining Mr. Hitchcock as a Cabinet officer Mr.



Taft has been politic. Possibly he has been a bit weak. His impulse must have been to take the little schemer by the scruff of his neck and to plant the toe of his ample boot in just the right place. It would have served Hitchcock damwellright, and we believe it would have pleased the country, since all men despise a traitor and an ingrate. But Mr. Taft no doubt reflected that Hitchcock dismissed might be a serious fact, while Hitchcock, distrusted though still retained, might be an irritation, but essentially a harmless one. The event, we think, will be nothing to the good. If Roosevelt shall really want Hitchcock for his own campaign purposes he has only to whistle for him. Possibly it may better suit Mr. Roosevelt's newest method in politics to have a spy in Taft's Cabinet than to have the same creature as an open friend and supporter outside of it.

#### Mr. Casey and the Public Money.

The examination of Mr. Casey and Mr. Laumeister by the finance committee of the board of supervisors was a humiliating affair and as discreditable to the city at large as to the incriminated officials. Casey is the president and Laumeister a member of the board of works. In their official capacity they had large responsibilities, as large as any branch of the administration, and involving the expenditure of great sums of money. There is no need to enter into the details of the investigation now in progress. They have been fully reported from day to day and have doubtless been digested by the public. Suffice it to say that the advent of the new administration has disclosed a serious deficit in the public funds and that to account for that deficit the finance committee has found it necessary to interrogate the responsible officials. The results of the interrogation are now before us, such as they are. So far as specific information is concerned it may be said that nothing at all can be extracted from Mr. Casey except confessions of ignorance, petulant complaints of the procedure, and expressions of lofty indifference to such "details" as a deficit of a million dollars. Mr. Casey seems to know nothing of the executive work entrusted to him, nothing of the money wasted in its performance, nothing of the evasions, deceptions, and incapacities of his subordinates. Mr. Casey's conception of his duty is a psychological problem, but it is evident that the performance of his legitimate work, and for which he was well paid, forms no part of it. There is no more shameful example of impudent incompetence upon record.

But the blame does not belong wholly to Mr. Casey. No small part of it belongs on the shoulders of those who appointed him and upon the system that allowed him to be appointed. Why should Mr. Casey be expected to know anything of finance? Why should he be supposed competent to handle a million dollars, or a million cents? It would be just as intelligent to ask him to perform an operation for appendicitis or to take charge of the Mount Hamilton observatory. He is as ignorant of finance as he is of medicine or astronomy. He is ignorant of everything except his own particular manual trade. Mr. Casey would never have been heard of but for his share in the teamsters' strike and for his skill in organizing violence and terrorizing the community. His ability in these lawless ways naturally endeared him to the McCarthy administration, whose one conception of public duty was to remain in office and to bribe a sufficient number of voters to accomplish that end. Mr. Casey was useful. He had a following, and he was unencumbered with a conscience. For him and his friends the city was no more than a sheep to be shorn or a cow to be milked. He knew how to handle men, to crowd the pay-rolls, to subordinate every public activity to the getting of votes from those ready to sell their votes, or their souls, to the highest bidder. Mr. Casey was the ideal official from the McCarthy point of view. That he was unable to do the honest work that he was paid to do did not matter at all. The administration that appointed him would have laughed at such a scruple. A decent efficiency was no part of their scheme. Indeed it would have been a detriment.

Mr. Casey happens to be in the limelight at the moment, but there are plenty of others who ought to be there. The report of the grand jury deals with the civil service commission, the board of health, the police commission, and the fire commission. Everywhere the same welter of incapacity, fraud upon the taxpayer, deceit and illegality. Everywhere the same contempt for efficiency and for law, the same single-eyed devotion to the rapacity of sectional politics. All these things were implied, inevitable, from the moment when Mr. Mc-

Carthy became mayor of San Francisco. Now the bill is being presented and it is a heavy one in money and in reputation. The bill is always presented for such follies.

This maladministration is by no means confined to city affairs. So far as incapacity is concerned there is not much to choose between a labor-union administration in the city and a "reform" administration in the state. They are both governed by the same politics, by the same need to reward the heelers and the henchmen, by the same passion for strengthening the machine at the cost of the public and to the defiance of decency. When Governor Johnson needed some one to administer the Employers' Liability law he could have made his choice from a dozen competent men whose experience had fitted them to perform duties of delicacy and difficulty. But he chose Mr. Pillsbury. Instead of seeking in the ranks of the successful he makes his choice from the failures. Instead of finding some one who had already proved his capacity in other ways he finds some one with many years' record of incapacity. In other words he follows the same tactics as Mr. McCarthy, his twin brother in politics. He appoints Mr. Pillsbury, not because Mr. Pillsbury can do the work, but because Mr. Pillsbury has been a useful machine hack, a reliable wheel horse, and because Mr. Pillsbury happens to need \$3500 a year and can doubtless say many a word in season and twist many a political screw as he travels up and down the state with his little magic lantern.

Governor Johnson's sphere is different from that of Mr. McCarthy, just as Mr. Pillsbury's is different from that of Mr. Casey's, but the principle is the same all the way through. And it is a principle that makes good government impossible.

#### The Italian Insult to France.

Italy is getting into hot water over her little piece of brigandage in Tripoli. She was so indiscreet as to seize a French ship having a number of Turkish nurses on board and bound for a neutral port. France now threatens to make a naval demonstration against Italy, and although the incident can hardly be considered as a *casus belli* it shows the unanimous disgust aroused throughout Europe by a war of aggression deliberately invoked and without even the pretense of diplomatic adjustment. Turkey has, of course, no friends. Her history has not been of the kind to inspire cordiality or benevolence, but Europe has no toleration for so reckless a disturbance of that frail house of cards known as the balance of power. Italy's attack upon Tripoli is not only a grave incitement to violence in the Balkan peninsula which might mean anything in the whole chapter of catastrophes, but it raises the spectre of a general Mohammedan uprising in defense of the head of the church at Constantinople. It is a prospect that European governments think about but do not speak of, and that it is a reality is shown by the present preparations for a fresh attack upon the Spaniards in Morocco. Italy has done more than flout the conscience of the world. She has endangered the peace of Europe.

But Italy has at least secured the support of Mr. Hearst, which may console her in her affliction. There are very few Turks in America, and probably they have no votes. On the other hand there is a large Italian population that has votes and uses them. A moment's calculation showed Mr. Hearst his opportunity and he took it. After rapidly perusing a copy of "Ivanhoe" in order to get the local color he bound the cross of the crusader upon his arm and like a new Peter the Hermit he summoned Christendom to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre now in the hands of the infidel Turk. The response was feeble and falsetto, most of his readers not having heard of the Holy Sepulchre. But Mr. Hearst got a vote of thanks from some officials in Italy, and if he can but "keep it up" till he next runs for office he may get quite a number of votes from our picturesque fellow-citizens who do their best to keep us supplied with fruit and black-hand outrages.

#### Mr. Tveitmoe and His Friends.

We are still left in doubt as to whether the Building Trades Council recently in session at Fresno decided to go over bodily to the Socialists or whether they will hold themselves aloof from the blandishments of Mr. Job Harriman and his coadjutors. The meetings were strictly private, and if the Socialists are now congratulating themselves upon the adhesion of so large a body of followers they are showing no external signs of it. We may believe that the building trades unions would hesitate before taking a step that would certainly have a disintegrating effect upon the ranks of union labor in

general. If Mr. McCarthy hopes to regain the mayor's chair he must know that a profession of Socialism added to his already proved incapacities would hardly help forward his ambitions.

But although the Fresno meetings were private we know a good deal of what happened there. We know that there was an attempt to oust Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Tveitmoe and that the attempt failed. There is no particular reason why the same stupidity that elected Mr. McCarthy to the mayoralty and that still voted for him upon the last occasion should not continue to support him in the Building Trades Council. Moreover, Mr. McCarthy has a certain reputation for sustained resentments and revenges that makes him a bad man to antagonize in labor-union circles. He retains his position by the same methods that won it for him, by always striking the first blow and by never allowing an injury to pass without retaliation. He is one of those men of whom it has been said that they have many enemies and that their friends hate them.

But the case of Mr. Tveitmoe is different. There must be many men in the building trades who bitterly resent the continued ascendancy of a man whose record is a matter of unsavory notoriety, whose capacity is of the feeblest, and who at this moment lies under indictment for complicity in a crime of murderous violence. Mr. Tveitmoe's fatuous speech at Fresno would have condemned him to any audience less blinded by a foolish and desperate prejudice. At a time when the ordinary human decencies of the labor-union movement are trying to disassociate themselves from contact with crime in a peculiarly cruel form Mr. Tveitmoe takes occasion to denounce the McNamara trial as an attack upon organized labor, the indictment of himself as a part of that same attack, and thus to identify the labor movement as a whole with the propaganda by dynamite. After hearing such a tirade as that and giving to it its approval the Building Trades Council will certainly have no grievance if the public should take it at its word and associate it with the criminal sympathies that it seems so anxious to adopt.

Mr. Tveitmoe's denunciation of the supposed conspiracy against himself was a farrago of nonsense and he knew it. Most of those who heard him knew it, too. He is charged in the ordinary way and by the usual methods with a crime more cowardly and more despicable than that of the burglar or the highwayman. If he should be found guilty he will occupy a far lower place than that of the wretch who at least had the pluck, such as it was, to place the dynamite in the doomed building. It is hard to see any occasion for heroics in such a charge as that. And when Mr. Tveitmoe is brought to trial it will be a fair trial, as fair as was the trial of the McNamaras, and it is hardly necessary to remind any one that whatever villainies were committed at that trial in the way of jury bribing were committed for the defense and not for the prosecution. That Mr. Tveitmoe should be defiant is natural enough at this early stage of the game. Rats are always defiant when they are cornered. But that he should be able to secure the applause of the Building Trades Council is significant of an inability to think or to learn that is discouraging.

#### Editorial Notes.

The drivers of San Francisco's public motor-cabs are formed into a labor union. The drivers of private motor-cars, a superior class of men, better mannered and better paid, are not unionized. Funeral parties are commonly made up of public and private cars which move in a decorous order to the cemetery. A few days back as a funeral procession, following the body of the late Mr. Stern, was starting from the Fairmont Hotel, a walking delegate representing the union of public cab drivers insolently ordered it to halt because Mr. Stern's family occupied a private car driven by a man not affiliated with the union. Rather than make an unseemly scene, the mourning group left the private car and rode to the cemetery in a public car, dirty and uncomfortable, but duly unionized. Due to this incident there was a half-hour's delay. The facts of the case are sufficiently eloquent, and we think it quite unnecessary to multiply phrases respecting them. But—is this a free country or is it a despotism?

It begins to look as if the famous compromise by which the exposition was to be spread over all creation, having been accepted wholesale, is to be nullified in detail. All plans now under the pressure of discretion and necessity seem to point to Harbor View, where the finger of common sense has pointed all along.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

One of the causes for despondency about China is the apparent absence of great men. There may be some national heroes who are lurking in the background and awaiting their cue, but so far there seem to be none upon the stage. There were hopes that Yuan Shi Kai, the premier, might prove to be a great man, but he seems to be only a Chinaman. After making all due allowance for the jealousies of rivals the consensus of opinion about Yuan Shi Ki is too strong to be ignored. He is great in duplicity and chicane, but not in the virtues inculcated by Confucius and Mencius. Yon Fu says of him: "Yuan has many followers, but all of them adhere to him through the desire of obtaining wealth and prominence by his assistance. Take away that desire from them, there will remain no relations between them and Yuan." Chang Chien, who was once Yuan's schoolmaster, is no less vigorous in his estimate. He says: "Yuan does unblushingly things that others are ashamed to perform. He is unscrupulous and hesitates at nothing. Being such, he may advance himself to a prominent position." Now here in America we do not know much about Yon Fu nor about Chang Chien. They may be very respectable men and we hope that they are, wishing to think well of every one. But we do know Dr. Wu Ting-fang. We never thought that we could love any Chinaman as we love Dr. Wu Ting-fang and so we are disposed to regard his opinion as final. And Dr. Wu says: "Call on him at his home. When the spring sun is shining warm and bright, he hugs a blazing stove with two or three fur coats on his back. A man of that type can never be able to accomplish anything remarkable." When the Roman people called upon Cincinnatus they found him plowing his fields and they knew at once that he must be a great man. When the Chinese people visit Yuan they find him hugging a stove, which demonstrates his smallness. And this shows us how careful we ought to be in such matters.

Dr. William Osler is an authority not only upon life and its capacities, but also upon death. For many years he has been a student "of the art and of the act of dying," and so for the first time we have death elevated to the region of art. The idea is worthy of consideration, for to die with dignity and grace is not given to every man, but it might be cultivated. Dr. Osler does not like Maeterlinck's essay on death because there is a "cadaverous mustiness" about it that can not be hidden even by the beauty of its language. Maeterlinck ought not to use such phrases as "The Tortures of the Last Illness," "The Pangs of Death," and "Horror," with which his pages are sprinkled. They are unjustified, says Dr. Osler. Very few suffer severely in the body, fewer still in the mind. Like Socrates, nearly all men owe a cock to Asclepius for an easy passage. Without Dr. Osler's professional knowledge of death we may believe heartily that he is right. Death is as natural as birth and, as a famous physician once said, not half so painful. Its correspondence with sleep must be a close one, and just as we do not sleep except to relieve the pain of weariness so we do not die except to relieve the pain of living. It is the alternative, gratefully accepted. The dread of death is the invention of religion, and it is strange that the vision of Mr. Maeterlinck, which has pierced so many clouds, should be baffled by this one.

Bernard Quaritch of London has bought the famous Hoe Bible for \$27,500 and so it comes into his hands for the second time. It is the famous Ashburnham copy and was originally purchased by Mr. Quaritch for \$15,000 and sold to Mr. Hoe for \$17,500. But other Bibles have commanded a still higher price. Henry E. Huntington bought a Gutenberg Bible printed on vellum for \$50,000 and Mr. Morgan bought the Hubb copy of the Gutenberg Bible for \$29,000. This was a much finer copy than the one just bought by Mr. Quaritch and it contained autograph notes believed to be by Gutenberg himself. It is gratifying to note that the Holy Scriptures are now being brought within reach of the millionaire. It has been urged more or less plausibly that cheap editions tend to discourage the sale of the higher-priced issues, but the demand for Gutenberg Bibles seems to prove the contrary. Advocates of religion have long hoped for some way to persuade the millionaire to read the Bible, but so far the millionaire has seemed to be obdurate. The ten-cent Bible had no charms for him and even the Gospels for a nickel left him unmoved. But now at last he has been reached. The Gutenberg edition has appeared and he buys it willingly. Thus does the good work advance.

Robert Louis Stevenson, for so wise a man, seems to have been singularly unaware of, or indifferent to, the laws of health, but that, too, may have been a part of his wisdom. He spent the winter of 1887 in the Adirondacks struggling against the disease which was not to subdue him for seven years. He lived in a little cottage that was much overheated and from which all ventilation was carefully excluded. The smoke of his incessant cigarettes obscured the atmosphere and perhaps helped to drive away the visitors who came to gaze upon him as one gazes at a lion in a den. Fashionable callers were specially unwelcome and Stevenson once remarked, according to an account in the *Medical Record*, that "it isn't the great unwashed which I dread, but the great washed." But whoever else was unwelcome there was always a greeting for Richard Mansfield. It is an impressive, almost a tremendous, picture, that of the clouded room fitfully lit by the flames of the log fire and Stevenson huddled close to the warmth while Mansfield at the other end of the room gave his weird impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It must have been like God looking upon his handiwork and finding it good.

John N. Raphael, writing from Paris to the London *Daily Express*, says that the Carnavalet Museum, which has already

a wealth of curiosities and relics from the stormier portions of French history, has just received a very interesting New Year's gift. The descendants of Edouard Lasne, who was housekeeper of the Temple prison when the "Capet Family" were there, have sent to the Carnavalet Museum some of the things which Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette left in their rooms when they were taken to the scaffold. There are two chemises of fine linen belonging to Marie Antoinette. The crown which was embroidered on them has been picked out, and only the initial "M." remains. There is a black silk blouse, very much worn and mended in several places, which Marie Antoinette made with her own hands in prison, and which was worn by the Princess Royal after her father's execution. There are also two pairs of the king's silk stockings (darned rather badly), a pair of "Madame Royale's" little slippers, a crystal bottle which has a few drops of Marie Antoinette's favorite scent remaining in it, and Louis XVI's shaving-dish. But perhaps the most pathetic of the relics of the monarchy which went to pieces on the scaffold is a game of bricks with which the little Dauphin, whose fate has always been and always will be a mystery, used to amuse himself in prison.

In 1880 Mme. Sarah Bernhardt decided to leave the Comédie Française. The Paris *Gaulois* sent a reporter to ascertain the reason for this decision and the great actress furnished it willingly. She said that she was earning only \$6000 a year, and that while that was enough for an artist who intended to work all her life she had no such intention. In another twenty years she would be an old woman and she hoped to retire before then. For that reason she was leaving the Comédie Française. That was over thirty years ago, and Mme. Bernhardt is not yet an old woman nor does she show any sign of becoming one.

Dr. Max Staller of Philadelphia announces a surgical discovery that should appreciably lessen the sum total of human pain. He finds that the membrane of egg shells can be used as a substitute for human skin in grafting operations. This membrane is actually the skin of embryonic chickens and contains cells similar to those of human skin. When placed on a burned surface the cells multiply and the membrane spreads until eventually it joins the undestroyed surface and replaces the burned area. Dr. Staller tried his first experiment on a woman suffering from severe burns on the upper part of the body. No one could be found at the moment willing to part with enough skin for grafting purposes, and so Dr. Staller procured several dozen fresh eggs, cut the membrane into small pieces and applied them in the usual way. The experiment was completely successful. The new skin appears to be finer than the human skin, but strong and healthy. Perhaps Dr. Staller has done more than he supposes. If the new skin is actually finer than the old there may be a chance for ladies who are in quest of beauty to repair the ravages of time by an entirely new skin of the chicken variety. The removal of the old skin would of course be painful, but everything is comparative, and what can be more painful than the defacing hand of time.

John Bunyan died two hundred and twenty-three years ago. He was a tinker by trade and it may be said metaphorically that he was a tinker in the estimation of the great Christian world that was nearly unanimous in the opinion that he should be sent to jail and treated generally as a pestilent vagabond. Today comes the announcement that a great memorial window has been placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Bunyan and that the religious sects are in competition to do him honor. One is reminded of the statue to Socrates erected by the men who poisoned him, and indeed of a good many incidents of a like nature that stand out redly in the history of religion. And yet we still hear a lament for the decay of authority in ecclesiastical matters and for the general indifference to the bans and blessings of the churches. If the bans and the blessings would but show themselves to be weatherproof for at least a couple of centuries their influence would be a more weighty one.

Jules Verne has been dead for six years, and now his publishers announce that they have exhausted his manuscripts and that the Verne Library is complete. It contains sixty-three novels, if indeed they can be called novels, for Jules Verne never showed much partiality for the "heart interest." He was too strong to need it. It is said sometimes that H. G. Wells is a competitor with Jules Verne in the production of imaginative and speculative stories based upon what may be called the dreams of science. There will be no disposition to undervalue Mr. Wells, but there is a marked difference between the two writers. Verne excelled in the human touch. He could create characters. "The War of the Worlds" and "The Time Machine" were great stories, but they draw their greatness from what may be called their mechanical ingenuity. The mind does not associate them with distinctive human figures. But who can ever forget the character of Phineas Fogg, who went around the world in eighty days, or of Captain Nemo, who navigated the avenging submarine? We were never allowed to know the grievances under which Captain Nemo was suffering, but we could imagine what we pleased, which made him all the more delightful.

The secret cipher is a factor in international affairs, since the Vatican is supposed to have changed the code in which it communicates with its representatives, the previous code having been revealed. It is supposed that the secret cipher still existed only in the exuberant imagination of Mr. Oppenheim and other writers of that fascinating ilk, but these writers are now justified in being abandoned by the Vatican has been in use for over a century and it is said to have defied all efforts at disclosure. In this connection it is interesting to note some evidence recently given in England at the trial of a German captain charged with spying. Letters in

cipher had been found in his lodgings and these had been translated by some one employed by the British government. A demand for the production of the translator as a witness was refused on the ground that his special work was the translation of codes and that upon public grounds it was undesirable that his identity should be known.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## An Old Man's Idyl.

By the waters of Life we sat together,  
Hand in hand in the golden days  
Of the beautiful early summer weather,  
When skies were purple and breath was praise,  
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,  
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran  
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,  
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,  
I and my darling, unafraid;  
And lighter than any linnet's feather  
The burdens of Being on us weighed.  
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw  
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,  
And up from the rosy morrows grew  
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;  
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,  
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather  
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.  
And under the trees the angels walked,  
And up in the air a sense of wings  
Awed us tenderly while we talked  
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,  
Watching the waving harvests grow;  
And under the benison of the Father  
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.  
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,  
Brodered fairer the emerald banks,  
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,  
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,  
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;  
Only we knew that something crowned us  
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;  
Only we knew that something bright  
Lingered lovingly where we stood,  
Clothed with the incandescent light  
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches Love doth inherit!  
Ah, the alchemy which doth change  
Dross of body and dregs of spirit  
Into sanctities rare and strange!  
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,  
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;  
But our elixir and precious gold  
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,  
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;  
But we have a secret which doth show us  
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.  
And we hear the tread of the years move by,  
And the sun is setting behind the hills;  
But my darling does not fear to die,  
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,  
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;  
Then it was balmy summer weather,  
And now the valleys are laid in snow.  
Iceicles hang from the slippery eaves;  
The wind blows cold—'tis growing late;  
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,  
I and my darling, and we wait.—Richard Realf.

## Triumph.

The dawn came in through the bars of the blind—  
And the winter's dawn is gray—  
And said: However you cheat your mind,  
The hours are flying away.

A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—  
Has the sun a heart, I said,  
To throw a morning flush on the cheek  
Whence a fairer flush has fled?

As a gray rose-leaf that is fading white  
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;  
And on that side of the bed all night  
Death had watched, and I on this.

I kissed her lips, they were half apart,  
Yet they made no answering sign;  
Death's hand was on her failing heart,  
And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,  
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;  
And oh, for the violet depths it hid,  
And the light I longed for there!

Faint day and the fainter life awoke,  
And the life was overpast;  
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,  
Oh, speak with a look at last!

For the space of a heart-beat fluttered her breath,  
As a bird's wing spread to flee;  
She turned her weary arms to Death,  
And the light of her eyes to me.—H. C. Bunner.

A peculiar characteristic of the New England granite veins is the fact that three distinct colors of granite are to be found in as many states, pink in Massachusetts, gray in Connecticut, and green in Vermont. Green granite is something of a curiosity because of its rarity. The largest columns of this variety to be found anywhere are those which support the dome in the library of Columbia University.

In the Far East the chasi is the most important drink in the tea business. He inspects and tests all teas offered to his firm, and his judgment determines the price to be paid. In Formosa the tea is most popular with Americans or Englishmen.



## EXIT THE DURAND.

A Closed Chapter in the History of Parisian Cafés.

Despite the fact that the modern Parisian appears every year to find more and more time for eating and drinking, that mortality among the cafés and restaurants of the empire which set in two or three decades ago continues unabated. The latest to pass into history is the Durand, on the Place de la Madeleine. That restaurant has had an unusual career. In its early days it was in high favor among economical parents, who used to dine there with their children on their "days out" from school because it was "so cheap," but after the time of the Commune it aspired to rank with such no-priced-menu establishments as the Café Anglais and the Café Riche, while in recent years it was not uncommon for a roast pheasant to figure on one's bill at sixteen francs. The Durand, indeed, acquired the habit of high prices during the siege of Paris—I have before me a bill for a breakfast for two supplied in those days which shows a total of seventy-one francs, that is, about fourteen dollars—and found it so seductive that it became second nature. Other restaurants are in the same category. There is Maire's, for example, which, as the Goncourts used to remember with sorrow, was in the 'fifties a simple wine-shop with a zinc counter and one tiny room, but where Father Maire did his own waiting and regaled his patrons with the choicest dishes and that exquisite minor Burgundy from the cellars of Louis Philippe. But the Durand has been taken and Maire's left.

Evidently sentiment has little place in the make-up of the modern Parisian, for had it been otherwise the plenishings of the Durand would have commanded far higher prices than they did. The tiny round and square tables went for an average of two dollars apiece, the bronze chandeliers for fifty dollars, the chairs for less than two dollars each, the immense red carpet for under sixty dollars, and a huge bundle of the flags of all nations realized a paltry three dollars.

Some of the wines, even, were to be had at bargain prices—Frontignan at two dollars fifty a bottle, and Chateau Margaux and Moton Rothschild at an average of two dollars. There were a few exceptions, however, such as the old Chateau Yquem at ten dollars and a rare antique Chartreuse at thirty dollars a bottle. Perhaps these prices were influenced by the legend which credited those wines with having been saved from the Tuileries in the fire of forty years ago, but, if so, it is a mystery why the chairs and tables with their Gambetta and Boulanger associations should have been sold for an old song. The Parisian epicure would probably explain that while he can drink the wines he can not eat the tables and chairs.

And that, in a way, may account for the exit of the Durand. The closing of its doors, notwithstanding its history, fits in with the trend of café and restaurant life in Paris. It is only another chapter, with "finis" written below, in the growing annals of the past—annals which bear such renowned names as Torton, Hardy, Beauvilliers, Les Trois Frères Provençaux, the Rocher de Cancale, the Maison Dorée, the Café de Paris, Magny, the Café Procope, the Vachette, and the Chat Noir.

For the Parisian of today cares not a wave of his hand or a shrug of his shoulders for mere associations. The Café de la Regence does not survive and flourish because it can still show the table on which Napoleon played chess, but because in its appointments and menu and consideration for changing needs it keeps abreast of the "spirit of the times." The Procope had its Napoleon legend, dating from that afternoon when he had to leave his hat in pledge for a drink while he went to fetch his forgotten purse, and also its Voltaire table and chair, but those relics could not save it. The Café Foy went long ago, despite the table from which Camille Desmoulins set the Revolution a-going with his cry, "To Arms!" The Magny, too, could not escape actual rebuilding by the memory of its famous dinners.

If there is one exception in all Parisian cafédome it is provided by the famous restaurant on the Quai de la Tournelle. That is an establishment with a history which made even the Café Procope seem a place of yesterday though it was founded in 1689. For the Tour d'Argent was opened in 1582, and hence is by far the most ancient eating-house in the city. Although the present home of the restaurant dates only from the time of Louis Philippe, it occupies the site of the venerable building of which it is the comparatively modern successor. Not that it is particularly modern in appearance. On the contrary, it is wholly free from the garishness of paint and gilding so much in evidence at other Parisian restaurants, and there is never much more than a bunch of fruit in its old-fashioned window to indicate the nature of the establishment. Half-way up the façade, however, hangs the artistic emblem of the house, reminiscent of the beautiful signs of the sixteenth century, and displaying the proud date of 1582 above its tower of silver.

Could Apicius pay a visit to Paris he would no doubt make his first call at the Tour d'Argent. For from its earliest days to its latest it has been the pride of this house to sustain the repute of French cooking. If its associations are not professedly literary, it can yet boast that many famous men, including Napoleon and Edward VII, have sat at its tables. For many years the culinary rites of the restaurant were presided over by Frédéric, "the most famous maître d'hôtel Paris has ever known," but now that Frédéric is no more and his

place has been taken by André Terrail, once chef to the Marquis de Ganay and then to Baron Alfred de Rothschild, the promise is made that there shall be no falling off in that catering for which the house has been distinguished for so many generations. The ducks are still to be numbered, and trout and crayfish will continue to swim about in their tanks all alive until an order from a customer signs their death-warrant.

And yet even the Tour d'Argent is finding it necessary to move with the times. Although the quaint old exterior is to remain untouched, the interior, including the room where Napoleon dined, will shortly undergo thorough renovation and refurnishing. In other words, M. Terrail is determined to postpone as long as possible the advent of that day when the Tour d'Argent will join the majority and contribute its picturesque sign to the Musée Carnavalet. The latest relic, by the way, to pass under the roof of Mme. de Sévigné's old mansion is the signboard of the Chat Noir, a crude picture of a black cat with saucer-like eyes and of no value save as a relic of Rodolphe Salis's famous Montmartre cabaret.

Had the Durand fallen into line with such lobster-palaces as the Café Riche and the Café de Paris it might have prolonged its history for many a year. Those festive haunts have once more, within the past few days, demonstrated their understanding of what appeals most to the Parisian with money to spend, for the former celebrated Christmas and the New Year by arranging a battle of flowers and the latter by hiring a troupe of Russian dancers. Another astute caterer enlivened his guests by turning loose among them a small farmyard, rightly judging that they would find huge amusement in chasing a rabbit or a sucking-pig.

But in justice to the shades of the past it must not be overlooked that the Café de Paris of today is not the Café de Paris which Thackeray, by an anachronism, introduced into "Vanity Fair" as the scene of the squabble between Colonel Crawley and Becky and Colonel O'Dowd and his lady. The original Café de Paris, of which Alfred de Musset used to say that you "could not open its doors for less than fifteen francs," was not established until seven years after the battle of Waterloo, and even then it was not the kind of place which would have served the purposes of the adventurous Becky. Occupying a large suite of apartments in a mansion at the corner of the Rue Taibout, the café was remarkable for its innocence of the usual display of white and gold, while the absence of mirrors elicited from Lord Palmerston the testimonial that "the epicure was not constantly reminded that, when in the act of eating, he was not much superior to the rest of humanity." The rooms, indeed, might have been quickly transformed into private apartments for a refined family. All of which accounts for the fact that the genuine Café de Paris declined in favor some years ago, and that the present restaurant has nothing in common with it save the name.

PARIS, January 9, 1912. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Priests in Egypt, who were the sole depositaries of science, knew the secret of aromatic substances and prepared them themselves. Egyptian perfumes acquired great celebrity, especially those made in Alexandria. Reserved originally for religious rites, perfumes subsequently became of current use among the wealthy classes. During banquets they were diffused through the halls and were burnt in profusion. The Israelites during their sojourn in Egypt adopted the use of aromatic substances primarily for religious purposes and afterward for personal usage. The Greeks, who loved elegance, were especially addicted to the use of perfumes, and they taught their secrets and usage to the Romans, who were not content to use merely the perfumes of the Orient—aloes, myrrh, incense, and nard—they also made perfumes similar to those of the present day—scents of lilies, lavender, roses, and thyme.

The ballot on which the English coal miners expressed their opinion as to the desirability of a strike was so drawn that it was practically impossible for any but an affirmative answer to be made (says the New York Sun). One body of miners returned their ballots blank as a protest against what they conceived to be a trick. It would be interesting to know in how many other cases labor leaders have polled their followers in such fashion as to insure the outcome of the voting.

Tourists returning to France from abroad and proceeding to points in the interior of the country are informed in a notice published by the French consulate-general of Geneva that they are allowed to take into France duty free enough tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes to smoke on their journey, providing they declare them to the customs. The amount is limited to ten cigars, twenty cigarettes, and forty grams of tobacco.

The Ton family, with a membership of 610, the largest organized family in the United States, celebrated the advent of the new year at Pythian Temple, 1031 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. The family choir of sixteen voices furnished music. Seven members of the family celebrated their birthdays. The members of the family are descendants of John Ton, a Holland truck farmer, who settled in Chicago in 1849.

While no accurate account of the losses sustained through forgeries during 1911 has been kept, a New York handwriting expert estimates that they aggregated \$15,000,000 through checks and drafts alone.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Francis Wilson, the comedian, is a serious-minded bibliophile with a wonderful collection of books in his Philadelphia home. He is a student of art and history, and, off the stage, likes nothing so well as the quiet of his hearthstone.

Thomas Foster, of Hampton-hill, London, who is now in his ninety-seventh year, was head gardener to King William IV, and, although approaching his hundredth year, he is to be found in his orchard at work for several hours every day.

Mother Mary Joseph Stanislas of St. John's Wood Convent, England, is said to be one of the two survivors of the band of young nuns who accompanied Florence Nightingale as nurses to the Crimean War. She is in her eighty-ninth year.

Arnold F. Hills, president of the great London ship-building firm which has built some of England's great battleships, is an invalid, and does all his work while lying on a couch. His couch is carried in a motor-car to his office or wherever he wishes to go.

Mlle. Bernsten, the young daughter of the prime minister of Denmark, has apprenticed herself to a cabinet-maker, and says it is her ambition to own a workshop of her own some day, so that she can devote herself to making artistic furniture. She is seventeen years of age.

Adelina Patti has been honored by the Swansea town council, which has conferred on her the honorary freedom of the borough "for the services she has rendered the town." Since she went to live at Craig-y-Nos Castle in the Swansea Valley she has always been ready to sing for local charities.

John W. Steele, oil king and spendthrift of the early 'sixties, known as "Coal Oil Johnny," now nearly seventy years old, is living the life of a farmer in the old home. His place is near Franklin, Pennsylvania, and he enjoys himself leading the simple life. He has enough to live upon comfortably and is satisfied.

S. H. P. Pell, who has begun the restoration of historic Fort Ticonderoga, with a view to perfecting it just as it was at the time of Ethan Allen's daring exploit, is a New York banker and broker. He inherited the Ticonderoga property, which was purchased by his great-great-grandfather as a summer home in 1818.

J. N. Maskelyne has just retired from the stage, after practicing the art of illusion, mainly in England, for over fifty years. Though a very successful performer, he is perhaps best known as an exposé of tricks. He incurred, for example, the resentment of many spiritualists by showing how the Davenportes accomplished their miracles.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, first of the Moslem chiefs, who paid homage to King George at the Durbar, rules over the largest territory of any native chief in India. He adopts a personal simplicity which marks him out in any Indian assembly. Even at the Durbar he wore a plain frock coat. The Star of India was his only adornment.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans, widow of the late admiral, is understood to be in such limited circumstances that several members of Congress have a plan on foot to put through a bill to give her a substantial pension. At present she will receive only the regular pension of \$30 a month. Admiral Evans lost much money in unfortunate investments.

James L. Cowles, the father of the parcels-post movement in this country, is nearly eighty years of age, but is still remarkably active mentally and bodily. He is secretary of the Postal Progress League, with an office in New York. He graduated from Yale in 1866 and returned twenty years later to take up the law course. His book, "The Postal Principle Applied to Railroad Traffic," is the authority on the subject.

Walter Crane, one of the best-known English painters and illustrators, has again been honored by the King of Italy, who has conferred on him the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, thus raising him to the rank of cavaliere. Mr. Crane has also been invited to paint his own portrait, so that it may be added to the famous collection of artists' portraits in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. He was born in Liverpool in 1845, his first illustrated book appearing in 1863.

President Roque Saenz Pena, under whose administration Argentina is becoming better known as a power, was trained for the diplomatic service. He studied law and at the age of twenty-six became president of the provincial assembly. In 1881 he was made first assistant secretary of foreign relations, and in 1886 he became minister to Uruguay. During his visit to Washington in 1889-90, to attend the first Pan-American conference, he made many friends among the diplomats.

Señor Jose Canalejas, who has reconsidered his resignation as premier of the Spanish cabinet, is a political power, both as writer and orator. He owns *El Heraldo*, one of the most influential of Spanish papers. He formed a cabinet February 9, 1910, that was reorganized January 1, 1911. With his cabinet he stepped aside April 1, 1911, following violent controversies provoked by the execution of Professor Ferrer. Three days later Canalejas accepted the task of forming a new cabinet.



## A HAREM COQUETTE.

The Startling Experience of a European with a Persian Beauty.

When the Department of Fine Arts sent me to Persia to write up the Province of Irak-Adjemi, I began by taking up my quarters in Ispahan. At the end of three months I had finished my task, but if I had returned home at once, the department would never have believed that I was a man of any depth. I was just about bored to death, when luckily there was a change of governors. The Shah sent, in place of the former governor, his cousin Malcolm-Khan. He had traveled in France, accompanied by Mehmed-Aga, his officer of ordnance. Mehmed-Aga had the rank of general, or, rather, that of *serip*, to use the Persian term.

I remembered him well—a young man of about thirty, a gentlemanly fellow, something of a swell, who dined with me several times in Paris. You can appreciate my joy in meeting him again away off there. In a week the Aga and I were inseparable.

One morning I was dreamily riding through the city, giving myself up for the hundredth time to the feeling that I was in fairyland. Imagine immense avenues, bordered on the right and on the left with arcades, and shaded by gigantic plane-trees at whose feet are streams of running water. I was nearing the Kiosk of Tchekel-Sutoun, when I saw at the street-corner a woman in a litter. As a general thing, Persian women on the street are like nothing so much as bundles. They are veiled, of course, or, rather, they wear upon their heads a kind of striped curtain, which covers the face. Oddly enough, the woman whom I met did not entirely conceal her figure, which was slender and graceful, and I could see her large eyes gleaming like coals of fire. My horse was walking, and I made him follow very slowly the bearers of the litter. It seemed to me that the unknown looked back once or twice; but, after all, as adventures of this kind in the East are somewhat unsatisfactory, I paid only slight attention to the matter.

I had almost forgotten the occurrence, when, two days after, I again met the litter. This time I was not alone. Mehmed-Aga was walking with me. At the first glance, I recognized the veiled lady, and especially remembered those extraordinary eyes. As before, she looked back, but this time the action was more pronounced. I glanced at the Aga, but he pretended to have noticed nothing. We walked along in this way for about ten minutes, when the litter suddenly turned toward the Djoulfa Bridge. This bridge is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. It has thirty-three enormous arches, and spans that capricious stream, the Zend-Dehroud. The bridge is somewhat of a popular resort for evening promenades, and so I hesitated about following my unknown openly for fear of compromising her. But there was no hesitation on her part. Suddenly she leaned half-way out of the litter, and dropped her handkerchief upon the pavement. I picked it up.

During the rest of the walk the Aga was silent, biting his moustache with a preoccupied air. When we reached the palace, he said, "Come in," and when we were alone in his study, he began: "My dear friend, I made no comments a little while ago. But instead of keeping that handkerchief pressed tenderly against your heart, you must throw it into the fire."

"You wish me to do so?"

"I do not wish that you should have your throat cut and be thrown into the river. I am in charge of the police of the city, and I am responsible for you to the French legation. You are astonishing people, you Parisians! You think yourselves always upon the boulevards. We are in the Orient, my friend; and in the Orient husbands are not to be trifled with. At Paris it may be different. Your unknown is not unknown to me. Her name is Nissa."

"Nissa?"

"If the name is charming, the husband is not at all so. He is one Astoulla, a very wealthy merchant, famous for his violence and his jealousy. He occupies that house on the river-bank just at the end of the bridge. His mother was of English descent, but his own manners are wholly Oriental. He would kill you like a dog."

"And Nissa?"

"Formerly," said the Aga, "unfaithful wives used to be sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river. But we are civilized now. Once a live cat would have been put in the sack. When maddened by the water, the cat would tear the woman's face. This is no longer done. At least, the cat is left out. The influence of Europe," he added, dryly.

This little conversation somewhat dampened my ardor. Moreover, Mehmed-Aga had the good taste to drop the matter there. I dined with him, and in the evening he called in musicians who played for us Eastern melodies. But I was preoccupied. Constantly before my eyes that graceful figure was bending out of the litter, and a little hand was dropping a handkerchief. A persistent voice was singing in my ear, like the refrain of a ballad, "Nissa Nissa!" Naturally, I suffered all that night from nightmare. I dreamed that some one had given me an immense cat, named Astoulla, which was trying to tear my face. I waked at eleven the next morning, completely disenchanted.

In the evening I was alone upon the terrace, in the rear of my house, when a horrible-looking old woman suddenly entered from the lower door.

"Are you brave?" she said.

I smiled with that self-conceit which a man always feels when asked such a question. She continued:

"I came to propose to you a walk. It is night. No one can see us. You are to follow me. When half-way I shall blindfold you, but you must swear to me not to attempt to find out where I am leading you."

I promised. The day, you see, had passed over my fears, the effects of the nightmare were, little by little, fading away, and I heard that persistent voice still singing in my ear, "Nissa! Nissa!" The old woman evidently came from her. I hurried up to my room and got a small revolver. Five minutes later we were on our way. It was mad, absurd; I confess it freely. But there are follies about which one does not stop to reason.

When we had come to the Djoulfa Bridge, the old woman stopped and took from her pocket a thick handkerchief, which she proceeded very deftly to bind over my eyes. I could see no longer. Then she grasped my hand, and I allowed her to lead me. By the increased coolness of the air, I conjectured that we were crossing the river. In a few seconds the old woman turned to the right, but we were not quitting the banks of the Zend-Dehroud. I could hear its turbulent waters rolling by and breaking for an instant against the arches of the bridge. At last my guide paused, a key grated, and in a whisper she said:

"Go up."

Five steps only, and then I felt that my feet were pressing a soft, thick carpet. At the same moment she removed the handkerchief. I found myself in a small room, dimly lighted by a copper lamp. Incense was burning in a richly chased censer resting upon a table of red and green mosaic, and filling the room with those Oriental odors which intoxicate one like the fragrance of old wine. Against the walls, hung with yellow cashmere, were musical instruments, and here and there arms in the midst of pendant chains and necklaces. From below came the dull and regular murmuring of the river. By lifting a little drapery from the window, I saw that the water touched the very walls of the house. Almost immediately I heard a light rustling upon the carpet. I turned.

It was Nissa. I was transformed with astonishment. She could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen. Her thick, dark hair fell upon perfectly formed neck and shoulders, and her face, slightly amber in color, had all the changing lights of mother-of-pearl. But I was especially struck with the strange contrast between the exceeding whiteness of her teeth and the blackness of her eyes. The eyelashes, the tips of the lids, and her lips were painted. She smiled as she gazed at me with her still and burning eyes. I thought of the Aga's words, and said to myself that this woman could not easily be frightened. However, she took my hand and made me sit upon the divan.

"My husband has started for Teheran," she said, and smiled.

Then she struck a little gong with a copper rod, and coffee was brought in. She began to talk rapidly, telling me that her life was very dreary and that she had been interested in me at first sight. I was beginning to lose my head, when I heard a noise in the adjoining room. In an instant she sprang up and stood erect and trembling. Her welcome and her sudden fear had follow each other so rapidly that I had no time to analyze my feelings. She ran to the wall, took down a slender little dagger, and half-concealed it in her sleeve. She turned to me and, with an emphatic gesture, said: "Wait!" Then she vanished behind the heavy hangings.

A vague fear stole over me. I recalled the Aga's warnings. Possibly I had been imprudent. Suddenly I again heard a noise in the next room; there were sounds of voices, then a short struggle; at last, silence. At once the drapery was pushed aside and Nissa reappeared. She was very pale—as pale as the pearls upon her neck.

She half-leaned against the wall, looking like a white statue against the background of yellow drapery. She was still smiling, and in her smile revealing teeth as sharp as those of a young wolf. She took a few steps into the room. Her knife and hands were red.

"Great God! What has happened?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing," she replied.

She tossed the dagger into a corner, and, with perfect calmness, said:

"It was my husband. He would have killed us. I preferred to anticipate him. Come, help me throw his body into the water."

I remained motionless, gazing at her in astonishment. Then she fixed her eyes upon me, with an expression of complete contempt, and, in a tone that I shall never forget, said:

"Oh, these Frankish dogs! What nervousness!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and called a maid whom she commanded to open the window. Then, as if they were doing the most ordinary of acts, they lifted the body and dropped it into the river. The adventure was becoming too Oriental for me. I confess that I was seized with a wild terror. Without waiting longer, I ran away like a madman. Where I went, I have no idea. In ten minutes I found myself in the city, and I ran through the streets as if pursued by a legion of devils. When I had reached my apartments I fastened myself in with a double lock, cursing Nissa and all the hours of the Orient.

What a night! I did not sleep till morning, and then my sleep was like lead. When I awoke the sun was

high and streaming into my chamber. I was completely unstrung. What would happen? A man could not disappear without the law's taking cognizance of the affair. Nissa had not even made an attempt at concealment. The servant had seen and aided her. I should be implicated, and, at the very idea of being associated with a crime, I felt my hair standing on end with horror.

All that day I remained in the same condition, keenly anxious, and not daring to go out. The evening came and still I had formed no resolution, and no news yet of Nissa. Had she been arrested? What had become of her? I retired early, but could not sleep. On the second day I could endure it no longer, and decided to see my friend, the Aga. I arrived at his palace about noon. I was announced, and then entered. The Aga was reclining upon a divan peacefully smoking his *chibouk*.

"Ah, it is you," he said, when he saw me. "Have you heard the news?"

"The news—the news? No, I—I have heard nothing."

"You remember Astoulla, the rich merchant, Nissa's husband, whom I told you about?"

It was all over, the crime was known. I muttered an almost inaudible "Yes."

"The poor devil," continued the Aga; "my dear friend, he has suddenly disappeared."

And the Aga looked at me intently. I could bear it no longer. I was about to confess everything, when he said:

"He was just setting out for Teheran. And suddenly—vanished. Nothing has been heard of him."

For the second time the Aga looked into my face. There was a short silence. Then, puffing out a long thread of smoke, he added calmly:

"God is great!"—Adapted from the French of A. Delpit.

Six years ago the Department of Agriculture began to investigate the problem of storing table grapes (says the *New York Evening Post*). The importations of fresh grapes from Spain during the present season amount to nearly 900,000 barrels, which have sold at wholesale prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$7 per barrel. In the meantime the California grape-growing industry has been making steady progress, and it is now clear that unless some way can be found either to broaden the area over which the fruit may be distributed, or to lengthen the marketing season, the industry will soon be face to face with the serious problem of overproduction. The Spanish packers have heretofore had a great advantage over their American rivals in being able to secure at small cost the ground cork without which, as a filler, the grapes will not ship or keep well. This material being both scarce and expensive in California, persistent efforts were made to find a satisfactory substitute. After a number of failures, the redwood sawdust, which is a waste product of sawmills, was found to be not only as good as the ground cork, but in some ways even better, provided it is dry and the finer particles are removed. Of the varieties of grapes experimented with last autumn, the Emperor was found to possess the best keeping qualities; it may be held from ninety to one hundred and ten days. It might be well for the Department of Agriculture to keep an eye on Luther Burbank and follow his example of combining keeping qualities with flavor—a point too often neglected.

On the subject of leap year the Encyclopædia Britannica says pessimistically that "no satisfactory" explanation has ever been offered of the origin of the custom for women to woo and not be wooed one year in every four. But it offers the leap year statute of Margaret, the Maid of Norway. Margaret reigned over Scotland from 1286 to 1290, though she died before she could get there. In the year 1288, which was leap year, the following law was passed in her realm: "It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe year, ilk mayden ladye of bothe high and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes; albeit he refuses to talk hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is bethrothit anither woman he then shall be free."

At the present time thirteen countries are represented in the papal senate: Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, France, United States, Belgium, Holland, Brazil, Portugal, England, and Ireland. The comparatively recent deaths of Cardinals Taschereau and Moran temporarily removed Canada and Australia from the roster of cardinalatial nations. At present there are sixty-four cardinals, thirty of whom are of foreign birth and thirty-four Italians. Of the latter, eleven rule important dioceses in Italy and twenty-three reside in Rome. Four cardinals, who are not Italians by birth, also reside permanently in the Eternal City: Merry Del Val, Vives y Tuto, Billot, and Van Rossum.

The few remaining eagles in the Alps are to be protected by the Swiss federal government. It seems that there are only four nesting places of the eagle still known to exist in the Alps, and watchers have been told off to guard them and to repay the peasants in the valleys which they haunt any damage they do. Last year the eagles made off with fourteen lambs, four kids, and one cat, which were duly paid for. They cost the government in this way 113 francs.



## HENRY LABOUCHERE.

Death in Italy of the Veteran English Politician and London Editor.

Henry Labouchere died at his villa in Florence, Italy, January 16, aged eighty-one. Failing health had caused him to take up his residence in Italy five years ago.

With the death of Henry Labouchere, English politics, journalism, and public life loses one of its most vigorous and picturesque figures. Since 1874, as editor and proprietor of the redoubtable weekly, *Truth*, Labouchere has "muckraked" England with unflinching courage and unquestionable honesty of purpose and public spirit. From 1865 to 1905, as one of the most brilliant men in the House of Commons, and one of the most radical in speech and purpose, he has been a power in the Liberal party. Close friend of Gladstone, home ruler, pro-Boer, anti-imperialist, or little Englander, "Labby," as he was called, has been a splendid critic of British follies and errors. Before he died he saw the veto of the House of Lords checked on much the same lines as he himself proposed some years ago. For, though a descendant of a Huguenot noble and closely related to British noble families, he was one of the most effective foes of the aristocracy.

When, six years ago, he retired from the House, his co-member, T. P. O'Connor, wrote of him: "That extraordinary combination of strong party zeal, with a lurking desire to make mischief; the sardonic and satirical spirit, mingled with a certain fierce, though carefully concealed, zeal for the public good; the mordant wit that was equally the delight of the House and of the smokeroom; the world-wide and varied experiences of all life in almost every country and in almost every form—these are the possessions of but one man; and his like we shall never see again."

He was a member of Parliament for about half a century, but always declined to take office in any cabinet. His political views were extremely radical, but he preferred to give expression to them as a free lance in the House of Commons. He wielded a caustic pen, which was used freely in his newspaper, and he exposed many abuses in political, commercial, and diplomatic life. He was at one time in the diplomatic service, and served as an attaché at Washington in 1854, but he retired from the service ten years later to enter politics. During his diplomatic career he watched the political game in embassies at Munich, Stockholm, Frankfurt, St. Petersburg, and Dresden.

For half a century Labouchere was probably England's most noted journalist, and his powers of satire were respected and feared not only by the statesmen of England, but by those of Europe. He was born in 1831, the son of John Labouchere and Henrietta (Hodson) Labouchere. As a diplomat and member of Parliament he made a name for himself when William Ewart Gladstone was winning his spurs and when Disraeli was still an active figure in British politics, but it was as the editor of *Truth*, England's great satirical and political journal, that he won his greatest fame. He was educated at Eton and entered the diplomatic service when only twenty-three. He served in Parliament as a Liberal representative from Windsor in 1866, from Middlesex in 1867, and from Northampton from 1880 to 1906.

Labouchere's peculiar powers of satire made him a prominent figure in debate as well as in journalism. He was fully a match for Gladstone, for Disraeli, for any of the great statesmen who have placed their names on England's roll of fame. He was not only powerful in British politics, but his word was accepted in continental affairs. And not in politics alone did he play an important part. *Truth* had as much to say to and about society as it did about politics. It was Labouchere's policy never to spare any member of the so-called "upper classes" who in his judgment needed criticism at his hands.

His honesty of purpose was never questioned and his wisdom was admired throughout the world, so that he was perhaps the most loved, as well as the most feared, representative of English journalism. Tales innumerable are told of his colossal sangfroid and "cheek," and turn for practical jesting.

He was shut up in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, and his "Letters of a Besieged Resident," contributed to the *Daily News*, a paper of which he was a part proprietor, are still among the most vivid pictures of those terrible months.

An experience of life that not one man in 10,000 could boast—of the city, of politics, of society, of the stage—made "Labby" an admirable raconteur and a convinced cynic. He was a cynic, and yet each year he organized a gigantic doll show and induced the readers of his paper to dress thousands of dolls for the children in the London hospitals. He played the part of universal detective on behalf of the poor and oppressed. He spent a fortune in exposing quacks, usurers, and swindlers that have preyed upon the public.

He would have demolished the House of Lords; he was a rampant pro-Boer, a home ruler, the most misguided of Little Englanders. Everything, in fact, that ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred opposed he favored; everything they have set their hearts on, he kicked from him in joyous contempt.

Labouchere had the journalist's love of being "behind the scenes" in political affairs and played a memorable part in many great political transactions. In the Piggott affair, Parnell's public honor was saved only by Labouchere's splendid detective energy and skill, as

was detailed recently by the pen of T. P. O'Connor. He played a still more notable part in the "Round Table" transactions, and brought Gladstone and Chamberlain to a working agreement, which would have reconstructed the Liberal party if Chamberlain had not destroyed its effect.

In many circles his death—which, at his age, however, can not be called untimely—will leave a great void (says an editorial writer in the *New York Evening Post*). Clubland has lost a gossip of the brightest and cheeriest and most informing kind; general society a charming host and fascinating guest; music, the theatre, and the arts an experienced and discerning critic; and his journalistic subordinates a most inspiring chief. He will long be remembered in London life as a finished specimen of the man of the world—polished, accomplished, cynical, knowing life in all its depths and shallows, and yet retaining a certain freshness of heart which made him the champion of the poor and oppressed and the kindest friend of sick and suffering children. Nowhere will the exit of "Labby" be more deplored than in the hospitals, where thousands of crippled children for many years have been made happy at Christmas by the fruits of the annual *Truth* Doll Show. The world could better have spared many a greater man.

Nearly six hundred years after the battle of Morgarten (November 15, 1315), the Swiss have decided to erect a vast national monument. This monument is not to be in Berne, the political capital, but at Schwyz, from which the names of the country and its people (Schweiz, Schweizer) have been taken. The old, picturesque town is about twenty-two miles from Lucerne, and, although its claims to possess the Swiss national monument might not be obvious to any one wholly ignorant of Swiss history, it has really been a kind of nucleus round which the entire Swiss nation gradually gathered or was built up in the course of centuries. The design selected for the Swiss national monument is one of five submitted. It is called "Urschweiz" (Primitive Switzerland), and is by E. Zimmermann. The design provides for a large open space in the foreground, to be used for public festivals. This is to be surrounded by rows of trees and adorned with twenty-two statues. Behind, on a fine terrace, a great statue of Liberty is to rise, and behind the statue a fine building, of considerable breadth, but not high enough to hide the view of the mountains. The statue of Liberty will stand in a niche in the main building, containing a genealogical tree showing the growth of the Swiss Confederation. The wings of the main building will bear bas-reliefs, illustrating the decisive battles of the Swiss wars of independence. The interior will contain spacious halls with sculptures and mural decorations.

With the final endowment of the George Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, Tennessee, as now proposed by the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, all the money at the trustees' disposal will have been distributed and the work of the board will cease. It was begun in 1867. It is doubtful if any fund devised for benevolent purposes has ever been administered more wisely, faithfully, or usefully. While this benefaction represented only a part of Mr. Peabody's gifts to the public in this country, it was particularly valuable through its plan of life. It was established in 1866 with a gift of a million dollars, and three years later another million was added. Up to September 30, 1911, the disbursements from income of the Peabody Educational Fund has amounted to more than three and a half million dollars; two years hence, when the principal shall have been finally distributed, the fund will have yielded for the purposes it was intended to serve a sum exceeding five and a half millions.

The National Democratic Committee fixed on Baltimore as the place for the holding of the Democratic nominating convention, the time being set for Tuesday, June 25. The chief competition for the convention was between Baltimore and Chicago. Representatives of Chicago offered on the part of the city to pay the expenses of the convention and to subscribe \$40,000 to the Democratic campaign fund. Baltimore, on the other hand, put up a certified check for \$100,000, and that gained the prize.

An Irishman in Germany in three seasons has earned nearly half a million dollars on the turf. That is what James H. McCormick, the noted trainer of Sheephead Bay, has accomplished. In 1909 his horses won \$140,000, in 1910 \$125,000, and last year he capped the climax of his endeavors to capture the German money by finishing second to Emperor William's leading winning stable with \$160,000 to his credit. He has fifty-six horses in training for this season and will follow up his success.

After 288 years of white pine cutting, in Massachusetts alone, which by many is supposed to be denuded of timber, there were 238,000,000 feet of white pine alone cut in 1908 (government figures). The Forest Service further reported that "it is not improbable that a similar cut can be made every year in the future from the natural growth of white pine in that state."

Angelina Spinello, organist of St. Michael's Catholic Church, New Haven, Connecticut, is said to be the youngest organist in the world. She is ten years of age, and a wonderful future is predicted for her.

## NEW YORK SEES BERLIN PANTOMIME.

Max Reinhardt's "Sumurun," the Persian Wordless Play, Produced by Winthrop Ames.

With the prescience which is one of the faculties of genius O. Henry gave to Manhattan the nickname "Bagdad-on-the-Subway," and we wonder why nobody before him thought of the title and its pat application. It is not for me to point out the obvious resemblances and suggestions, but they are recognized and reveled in by citizens of the reflective sort, and even the great night-wandering, improbably extravagant public is, perhaps insensibly, coming to feel a kinship with the Oriental. Two plays saturated with the strange and intimate mystery of the East have been in high favor here for weeks past—"The Garden of Allah" and "Kismet." And now another has been added to the list. Other features of this latest arrival are more important in an artistic view, but its Persian pictures are at this time especially in harmony with the metropolitan mood.

From Berlin comes this new spectacle, well heralded as a production of the new movement in the theatre which is to give us great things as fast as we can be prepared for them by the gifted leaders. It is a "wordless" play, with music. Really, little of its genuine art is suggested in that negative phrase, and one wishes that a new name could have been invented for it. To call it pantomime is not enough. We have had pantomime since the days of George L. Fox, and before him, back to the gloom of antiquity. "Giselle" and "Scheherazade" are pantomimes, with music, even if they are called chorographic dramas. But it is the spirit and harmony of swift, rhythmical, and beautiful movement by the Russian dancers that make them the most delightful and satisfying of stage pictures.

"Sumurun" is like none of these, except that it is wordless. It is a tale of Persian love and jealousy, treachery and murder, told in pose, gesture, and catastrophe, with sumptuous settings and suggestive musical accompaniment. Professor Max Reinhardt, the Berlin artist of the theatre, who has made a number of remarkable "advanced" productions, is responsible for this effort, though the play was arranged by Friedrich Froksa, one of the younger German dramatists. "Sumurun" was performed first at the Deutsches Theatre in April, 1910. In the following August Professor Reinhardt carried the company from Berlin down to Munich, where the wordless drama was seen at the Artists' Theatre there and created a sensation equal to its Berlin triumph. On January 25, 1911—almost a year to a day of its introduction here—"Sumurun" was performed in a somewhat condensed version at the Coliseum in London. It was played there for a number of months and in the following spring a return engagement was acted. Last fall "Sumurun" came to London in its original German form and was played at the Savoy Theatre. The work has also been given by Hungarian actors in Budapest.

Winthrop Ames, under whose management it was produced at the Casino Theatre on Tuesday evening, engaged Victor Hollaender, the composer of the incidental music, to conduct the orchestra, which is an important feature of the entertainment, and Richard Ordynaki, the general stage director of Professor Reinhardt, had the entire matter in charge. The company was brought intact from the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin. All the color, comedy, animation, and gorgeousness of ancient Bagdad are revealed in the nine tableaux of the production. The story of the love of the hunchback showman for his dancing slave girl, known as the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment, and of Sumurun, the favorite wife of the old sheik, for Nur-al-Din, the cloth merchant, and the subsequent commingling of the two stories, ending in the murder by the sheik of his son, and his own death at the hands of the hunchback, is told entirely without the use of speech, but so vivid and realistic is the acting of the German company that the spectator is hardly aware of the absence of words.

In spite of all that could be done for the spectacle by the press, in the way of recounting its European successes, it is doubtful if it secures such a hold on the affections of the public as "The Garden of Allah." Manhattan theatre-goers, permanent and transient, like new things, and Bagdad recollections, but they do not like to be forced to use their wits in following a story that is acted but not spoken. The Casino was well filled at the first performance; later accounts will controvert or sustain my prediction that, notable as it is in many particulars, the show will not create a furor. The company of pantomimists is entirely capable in its work, if without special distinction in beauty or technic. But the stage pictures are the thing, after all, and they are not so fascinating as they might be where they had no competition in related attractions. FLANEUR.

New York, January 18, 1912.

Mary Godat Bellamy, the only woman member of the legislature of Wyoming, is reported to be the leader of the movement to have the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States caused by the death of Justice Harlan filled by a woman. Mrs. Bellamy declares that women, constituting one-half of the population and casting ballots in six states, have a right to be represented. Mrs. Bellamy is said to have the support of the suffrage party of the six states where women vote.

More than a thousand clerks were discharged recently from the census bureau, their work being completed.



## THE TRUE DANIEL WEBSTER.

Dr. S. G. Fisher Writes a Biography Compiled Mainly from the Statesman's Speeches and Letters.

Dr. Fisher need make no apology for his biography of Daniel Webster, nor for a title in which he discriminates between the "true" Daniel Webster and the many caricatures with which we have been more or less content. Perhaps no man has been more caricatured by his biographers nor more the victim of political and sectional spite and prejudice. The author says truly that if one picks up a diary, or letter, or anything about Webster and knows the politics of the writer he will be aware beforehand of its contents. Many of these writers are of the old Abolitionist and Free Soil parties or their admirers, good people in their way, but with their limitations, and there are no such limitations as the political. It is these people who are mainly responsible for the discounting of Harvey's "Reminiscences" and for no better reason than that Harvey was a Whig. Therefore Harvey finds no toleration from the good people of Boston, to whom he can never be anything but "a nice, weak-minded old gentleman who was always defending the Websters."

It is a substantial volume that Dr. Fisher gives us, a volume of over five hundred pages that duly ushers its hero into the world, tells us all about his parentage and origin, his education, and his early professional days. There are very few men who are great enough to have interesting parents or whose boyhood and education can arrest our attention. But Webster was one of them. About Webster we want all that we can get. His was an "intellectual power which would be hard to match anywhere in the history of law and politics."

How much of this intellectual development was due to the educational ideas of Webster's day? It is an interesting question, and one upon which the author speculates. Webster as a boy was an omnivorous reader, and we are told how he bought a cotton handkerchief upon which was printed the Constitution of the United States and sat down under a tree to study the document with which he was to be so identified:

Daniel's unusual mind and emotionalism were evidently sucking away the vital force that enabled his less gifted brothers to swing heavy axes and plow all day long. We all have known instances of this early development; and if we can believe certain educators and physicians a large proportion of these children are in modern times either killed or ruined for any high purpose by our excessive system of education. Their minds seem already so promising that it is believed that they can be forced to wonderful results, when the true method is to let them alone, not force them at all, or even stop their schooling. Little Daniel and Henry Clay in the modern environment would have hent over desks, breathed bad air, become excessively smart, worn spectacles at fourteen, and for the rest of their lives have been brilliant minds in crippled bodies, seedy, solemn-faced and peculiar.

Webster's law office in Portsmouth was a common, ordinary little room with little furniture and many holes. His associate was Jeremiah Mason, a good lawyer, but of massive proportions and with a powerful build of personality which caused a Shaker to say to him one day, "By thy size and thy language I judge that thou art Jeremiah Mason." Webster and Mason were often engaged upon the same case, and in this connection we have a story that illustrates Webster's mental versatility:

At the Portsmouth bar, Webster was soon almost on an equality with Mason, and they were on opposite sides of pretty much every important cause. On one occasion, it is said, the clerk was calling the docket and various counsel entering their names, Mason and Webster answering for plaintiff or defendant in almost every one. At last a case was called and Mason said:

"Webster, what side are you on in this case?"  
"I don't know," said Webster; "take your choice."

The author gives us a good account of the Hartford Convention, the Dartmouth College case, the Constitutional Convention, and the Plymouth Oration. Webster was opposed to the Missouri Compromise and made a speech in which he said that the spread of slavery must be stopped or it "would roll on desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean," a speech that was constantly quoted against him after 1850. Webster was now forty years of age and he seemed to think that he had done nothing. William Plumer, a congressman from New Hampshire, reports a conversation he had with Webster about this time:

We were walking together one broad moonlight evening, in the grounds around the capitol at Washington, when he broke out into the most passionate aspirations after glory. Without it life was, he said, not worth possessing. The petty struggles of the day were without interest to him, except as they might furnish the opportunity of saying or doing something which would be remembered in after time. Inquiring my age, and finding that I was some seven years his junior, he said, "Oh! that I had those seven years that you have yet to come to reach my present age." "I would gladly give them to you," said I, "if you would give me what you have done in your last seven." "Nothing, nothing," he exclaimed. "I have done absolutely nothing. At thirty, Alexander had conquered the world; and I am forty." "And at forty," said I, "Cæsar had done nothing." "Ay," said he, "that is better; there is something in that. Cæsar at forty had done nothing; we may say then at forty one may still hope to do great things." Observing that I smiled at his enthusiasm, he smiled, too, and said, "You laugh at me, Plumer! Your quiet way of looking at things may be the best, after all; but I have sometimes such glorious dreams! And sometimes, too, I half believe that they will wake into glorious realities."

Webster had many methods of preparing himself for his speeches. He liked to saturate himself with the opinions of authorities and of the best minds of the day upon whatever topic he wished to discuss, but upon occasion he was able to prepare himself with astonishing rapidity and without loss of effectiveness. Once while in the midst of a tariff speech he was told that an important case in which he was con-

cerned would be called the next day in the Supreme Court. He supposed that he still had two weeks in which to prepare himself, but he hurried home at once, took a dose of medicine, and went to bed:

At ten p. m. he awoke, called for a bowl of tea, and without other refreshment went immediately to work. To use his own phrase, "the tapes had not been off his papers for more than a year." He worked all night, and, as he has told me more than once, he thought he never on any occasion had so completely the free use of his faculties. He hardly felt that he had bodily organs, so entirely had the fasting and the medicine done their work. At nine a. m., after eleven hours of continuous intellectual effort, his brief was completed. He sent for the harber and was shaved; he took a very light breakfast of tea and crackers; he looked over his papers to see that they were all in order, and tied them up—he read the morning journals to amuse and change his thoughts, and then he went into court and made that argument which, as Judge Wayne said about twenty years afterward, "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor in our country from the interference of monopolies."

Webster's share in the "Great Debate" receives a full measure of attention. The debate lasted for three months, and although it was based upon a resolution that seemed almost non-contentious it developed into the historical duel over nullification, secession, slavery, and all those other topics that were to inflame the minds of men for two generations. Senator Hayne of South Carolina was the champion of the extreme Southern views and his speech was one of unusual power, although the author questions if it would ever have been heard of but for Webster's reply:

As soon as Hayne closed his speech Webster rose to reply; but as it was late in the afternoon the Senate adjourned, which gave Webster the floor next day, the 26th of January, a great day in his life. The galleries and the Senate chamber itself had been crowded with visitors to hear Hayne. A lady sat in his chair while he stood speaking by her side. Now every available place was again filled; and the crowd extended out into the corridors and down the staircases. Webster had never, he afterwards said, spoken "in the presence of an audience so eager and so sympathetic." His notes for a speech that fills seventy pages of print were written with great brevity on five pages of letter paper. But they had evidently been written merely to start the subject in his mind. He had no need to refer to them. "All I had ever known," he said, "seemed to be floating before me."

But there were not a few friends both of him and of the Northern cause who were filled with anxiety and feared that he would never be able to answer the onslaught of Hayne. Edward Everett in great uneasiness went to his house that evening, and, finding him cool and serene, thought he was not aware of the magnitude of the contest. He asked him if he had taken notes of Hayne's speech. "Yes," said Webster, taking from his vest pocket a piece of paper no bigger than the palm of his hand. "I have it all; that is his speech." The truth was that though apparently with little time for preparation he had had in reality the preparation of years. He had prepared himself several times before for public land speeches and constitutional speeches.

Before he rose to speak they say that another anxious friend passing near his seat said in a low voice, "Are you loaded, senator?" To which he grimly replied: "Seven fingers," a jest which referred to the muzzle-loading shotguns of those days, which, when heavily charged, caused the ramrod to stand out seven fingers above the muzzle.

Webster's break with President Jackson began in 1832. He was deeply grateful to the President for his whole-souled condemnation of the nullifiers, but now both Webster and his party, the national Republicans, were arrayed in opposition to him:

Jackson was credited in the popular mind with much honesty and sincerity of purpose. But whether he was any more so than other Presidents or people may be questioned. He was tricky enough; but managed to have his tricks, like the Clay "hargain and corruption," performed by others while he stood aloof as the innocent but daring and audacious hero of the people. His picturesque violence of speech and action was the foundation of his popularity; from this headlong violence the masses inferred that he must be honest; and finding, much to his own surprise, that his supposed failing was a source of political power, the old fellow worked it to the utmost in all manner of poses. This violence had given him his first distinction in the frontier life of Tennessee, where, when a judge, he is said to have rushed from the courtroom and seized with his own hands a ruffian whom the sheriff hesitated to arrest. In Webster's visit with Ticknor to Monticello in 1824, Jefferson told him that Jackson, when a senator, could never make a speech, because of the violence of his feelings. "I have seen him attempt it repeatedly," said Jefferson, "and choke with rage."

Webster was an ardent lover of nature. For eight years he spent every summer at Marshfield, on the coast of Massachusetts, and he finally bought it. He used to say that he wanted to live three lives, one to be devoted to astronomy, one to geology, and the third to classical literature, and he might have added a fourth to natural history:

All the neighboring region—Cohasset, Chelsea Beach, and Nantasket Beach—were explored by Webster in his sporting excursions for wild fowl. Many stories of his adventures were, of course, afloat in his lifetime. It was the day of flintlock guns and black powder, and before reloading the sportsman often applied his lips to the muzzle to blow the smoke from the barrel. When Webster, in his rough clothes, had smutted his already dark, swarthy face by this blowing process he looked like a very piratical and terrible personage. He once accidentally sprinkled a stranger with shot, and walked towards him, saying:

"My dear sir, I am very sorry, did I shoot you?"  
"Yes," said the man, staring into the grimy face, "and judging by your looks you have done that sort of thing before."

One day a farmer met him roaming the marshes.  
"This is Daniel Webster, I believe."  
"That is my name."  
"Well now," said the farmer, "I am told that you can make from three to five dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston." Mr. Webster replied that he was sometimes so fortunate as to receive that amount for his services.  
"Well now," returned the rustic, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get as much as that in the city pleadin' law cases, I would not be wadin' over these marshes this hot weather, shootin' little birds."

General Jackson appears from time to time in these interesting pages. The national bank was his pet aversion and he constantly referred to it with outbursts of rage and denunciations of Nicholas Biddle: "Is Andrew Jackson to bow the knee to the golden calf as

did the Israelites of old? I tell you if you want relief go to Nicholas Biddle":

These outbursts of rage were deliberately posed; for when published they were found very effective with the masses, who, in their infatuation, considered them additional proof of the heroic honesty of "Old Hickory" and his devotion to the people's rights. After one of these fine outbursts to a deputation, and the deputation had departed, Jackson sent a messenger to bring back the spokesman, who found "Old Hickory" laughing over the result. "Did not I manage them well?" he exclaimed. He had actually called back the spokesman for the mere pleasure of a chuckle with him over the scene.

Webster visited England in 1839, the voyage in one of the new steamships taking fourteen days. Sir Robert Peel made a great impression on him, and he also met Sydney Smith, Wordsworth, Rogers, and Moore. There were receptions, breakfasts, and dinners without end and toward the end of his stay he met Carlyle, who wrote a description of the occasion to Emerson:

Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the noblest of all your notables, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, "This is our Yankee Englishman; such limbs we make in Yankee-land!" As a logic-fencer, advocate, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion; that amorphous, crag-like face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth, accurately closed; I have not traced so much of silent Berserker rage, that I remember of, in any other man. "I guess I should not like to be your nigger!" Webster is not loquacious, but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified, perfectly bred man, though not English in breeding; a man worthy of the best reception among us, and meeting such, I understand.

We have many pleasing glimpses of Webster's home life. We are told that people who called upon him at ten o'clock in the morning were surprised to find him at leisure and apparently unoccupied and this started the idea that he was indolent. But he had already been working for four or five hours and had finished the pressing business of the day:

He was all his life an omnivorous reader, reading everything, old and new, and continually buying books in a way that reminded every one of what they had heard about Napoleon. Lanman speaks of buying for him fifty books to take on one of his autumn trips to the Elms Farm. He would absorb all that was valuable in a book with great rapidity. He usually began by reading the index, next the table of contents and chapter headings, and then would run rapidly through the text, taking in the substance of many of the pages by a rapid glance as Macaulay used to do. A book that could compel him to go slow was a good one. Probably his reading of the index and chapter headings enabled his quick mind to forestall a great deal that the author would say and he examined the text merely to pick out what was different from what he had expected.

Very few in any generation have the strength to endure those early morning mental labors which he added to the usual human day's work. His power to resist extreme fatigue and react from it by a slight rest was unusual. He never seems to have needed more than six hours' sleep, and this physical capacity, kept up until he was nearly seventy years old, reminds us again in a very striking way of his great contemporary Napoleon. The two men seem to have been superhuman freaks of nature occurring in the same age, one in the Anglo-Saxon, the other in the Latin race.

Webster's religion is a matter of some speculation. He had been brought up in the Congregationalism of New England, but his secretary says that he was an Episcopalian. The point is by no means clear, nor does it matter. The author is probably right when he says that Webster's nature was too large to be confined to any one sect:

His views were, however, largely rationalistic. He wanted to write a book on Christianity, to leave a declaration of his belief in it. He would avoid, he said, doctrinal distinctions about the Saviour, "but I wish to express my belief in His divine mission." He looked upon the Old Testament as a most interesting development of ancient law; but principally as a collection of poems of vast antiquity, handed down by tradition and of a primitiveness and beauty far exceeding Homer. He was quite indignant with any one who could not see this. "I have met with men in my time," he said, "accounted learned scholars—who knew Homer by heart, recited Pindar, were at home with Æschylus, and petted Horace—who could not understand Isaiah, Moses, or the Royal Poet. . . . so far superior in original force, sublimity, and truth to nature." It was to bring out this wonderful poetry, the tenderness and intellect of David, the sublimity of Isaiah, the dignity and imagery of Job, that most of his readings and comments were directed. He would explain at length the weakness of the Iliad compared with the powerful imagery, the superb passion, and the sublime thought of those ancient children of the desert that had found in him a kindred imagination.

Webster died of cirrhosis of the liver, possibly induced by the violent remedies that he took against hay fever, from which he suffered annually. This gives occasion to the author to touch upon a much disputed point of Webster's character, a temperamental weakness likened by Edward Everett to the spots on the sun:

That disease is often the result of overindulgence in stimulants; but the physicians say it is also brought on by other conditions and causes. There was a great deal of discussion in Webster's lifetime, and after his death, as to his habits in this respect. Parton, in his "Famous Americans," professes to have seen him presiding at a banquet with two bottles of Madeira under his buff waistcoat and applauding every reference to the clergy and religion. He also saw him, he says, address an audience "in a state not far removed from intoxication, and mumble incoherence for ten minutes." Parker says "he became overfond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's laser parts: fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face and, say no more of this sad theme. Others were as bad as he."

Dr. Fisher is to be congratulated upon a comprehensive work and one that keeps the essentials of his subject steadily in the foreground. Such a work was needed and it has been done with thoroughness.

THE TRUE DANIEL WEBSTER. By Sydney George Fisher, Litt. D., LL. D. With twenty-five illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Bauble.

Mr. Richard Barry must take the full responsibility for the accuracy of the picture that he gives us of suffragette activities in New York. His story, as a story, is a good one, vigorous, dramatic, and pungent. Moreover, we must believe that some of his character sketches are intended to be portraits and many of his incidents have had an historical foundation.

The heroine is Constance Rudd, who is happily married, and who has a baby. Following the suggestion of a suffragette friend that her happiness is an illusion and that she is actually oppressed and downtrodden, she leaves her home secretly and attaches herself to the suffragette organization. Or rather to several of them in succession, for there are as many castes and orders of precedence and divergent policies in the "movement" as there are at a court function. One of them is confined to the aristocracy, another to the middle class, while a third is practically a labor union of the women workers of the East Side. Constance goes from one to the other and at last finds herself acting as picket or police decoy in a strike and under the orders of a militant young woman who seems in public to be a second Joan of Arc, but whose private life leaves much to be desired and whose language under provocation is of the kind that was used by his majesty's army in Flanders, only more so. Constance has already perceived that the chief object of the agitators is to devolve upon a supposititious "state" all the duties that are peculiarly feminine. She now finds that the feminine "freedom" for which she is supposed to yearn involves something that is perilously like free love.

All this may be a caricature. Its astonishing and disquieting verisimilitude may be due to the author's literary art. Of this the reader must judge for himself, and perhaps we shall hear something in rebuttal from those most concerned. In the meantime we shall admit that Mr. Barry has written a fascinating and a gripping story.

THE BAUBLE. By Richard Barry. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Primitive Man.

Some courage is needed to challenge the superiority of the white man over his brothers who are not white, or to question his right to be considered of a higher order than either primitive man or than the contemporary races that he has outstripped. That he has outstripped them is clear enough, but is his greater speed due to what may be called innate virtue or to the accidents of opportunity or environment?

But the complacency of the white man is not likely to be shaken. He will continue to look upon every deviation from his own type as the characteristic of a lower one. The greater that deviation the barsher will be his judgment, and this in spite of the formidable array of argument advanced by the author.

That argument is so widely based and so admirably presented that it can hardly be epitomized with fairness. Two bodies that run through the same course with variable rapidity will be exposed to accidental differences in proportion to the length of their course. Two infants will seem to be much alike, perhaps indistinguishable, but differences will become evident in the course of a few years, and they may be painfully marked in old age. But these differences will not prove an inherited structural inferiority or superiority. They may be, and probably they are, accidental, and the same argument may be applied to the human races. The variation in cultural development may be explained by the general course of historical events without recourse to a theory of material differences of mental faculty in different races. And it may be found, moreover, that anatomical and physiological considerations do not support the idea that the white race represents physically the highest type of man. These inquiries are pursued through a series of ten chapters devoted to the influences of environment and heredity and a consideration of race, language, cultural traits, and primitive culture. A special value attaches to the concluding chapter on "Race Problems in the United States."

THE MIND OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By Franz Boas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Story of Bayard.

Beyond the fact that he was "without fear without reproach" we know surprisingly little of the Chevalier Bayard. To the average mind he has become one of those legendary persons like King Arthur, in whom we embodied all the national ideals of virtue. Yet Bayard was a real man and with a real history told credibly by his contemporaries. If we will listen to them we shall find no fairy tales, but a simple record of achievement and character, of invincible courage and of human virtue, almost without a fault.

Christopher Hare in his story of Bayard has kept himself in the background and let the more faithfully set forth the picture of his hero as it was painted by his own chroniclers. It makes a substantial volume of narrative in its simplest form and with the charm of those whose mission it

was to present the facts with the utmost economy of words. It is a story of sieges, battles, and tournaments, of deeds of heroic valor and of still more gentleness and piety, a strange combination and one that becomes congruous only in the light of the middle ages.

THE STORY OF BAYARD. Retold from the old chronicles of the Loyal Servitor and others by Christopher Lane. With illustrations in color by Herbert Cole. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Turkish Women.

Hester Donaldson Jenkins, author of "Bebind Turkish Lattices," is well qualified for her task. She writes of the women of Turkey from the standpoint of a woman who is more interested in domestic affairs than in anything else, and so she adopts the rôle neither of the politician nor of the missionary. Knowing the Turkish woman—at least the Constantinople woman—intimately, she writes of what she knows and she does it with illuminating simplicity. She tells us about the baby and the schoolgirl, of maidenhood and marriage, and this naturally brings her to the subject of polygamy. Polygamy, she tells us, is dying out. There are economic reasons for this, but more potent than economics is the growing sentiment that polygamy is not "good form." But the author has a good word even for polygamy. It results in fewer illicit unions and there are no illegitimate children. In some respects the legal status of the wife is higher than in America or in Europe. She has legal control of her property and may plead her own case in court against any one. The children belong to the mother, and after her death to her nearest female relative. That her own ignorance often bars her from her rights is another matter, and there seems now to be an intellectual ambition that will complete the work of a law that we must admit to be enlightened. Nor does Mohammedanism deny to women the possession of a soul, as witness the text from the Koran which reads, "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, and goodly places in the Garden of Eden, to dwell therein forever." The author is to be congratulated upon an entirely pleasing hook, a survey of Turkish life which lays a gentle emphasis upon its worthier aspects. There are twenty-four good illustrations.

BEHIND TURKISH LATTICES. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

## Teutonic Arts and Crafts.

It is well that these admirable lectures should find fitting preservation and illustration in their present form. The history of ancient art has a significance lacking from the art of today. It teaches the psychology of the people who fostered it, for they were a people to whom religion was not one of life's adjuncts or superfluities, but life itself. The human touch upon nature was a religious touch; the intention was always to express, however crudely, the religious sentiment. Religion, however gross, was the core of human activities. As a motive power it rivaled in strength the need for food.

Professor Brown directs his inquiries to that period of Teutonic activity that includes the overthrow of Rome and the foundation of the modern world. Doubtless it was a time of unvoiced but very real ideals as the new order supplanted the old. On the one hand was the Teutonic art and on the other the Roman, with the intermediate point where the two met and blended. The author surveys the whole field, the art of the cemetery, of the warrior, of the woman, its manner of expression, the materials used and as much of the technical processes as we need to know. His knowledge is wide and his style simple and effective, while his task is aided by the thirty-two plates that cooperate with the text. It may be added that the volume appears in the Arts and Crafts of the Nations series under the general editorship of Mr. S. H. F. Capenny.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF OUR TEUTONIC FOREFATHERS. By G. Baldwin Brown, M. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75.

## The Modern Railroad.

This substantial volume of nearly five hundred pages seems competent to answer every question as to the practical working of railroads, and with a wise avoidance of those problems of railroad finance and politics that are vast enough for separate and distinct treatment. Mr. Hungerford is well known as a railroad expert whose intimate knowledge covers every department and every detail of the practical work. Beginning with a history of the railroad and ending with a survey of the present state of electrical development, he devotes his intermediate chapters—there are twenty-seven in all—to track construction, tunnels, bridges, stations, yards, locomotives, and cars. Thus we have a glance at the work of the higher officials and departments, a chapter on operation and a series of vivid pictures of such practical problems as development, the creation of traffic, the mail service, the mechanical departments on the staff. Mr. Hungerford does not write so much for railroad men themselves as for the average man who wants to know something more about railroads than can be gathered from the time schedules, who is anxious for

a glimpse of the mechanism that "makes the wheels go round." It would be hard to find anything more ample or more inclusive. The illustrations are numerous and good.

THE MODERN RAILROAD. By Edward Hungerford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

## A Touch of Fantasy.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams has succeeded in touching a nerve by this fresh and delightful sketch of two commonplace people. Hugh Robjohn is a government clerk who is devoting all the energies of his youth to the compilation of a work on economics that shall revolutionize that dull, but doubtless important, science. Nancy is a restaurant waitress whose relations with the other sex are regulated only by the one supreme necessity to "take care of" herself. And we all know what that means. Being unversed in the ways of the world, and especially of the world of waitresses, Hugh looks upon the unconventional Nancy as a celestial importation even though her grammar is not always immaculate. Nancy, on the other hand, looks upon Hugh as a "real swell" who is also the incarnation of all terrestrial knowledge. They are very ordinary people, although Nancy is extraordinarily pretty, and their like may be found in swarms everywhere. They are the kind of material chosen by the literary artist whose mission it is to show the beauty of the commonplace and the gems that lie so near the surface of the clay. Mr. Adams delights to contrast the gems and the clay and to show how close to the surface are the real treasures of human nature. Such efforts are rare enough in modern fiction and they deserve applause, especially when they are combined with literary vivacity and dexterity.

A TOUCH OF FANTASY. By Arthur H. Adams. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

## A Book of Health.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson always writes acceptably on health matters because he always writes from a standpoint of common sense and avoids the hysteria of the germ hunter. In this volume we have a comprehensive review of all the main factors of health as well as a lucid description of the bodily mechanism and the supplies needed to keep it in good working order. The organs of the body are dealt with separately, the value of exercise and cleanliness is explained, and a valuable concluding chapter deals with accidents and emergencies. The illustrations are numerous and good.

A HANDBOOK OF HEALTH. By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Incurrigible Dukane.

Mr. Shedd would have us believe that there is some hope for the rich man's son if he can but be thrown into the millrace and left to sink or swim according to the usual laws that govern such matters. In this case we have a gilded youth who finds himself a penniless laborer in a construction gang somewhere in the Far West. The fire of tribulation aided by the smiles of a pretty girl help to burn away the dross from the nature of "the incurrigible Dukane," and when we leave him he is very much of a man. But we are not sure whether the deed of grace is due more to the tribulation or to the girl. Perhaps a little of each.

THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE. By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Tom Brown's School Days.

That a story should maintain its reputation for fifty years as the best boy's book of its kind ever written is substantial evidence of its value. It is well that there should be a reissue of such a work, and it is doubly well that it should take so dignified and worthy a form as this. The numerous illustrations by Louis Rhead were made at Rugby school and therefore have all the merit of accuracy, while the introduction by W. D. Howells serves to draw attention to the author's influence in persuading boys to be "honest, clean-minded, and clean-mouthed, kind and thoughtful."

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By an Old Boy (Thomas Hughes). New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

## Heart and Chart.

Except for a connecting thread of "heart interest" the various chapters of this book could almost be considered as short stories. They relate the experiences of a nurse whose sphere includes the extremes of social life, as well as some of its tragedies, ambitions, and disappointments. It is a well written piece of work and probably very close to the facts.

HEART AND CHART. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

## Around the World.

That a woman should be able to travel around the world in a motor-car without annoyance or molestation—except from the American police—says much for the civilization of the world as well as for the courage of the traveler. This achievement must be credited to Mrs. Harriet White Fisher of Trenton, New Jersey, who tells us just how she did it and how others may do the same. Mrs. Fisher had no thought of establishing a record. The journey seemed likely to be

pleasurable and she took it without thought of subsequent acclaim.

Her story is a most readable one, and it is no easy matter to record so long a motor journey without falling into the errors of the diarist on the one hand or the mechanic on the other. It is still less easy so to sift experiences that only the nuggets shall remain. But the author has succeeded to admiration. Without undue brevity and without sociological disquisitions—the bane of the travel book—she contents herself with telling us what she saw and she does it with a certain light and yet impressive touch that is uniformly pleasing. The author is to be congratulated upon her success in a difficult task, a task that many essay and that few perform to advantage.

A WOMAN'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR-CAR. By Harriet White Fisher. With seventy illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

## Brief Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Essentials of Spanish Grammar," by Samuel Garner, Ph. D.

Those who are laying in a new stock of Dickens should not overlook the edition of "A Tale of Two Cities" just issued by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1.25 net). The volume is a handsome one, well printed, and with twenty-four illustrations in color by Sep E. Scott.

"Vegetable Verselets," by Margaret G. Hays (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net), is dedicated to "humorous vegetarians," if any such exist. If not, these verses are intended to create them. The illustrations, that are as lively as the verses, are by Grace G. Wiederseim.

Under the title of "Pen, Pencil, and Chalk" John Lane Company has published a series of drawings by contemporary European artists classified under their respective countries. Charles Holme is responsible for the editorship, and the collection under the well-known "Studio" form is one not to be overlooked.

A useful aid to a study of the ship subsidy problem has been published by A. C. McClurg & Co. under the title of "Manual of Ship Subsidies" (50 cents net). The author is Edwin M. Bacon, A. M., and it professes to be an historical summary of the systems of all nations and therefore valuable for purposes of comparison.

A late addition to the valuable musical library published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, is "Thirty Songs by Franz Liszt," edited by Carl Armbruster, for high voice. The volume belongs to the Musicians' Library of Masterpieces of Song and Piano Music, of uniform size and binding and a decoration to the music shelf. The price is \$1.50.

The How Does It Work series, already containing various useful volumes, has now been enlarged by the addition of "Electricity," by Thomas W. Corbin (R. F. Fenno & Co.; 75 cents net). The volume contains practical information about dynamos, beating, trams, motors, lighting, railways, and many other departments of electrical work, large and small.

In "Ten Boys from History," by Kate Dickenson Sweetser (Duffield & Co.), the author explains that her young heroes are selected, not because they became famous men, but because each one achieved something noteworthy as a boy, and because in each boy's character courage was the marked trait. The selection is carefully made, the life stories are well told and in large type, and the illustrations by George Alfred Williams are good.

The detective story still holds its own in the popular favor. Among recent examples is "The Steel Crown," by Fergus Hume (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net). Here we find the stage set with the familiar features, the mysterious murder of a woman, a number of people who may have committed the crime but who did not, and at last the unraveling of the knot in a way that no one would have supposed. Mr. Hume thus adds another story to his detective library that already contained eighteen volumes.

We may reasonably doubt if the average citizen is any the better for reading treatises on food adulteration, nutrition, and kindred topics. The part of wisdom is probably to eat what is set before us and to "ask no questions for conscience sake." A certain lofty carelessness may carry us unscathed through many dietetic perils, but for those that are curious upon such points there is no better book than "Pure Foods, Their Adulteration, Nutritive Value, and Cost," by John C. Olsen, A. M., Ph. D. (Ginn & Co.). It seems to be both complete and terrifying.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

**Robertson's**

222 STOCKTON ST.

Union Square San Francisco



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Unconscious Memory.

The reissue of Samuel Butler's "Unconscious Memory" deserves to rank as a service to science. Originally published some thirty years ago, it is almost unknown owing to the destruction by fire of the unbound sheets. It now takes its due place in a series of evolutionary works by one of the most brilliant men of his century.

Perhaps the title is not a felicitous one. Memory seems to be distinctly a function of consciousness and to be impossible without consciousness. But inasmuch as the author argues for a universality of life and states his conviction that the boundary between the organic and the inorganic is an arbitrary one we may suppose that he uses the word consciousness in a restricted sense. Life, consciousness, and memory seem to be mutually indicative.

Memory, argues the author, is the capacity of the protoplasm to respond to vibrations that have once been felt, upon their repetition. But in what way is that power transmitted? Butler avoids the idea of transmission altogether. A person can not be said to do a thing by habit or routine when it is his ancestors and not himself that has done it hitherto unless we assume that he and his ancestors are one and the same person. And perhaps we may so assume. If a man of eighty may consider himself identical with the baby from whom he developed, then the baby may just as fairly claim identity with its father and mother. Therefore each living human being may claim identity with each generation of its ancestors up to, or back to, the primordial cell. It is the same unchanged life plus the slowly garnered experiences of the ages. But why, then, should not this "unconscious memory" become conscious memory? If we consciously remember the vibrations of yesterday why not also those of the ice age?

Huxley seems to have espoused the same theory while seeming to deny it. "It is not true," he says, "that a reptile was ever a fish, but it is true that the reptile embryo at one stage of its development is an organism, which, if it had an independent existence, must be classified among fishes." Quite so. But an organism which "must be classified among fishes" is a fish. The reptile embryo is such an organism. Therefore the reptile embryo is a fish. And whatever is true of the reptile embryo is true also of the human embryo. Therefore the human embryo is a fish, and the development of that embryo—that is to say a man of eighty—is a fish, and also a plant and a mineral, for we can not tolerate anywhere an inanimate molecule which must have life smuggled into it.

The volume, although somewhat chaotic in arrangement, is of the most fascinating kind, daring, brilliant, mocking, and humorous. And it can be read by those who have no more than the commonly current scientific knowledge of the day.

UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Lotus Lantern.

This story seems to be written from a competent knowledge of Japanese life, but a full measure of sentiment is needed to reconcile us to the international marriage where East and West are concerned. The heroine is a Japanese geisha girl who wins the heart of an attaché of the British embassy at Tokio. But the blood of the pretty dancing girl is not wholly Japanese. As the story unwinds itself we find that she is the daughter of the ambassador himself, who married a Japanese woman and who is anxious to cover up the past by securing the disappearance of the half-caste daughter. Ume is typically Japanese and therefore delightful in a novel, but as her blood is half white we may suppose that the disadvantages of the international marriage have at least been attenuated.

THE LOTUS LANTERN. By Mary Imlay Taylor and Martin Sabine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Professor C. N. Kendall, who has just been appointed State Commissioner of Education in New Jersey, compiled and arranged a school reader entitled "Travels in History by Mark Twain."

The Macmillan Company is bringing out a volume entitled "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Professor Henry C. Vedder. The author is "not a champion of any social theory or system," and has here endeavored to point out impartially the points of similarity and difference between the ethics of Jesus and the Socialism of today.

A romance of the Texas sheep country is the terse description of "The Wrong Woman," the novel by Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," which Houghton Mifflin Company has just brought out.

"The Following of the Star," the last novel by Florence L. Barclay, which has just appeared under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, was begun at the Villa Trollope, in Florence, where George Eliot wrote "Romola." At this villa, Mrs. Browning, Maxwell Gray, and Lord Lytton often stayed, and more re-

cently it has been frequented by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Thomas Hardy, and Eden Phillpotts.

Henry Holt & Co.'s first 1912 novel will be Miss R. Macaulay's "Views and Vagabonds." In it two highly contrasted groups of nice young English people—the one most earnest about current issues, the other out for harmless fun—disclose themselves. There is half-humorous, but clear-headed, comment on various modern philosophies.

Cyrus Townsend Brady has made over William Gillette's play, "Secret Service," into a novel, and it is published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Somebody from this side of the Atlantic once went to see William J. Locke, the novelist, in his green-embowered cottage at Chelsey on the Thames. Mr. Locke has visited America. He proudly produced the "mixings" and offered his guest a cocktail. "You are very kind," said the American. "I don't mind if I do. I have not yet learned to like tea." "Don't," said Locke, "tea is the curse of England."

That hook of genuinely humorous college tales, "At Good Old Siwash," by George Fitch, is now in its fourth edition, as reported by its publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

The second sale of the Richard Hoe library, which the late owner divided into four parts, is now proceeding in New York. The first fourth, sold last spring, realized nearly a million dollars.

The late W. Clark Russell never told a more gruesome tale of the sea than the true story of the plague ship *Antoinette* which arrived at Nantes, France, recently from Samarang, Java. He depicted vividly a ship's crew smitten with blindness and sailing this way and that with no one to steer a course. But has any novelist ever described a ship's company struck down by sleeping sickness? Coleridge came near to anticipating the case of the *Antoinette* in "The Ancient Mariner." It was "the nightmare Life-in-Death" that haunted the hark from the time she left Java, four months before. She carried a cargo of sugar and was manned by a crew of fifteen. The second officer fell ill soon after sailing, but no one understood his symptoms until a sailor was prostrated by the same malady. Several of the crew died, and the rest were in a more or less comatose condition except the two ship's boys, one a negro, the other a white, who alone escaped the disease.

## New Books Received.

SHAKESPEARE'S "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." Edited by Harry Morgan Ayres. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net. Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE'S "THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH." Edited by Arthur C. L. Brown, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net. Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

LIFE'S BASIS AND LIFE'S IDEAL. By Rudolf Eucken. Translated with introductory note by Alhan G. Wiedery. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

The fundamentals of a new philosophy of life.

DRAMATISTS OF TODAY. By Edward Everett Hale, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Sixth edition, revised, with portraits.

SAINTS AND HEROES. By George Hodges. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net. Biographies, primarily for young folks.

CHAPTERS OF OPERA. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Third edition, revised, with appendix. Being historical and critical observations and records concerning the lyric drama in New York from its earliest days down to the present time.

HEREDITY IN RELATION TO EUGENICS. By Charles Benedict Davenport. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2 net.

A treatise on inborn, inheritable capacities and tendencies and how we may best use our knowledge of them.

THE SURGEON'S LOG. By J. Johnston Abraham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net. Impressions of the Far East.

PETER RUFF AND THE DOUBLE FOUR. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A new novel by a popular author.

THE BRENTONS. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net. A new novel.

TANTE. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net. A new novel.

THE HUMAN FANTASY. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net. A volume of verse.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN CALIFORNIA. By Katharine D. Osbourne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. With sixty-nine illustrations.

TOUR TWO. By Georgina Pfium. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net. "A trip to Europe and what came of it."

LIFE-LORE PROBLEMS. By Luella Knott. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

SIXTY YEARS' LIFE AND ADVENTURES IN THE FAR EAST. By John Dill Ross. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7 net.

A remarkable record by "one of the few men

now living who possesses the material necessary to construct it."

THE WRONG WOMAN. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A new novel by the author of "Partners of Providence."

THE FACTORY. By Jonathan Thayer Lincoln. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A study of the history of the factory system.

THE STORIES OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By Arthur Applin. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

An historical sketch with twenty-one striking illustrations.

## Boston's Toy Theatre.

The Toy Theatre, Boston's newest, most exclusive, and tiniest playhouse, was opened for the first time New Year's night and was crowded to its limit, 130 people. It was a unique première for a theatre. There was no shouting of speculators on the sidewalk, no eager ticket agent trying to hear through a round hole in the box-office, because the box-office doesn't exist, and inside there was no "paper" and none of the accessories of the mercantile methods of amusing people. The audience was there on invitation and was made up largely of "students of the drama" from Harvard and Radcliffe colleges and Boston amateurs.

These Monday night performances are to continue fortnightly throughout the season and are open only to students and other guests of the theatre. The plays produced were George Bernard Shaw's "Press Cuttings," George Middleton's "In His House," and Oliver Herford's fantasy "Two Out of Time."

"Duping films" is the phrase used by moving-picture men to describe a flourishing illicit trade in counterfeits of the current films. "Duped" or duplicate films are made by photographing the entire contents of moving-picture films as the scenes are projected upon the screen. An ordinary moving picture camera is used for the purpose. These copies of films afford a very large margin of profit, because the dishonest producer may avoid the cost of mounting plays; he avoids paying the salaries of actors and other studio expenses, and in the case of outdoor productions or travel pictures he avoids the cost of transportation and of delays. Moving-picture manufacturers have found it necessary to combine against this traffic.

When Jenny Lind made her tour of America in the early 'fifties under the management of P. T. Barnum, Madison was the only Indiana city in which she would sing. The city still boasts of how the diva stopped there on her way down the Ohio River from Cincinnati to Louisville. The city had no auditorium large enough, so one of the largest pork warehouses was emptied and scoured and filled with flowers to remove any lingering odor. Men and women traveled from all parts of the state to hear Jenny Lind sing in the porkhouse, some of them spending from three to six days on the journey.

Five famous women were all recently under one roof at the opera in New York City. They were Maggie Mitchell and Lotta Crabtree, famous actresses, and Annie Louise Cary, Clara Louise Kellogg, and Emma Thursby, famous singers. All are hale and hearty, though their triumphs on stage and concert platform were of years ago, and they have been almost forgotten by the unnumbered thousands who were their devoted admirers.

Oliver Morosco, until a few weeks ago quite unknown on Broadway, is evidently going to make a determined effort to stay in New York. He was heretofore manager of a stock company in Los Angeles, and made his first production in New York with "Birds of Paradise." In three weeks he will bring out another American play by Hayden Talhot, called "The Truth Wagon." Three weeks later, he says, he will produce a third.

Charles Klein, who has just returned from abroad, has arranged for the production of his play "The Gamblers," in London, this spring. Mr. Klein will immediately begin work on the writing of two new acts for his comedy, "The Outsiders," and will also give considerable attention to his dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," both of which will be produced early next season by the Authors' Producing Company.

In the middle ages hooks were exchanged for a horse or half a dozen sheep. When anybody needed stock or other property he often pawned the hooks that he owned, and in the town of Oxford were at one time twenty chests filled with valuable hooks. Later the hook fairs helped to relieve the situation. No doubt there is a golden mean somewhere between the scarcity of the middle ages and the overproduction of today.

Henry Bernstein, author of "The Thief," is writing a play for Ethel Barrymore, the scenario of which has been accepted by her manager, Charles Frohman.

## Faith, \$13,000,000 Worth

Firm, as lasting as time itself, is the faith which would inspire the investment of thirteen million dollars. More wonderful is the faith which, in the face of the greatest calamity that ever befell an American city, began to pour out that golden stream towards rebuilding its business before the ruins had ceased smoking.

Such was the faith of the United Railroads after the San Francisco fire. Within five years after the conflagration it has expended \$13,000,000 to renew, repair, and improve its street-car system in this city. That is more than \$2,500,000 a year and some to spare.

It was one of the very first to be at work after the fire to clear away the debris and build a new and better city on the ruins of the old. After the morning of April 18, 1906, it was not only out of commission, but its property was destroyed. Everything had to be begun again. Everything had to be new—new cars, new poles, new wires, and in many cases new tracks.

But the company had faith in San Francisco and the future of the city. Building on that faith it began the work of reconstruction that has cost its stockholders millions of dollars, with other millions to be spent before the Panama-Pacific Exposition is completed. It has voiced no complaints and has spent no time in revivings. Its business is to operate street-car lines, and it attends strictly to that business.

The expenditure of this vast sum of money has made possible more than anything else the expansion of San Francisco. It has given people access to the outlying districts who fled there after the fire and like their new surroundings. It has made possible the erection of magnificent buildings along Market and other streets, because it has given transportation facilities to the people who tenant the buildings.

No corporation is perfect. That is so axiomatic as to admit of no argument. Neither is any individual. But there is no parallel in the street railway history of the world to the upbuilding of a street-car system from desolation and destruction such as San Francisco has witnessed in the past in a little more than five years. It took grit and faith and brains and money to do it, and that the United Railroads officials did it is to their everlasting credit.

So the next time you are tempted to anathematize the United Railroads because you missed your car, or failed to get a coveted seat because somebody else happened to be quicker, would it not be wise to ask yourself what you would be doing, or where you would be living if the United Railroads or some other equally powerful and far-seeing system had not taken the initiative in rebuilding stricken San Francisco?

The thoughtful and traveled man will admit that San Francisco's street railway system is as good as that in other cities and better than in many of them. He is frank enough to say he does not believe the system is perfect in operation, but perfection can not be attained as long as human beings are human beings. He knows the service is as good as can be given and that it is constantly improving. Trying to please the public is a great problem, and the man who is always complaining about the service should go away from home for awhile and ride on the other fellow's street-cars. He would return with a better opinion of his home town traffic facilities than he ever had before.

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## COHAN'S COMEDY OF BUSINESS.

The "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories are of the kind that men read with chuckles of rich appreciation, and that many women turn down after one glance, and without a second look. They are full of high spirits, slang, hustle, and ingenuity; rather more so than is the play, which has to be well diluted for the baby public; or at least George M. Cohan thinks so, which, as he is the play-maker, is the main thing. To the play has been transferred the spirit of the hook, which is American, pure and simple.

To an American town come two cheerful, engaging, cordial, hand-shaking, cigar-offering, capital-capturing crooks, who proceed to do up all the capitalists, big and little, in the place, with the idea of making their "get away" in a week's time.

They talk so fast and so much that they banish thought. Their answers are always pat before a potential doubter has finished his semi-suspicious queries. They have down to a dot the art of capturing a reluctant and evasive hand, and shaking it and its owner into a state of hilarious trustfulness. They outline wordy visions of financial profit with such eloquence that a sort of financial dementia seizes upon even the hard-heads of the town.

All this condition we see and hear visibly growing before us. The arrival of "Get-rich-quick" is arranged for in advance by his invaluable associate, "Blackie" Daw, who guilefully leaves upon his hotel bureau a letter which apparently gives away to the inquisitive citizens of Battlesburg the munificently enterprising intentions of the writer's associate, whom he has already liberally advertised before the dazzled vision of the Battlesburgians by grandiloquent allusions to his known wealth and enterprise.

The plan followed by Cohan in outlining all this state of things in the first act is certainly very clever. Only an experienced playwright could so exactly have laid his plans and dovetailed his scenes. And then there is presented to the American theatre-going public that which it loves to see on the stage: a picture of village life and village types; or, rather, of country-town types, as Battlesburg is intended to be rather more than a village.

The picture of these two ready, confident, genial rascals turned loose on the semi-ruralities of Battlesburg, and expertly laying the wires for their grand coup, tickles the business man under the ribs. He is on his own ground there, even if he is an honest man himself; and whether he is, or is not, George Randolph Chester and George M. Cohan together make him gleefully sympathize with the hustling pair of schemers upon the stage, and, even while casting a faintly uneasy thought to the various-sized wads of the good citizens of Battlesburg, persuade him to wish the pair success.

How Mr. Cohan manages to reconcile impossibilities in the end is much the way they untie kinks in the plots of musical comedies. The play ends by being a fairy tale; it is intimated to us that Wallingford and Daw are such a clever and capable pair that even the enterprises that are planned as cheats turn out to be profitable. A syndicate buys up for a million dollars something that they thought was not worth a million cents, and their everlasting fortune is made. In spite of the lively pace at which the play has been going, compensations have begun to make the pair uneasy. They feel a good-natured desire to save their new friends from loss, and a selfish desire to stay in Battlesburg and woo and win the girls they love.

George M. Cohan knows his public well. He has made it like the "get-rich-quick" pair of strategists, and the public must go off amused and placated. So the play that began as a rather shallow but lively satire ends as a sentimental comedy.

The last act represents the two pals as hobnobbing in Wallingford's opulent home, on Wallingford's happy second-year wedding anniversary, with the various Battlesburgians they had started in to fleece just two years before, and who by their successful enterprises have now all grown rich. Seen from the grounds of Wallingford's home is a night view of a new Battlesburg, grown in two years to ten times its former size.

Isn't this a sort of financial fairy story? And it is just as unmoral as the average Grimm fairy story, too. Like the fairy-tale heroes, Mr. Chester's gay, good-natured rascals do unscrupulous things, and blind, beneficent chance rewards them for their wrong-

doing by throwing a million in their laps. Having no further excuse for roguery, they reform with the same easy grace with which they had played hoh with honesty, and the audience is tickled to death that all ends so fortuitously.

The cleverness and expertness which George Cohan displays in getting the piece into good acting shape lasts until the end of the third act, which virtually ends the play. People who hadn't read their programmes actually started to seize their hats, so sure were they that the coming of the million meant the end of the play. Still, although the last act is unnecessary, the playwright gets into it some rather dextrous comedy and some extra laughs, and the business man in the audience is enough of a hoy to enjoy seeing the homeward parade of the enriched ex-ruralites. And the detective is brought on the scene, giving opportunity for another joke or so, and some little philosophizing on the part of the two successful ex-rogues. And we are amused to see our friend the waitress (who belongs to the same family as her fellow-craftsmen in "The College Widow" and "The Commuters," and therefore makes a hit) swelling around as a prosperous matron in gold-plated array, and Willie, the delinquent bell-hoy, become an imposing flunky in the brass buttons with a garnet background into which Mr. Chester himself puts him.

Although there are no stars in the cast at the Columbia Theatre, there is an exceedingly capable company presenting to us the amusingly various types which are financially operated upon by Messrs. Wallingford and Daw. John Webster and William Forestelle are an excellent selection to play the two fluent scalawags with the glad hands and the absorbent pockets. Mr. Webster is rather too young and handsome for the rôle of Wallingford, but his acting is perfect. No such rapid-fire fluency was ever seen before. Of course the pair are supposed to be young, as girls come from the background into the foreground of their lives in the course of the play. But Mr. Forestelle's rather rank and hard r'd Americanism was better suited to the rôle than was John Webster's carefully restrained but palpable elegance. This young actor has an accent that suggests experiences as a leading man—but he is thoroughly at home in comedy.

The group of Battlesburg citizens was very well taken off by players who all seemed to be Al character actors. I think as an artist in make-up James Mack made the hit of the evening, in his picture of the flatly sapient mayor. But to watch the faces of the group while Wallingford was glibly persuading their suspicions to slumber was to realize that each one was a thoroughly capable actor in his line. John O'Hara's old has-been and Jay York's hit of country veal were the choicest of these impersonations.

As so often happens in plays of this type, the women (always excepting Florence Dunlap, in the rôle of the waitress) were of lesser calibre, for the reason, of course, that their rôles required nothing in the comic and little in the sentimental line. A suspicion of primness about Rose Curry deprived her stenographer of the naturalness which was more evident in the other two girls, although the character is not outlined with anything like the same easy spontaneity as the others.

There are nearly two dozen characters in the play, and each is well played. They must have a good many black and blue spots as the result of this expertness, for the text calls for innumerable collisions, all of which are given with violent fidelity. The fact that there are numerous exits and entrances in the rapid run, and the number of collisions mentioned, will give an anxious enquirer some idea of the kind of fun that prevails.

It is real humor, and, as I have said, appeals irresistibly to men. I should advise jovial business men to go, melancholy men to hurry there, and men of instinctive gravity to stay home. Good wives, who know how to sacrifice themselves with grace, should immediately conduct their men folk to the Columbia, and they will be rewarded by having a chance to chuckle and anon to laugh here and there, though not with anything like the ecstatic abandon of their husbands.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Enrico Caruso denies flatly that he has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein to sing at his London Opera House this summer, but said that it was true that Arthur Hammerstein had made overtures to him on the subject. After his season here, he said, he would appear in Paris and would then rest. Anyway, he said, if he did go to London it would be to Covent Garden.

Says the *Musical Courier*: "Arnold Volpe, in New York, and Leopold Stokowski, in Cincinnati, are the only symphony leaders in America who direct rehearsals in the native tongue of this country." But the *Courier* overlooks Henry K. Hadley, director of the San Francisco Orchestra.

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## "LITTLE WOMEN" FOR THE STAGE.

After Many Years Miss Alcott's Famous Story Is Made into a Play.

That more than a million copies of "Little Women," Louisa M. Alcott's famous hook, have been sold since its first appearance in 1868; that it has been accepted as one of the standard classics in all high school courses; that it forms part of the literary curriculum in the training of teachers; that it has been translated into German, Spanish, Swedish, and Dutch and published in type for the blind and that at the present time it is still in active demand in the public libraries are reasons which make Miss Jessie Bonstelle (Mrs. Alexander Stuart) think that the public will want to see the dramatic version of the story which she has made for William A. Brady. (This account is from the New York *Sun*).

For eight years Miss Bonstelle worked to obtain the permission necessary to produce a dramatic version of the book. The copyrights were in the possession of Miss Alcott's two nephews, the famous twins, "Daisy" and "Demi" (John and Demi John), sons of Miss Alcott's last surviving sister, Mrs. Anna B. Pratt, to whom one of the editions, published by Little, Brown & Co. in 1889, was dedicated. In Boston the two Pratt boys when growing up were pointed out as the famous twins, just as the son of Mrs. Burnett was pointed out as Little Lord Fauntleroy.

One of these nephews, John S. Pratt, illegally adopted the name Alcott. From the beginning he favored the project of Miss Bonstelle, while his brother opposed it. There was a like division of opinion among the family's relatives and friends. The requirements of the New England proprieties entered into the question. After the death of Mr. Fred Pratt opposition to Miss Bonstelle's project gradually passed away.

"In a way," says Miss Bonstelle, "it seems quite fitting that 'Little Women' should answer the popular demand and be dramatized. According to statements made by her contemporaries and in her 'Life and Letters' Miss Alcott was very fond of the theatre, often mentioned her desire to write a play, and finally did achieve a short comedy which had a production at the Boston Theatre.

"The prejudice against making a play of the book was founded on the incontrovertible fact that never was a hook written which was so thoroughly a human document, and when the characters appear behind the footlights they will portray the interesting family of Alcotts, for Jo was Louisa Alcott herself, as we all know, Anna was Meg, Elizabeth was the Beth who died in book and fact, May was gentle Amy. Mrs. March was of course the adorable 'Marmee' of whom Miss Alcott writes so much, for whose health and happiness she worked so unremittently. Mr. March, Bronson Alcott, the father, was a distinguished man, friend of Emerson, Holmes, Hawthorne, and one of the founders of Brook Farm.

"Roberts Brothers, the original publishers of the book, were the predecessors of Little, Brown & Co., and the two firms together have brought out numberless editions. In September, 1867, the first-named firm had just put on the market the 'Hospital Sketches,' which appeared first in the *Commonwealth* newspaper and were, as the name suggests, an account of Miss Alcott's personal experiences during the war. They wanted her then to write a girls' book, and in the following May (1868) they repeated the request through her father, who had acted as middleman before and brought her first sketches to them for publication.

"To this response Miss Alcott, like Colonel Miller, said, 'I'll try, sir.' Her literary life, even in its most successful phases, had always been to this self-sacrificing woman less intensely real to her than the joys and sorrows, the needs and plans of the family. Naturally the idea of putting that life into some form of literature had occurred to her, and she had even found a title in 'The Pa-thetic Family,' but later on as the hook progressed the happy title under which it was launched occurred to her and was immediately adopted."

In the play when Mr. March asks Jo how her hook is getting on she says, "The publishers think the first chapters dull. So do I." This was related by Miss Alcott as a true happening, and in her journal she wrote that when completed the work read better than she expected and she added, "We lived most of it, and if it succeeds that will be the reason of it."

"The criticisms of the publishers in regard to its beginning," says Miss Bonstelle, "may be of interest to other writers whose work has been similarly criticized. Of interest, too, is the fact that Roberts Brothers made Miss Alcott an out-and-out offer for the copyright, but were so certain of the success of the work that they advised her not to part with her rights, but to take a royalty instead. Out of all her American publications Miss Alcott made over \$200,000, and it is said that the greater part of this represented the profits accruing from the Little Women series, which consisted of eight volumes—'Little Women,' 'An Old-Fashioned Girl,' 'Little Men,' 'Eight Cousins,' 'Rose in

Bloom,' 'Under the Lilacs,' 'Jo' and 'Jill,' and 'Jo's Boys.'"

Miss Bonstelle says that the dramatization of "Little Women," its immediate acceptance by Mr. Brady, who had never read the book, but was immediately struck with its human note, and the celerity with which the company has been rehearsed and hilled for two seasons read like a fairy story.

"Miss Alcott herself made no secret of the parts of 'Little Women' that were taken from life. Some of these, she says, were changed as to time and place, and we have followed her license in this matter. This is her own statement: "'Little Women'—The early plays and experiences; Beth's death; Jo's literary and Amy's artistic experiences; Meg's happy home; John Brooke and his death; Demi's character. Mr. March did not go to the war, but Jo did. Mrs. March is all true, only not half good enough. Laurie is not an American boy, though every lad I ever knew claims the character. He was a Polish boy, Ladislas Wisniewski, met abroad in 1865. Mr. Lawrence is my godfather."

"Making due allowances for dramatic changes, this might be given as a synopsis of the play," adds Miss Bonstelle. "The sequel of 'Little Women,' it will be recalled, was due to the many letters received from the publishers not merely asking, but demanding to know the further fate of the charming girls. So exasperated did Miss Alcott become finally that she said, 'I don't care what they all say, I will not marry Jo to Laurie, and she did not, but she did take the girls through what she denominated 'the loving stage,' in the second volume, written in a few months."

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For one week only, beginning Monday, Feb. 5th—"ALMA, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

**DE PACHMANN**  
PIANIST  
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM  
This Sunday aft. Jan. 28:  
Tuesday eve, Jan. 30; and  
Sunday aft. Feb. 4  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at hall.

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Next Thursday aft. Feb. 1, at 3:15  
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Baldwin Piano used.  
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**SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA**  
HENRY HADLEY - Conductor  
Fourth Symphony Concert  
CORT THEATRE  
Next Friday aft. Feb. 2, at 3:15  
Soloist, DE PACHMANN  
Symphony, "The Four Seasons" ... HADLEY  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75 cts, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.  
Next "POP" Concert, Friday, Feb. 9



## VANITY FAIR.

Fashions in pets are as changeable as fashions in hats. Not long ago the marmoset was a favorite among society women, while others had an affection for infant bears. The dog, of course, holds his place and probably will always do so, but it is a dog robbed of all dog-like virtue, a dog that prefers a lump of sugar to a rat, an emasculated and effeminate dog, and in the front rank of degenerates. And what can be more pitiful than an animal degenerate?

But now we find that some Eastern women of society are carrying bantam cocks. The bantam cock is said to be capable of training and it is to be hoped that he is. He certainly needs it if he is to have the run of a house, and to sit upon the laps of ladies.

There is another domestic pet that has now been ostracized for a long time, but whose day may come again. There was a time in the dim and distant past when babies were actually domesticated, and if we may believe the reports it was found that they were well adapted for household pets. Efforts have been made to introduce the baby once more to the attention of society, but so far they have failed. Society has preferred the lap dog, the teddy bear, the marmoset, and the bantam cock. But the turn of the baby may come round again in due time. It, too, can be trained.

Speaking of pets, they have the small dog mania rather badly in Paris just now. Some vendor may always be found on the fashionable avenues with dogs of an incredible smallness and ladies hover around them searching for something that will eclipse all rivals. A few weeks ago one of these dog vendors attracted the attention of a society woman by displaying an animal of minute proportions, and when her attention was fairly engaged he said that he had a still smaller dog in his pocket, and then he produced an animal of about half the size of the first one. It was shy and timid, but he explained that after a day or two it would become quite tame and that it needed no more than kind treatment to be a credit to its owner. So the lady bought it for an exorbitant price and carried it away in her muff. After lunch she brought it out to give it some milk and sugar as recommended, but it refused to touch the dainty food, and after a moment's hesitation it sprang from her lap and ran up the window curtains. It was a rat that had been carefully sewn up in a piece of dog skin. But why not domesticate the rat? Why classify it with the baby as undesirable?

It is curious how superstitions linger and refuse to be abolished. The English censor of plays has just resigned, and of course there is a clamor for the appointment of a woman in his place. A woman, we are told, is a much better judge of stage improprieties than a man, and with a woman in the seat of the mighty there would be no fear of the presentation of any play to which women would object.

Probably not. That is just where the trouble comes in. That is why a woman should not be dramatic censor. The object of a dramatic censor is, presumably, to keep the stage pure and not to fill it with plays acceptable to women. That is just the kind of play that we do not want. When the English censor bans a play upon the ground of indecency he is consulting the preferences of men, not of women. It is the man who objects to puritany, not his maiden aunt. She never gets enough of it. The problem play that pretends to map and chart the vice of a big city is sustained by women, not by men. The English-speaking stage is low enough in all conscience and it can never be redeemed by a censorship of any kind. But if we want to see it imitate the Gadarene swine and run down a steep place into the sea, by all means appoint a woman censor. But it will not be done in England. They will draw the line somewhere.

There need be no doubt as to the exact amounts contributed last year to charity by our multimillionaires. These gentlemen have allowed the totals to be dragged from them, together with all other particulars demanded by the ever-insistent reporter. We can imagine how they blushed and how gladly they would have allowed the right hand to remain in ignorance of the doings of the left. But it was not to be. They had to disgorge the facts, although it must have grieved them to see their tabulated donations set forth brazenly in the public press. We know just how they must have felt because we know how we should feel under like circumstances. Suppose John Smith, who is a good fellow and whose income is \$30 a week, should wake some fine morning to find his name at the head of a newspaper column and underneath it a statement of the dimes and nickels given away casually by him in charity. Why, he would blush. He would positively blush. It never occurred to him that he acquired merit when he furnished some poor devil with the price of a bed or a meal. Being naturally of a kindly disposition, he did it instinctively and had forgotten it a moment afterwards. And now to see the incident printed in a morning

newspaper! That, of course, is the way the multimillionaire feels when he sees a printed list of his benefactions. Expressed in figures they look larger than the benefactions of John Smith, but perhaps they can be expressed otherwise, and more accurately, than by figures. But that is a matter for the Recording Angel, who is skilled in such things. The only point now is that the multimillionaire ought not to be compelled to make his good deeds known in this way. He ought to be permitted to "do good by stealth and blush to find it known." It embarrasses him.

But where is Mrs. Hetty Green's name? We miss it from the list. Mr. Carnegie is there and many another diffident, shrinking, modest daisy to whom such publicity must have been a veritable agony. But not Mrs. Green. And yet Mrs. Green has contributed her mite. She, too, says so herself. On her seventy-seventh birthday she was interviewed and questioned specifically upon this very point. She said that "one way is to give money and make a big show," but that was not her way. She could tell of a school in New York State to which she had given nearly \$350,000. This, she added, was but one of forty acts of which she was proud, but of which she would say nothing. And yet Mrs. Green's name does not appear in the lists. It can not even be found carved in stone over the doors of a library. Let us trust that the aforesaid Recording Angel does not depend for the accuracy of his bookkeeping upon such inscriptions. At least Mr. Carnegie has determined that there shall be no such oversight if he can prevent it. In the meantime we add Mrs. Hetty Green mentally to the list.

Another doctor has now cantered gayly into the lists in the race for asininity. His name is not given, which must be a disappointment to him, but nowadays the name is not necessary. It is sufficient to say that a doctor says this or a doctor says that and the statement, no matter how ridiculous it may be, assumes all the sanctity of a divine revelation.

This particular charlatan would have us believe that the female mouth is so often "pulled out of shape" because women persist in drinking in the old-fashioned way instead of lapping from a saucer. Use the mouth, he says, for talking and smiling only and you will have lovely lips in the form of Cupid's bow.

But how about eating? Surely this, too, must have a disastrous effect upon the shape of the mouth. Now here is a suggestion for any one who wishes to prey upon feminine vanity, and there is no copyright on it. First promulgate the idea that eating with the mouth is fatal to beauty and then start a school to show women how to eat through their noses. They have done things much sillier than this and paid good money for them, too.

And so women henceforth must lap out of a saucer instead of drinking from a cup. How delightfully funny it would look—and sound. And yet it is safe to predict that hundreds of women will try it without a moment's consideration of the fact that the time actually spent in drinking is probably less than two minutes in the twenty-four hours and that drinking from a cup involves no distortion of the lips whatever.

Mr. John Corbin of Meriden, Connecticut, has decided that it is better to have \$75,000 and no wife than to have \$150,000 and a wife. He seems to think that the larger sum would be of no value to him, that it would be dust and ashes in the mouth, so to speak, if he were forced to enter into the state of matrimony that is facetiously called holy.

The problem arose in this way. The will of Mr. Corbin's father contained a provision that his son was to inherit \$150,000 after the lapse of a year if by that time he was legally married. If he were not legally married at the end of the year he was to receive only half the amount. Now we know how the novelist would have handled such a situation. It has been quite a favorite one in fiction, and the wedding bells never fail to ring in the last chapter.

But Mr. Corbin is made of sterner stuff than that. He had a whole year to wait before the will went into effect, and as the terms of the will were well known he was aware that it would be a year of siege. Metaphorically speaking, he entrenched himself, dug ditches, built ramparts, and stood constantly ready to repel boarders. He was ready to die, but not to be married. He said that \$75,000 was not sufficient recompense for a wife, or, in his own words, that "the financial inducements were not sufficient." It was his delicate way of putting it. What he meant was that the wealth of the Indies, of Croesus, of the gold fields and diamond mines of the world, was "an offering all too small" as the hymn puts it, in point of fact that no power in heaven or earth should tempt him into marriage. He had already been married once. He had been there.

What a noble example for the youth of the nation. What an answer to the cavillers who never weary of telling us that the modern man will do anything for money, that he will sell his liberty or his honor for pelf. Mr. Corbin is the living refutation of these slanders. Asked to sacrifice his birthright of liberty, his constitutional right to the pursuit

of happiness, invited to sell for the paltry sum of \$75,000 his priceless heritage of freedom and to don the livery of the slave, the shackles of the serf, he proudly takes his stand and bids defiance to the tempter.

It is not usually supposed that an excessive politeness is in danger of impairing our commercial efficiency, that we are falling into the industrial rear because of our persistence in an old-fashioned courtesy. But a gentleman in Cincinnati says that these things are so and he boldly grasps the banner of the reformer and announces that he will no longer raise his hat to any one. It is a waste of time, and time is money as we all know. Moreover, the exposure is bad for the head, but this calamity we can view with equanimity in view of the kind of head that many people have.

Certainly we live in a practical age and we ought to abolish the time wasters. How much we admire the young man who rushes into your office, is too busy to take his hat off, barks a good-morning at you if he has even time to do that, and hurls his business at your head without regard to your occupation at the moment. We admire him in an automatic kind of way, but we know quite well that it is only a pose and an affectation, and that he is only pretending to be busy. Somewhere at the back of our minds we know that he is not efficient, because courtesy is a part of efficiency. He is wearing out his own nerves, which does not matter, but he is wearing out our nerves, too, which does matter, for our nerves are our capital. Almost without exception the successful men of today are courteous men. The really efficient man of business would no more think of saying that he

had not time to be polite than of saying that he had not time to endorse a check.

Provost Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania said of a somewhat overcooked report: "It reminds me of the cash account of a millionaire's wife. Her husband, looking this account over the other day, said: 'I notice here, my dear, an item of \$500 for charity. That's rather steep. What is it for?' The woman flushed as she replied: 'It's for my new Paquin gown, embroidered with autumn leaves and fruit, that I'm going to wear at the Halloween charity ball next week, and I think it's very mean of you to mention it, so I do!'"

Among the stories told by Arthur Pougin of Malibran, the great singer, is one of her stay in Venice. She was to give six performances at one theatre there, when Gallo, the director of the Teatro Emeronito, being on the eve of bankruptcy, begged her to give two at his theatre, promising her £120 for each. She consented, but when Gallo went to take her the second payment, he entered saying: "Here is the sum we agreed on." "What sum?" she replied with an air of surprise. "Oh, the £120 for yesterday's performance." "I don't want your money. Take it all away and spend it on your children. You shall kiss me and we'll be quits." Did the good fellow believe his ears? His two performances had brought him in £400 in round figures, had saved him from bankruptcy, and, to crown his joy, he kissed Mme. Malibran. This magnanimity to a poor Venetian was received publicly by a frantic ovation, and crystallized in verse, while the theatre was renamed Malibran.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Macbeth, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and hilliards. He plays billiards best."

A little English girl went to India, and at the first New Year's away from home she wrote to her devout mother: "It is now very hot, and I perspire a great deal, but you will be pleased to hear that I am still a member of the Church of England."

To test a sentry an officer after the salute said: "Let me see your rifle." The recruit handed it over, whereupon the officer said in disgust: "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?" The young fellow drew out a dangerous knife and exclaimed, "Give me that rifle or I'll cut your heart out!" The officer was more than convinced that he would, and hastily handed the weapon back.

Rubber plantation companies are favorite forms of speculation in London, they are so easily begun. Mr. Harcourt, at the British North Borneo dinner, said that a city friend of his was approached with a view to floating a rubber company. His friend was quite ready. "How many trees have you?" he asked. "We have not got any trees," was the answer. "How much land have you got?" "We have no land." "What, then, have you got?" "I have a hag of seeds."

Ole Mammy Lize was dusting the Southern woman's drawing-room. She came to a small bronze bust of Shakespeare and began carefully going over him with her rag. "Mis' Juliet, chile, who am dis yere gemmun?" "That is Shakespeare, Lize, a wonderful poet who died centuries ago." "Dat him, miss' Lor', I've done hyear o' Mistah Shakespeare a lot of times. Ever'body seems to know him. 'Deed, I done hyear so much 'bout him dat I allus thought he was a white gemmun."

Not often are school-room compositions as startlingly original as the boy's essay on Sir Walter Raleigh. "Sir Walter Raleigh," wrote the hoy, "was a great man—he discovered America—then he discovered Virginia—then he discovered potatoes and then he discovered tobacco. So he went back to England and showed them how to smoke, exclaiming, 'My friends, be of good cheer, for we have this day in England lit such a flame as I trust by God's grace shall never be extinguished.'"

A Columbia professor rebuked the hide-bound grammarian, at a studio tea in New York, with a story. "A lady," he said, "had a rather dissipated husband, and one evening she said to a friend: 'I wish I knew where George was!' The friend, a professor's wife, said primly: 'I presume, dear, you mean you wish you knew where he is?' 'No, I don't," said the lady. 'I know where he is. He is upstairs in bed with bloodshot eyes and a terrific headache. I want to know where he was!'"

In a circuit court of Missouri during a "horse case" a horseman well known throughout the state for his expert knowledge was called as a witness. "You saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant. "Yes, sir, I—" "What did you do?" "I opened his mouth in order to ascertain how old he was, and I said to him, I said, 'Old fellow, I guess you're a good horse yet.'" At this juncture opposing counsel leaped to his feet. "Your honor," he cried, "I object to the statement of any conversation between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present!"

A year or two ago a Vermont town employed a trained superintendent who knew what a school ought to be to exercise supervision over all the schools in that town. This superintendent found that in the majority of the schools only a few pupils had books until the short term was half over. The school committeeman ordered the books and supplies, and he waited to see if some more scholars wouldn't "turn up," and even then was dilatory in sending in his order. In one school a little toddler was found studying percentage, learning it by heart. "You should not teach him percentage," the superintendent said, "he does not know how to add and subtract." "But I've got to," the teacher answered, "the front part of the 'rithmetic is torn out."

It was the day after Christmas, and the hard-working postman plowed his way through snow and a cold wind a sack of unusual size on his back. He ascended the spacious steps of a West End residence, and in answer to his ring a man-servant, in rich livery, appeared. "Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you." The postman's

eye brightened. It was the holiday season. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress's pleasure." In a few moments the lady appeared. "Are you," she asked, "our regular postman?" "Yes, madam," he answered, bowing. "Do you come in the morning?" "Yes, madam." "And in the afternoon and evening?" Again he assented, smiling eagerly. Then the lady said: "Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

Seeing that his repeated requests to look pleasant only caused his subject to scowl more fiercely, the photographer ceased to look pleasant himself. "If you can't cheer up," he said, "we might as well call this sitting off. You seem an amiable sort of chap. Why can't you look pleasant when I tell you to?" "Because I don't want to," said the man before the camera. "My wife is going to send these pictures to some relatives of hers whom I have never seen, along with an invitation to visit us soon, and it is my intention to look like a brigand, so they won't come."

Clem Hoppe and a business associate had to wait in a junction town in Ohio for a train at about the time when they were perishing for food. They took a look at the hotel, didn't like it, and started out to find a restaurant. A small one loomed up on one street, and as they entered it Hoppe remarked: "In any dump like this the main idea is ham and eggs." They ordered ham and eggs, and the proprietor was half way to the kitchen when he came back and said: "I've just got some nice porterhouse steaks in." The travelers looked at each other for support and changed their minds. Replied the landlord: "What will you have—the 15 or the 20-cent ones?"

The Mercurial, Companionable, Fickle Fox Terrier.

The fox terrier is a small black and white disturbance which afflicts and delights many families. He is active and beautiful, like a college sophomore, and has the sophomore's habit of starting a new variety of trouble at any time on a second's notice.

The fox terrier has thin legs, an active, expressive mouth, a lean, well-shaped head, talkative eyes and a nose which leads him swiftly from one misdemeanor to another. Originally he had a liberal tail, but it has been edited and revised by man into a mere stump. This was done because of the fact that when the fox terrier's tail was as active as his head it took two people to watch him with even partial success.

The fox terrier is a house pet and is clean and dainty in his habits. He lives on meat, milk, potatoes, mice, old shoes, curtains, books, mahogany table legs, opera hats, and tablecloths. In return for this diet he guards the house with unremitting ferocity. No burglar can come within a block of a fox terrier's family without dislodging an eruption of barks, howls, whines, shrieks, and sniffs from the faithful brute. He also guards the house against all cats, dogs, street-cars, late pedestrians, bats, owls, dead leaves, and moonbeams which may chance to pass the place at night. After a family has got used to a fox terrier and has lost him temporarily it can sleep right through a boiler explosion and a fire next door without so much as stirring.

Losing the fox terrier is the favorite diversion of the family which owns him—or at least pays the taxes on him. He is as difficult to keep around the house as a husband. The ordinary fox terrier has a larger acquaintance around the town than the postmaster and dines in a new place every day. Some terriers board around like school teachers, and only come home once a year to be tagged. Owing to his wandering disposition the terrier is loved twice as much as ordinary dogs. He is frantically welcomed when he returns home and the family is grateful when he goes away again and gives it a rest. Very few people have seen a fox terrier die, because he almost always loses himself for keeps first.

The fox terrier is vivacious, audacious, ingenious, mercurial, hysterical, wheedlesome, companionable, affectionate, optimistic, fickle, restless, and irrepressible. He is, in fact, the chorus girl of the dog family.—George Fitch, in *New York Globe*.

"China gave me many a shock," said the returned traveler, "but the one that nearly carried me off was administered in the Fuchau district. Out in the country I came across a beautiful little lake drained by a beautiful little river. The scenery was marred somewhat, however, by signs stuck up every few yards at the edge of the lake. I wondered what their import was, and on one of my trips to the lake I took a missionary along to translate. 'Oh, that,' said he. 'There are not many of them left in this district. That is a warning that 'Girls must not be drowned in this lake.'" Somehow I could never admire my beautiful lake so much after that, although maybe I ought to have admired it more."

Knicker—Is Jones well educated? *Bocher*—He can read a speedometer and write a check.—*New York Sun*.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ysabel Brewer and Mr. Herbert Jones. Miss Brewer is a sister of the Misses Marie and Elena Brewer and Mr. Louis Brewer, Jr. Mr. Jones is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones and a brother of Miss Helen Jones and the Messrs. Edward, Paul, Frank, and Clinton Jones. The wedding will take place in this city shortly after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained two hundred friends last evening at an Oriental hall at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner preceding the ball and entertained twenty-four guests at their residence on Washington Street.

Miss Vera de Schla was hostess at a dinner last evening at the Fairmont Hotel and with her guests later attended the ball.

Mrs. Haldimand Putnam Young gave a tea Tuesday at her apartment on Pacific Avenue. Major Young, U. S. A., has been ordered to Washington, D. C., and will leave next week with Mrs. Young for his new station.

Mrs. William Ashburner and Miss Amelia Christy have issued invitations to a luncheon for January 31 in honor of Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Mr. Daniel Volkman was host last evening at a dinner at the University Club. The guests of honor were Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Rudolph Schilling, Mr. Otis Johnson, and Mr. Otto Grau, whose engagements have recently been announced.

Miss Helen Johnson gave a theatre party which was followed by a supper at the Fairmont Hotel. Invitations have been issued to the Gaity dance, February 7, at the residence of Baron and Baroness von Schroeder.

Judge William Carey Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet entertained at a dinner to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at a bridge-tea Wednesday in honor of Miss Dorothy Boericke. Miss Joy Wilson and Miss Alys Warner have also entertained in Miss Boericke's honor.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman gave a luncheon Friday in honor of Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle.

A reception was given Wednesday evening, January 17, at the Officers' Club in the Presidio, in honor of Colonel Chester McClure, U. S. A., Mrs. McClure, Colonel William Sage, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sage.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington will be hostesses Monday evening at a dance complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns Henderson (formerly Miss Louise McCormick).

Mrs. Harrison Smith has issued invitations to a dance in honor of her daughters, the Misses Alice and Henrietta Smith.

Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson and her daughter, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, entertained a number of friends last week at an informal tea. Mrs. Sutton has recently returned from New Orleans and with Mr. Sutton will go to Los Angeles to reside indefinitely.

The Misses Maud and Dorothy Woods gave a leap year luncheon recently at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell will entertain a number of friends February 2 at the Fairmont Hotel, preceding the ball which they will give in honor of their nieces, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club and entertained her guests at a matinee party.

Miss Mildred Baldwin gave a bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. George Cameron was hostess at a bridge party Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Cameron entertained at a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Esther Moreland.

Mrs. Lawrence Fuller was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club, and with her guests attended the matinee.

Miss Florence Williams entertained a number of young people yesterday at her home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was a dinner hostess Friday evening preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' ball.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond gave a dinner-dance recently at their home in Washington, D. C., in honor of Miss Leslie Page of this city, who at present is their house guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a large number of young people at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at their home on Laguna and Washington Streets.

Mrs. Willard Wayman was hostess Wednesday at a bridge party at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Major Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rowan gave a tea last week at their home on Russian Hill.

A Mi-Carmé hall will be given by members of the Burlingame Club to celebrate the opening of the new clubhouse, which is rapidly nearing completion.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht will entertain in honor of his niece, Miss Dorothy K. Fries, February 10, at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair is to revive for an evening the styles of Louis XIV.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker arrived Friday evening from the East, where they spent the holidays with their son, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr.

Mr. Robert Oxnard has gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. Cuyler Lee has returned from a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mr. Peter Martin spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. Arthur Fennimore will leave tomorrow for Waco, Texas, where he will be married February

7 to Miss Ruth Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Marion Gardner. Mr. Fennimore will be accompanied by Mr. Melville Bowman, who will be his best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Berge B. Beckett (formerly Miss Lutie Collier) will leave soon for Seattle, which will be their home in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden have returned from New York, having been called home by the serious accident which befell their son, Mr. Charles Belden, Jr., who is at a local hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris and their little daughter arrived Tuesday from London and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murphy have returned from Mexico, where they have been for the benefit of Mrs. Murphy's health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have returned from a visit in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John M. Ellicott, wife of Captain Ellicott, U. S. N., and her daughter, Miss Priscilla Ellicott, are established in an apartment on California Street. Captain Ellicott, who is in command of the U. S. S. *Maryland*, has been ordered to South America and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Irving Wise have returned from the East and are residing at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford spent the week-end at the country home in Napa County of Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop have gone to Nevada for the benefit of Mr. Bishop's health.

Miss Frances Jolliffe is visiting friends in Washington, D. C., and may extend her travels to Europe before returning home.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne will return from the East the first week in February. Her daughters, Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne, will remain several months longer with relatives.

Miss Alice Owen is visiting friends in Los Angeles, where she will remain a month.

Mr. Athole McBean has returned from a brief visit in Los Angeles.

Miss Nina Jones has returned to her home in Santa Barbara after a visit of several months at Virginia Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. Elliott Rodgers of Santa Barbara has been in town during the past two weeks.

Mrs. E. G. Williams and her daughter, Miss Margaret Williams, have returned from the East, where they went in October to attend the wedding of Mr. Marshall Williams, who with his bride is motoring in Europe.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Willis Polk left last Saturday for New York, where Mrs. Polk has been spending the past month.

Mrs. Wallace Berthoff and Miss Katherine Strickler sailed Tuesday for Honolulu. Among others who sailed on the same steamer were Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller, and Miss Caroline Peterson.

Miss Maud O'Connor has recently been the guest of Mrs. W. S. Tevis in Bakersfield.

Mr. Orville R. Baldwin and his two little daughters have returned to Cloverdale after a visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels spent the week-end in Woodside as the guest of Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have returned from a few days' visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Saba and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Saba, are contemplating a trip to Europe and expect to leave in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop have returned to their home in Palo Alto after a three months' visit in the East.

Mr. Williams Wolters of Los Angeles spent a few days last week in town.

Miss Florence Foley of Chicago is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens and Miss Amy Bowles have returned to Oakland from Sag Harbor, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens.

Colonel Samuel Parker of Honolulu has returned from a visit in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and her niece, Miss Effie Brown, are en route to Europe, where they will remain two years.

Mr. Eugene Murphy has returned to Burlingame after a visit in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin have returned from Los Angeles, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. Eugene Gallois is seriously ill in his apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn will leave next month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman (formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicken) spent a week in London before sailing for Egypt.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever at his home on Gough Street.

Miss Marguerite Doe will spend the next few weeks in Los Angeles as the guest of Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff).

Mrs. Frederick Zeile will leave February 6 for the Orient, and will make a tour of the world before returning home.

Mr. W. L. Breeze of San Mateo is recovering from an accident he met with last Sunday on the El Cerrito polo field.

Captain Robert McMillan, U. S. A., and Mrs. McMillan (formerly Miss Leontine Blakeman) will reside indefinitely at Fort Hunt, near Washington, D. C., where Captain McMillan has recently been ordered.

Lieutenant-Commander Samuel Bryant, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bryant (formerly Miss Caroline Merry), who are stationed at the Boston Navy Yard, are entertaining the Misses May and Blanche Merry.

Major Andrew S. Rowan and Mrs. Rowan will spend the summer in Europe.

Captain Murray Baldwin, U. S. A., has recently been the guest of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

Captain Arthur Poillon, U. S. A., will arrive in February at the Presidio, where he will be on duty with the First Cavalry.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at the Columbia Theatre, has scored a success such as is seldom registered by any play, and is pleasing San Francisco playgoers as they have never been pleased before. The laughter that issues from the Columbia Theatre at every performance is loud, long, and incessant. This host of all George M. Cohan's comedies will start on the second and last week of its engagement at the Columbia on Monday evening, its last performance being next Sunday evening, while a matinee will be given on Saturday. Every newspaper in San Francisco joined in praising this play, and every audience has placed its stamp of approval on the performance. A great comedy, a perfect cast, and a beautiful stage production, combine in making "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" the best offering San Francisco has had in a long while, and one that no playgoer can afford to miss.

The hill for next week at the Orpheum should make a strong appeal to the play-going public. Among its novel features are two of the most successful headliners in vaudeville, the celebrated Arkaloff Russian Balalaika Orchestra and Hugh Huhert and company in the characteristic one-act play, "The Son of Solomon." The men who compose the Balalaika Orchestra are from the Russian peasantry, who play this strange sweet instrument, not by sight nor by ear, but from the heart. Each member of the orchestra is a master of the instrument and has played it since childhood. They costume as Russian nobles of the reign of Ivan the Terrible. "The Son of Solomon" is a play which has for its setting New York's East Side. Aaron Hoffman, the author, has taken a Jew of the Ghetto type and his son and daughter, types of the second generation of America, for his characters and has evolved a strong and interesting one-act drama. Hugh Herbert, an actor of ability, gives a splendid character sketch as the orthodox Hebrew father. Charles Brown and May Newman, with their original "Nonsensicalities," will be a feature of the coming programme. Brown is a product of George M. Cohan's musical comedies, as is indicated by his style of singing and dancing, and Miss Newman is an attractive and capable singer and soft-shoe dancer. The Alpine Troupe, who will perform on the aerial double wires, have a picturesque act that interests and attracts.

Next week will be the last of Max Hart's Six Steppers, Knox Wilson, Hawthorne and Burt, and Una Clayton and company in "A Child Shall Lead Them."

The Continental musical success, "Alma, Where Do You Live?" which scored a great hit in Paris, Berlin, and other European cities, will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, February 5. Theatre-goers who keep posted on current theatrical events are well aware of the tremendous success this play has enjoyed in America, where it has received splendid presentation at the hands of Joseph M. Weher. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" is George V. Hobart's English version adapted from the original French of Paul Herve. Herve's play was also translated into German with remarkable success. The music of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" is the best work of the noted composer, Jean Briquet, who has supplied no less than fourteen musical gems. In the cast coming here to offer the play to San Francisco are Miss Nannette Flack, who will appear in the rôle of Alma, Charles Murray and Aubrey Yates, two well-known musical-comedy players who are said to have splendid opportunities in their respective rôles.

## San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission was held at its rooms, 1372 Jackson Street, January 10, at two p. m. The following officers were elected for the year: Miss H. Wollenberg, President; Miss Elsie Hess, First Vice-President; Miss Helen Gibbs, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Mandelbaum, Treasurer; Miss Virginia Gibbs, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Strassburger, Recording Secretary; Miss Wollenberg, Miss Hess, Miss J. Gibbs, Mrs. Strassburger, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Mandelbaum, Miss Leszynsky, Miss Steinhart, Miss Thompson, Miss Wallis, Directors.

In a scientific weekly we read the headline: "Can the Dead Be Revived?" They are revived every night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is a most encouraging symptom to see corpses arise from the stage after the curtain falls and how their appreciation of the applause.—*Musical Courier*.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George Carlton Mullins (formerly Miss Olga Atherton) has been heightened by the advent of a son.

The third Beel Quartet concert will be given at the St. Francis Hotel Sunday afternoon, February 11.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Civic Centre.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 24, 1912.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I am heartily in accord with your policy, and concur in your views that it is the first duty of our municipal administration to take care of the practical and urgent needs of the day. I do not believe, any more than you do, that we should indulge in expensive luxuries merely for art's sake.

I desire to point out to you, in the discussion of the proposed Civic Centre, that the only point at issue is that of location. In my judgment, the old site of the City Hall was always a barrier to traffic. Fulton Street and Grove Street on the west terminated at Larkin Street; Leavenworth and Hyde Streets on the north terminated at McAllister Street, and Eighth Street on the south terminated at Market Street. Here were five streets that had always suffered from lack of circulation, the old City Hall being a barrier that blocked them. Therefore, if the new City Hall is to be constructed on the old site, the new hall will remain a barrier to the traffic of these five streets. The architects today can, and no doubt will, construct the new City Hall so that it will practically be a permanent building, immune from damage by earthquake, and safe from destruction by fire. It must follow that to construct such a building at such location can only result in creating for all time a permanent obstacle to the free circulation of traffic in that territory. This was seen by Mr. Burnham, Mr. Bennett, and the others associated with them in the study of city plans, and the solution that they suggested was the placing of the City Hall at Van Ness Avenue and Market Street, and in so doing not only relieve traffic conditions, but put the city's office building at the most permanent central point in the city.

The natural extension of Mission Street through to Van Ness Avenue is a practical problem. This extension should be immediately undertaken by the city.

The natural extension of the Panhandle to Van Ness Avenue, already voted for by the people, is a practical problem. Its early execution within perhaps ten years will become a demand.

The extension of a diagonal street from Van Ness Avenue and Market Street to Jefferson Square is a task for the future, and the opening of a diagonal line from Van Ness Avenue and Market Street to the Mail Dock will inevitably become a necessity at some future time.

The great Potrero district would feed directly up Eleventh Street to Van Ness Avenue and Market Street and must inevitably be widened. Such future diagonals or widenings are not possible as radiating from the old City Hall site. It seems reasonable that our City Hall should be located so that such future extension could be made. The foregoing to my mind constitutes the Civic Centre question in its entirety.

Secondary to this, the grouping of such public buildings as might harmoniously be arranged around the City Hall should not enter into the question. It goes without saying that a well planned group of buildings will look as well upon one site as upon another.

The proposal now before the board of supervisors to purchase additional land around the old site can not accomplish the desired purpose. An equal area of land at Van Ness Avenue at the same time could be purchased at less cost now, or at any time in the future.

The placing of the City Hall at Van Ness Avenue will make the property between it and the old site downtown property and therefore add downtown values to it. It ought to be plain that the city could now purchase sufficient land for City Hall purposes, retaining the old site as an asset to be disposed of, and the whole transaction carried out on strictly business lines.

I am not personally advocating the artistic; I am simply hoping that the city progresses along lines that will make artistic results easy of accomplishment, in preference to the up-building of the city along lines that would prevent the accomplishment of artistic results. In other words, art is not necessarily more expensive or costly, it is merely more desirable.

Yours very truly,  
WILLIS POLK.

Hammerstein Educating London.

It is a matter of continuing rather than new astonishment to find Mr. Oscar Hammerstein accepting himself and, what is more, London accepting him as promoting an evangel of operatic education for the English (says the Chicago Tribune). In the centre of this old European civilization an opera-house builder and opera producer is made a figure of conspicuous interest because he confidently assumes he can teach Britons that a rational enjoyment and amusement can be found in opera. They have accepted a season at Covent Garden heretofore as sufficient, accepted it gratefully or morosely as the case might be, but Hammerstein regards himself, and is so regarded by the English, as an adventurer in an uncertain enterprise.

He is confident. London at least is receptive. "How am I satisfied so far?" he said, in answer to an interviewer. "Well, I've been surprised and I've been disappointed;

surprised by the good audiences we have had; surprised by their taste and discrimination. To say there is no public for opera in London is absurd. I have never found audiences so cultivated, so quick to appreciate what is good. Now for my disappointment—although that is almost too strong an expression. I am impatient for the subscriptions to increase. In our excellent houses there are many gaps. Tenants will come—yes, I am sure of it. But while we wait our running expenses, not counting rent, are \$22,500 a week, and we have productions, like that of Herodiade, costing, yes, \$50,000. People say to me, 'London must be taught.' It's an expensive lesson. It's a question not so much of music as of checks. But we shall do it in time."

CURRENT VERSE.

Snow in Sleepy Hollow.

On barren fields, and silent woods,  
And gardens dry and brown,  
All night the fine and frosty flakes  
Have softly sifted down.  
They cling to every leafless bough,  
And mantle every tree,  
Like blossoms of a ghastly spring  
Of scentless purity.

Above the Hudson's silver tides,  
That locked in crystal lie,  
A solitary pine uplifts  
Its tassels to the sky;  
The spirit of an Indian,  
A chief of long ago,  
With feathers nodding on his head,  
And blanched with snow.

—Minna Irving, in New York Sun.

Sir Pedivere.

[Sir Pedivere, having slain his Lady in a fit of jealous rage, was hidden by Launcelot to carry her to Winchester there to abide the judgment of Queen Guenever.—The Noble History of King Arthur.]

The Queen had said to him: "Go thou to Rome,  
And hear her with thee, since she was thy wife,  
And lay her at the Holy Father's feet.  
And if he, seeing her as she is now,  
All pale and bloodied who was once so fair,  
Can help to cleanse thee from thy grievous sin,  
Why, thou shalt be forgiven, Pedivere."

So they put harness on the strong white horse  
He rode in tournaments, and he went at dawn  
Through leafless woods, and in the falling rain,  
And knew that in the brake at either side  
Were greedy eyes that watched him going by,  
And saw the chain of gold about his neck.  
Yet he would wear it since it was her gift.  
He had no lance, no sword, he was unarmed.  
The wrought steel of his gorget and his mail  
Might bruise her tender flesh. He thought of that,  
He, who had killed her; so he was unarmed;  
And yet none stayed him, as he rode with Death.  
He wrapped her body in a cloak of furs,  
Since though he held her close she seemed so cold;  
Though often, as he rode, he bent his head  
To kiss her lips or whisper in her ear.  
Then, as night fell, he fancied that she moved,  
And he was glad, and called her by her name.  
The horse could go no farther, so he stayed,  
And laid his burden down beneath a tree,  
Close by the river's edge, and watched it there.  
Once and again he asked her: "Art thou cold?"  
She would not answer, but her little hand  
Was like a stone to hold. "Oh, love!" he moaned,  
And took his cloak and laid it over her,  
And then his cote and hose, all, and knelt  
Naked as those stone idols brought from Rome,  
Ere Rome was Christ's, or as the man God made  
To live in Eden, before Death and Love  
Came to make havoc in this world of ours.  
So they were found at sunrise lying there,  
He, with a smile still on his frozen lips,  
As who should say: "Why, this is very well."  
And those who saw that he had died for her  
Held him absolved, and, having prayed for them,  
Laid them together in one narrow grave.

—Moray Dalton, in London Spectator.

Society Vaudeville.

On Tuesday evening of next week a vaudeville entertainment and dance will be held at Century Club Hall which promises to be of unusual merit. Those who are to take part have all appeared in previous society affairs, and the fact that it is given for the benefit of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin lends added effect. Members of the younger set are enthusiastic in its support and plan to make it one of the most successful of the smaller affairs. There will be numerous dinners preceding the event and the dancing afterwards will last as long as the people do.

Those who will take part in the programme are Miss Madge Wilson, Miss Dorothy May, Mrs. Marie Stoney Wilson, Miss Rebecca Hillis, Miss Marie Luisa Weber, Mr. Jack Carrigan, Mr. Harry Williams, Mr. Roy Folger, Mr. George Hamersmith, Mr. Allan Powers, and Mr. Oscar Frank. The accompanists will be Mrs. Maria Stoney and Miss Marie Giorgianni.

Henry W. Savage has engaged Katherine Grey to succeed Laura Nelson Hall in the title character in his Eastern "Everywoman" company, now playing at the Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia. Miss Grey is one of the most accomplished actresses on the American stage. She was born in San Francisco, and there received her inspiration to go upon the stage—in a chance meeting with Ada Rehan.

Fritz Scheff, who is just beginning a tour in "Night Birds," which is the revised edition of "Die Fledermaus," by Johann Strauss, recently told an intimate friend that she intends returning to grand opera. But the story has not been confirmed.



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The De Pachmann Concerts.

De Pachmann, the famous Polish pianist, now making his positively farewell tour of America, will give the first of his series of three recitals under the direction of Manager Greenbaum at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, January 28, at 2:30. In certain ways De Pachmann is the greatest artist living, and in the interpretation of the works of Chopin he is the only one who even approaches the playing of the wonderful composer himself.

At this opening concert the programme will include Mozart's Sonata No. 9, with its charming "Tema con variazioni" and "Turkish March"; Schumann's "Ende vom Lied"; Henselt's transcription of the Weber Rondo, Op. 62; gems by Moszkowski and Mendelssohn, besides a group of seven Chopin works.

The second and only evening appearance of De Pachmann will be next Tuesday night, when Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata and eight Chopin works will be the special features.

For the farewell programme on Sunday afternoon, February 4, an exclusively Chopin offering has been arranged.

Seats for all these important events are now on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Cbase's.

In Oakland De Pachmann will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Thursday afternoon, February 1, at 3:15, repeating the beautiful programme of Tuesday night.

Not to hear De Pachmann is to miss hearing one of the greatest musical geniuses of the present century, and no student or lover of music can afford this; his playing will be remembered throughout life by every one who listens to the magic tones he evokes from the piano.

Fourth Symphony Concert Next Friday.

Next Friday afternoon at 3:15 at the Cort Theatre the San Francisco Orchestra will give its fourth regular symphony concert, on which occasion De Pachmann, the greatest living interpreter of Chopin, will play that master's Concerto, Opus 11, in E minor, with orchestral accompaniment. On this occasion the audience will also make the acquaintance of Conductor Hadley as a composer, the symphony selected being his No. 2, entitled "The Four Seasons." The Abert transcription of a Bach Prelude, Choral, and Fugue, and the overture to the opera "The Bartered Bride" by Smetana, will complete the offering.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Cbase's.

The fourth "Pop" concert will be given at the Cort Theatre the Friday following, and the programme will include the Ballet Music from "Sylvia" by Delibes; "A Sketch from the Steppes of Middle Asia" by the Russian tone colorist M. Boredin; the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" by Wagner; and Hadley's overture "Herod" (after Stephen Phillips's tragedy).

The fifth symphony concert is scheduled for February 16.

The dates of the Schumann-Heink concerts will be Sunday afternoons, February 18 and 25, at the Cort Theatre. On Friday afternoon, February 23, Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I wonder if Jack knows I have money."  
"Has he proposed?" "Yes." "He knows."—*Boston Transcript.*

He—They say men of brains live long. She—Well, hope for the best. You may prove one of the exceptions.—*Baltimore American.*

Griggs—So Smart is going to marry his divorced wife? Briggs—Yes, the mercenary cuss is after the alimony he pays her.—*New York Times.*

"Europe holds a lot of our stocks and bonds." "Invests her cash with us, eh?" "Not much cash. Gets most of 'em by marriage."—*Washington Herald.*

He—When I hurt my head so, I went to the hospital, and they turned the X-ray on my brain, and they couldn't find anything there. She—Naturally.—*Baltimore American.*

Mrs. Knicker—I see the money trust is to be investigated. Mrs. Backer—I'm glad somebody is going to get after Tom; I can't get a blessed cent out of him.—*New York Sun.*

Patience—Did the rendition of "Julius Caesar" meet with the approval of the audience? Patrice—Oh, yes; you know they killed Julius in the first act!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I am working my way through college." "Brave girl! How do you earn money?" "Well, father gives me \$10 for every singing lesson I don't take."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Flubbud—You women are mighty slow. During the time it took you to select that hat I went out and made two hundred dollars. Mrs. Flubbud—I'm so glad, dear. You'll need it!—*Puck.*

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?" "Why, Hamlet held the skull and said: 'Alas, poor Yorick. You are not the only deadhead in the house.'"—*New York Globe.*

Catterson—Notice how Carstairs' wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her. Hatterson—Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter.—*Life.*

"We don't want any standpatters in our party," said one campaigner. "No," replied the other; "and yet we don't want too many of those people who are always sidestepping so that you can't tell where they stand."—*Washington Star.*

"I'd like to look at one of your best sellers," said the lady in the bookstore. "Well, look at me, ma'am," responded the clerk. "I've sold more books during the holidays than any other clerk in the store!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Former Soboss—Well, there's another lity' guy bought a farm back here, and gone to raising chickens. He's got over a thousand of 'em! Former Hardscrabble—Gosh! He must be a good writer to support so many hens as that!—*Puck.*

"But," her father objected, "you have never shown that you are capable of supporting a wife." "Oh," the young man replied, "if you want her to marry a widower I'll have to confess that I can't qualify."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Willis—Do you know that the mine we thought was no good has yielded nine millions in the past two months? Gillis—Who says so? Our company? Willis—No; the prospectus of the company that is promoting the mine next to ours.—*Puck.*

"How does Brown like the high position he was recently promoted to?" "Not very well." "But I thought it was paying him \$10,000 a year?" "So it is. But he's discovered that his employers expect him to earn it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There are always two sides of a question." "That used to be the accepted idea," replied Senator Sorghum; "but the number of parties formed to take up different sides would indicate that the modern question as a rule is at least hexagonal."—*Washington Star.*

"Heigho!" said Bildad, as Jimpsomberry flashed by in his motor. "I wish I had an automobile." "Oh, nonsense, Bill," said S'athers. "What's the use? You couldn't afford to keep it." "No, by jimminy," said Bildad, "but I could afford to sell it."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"I notice that you courteously refrain from mentioning the name of your political rival in any of your speeches." "I can't say my practice in that respect is so much a matter of courtesy as of prudence. I once started in to denounce a rival, but as soon as I mentioned his name the audience burst into deafening and continuous applause."—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Spotcash (at the club)—Doing anything for your employees this winter? Mr. Maynchantz—I'm going to give every man, woman, and child in my shops a pleasant surprise next

month. Mr. Spotcash—Glad to hear it. What's the scheme? Mr. Maynchantz—You know the month comes in on Thursday, and this is a leap year. Well, I'm going to make Thursday the pay-day for a few weeks, so they'll have five pay-days in February. It'll tickle 'em most to death.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## THE MERRY MUZE.

### Fills Long-Felt Want.

Bless Tom Edison, we say,  
In our fervent, soulful way;  
He has made a hit, for sure,  
With his concrete furniture.  
When you come home late at night  
And you wish to make a light  
(Get this underneath your bonnet),  
You can scratch your matches on it!  
—*Springfield Union.*

### Leap Year.

'Tis leap year, girls, and don't forget  
The privilege of the suffragette.  
With bashful, hesitating beaux,  
Pluck up your courage and propose.  
Untie old Precedent's red tape  
And let no guilty man escape.  
She who hesitates is lost,  
So land your man at any cost.  
If you have youth as well as beauty,  
The leap year cry is, "Do your duty."  
"Say, Horace, dear, will you be mine?  
Of all mankind for you I pine."  
If he a happy year should wish you,  
And slyly try to dodge the issue,  
Just get a grip upon his coat  
And put the question to a vote.  
If he votes "No" and you vote "Yes,"  
Throw out no signal of distress.  
"Hip, hip, hurrah, it is a tie—  
Blest be the tie that binds," you cry.  
—*New York Herald.*

### Same Old Story.

Full many a heavy-laden water cart  
Has made a joyous New Year's morning start;  
And many and many a time have we deplored  
That cart's return without one soul aboard.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### Home to Roost.

Apple-green west and an orange bar,  
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star,  
And "Child, take the shears and cut what you will,  
Frost tonight—so clear and dead still."  
—*Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's.*

Pea-green piffle and orange bunk,  
And the ragged rhyme of one mad or drunk,  
You must confess this approaches Miss  
Edith's verse—but we can't sell this.  
—*Buffalo News.*

Crushed pumpkin down and a lemon squeeze—  
Child, lead your mother outdoor to freeze.  
At stuff like this we could never fail,  
But we'd never dare offer this stuff for sale.  
—*Houston Post.*

Alice-blue cheese and a plate of tripe,  
And fourteen Chinamen hitting the pipe,  
Verses like this make a bosom throb—  
I hope it won't cause me to lose my job.  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Salmon-hued vests and a pale-blue tie,  
Child, keep your fingers out of the pie;  
Christmas is near. If I sell this, girlie,  
You can do some of your shopping early.  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Cavalry Horse.

[General Wood says that unless the government breeds mounts for the army the cavalry horse will soon become extinct.—*News note.*]

We made such names as Stuart and Morgan, and what man  
Knows not the meed of glory we brought to Sheridan?

We headed many a sortie and many a charge and dash,  
But now we face extinction, as the nation's short of cash.

We carried Crook and Custer, and Terry and brave Miles;

We chased the redskins' ponies through cañons and defiles;

We never flagged or faltered, nor winced for spurs or blows,

And we died beside our riders where the Little Big Horn flows.

We went upon short rations till our ribs stuck through like hoops,

But across hot Arizona we bore great Lawton's troops;

We suffered thirst and hunger, but we never winced 'neath pain

Till we'd caught the swift Apaches in the land of little rain.

But gone are all our glories, who cares for what is past?

The hand of peace has smitten, and we must yield at last;

No "Boots and Saddles" summons shall lead us to war's clash,

For now we face extinction, and the nation's short of cash.  
—*Denver Republican.*

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Good Cause and a Bad Method.

With the project of bringing the Liberty Bell to San Francisco in 1915, to grace our exposition, the *Argonaut* is in full sympathy. The Liberty Bell stands for much that is worth cherishing and extending. It stands as does no other concrete thing for the inspirations of American sentiment and the tradition of American liberty. It was for this that it was taken to the Columbian Exposition in 1893; again it was for this that it was carried to the southern exposition at Charleston, South Carolina, ten years later. The reasons which justified these journeys appeal with a special and romantic emphasis in connection with the demand for it on behalf of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. But—here we come to the point of this paragraph—while in full sympathy with the sentiment that would bring the Liberty Bell here, we find ourselves in contempt of the "movement" by which it is proposed to be brought about. First, because no such movement is necessary. If the city of Philadelphia, which holds this treasure in custody, shall consent to its coming to San Francisco it will not be because a group of sensational newspapers

are seeking to exploit themselves in connection with the project. Nor will it be because these same newspapers in their efforts at self-exploitation are seeking to exploit the school children of California. Our schools are maintained not as centres of various sorts and kinds of more or less distracting agitation, but as a means of educating and training our youth. They ought to be permitted to do their work with the least possible disturbance of a studious routine. They ought not to be open to exploitation by the sensation-monger, the promoters of physical, mental, and moral quackeries. It ought not to be permitted that the children of our public schools should be disturbed in their work and victimized in their nerves by being brought to take part in "movements" of any kind. The lessons of patriotism should of course be taught in our schools in connection with the facts of our national life and history. The ways and means are innumerable. But no child is helped by a succession of noisy and persistent distractions, involving childish effusions to the public and pictorial representation in the yellow newspapers. These things, we think, promote the spirit of vanity, an appetite for excitement, with offensive habits of "pertness" rather than any qualities of mind or character worth cultivating.

### Current Presidential Speculation.

Amid a whirlwind of assumptions, presumptions, suggestions, assurances, counter assurances, and inferences, we are now and again able to glean a kernel or two of potential fact in connection with the Republican presidential situation. One such was the domination in the national committee when it met at Washington some six weeks ago of the friends of Mr. Taft. The presumption of Taft's renomination formed the basic motive of the committee's doings. Such contention as there was in committee was not between the friends of Taft and the friends of somebody else, but between men agreed as to Taft, for priority in the work of organizing and marshaling the party forces. Now we have another interesting kernel of fact in the disposition shown by a large majority of the Republican members of the House of Representatives to accept the theory laid down by Mr. Taft as a guide in tariff legislation. This means, not that anything will be accomplished at the present session in the way of tariff modification. That under the circumstances is hardly a possibility. It means that, broadly speaking, the Republican element in Congress is sufficiently well disposed toward Mr. Taft to accept his leadership. It implies that all but a few of the "progressives" in Congress are less zealously inspired than the individually ambitious outsiders like Pinchot and Garfield, who are for anything tending to antagonize or discredit Mr. Taft.

These two concrete facts taken together have value in their reflection upon the forthcoming contest for the Republican nomination. Mr. Taft has behind him the party organization and the good-will of the Republican group in the House of Representatives—two strong points in the game. When to them are added the prestige of official authority and a practically solid Southern delegation in the Chicago convention, it is manifest that Mr. Taft holds a mighty good hand. In truth every incident in the progress of events—actual events as distinguished from speculation, gossip, and whatnot other forms of confusion and mystification—tends to the conviction that Mr. Taft will be renominated by a practically united party.

Those who have imagined that all vitality and potency have been lost to the tradition established by the example of Washington and sustained by a century and a quarter of political practice, which limits the tenure of a President of the United States to two official terms, will do well to give heed to expressions now being heard the country over. Colonel Watterson started the ball to rolling some weeks back by the declaration that the anti-third-term tradition is

the one assurance of the American system against an ultimate dictatorship, and in true Wattersonian fashion he gave emphasis to the point by adding that if our only living ex-President should now reënter the White House he will never leave it until carried out feet first. All over the country now since Mr. Roosevelt has permitted himself to be regarded as a prospective nominee, the point is under consideration; and by every man who has thus far dealt with it publicly it has been regarded seriously. It is recalled that it was by this method by which the constitution in Mexico was practically nullified and the long dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz established over that country. Even in quarters not otherwise unfriendly to the possibility of Mr. Roosevelt in a third term there are those who take stock of this example and who would hesitate to take a step toward "Mexicanizing" the country. We have had a period characterized by recklessness in the matter of innovation. We have seen the country, or a considerable part of it, proceeding from one novelty to another and inspired by an apparent passion for change. But the tide has reached its flood and tends to turn backward. Today, if we may judge from warning voices raised here and there over the country, there is more disposition to hark back to experience and tradition than at any time this five or six years past. If there were no other reason in question of the propriety of Colonel Roosevelt as a party candidate this would be enough to render it inexpedient and hazardous.

If Colonel Roosevelt from the time he left the White House until now had refrained from any part in party affairs, his present pose as a man unwilling to make a campaign yet willing again to be called to the public service would be tenable. But in view of the fact, despite his excursion into Africa, that he has pretty steadily pursued the political game in one way or another, the plea in his behalf is neither consistent nor reasonable. For him now, while receiving deputations and counseling with friends and agents, while covertly attacking President Taft and openly antagonizing his policies, to assume the character of detachment—of one outside and above the lines of ordinary political movements—is in conflict with every requirement of sincerity and consistency. In other words it is not possible even for so adroit a political artist as Colonel Roosevelt to maintain at one and the same time the character of a detached and elevated preëminence and to actively play the game as a managing and self-seeking politician. The two things are oil and water, which by no cunning can be made to mix. Colonel Roosevelt is plainly eager and expectant; and he discredits himself by pretensions at variance with the obvious fact.

Mr. Roosevelt's plan can not be made to work even by so shifty a politician as he has shown himself to be. In process of time—possibly in a very short time—he will be compelled either to renounce his candidacy or openly avow it. In this day and age no man so conspicuous as he can be one thing while pretending to be another.

In connection with Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy there comes an interesting bit of gossip. Early in 1908, when Colonel Roosevelt was more or less considering the project of his nomination for a third term, a Democrat conspicuous in national politics and a close friend of the then President, said to him in the White House: "Theodore, you could probably bring about your own nomination for a third term at Chicago, but it is my judgment that you could not carry a single state in the Union." "I believe you are right," replied the Colonel. We are not able to see that the situation has materially changed. We doubt if any man running for a third term in the presidential office in contempt of the tradition and practice of more than a century could carry any state in the Union.

Events of the week on the Democratic side of the chessboard have wrought no vital change in the



**STONE.** A new chapter has been added to the Wilson incident in the shape of mutual charges of falsehood between the Professor and Colonel Watterson. The public, we think, long familiar with Colonel Watterson and long respectful of his character, will not think him the liar. His whimsicalities are many, but he has never lacked the virtue of candor. It is not his way to misinterpret fact or to shelter himself behind subterfuge. It goes without saying that in the face of this quarrel Professor Wilson's candidacy is hopeless—even ridiculous.

The effect of the Wilson incident has been to divert attention from the East to the West—and there the figure of Champ Clark looms large. Today he is far and away the leading figure on the Democratic side of the game. Mr. Bryan is entirely friendly to him, Mr. Hearst is openly for him. The only man really against him is his local rival, Governor Folk, who doesn't count for anything outside of Missouri, and who is not strong enough even there to be considered seriously. If Mr. Bryan himself does not enter the contest, Mr. Clark is, we think, the probable candidate of the Democratic party.

### Boycott Against California.

We gave last week a concrete instance illustrating an effort on the part of the labor trust and the mill men's trust, for the moment operating together, to fasten upon San Francisco a scheme of discrimination calculated on the one hand to impose inflated prices upon the builders and investors of San Francisco and on the other to fence out certain industrial products of California, even of our immediate vicinity, from the San Francisco market. A narrower, or a more ruinous policy could not be conceived. What is proposed is nothing less than the establishment at the gates of San Francisco of a boycott against the State of California.

Now San Francisco is what she is because of her relationship to the productive regions round about her. The aim and purpose of her business activities is to sustain this relationship. Without it San Francisco would be of no more importance than Bolinas or Spanishtown. Yet there are those who assume to speak in the name of local patriotism for a policy of discrimination—a discrimination, too, that cuts both ways, first against the builder and investor within the city, second against the industrial producer outside the city.

San Francisco was not built up under a scheme thus selfish and narrow. Her invitation until recently has been the widest. She has sought not to separate from but to connect herself with the vital and productive energies not only of California, but of the Pacific Coast and of the Pacific Ocean. She made herself the centre, the common market of the whole region west of the Rocky Mountains. She advanced her capital wherever it might find employment under the policy of establishing and sustaining a close connection with the regions roundabout. Long years ago, when Hawaii was an independent country, San Francisco brought to bear upon national policy influences to the end of admitting island products free of tariff duties. In every possible sphere, in every practicable way, the men who directed the policies of San Francisco in the days of her earlier development held wide open the doors of commerce and trade.

And what came of it? The answer is not far to seek. California herself, stimulated by the leadership and the financial and commercial energy of San Francisco, advanced amazingly; and in return she poured into San Francisco the wealth upon which our immediate foundations were established. Nevada gave to San Francisco the richness of her mineral treasures. Oregon, Washington, Arizona, even Utah, contributed to the upbuilding of the city by the Golden Gate. Hawaii became in a commercial sense an outpost of San Francisco. Alaska gave her tribute. The city grew to greatness because the spirit of her people co-operated with the activities of a wide productive and commercial field.

Now we are asked to shut the gates—literally we are asked to establish a boycott even against California. And this by an unholy alliance between the San Francisco Building Trades Council, representing the labor trust, and the Mill Men's Association, representing a trust in building materials. Selfishly and shamelessly a joint committee representing these interests comes to a citizen of San Francisco and demands in the name of local patriotism that he break a contract for merchandise bargained for with a legitimate manufacturing concern because its place of business happens to be an hour's ride down the peninsula.

As if to emphasize the insolence and impolicy of this demand, it comes at a time when San Francisco is asking the coöperation of California in an enterprise of great importance—an enterprise impossible and futile without this coöperation. It comes even upon the heels of a generous appropriation to be raised by a tax upon the whole state in promotion of this enterprise, for be it remembered the legislature of California has voted the great sum of \$5,000,000 in aid of our forthcoming exposition. What, let us ask, must be the reflections of a great taxpaying industry like the Santa Clara Mills when it finds its products refused entrance to San Francisco even when offered at advantageous terms, because forsooth of a selfish and stupid theory of "loyalty" to local industry?

How utterly and shamelessly selfish and stupid this demand appears when viewed in the light of simple common sense and of reciprocal fair dealing. And how little does it accord with the spirit of our new mayor in remarks made some ten days ago upon a public occasion. Speaking of San Francisco and California, the mayor said: "It is up to us [the city government] with the help and coöperation of San Francisco and of California, to make the city of San Francisco itself the greatest single exhibit at the exposition of 1915." This utterance ought to inspire San Francisco as a community and every citizen of San Francisco individually, even including the Labor Council and the Mill Men's Association, to a policy not of discrimination but of cordial coöperation.

### Lord Rosebery's Speech.

It is easy to understand that Lord Rosebery's speech on the state of affairs in Europe has produced a feeling of apprehension throughout England, and a single quotation is enough to show the portentous nature of his words. Speaking to the faculty and students of Glasgow University, he said:

We have entered into liabilities the nature and extent of which I for one do not know, but which are no less stringent or binding because they are unwritten, and which at any moment—so far, at any rate, as I can discern the signs of the times—may lead us into a great Armageddon, and which will be greater than any war which we have known from the fall of Napoleon.

Now Lord Rosebery is not an alarmist. He has no axe of his own to grind. He is fairly friendly with the government of the day and particularly so with Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary. He belongs to no "war party" and he himself has conducted the foreign affairs of the empire and is therefore peculiarly well informed as to the meaning of events. And yet at a time when the whole of Europe is at peace and just after the settlement of the Moroccan trouble Lord Rosebery goes so far as almost to predict a war so great as to be called an Armageddon.

It is profoundly discouraging and yet it must be admitted regretfully that Lord Rosebery did more than voice the secret convictions of every student of European affairs. If France, England, and Germany were ready to fight over a point of honor in Morocco—and we know now that war at one time seemed to be certain—what hope is there for the peaceful solution of any question in which actual interests are concerned? A war over Morocco would have swallowed up the value of that whole country in less than a week, and yet it was averted only at the eleventh hour. A foolish optimism may persist in seeing nothing but clear sky and smooth water ahead of Europe, but a good many people will be found to join in Lord Rosebery's gloomy presentiments.

### The Case of Dr. Stone.

It seems that the Shannon scandal is to be repeated at the Napa state asylum and that Governor Johnson's itch for patronage has led him once more into trouble. The politicians of the old school were doubtless voracious enough in all conscience, but they were minnows in comparison with the sharks of the new reform movement. It will be remembered that Mr. Shannon was prosecuted with all the fury of the Johnsonian brand of civic righteousness and with all the usual waving of the purity banner up to the moment of his resignation. Then the prosecution ceased at the touch of the administration wand. The governor's motives had been misunderstood. He was not particularly anxious to punish a wrongdoer, but he was particularly anxious to find a warm berth for a henchman. After all, the machine must be strengthened.

And now comes the Napa incident, and once more the governor seizes opportunity by the forelock. It

seems clear enough that Dr. Stone is a financial delinquent. He says so himself, and has even made restitution. Now the governor's proper course was clear enough. He should have published the facts, all of them, and he should have displaced whoever was guilty. That would have placed a single appointment at his service for whoever stands next to Mr. Pillsbury in the bread line. But one appointment was not enough when there was a chance to get four. The first move seems to have been a promise of immunity to Dr. Stone if he would but vacate his place without trouble. Then comes a representation to Messrs. Belcher, Meacham, and Steves of the board of management of the Napa asylum that there was only one way to save Dr. Stone from prosecution, and that the one way was by their joint resignation. It is said that Mr. Meacham and Mr. Steves have been guilty of some irregularities, but nothing whatever is charged against Mr. Belcher, and it is safe to say that nothing would have been charged against Meacham and Steves but for the fact that their positions were needed for some of the governor's heelers. Mr. Belcher says that he refused to comply with the demand until his sympathies were aroused on Dr. Stone's behalf and the representation that nothing could save Dr. Stone but his own resignation. Then, at last, he complied. Now he finds that he has been deceived, and so he issues a statement of the whole affair and explains it on the ground that "the board of managers desired to get control of the hospital and to provide the way for the appointment of selections made by Governor Johnson." Evidently the Pillsbury family is still clamorous.

Why there should be immunity for Dr. Stone or for any guilty man it is hard to see. There could be none legitimately. But it was evidently intended to repeat the Shannon procedure to vacate as many positions as possible, not upon moral grounds nor for the good of the public service, but that as many "reformers" as possible should be accommodated in the spoils trough and for the greater glory of the machine.

### Mr. Casey and Others.

The finance committee of the board of supervisors, having finished its inquiry into the misdeeds of the board of public works, has now made a formal report to the mayor, who promises to take whatever steps may be necessary to put that board upon a proper footing of efficiency. The mayor could hardly say less than this, and perhaps he could hardly say more under the restraints of his position, but it is certain that the public sense of justice will not be satisfied without the imposition of some penalty commensurate with the offense. Without such a penalty the investigation itself is little better than a sensational farce. Without such a penalty we are in danger of allowing dishonesty and incompetence to become vested rights.

The charges against the board of works, and against Casey and Laumeister in particular, resolve themselves into the two heads of deliberate law-breaking and incompetence. The latter is the lesser charge of the two, resulting as it does from a native lack of capacity. Men whose proper functions are those of day laborers or at best of gang foremen can hardly be expected to administer funds of millions of dollars, especially when they are corrupted by the conviction that they are party politicians first and city officials afterwards. Casey and Laumeister were reflections of Mayor McCarthy, and if there is anything worse in the way of congenital incapacity than a reflection of Mayor McCarthy the city has yet to hear of it. Unfortunately there is no other penalty for incompetence than the expulsive force of the administration boot, and there ought to be no doubt that this will come into action. But illegality is another matter. Even a vicious stupidity can obey the law, and must be made to obey the law, or the law itself becomes a dead letter.

And the law has been broken over and over again, and broken with an insolent contempt that doubles the offense. A crew of pirates on a treasure ship could hardly feel more entirely at home than the city officials under the McCarthy administration felt with the city funds. The grand jury says that the board of works did "all it could do to bring the law into contempt," that in every way possible it tried "to evade and nullify it." Knowing that vacancies must be filled in a way clearly specified by the law it filled them in other ways, creating positions for which the law makes no provision and paying salaries that were unearned and illegal. In point of fact the board of works, as well as the health department, became vast bureaus for bribery and corruption, and the funds of the whole city were used, not



for the benefit of the city, but for its wholesale debauchery.

It is not easy to draw the line between illegality and incompetence. Unfortunately there are forms of wrongdoing none the less flagrant because they are just beyond the clutch of the law. What are we to say of such an official as Casey, who was paid a large salary to administer a fund of \$6,000,000 and who admits that he knows practically nothing of how it was spent because "I never doubted the men under me. I took their word"? Later on we find Casey explaining an enormous waste of money on the ground that it was due to day labor instead of contract labor. He disapproved of day labor, but although the work was directly under his control, although he was paid to control it, he had permitted the wastage because "I didn't want to get into a quarrel." Every one knows why day labor was used. It was used in order that the political whip might be felt upon each individual back, in order that every laborer might know that he was paid not for his labor, but for his vote.

To follow the whole course of Casey's writhings and twistings would be impossible. Every admission came out like a back tooth. A general supervisor of the Geary Street road was paid \$4000 a year, while one of his subordinates was paid \$6000. Casey did not know why this was so. The trolley wires for the Geary Street road had been strung on the buildings before the arrival of the posts and then taken down and strung properly, although no cars were running. Inferior brick had been used in the City and County Hospital and the costs of inspection had increased 100 per cent. And so on through as dreary a catalogue of incapacity and financial debauchery as was ever presented to an astonished public. That Mr. Casey was actually so ignorant of his own department as he would have us believe is open to doubt. That he was incompetent is clear enough, but he seems anxious to be considered an idiot. And perhaps it is better to be thought an idiot than a knave.

While Mr. Casey is the chief offender, there are others whose delinquencies are nearly as bad. Mr. Connick, for example, had the effrontery to admit without visible embarrassment that the deficit of \$200,000 in the fire protection system was due to a violation of the law which required that contracts should be given to the lowest bidders, and that this particular violation had cost the city \$400,000. Mr. Marsden Manson not only admitted the same thing, but he seemed to be proud of it. The law, he said, required that contracts be given to the lowest bidder, "but we obeyed a higher consideration, the public consideration," and so the work was entrusted to local contractors. By what right does Mr. Manson overrule the law and so impose an additional burden upon every taxpayer in the city? That he should suppose that such a procedure could advantage the city—if indeed he did suppose it—may be due to a deficient intelligence that is his misfortune rather than his fault, but that he should have the impudence to avow such conduct before a public investigating committee is enough to take the breath away. Of what value is it to pass laws at all if such bumptious officials as Manson and Connick can wave them into the background to make room for what they are pleased to call a "higher law"? We know quite well the nature of that "higher law."

It is to be feared that there are many more disclosures in store for us, disclosures of the way in which the city has been plundered and shamed to her cost in money and reputation. The board of works was not the only board saturated with the McCarthy spirit and determined to spend the last cent of public money in the purchase of votes. For example, the grand jury has given us a glimpse of the board of health and its long list of officials who were neither useful nor ornamental. Dr. Eaton has already retired into his native obscurity, but presumably his brother is still unlawfully with us. The health department, says the grand jury, was used as a dump by all officials who had a political friend to place, and so we find 126 officials in the City and County Hospital, whereas thirty-nine are enough for the Southern Pacific Hospital, and forty-nine for the German Hospital.

It may be that the law can not reach the Caseys, the Connicks, and the Mansons, but if that is so it is an ill day for the law itself. To remove such men from office is not enough. If this whole dreary programme is not to be repeated at some future time when a Schmitz or a McCarthy is able to climb into power it must be shown that the law can not be broken with impunity or with no worse result than an ejection

from office. There should be some definite retribution to serve as a warning to the municipal pirates, who, without such a warning, will certainly repeat the scandal into which the city is now plunged.

#### White Soldiers in China.

It seems a little hard to understand why American and European troops should be sent to China. The necessity for keeping open the road from Peking to the sea is evidently one of those explanations intended for popular consumption, but it becomes a little thin when we remember that no one wants to close that road, that Peking itself is not besieged, and that the Chinese rebels are on their best behavior and painfully anxious to avoid any offense to foreigners. The international right to guard the road from Peking to the sea is a legacy of the Boxer troubles and a precautionary measure against a renewal of the attack upon the legations, but the legations are not now in any danger and no one suggests that they will be.

The explanation of the military move is probably to be found in the Russian attitude toward Mongolia and in a consequent possibility of the break-up of the Chinese empire. It will be remembered that Secretary Hay, over ten years ago and at a time when China was threatened with Russian aggression, sent a circular note to all the powers insisting upon the territorial integrity of the Chinese empire, and all the powers assented to that note. It is true that the cards have been shuffled vigorously since then. England and Japan are allies and Russia and England have agreed to smile at each other so long as it pays them to do so, as in Persia and elsewhere. But nevertheless the Hay note on the integrity of China still holds the field, and if Russia has not actually violated that agreement by her attitude toward Mongolia she has certainly given a sort of premonitory evidence of her intention to do so. Whether the parties to the Hay note, or any of them, would allow this remains to be seen, but the dispatch of American and European soldiers to China on the flimsy pretext of guarding the road to Peking would seem to indicate that at least the powers intend to be on hand when the events unfold themselves.

#### Editorial Notes.

Before starting East last week, Governor Johnson gave out a statement purporting to embody what he knows of the wreck of the California Safe Deposit Company—he as everybody knows having been the attorney after the event of the chief wrecker, J. Dalzell Brown. The *Argonaut*, along with some others, would now like to hear from his excellency something about the deal with the prosecuting office under which his client Brown, admitted to be the chief sinner in this game of plunder, got off with a nominal punishment and was permitted with his "swag" to get away to a foreign country. It will be remembered that while these things were doing Mr. Johnson was in close association with the prosecuting office and in a position to get pretty much anything he asked for. Among other details, we should like to know what Mr. Johnson got for his services in helping Brown out of his hole and in what form the payments came to him. While he was telling, the governor should have told everything.

We suspect that the gourmands who demand and get game out of season and in contempt of the law, and the nincompoops who must have extravagant jungle effects as a spice to their inane dinners, make more Socialists and enemies of established order than the academic theorists or the howling street-corner orators. In other words, the lawless feasters and the blamed fools are more serious enemies to society than the ranting social iconoclasts.

When the domestic infelicities of the J. J. Moores were exhibited in the San Mateo County court some three months ago it was plain even to the most casual on-looker that the trouble was irreconcilable. A man and a woman who charge each other with the foulest crimes and who fight literally like cat and dog ought not to live together. Neither their own good nor the welfare of society is promoted in an attempt to make them do it. But there were motives in connection with the case tending to make denial of divorce "popular"; and Judge Buck, who appears to have the "popularity" bee in his bonnet, bade Moore and his wife go do the impossible—make up and be happy. Now we have the result in a cruel and demoralizing tragedy. True, it all might have happened in any event. But probably not. We wonder if these reflections ever enter the

head of Judge Buck; and if so, if they disturb the serenity of his dreams.

The cost of living in its rapid advance from one high stage to another is certain ultimately to run afoul of obstacles in the form of inability on the part of the consuming public to pay the bills. There are limits to what can be done in the way of paying inflated prices, and in some cases they are being found. We read, for example, in the New York papers that there is a practically concerted movement on the part of housewives of moderate means against fifty-cent butter. They can not and will not pay the price, as neighborhood dealers are finding to their embarrassment. Incidentally, if we accept the testimony of Mrs. Lincoln and other culinary experts, successful search is being made for substitutes for butter at once cheaper and more wholesome as applied to culinary economy.

A St. Petersburg paper, the *Rossia*, which may be presumed to speak by authority, tenders the United States a word of counsel with respect to negotiations for a new treaty. Russia, it says, will wait until the United States frames proposals. This is followed by the significant remark that the reflection of abrogation of the old treaty does not indicate that the Jewish issue constituted the reason for such abrogation. Then comes the nub of the argument: "The conclusion of a new treaty is possible only if the great republic does not introduce the interests of the Jews into the substance of the negotiations." Evidently the *Rossia* does not look for a new treaty, although it makes no direct declaration to that effect; but it dwells at length upon the impossibility of granting privileges to the Jews, adding significantly that a tax on American cotton would yield important effects upon the Russian import trade and possibly upon domestic industry. All of which, if it means anything, means that we shall have no new treaty with Russia. No American government with the vision of Jewish resentment before its eyes will think of making a new treaty which did not "introduce the interests of the Jews into the substance of the negotiation." It will be impossible for us to make proposals which exclude any part of our citizenship from equality of privilege; and if it shall be impossible for Russia to meet us on this basis, as the above excerpt plainly declares, then a treaty is quite out of the question. That Russia will attempt reprisals, even under a no-treaty status, we regard quite unlikely. If Russia has imported manufactured cottons and other products from America it has not been because of the treaty of 1832 or for any other political reason. She has wanted our goods; she has found advantage in importing them. The abrogation of the treaty will make no practical difference. Russia will still want our goods; she will still find advantage in importing them. Probably exchanges will go on under the no-treaty status precisely as before.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Note from Mrs. Lloyd Oshourne.

1100 Lombard Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO, January 22, 1912.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Dear Sir: In looking over the back numbers of the *Argonaut* on my return from a trip I came upon an editorial which did me a great injustice, and against which I must protest.

I fully appreciate the sentiment which inspired the editorial, for I have made great and continued sacrifices, even to the point of letting myself be misunderstood and misrepresented, although, as it turned out, in vain, to prevent a condition of affairs of which you complain.

I can understand your exasperation which made you pass judgment on my book, "Robert Louis Stevenson in California," before you had seen it and before it was published, and to misjudge it. So much has been said and written that you considered the subject of Stevenson long since exhausted. Such is not the case. Much that is written is not true and much that is true has not been written. If I had been actuated by selfish gain in bringing out my book I would not have waited till this late date. In writing a book now on some part of Stevenson's life not before told, it was from quite another and, let me say, a better motive. I am,

Yours very truly, KATHARINE D. OSBOURNE.

Rabbit fur has supplanted wool in felt-hat making in Sydney, Australia, where thirty-two factories are in operation. The fur is considerably superior to the finest merino for this purpose, and millions of rabbit skins are used annually. It takes the fur of about six average skins to make a fur-felt hat. In one factory the consumption of skins ranges from 25,000 to 30,000 per week.

In the past thirty years more than 3000 acres of England's coast have slipped away into the sea. The County of Yorkshire has been the chief sufferer, losing about 800 acres. Lancashire and Suffolk have each lost almost 600 acres and Kent, Sussex, and Lincolnshire have added materially to the total.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Lieutenant Herbert Montago, whose efforts on behalf of the Turks in Tripoli have cost him his position in the British army, has just reached London for a spell of rest after an attack of dysentery. He declines to make any precise statement as to the Turkish force, but he says it contains all the men that are needed, that every Arab in the desert is ready to fight, and that the sheikhs are constantly arriving with their followers. Most of them have rifles of some sort, while the Senoussi have Mausers. Many of these desert warriors have long two-handed swords and chain armor that were left behind by the Crusaders and that have been kept ever since. That numbers of these weapons were still in existence was well known, but there is food for the imagination in the fact that they are now being used to repel a Christian invader. Lieutenant Montago says that the Turks have plenty of provisions and that they can carry on the war forever. The only thing they lack is medicine, and especially chloroform. He suggests that the reports of Italian victories are mostly fairy stories, and as for their casualty lists he says that they are absurdly understated, as he counted the dead himself.

The Dean of St. Paul's in London, having ventured upon some doleful prophecies as to the future of Great Britain and having been soundly trounced for it by the cheap and inane newspapers, now finds that he has a champion in Marie Corelli. The Dean had said that nothing but "other worldliness" could save England or any of the countries of civilization, which was of course rank blasphemy, as every one knows that nothing but warships can be of any service in this connection. Moreover, what would become of armaments in general and the patriots who live by them if orthodox Christianity should give place to some form of religion? Marie Corelli now points to history as evidence of the fact that when religion disappears from a nation the nation itself is about to follow suit. And Miss Corelli is right. Napoleon was not exactly a pietist, but he said practically the same thing. The French revolutionists were not precisely *devotés*, but they hesitated to dethrone one god before they had another to take the place. Human animosities must have a superhumanism behind them as a background, a superhumanism large enough to make the animosities look small. We need a permanent and colossal standard of values in order to dwarf our quarrels, and the man who is not willing to be enslaved by the moral law will enslave his fellow-men, or be enslaved by them. Probably both.

The Hamburg ship-owners, through their official organ, have published a statement showing the saving that will be effected by the Panama Canal. Here are some of the principal figures:

	Miles saved.
Europe to San Francisco.....	6200
Montreal to Sydney.....	2738
Europe to Valparaiso.....	2100
England to Australia.....	800
England to New Zealand.....	1600
New York to Shanghai.....	1400
New York to Australia and New Zealand.....	2300

But the effect of the canal can not be expressed by statistics. It will alter the currents of humanity and of human thought. It will bring Europe face to face with China and Japan. It will mean a line-up of the white and the yellow races.

Mr. Arrowsmith, the English publisher, is not well known in America, but the literary recording angel has made some notable entries to his credit. It was Mr. Arrowsmith, we are reminded by the *London Daily Chronicle*, who published "Called Back," and when he found that it was a best seller he tore up his contract with Fergus, the author, and gave him another and a most generous one. Then Mr. Arrowsmith published "Three Men in a Boat" and scored again. But then came one of those grievous errors that remind publishers that even they are human. A young man in India asked him to publish some short stories, but Mr. Arrowsmith thought that his correspondent was conceited and would have no dealings with him. It was Rudyard Kipling.

Over two thousand years ago there was a war between China and Mongolia and China was invaded by a Mongolian army under Mao-tun. The Chinese emperor was besieged in the City of Ping, and when the situation seemed to be hopeless he ordered that a number of lay figures representing beautiful women be made and exposed on the city walls. He then caused a message to be sent to the wife of the Mongolian leader to the effect that these attractive maidens were intended as a present to her husband. The ruse was entirely successful. The siege was raised forthwith and Mao-tun was removed out of the temptation zone by his apprehensive spouse. Which shows that in some respects at least the world does not move at all, and that soldiers should leave their wives at home if they wish for a free hand in dealing with the enemy.

An unpleasant announcement comes from Father Odenbach of St. Ignatius Observatory, Cleveland, and incidentally we may wonder why it is that so many of our finest scientific observers have been Jesuits. Father Odenbach says that a large part of the United States has been continually tilting toward Canada since ten a. m. on December 25. The movement amounts to one-sixteenth of an inch in a thousand feet. The area affected is in the form of a triangle with its apex in Canada and Newburyport, Elmira, New York, and Cincinnati for its base. The movement is as though the Canadian end were being pulled under from below and the base pushed upward. For the moment it looked as though this must be due in some way to the failure of the Reciprocity bill, but the European scientists are quick with their reassurances. They do not say why this particular movement should begin at 10

a. m. on December 25, but they do say that some such movements are going on all the time. They are due to diastrophism, which of course explains them, and it seems that this same force is responsible for moving the Hudson River from more than 100 miles east of Sandy Hook to its present position. So New York, at least, has no cause to complain of diastrophism. Father Odenbach says that the present Canadian tilting may be due to the piling up of immense weights on the shore of the great lakes, although he has no suspicion as to the people who have been doing this. Or it may be due to recent earthquakes in the Middle West. But have there been recent earthquakes in the Middle West? If so the Middle West has been coy about mentioning them.

The Turkish government promises us a publication of unusual interest in the shape of the diaries of Sultan Abdul, playfully called the damned. And yet they are not diaries in the ordinary sense of the word, since this interesting miscreant never wrote anything, not even his name. His signet served all purposes. But he saved everything that was written to him during thirty-three years and stowed it away in one of the 500 boxes of manuscripts that were brought to light. These manuscripts are made up of every conceivable sort of report, whether from his high ministers or the meanest spy in his employ. They are said to be the most amazing record of diplomacy, duplicity, cowardice, and cruelty that has ever been preserved. And it was preserved with unusual care. It was known to be in existence, but the most careful search after the Sultan's downfall failed to find it. Then the prisoner himself was asked to solve the mystery and he did so. There was a secret door in his bedroom known only to himself and opened by an ingenious electrical contrivance, and in this hidden chamber the boxes were found. But it seems that even Abdul Hamid had something that distantly resembled a virtue. He was passionately fond of reading, but only books of the most trivial kind, and yet he rejected with contempt anything that was obscene or indecent. He preferred novels that dealt with cruelty or murder.

The Cairo correspondent of the *London Standard*, a newspaper that can hardly be charged with a giddy or frivolous tendency, says that a great many highly intelligent people are very much afraid of mummies and other relics of Egyptian antiquity. He quotes the experience of a confrère on the *Egyptian Gazette*, who says that he made a disrespectful remark about the ugliness of the mummy of Ambrose I in the Cairo Museum, and that he instantly had the sensation of a cord being tightened around his neck with suffocating force. The native guides always warn the tourists to be respectful to the mummies as they still preserve the magical powers that they enjoyed when alive and are quick to punish levity. The *Standard* correspondent goes on to say: "I personally know level-headed, rational residents who, fascinated by the Sphinx, can stand and look at it for an hour on end, but who would go in mortal terror of their lives if they were in its presence to let fall any personal remark about its ugliness, or dilapidated condition. It is said that superstition is dying out in this age of civilization, but in the land of the Pharaohs it is still as alive as ever. Incidents like the one above serve to keep it well alive."

The dramatic version of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" has fallen somewhat flat in London. It was produced at a theatre outside the censor's control, but the public censored it for themselves, and a good many people left their seats before the play was over apparently sickened by so dreary a panorama of vice. Mr. Herbert Farjeon, writing in the *London World*, says: "The only reason any rational being knowingly enters an Augean stable is to clean it or to see how it may be cleaned; and if some one offers to take you inside merely to show you how fetid it is, then I think you are legitimately entitled to reject his guidance."

Mr. Farjeon writes the words of truth and soberness. We have heard too much about the elevating effects of degraded shows. It is all undiluted hypocrisy. Some people write dirty plays, others print indecent postals, and still other circulate filthy photographs when the policeman is looking another way. All of them have the same motive, and that motive is to coin money by gratifying pruriency and a horrid curiosity. The last two crimes are recognized as crimes by the authorities and treated accordingly. The dirty play and the dirty novel are still protected by the immodesty of modest people.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The navy proposes by means of seven wireless stations to keep in direct touch with its vessels in all parts of the world. The advance of wireless telegraphy into a thoroughly practicable and dependable means of long-distance communication is indicated by this comprehensive plan, which, it is said, is entirely feasible, and can be put into operation for about \$1,000,000. The value of such a great network of ethereal connections between Washington, D. C., and every ship of the navy, wherever located—a network giving the President in the White House immediate control of a battleship in mid-Pacific—is obvious. The seven stations are to be located at Washington, D. C., in the Canal Zone, at San Francisco, Hawaii, Guam, Luzon (Philippines), and Tutuila Island (Samoa). There are already wireless installations of lower power at several of the above locations. The new apparatus will have a reach of 3000 miles at all times of day and night. This new arrangement, by which every unit of the navy from west Africa to China is virtually given a direct wire to headquarters, will have a revolutionary effect on the handling of the navy in peaceful as well as in war times.

Irish exports last year exceeded Irish imports for the first time on record. The amount of money on deposit in the joint stock banks was the highest ever recorded.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Under the Skylight.

I have not office with staring sign  
Down in the noise of the crowded mart.  
A window square to the sky is mine,  
In a humble lot, where all apart  
I live with my friends and books and art.

No currents of gold from Wall Street come  
To breathe the fever of loss and gain;  
But the golden sunlight warms my home,  
Or on my skylight patters the rain,  
As I paint or sing my castles in Spain.

No checks that smile for a day, and melt,  
The postman brings to my humble door,  
But letters from friends where love is felt  
To be richer than all the golden store  
Of the millionaire whose soul is poor.

Gold is good, but 'tis not the best.  
True love's bank, can it ever break?  
What if it should? The sun in the west  
Sinks and rises again, to make  
A long, long hanquet of Give and Take.

Time is passing, but Time is renewed.  
Life runs over with wealth untold.  
Age grows younger in all that is good,  
Reaping the fields where Youth stood cold  
In the drear, bare furrows, and dreamed of gold.

What if the light of our matin prime  
Pales in the storm with a struggling beam?  
One ripe day of life's latter time  
Is worth a hundred of fitful gleam,  
Is worth long years of an aimless dream.

O misty land of uncertain youth!  
Low-lying swamps of fear and doubt!  
We have left you below for the heights of truth;  
We have found through the fogs a pathway out;  
Below us the youths and maidens shout.

Wandering, careless, through roads unknown,  
Wrapt in the soft, warm, vapory air,  
Here in the clear, still upper zone  
We see how wide is life, how fair,  
While age's light gilds age's care.

What if the snow-wreath crown our heads?  
We gain the electric strength of frost.  
We are treading the path each mortal treads.  
We are nearing the spring. We have counted the cost.  
We trust,—ay, we know—we shall not be lost.  
—Christopher Pearse Cranch.

## The Green Gnome.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and dells!  
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as milk,  
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk;  
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,  
My eyes were like two horebells bathed in little drops of dew;  
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent  
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went;  
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play.

Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die away;  
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,  
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand.  
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,  
And drew me from my palfrey white, and sat me on the ground.

O crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,  
But he cried, "O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to marry me!"

He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,  
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak;  
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and dells!  
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,  
So faintly faintly, faintly rang the bells afar away;  
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,  
The ugly green green Gnome became a tall and comely man!  
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;  
A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on his cheek;  
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak:  
"O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,  
Seven years I dwell in Faëryland, and you have set me free!  
O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,  
And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"  
Back we gallop'd never stopping, he before and I behind,  
And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind.

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,  
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk-bells sweet and loud,  
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,  
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and dells!  
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

—Robert Buchanan.

In Wiltshire, England, a causeway built and endowed by a market-woman in 1474 still serves its purpose of bringing the neighboring villagers dry-shod into the ancient market town of Chippenham. It runs from Chippenham Cliff to the top of Wick Hill in Bremhill parish, a four-and-a-half-mile road traversing the heavy clay of the low-lying lands on either side the Avon. The raised stone footway is placed high above the horse-road, and is kept in good repair today, as it has been for some 450 years. The good Maud Heath not only saved enough to build the road, but pursued her trade so wisely that she was able to leave property in trust for the maintenance of her road. Chippenham was bequeathed to Alfred's daughter and was one of the manors permanently held by Edward the Confessor. A large annual wool market is still held in the summer and a cattle show in the winter.



## "RUBBISH" IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### Memorials and Monuments That Are Threatened.

Once again the venerable Abbey of Westminster has become a storm centre. That is not an uncommon event. What with antiquaries, experts in fogs, American journalists, and general alarmists, the Church of St. Peter is frequently prominent in public discussion. The first often deplore such sad facts as that some of the most beautiful mosaic pavement is hidden under three layers of carpet; the second lose no opportunity of assuring us that fog and London smoke have in the past century wrought more decay than in all the previous generations of the abbey's history; American journalists periodically wax indignant over the plethora of monuments to nobodies; and the alarmists at large are ever on the alert for any pretext to raise the cry of "the abbey's in danger!" The last excuse of the latter type was provided at the coronation when the erection of a temporary wooden annex was confidently expected to have issue in the destruction of the minster by fire.

This time the agitation will appeal with peculiar force to the American journalist, for the point at issue is that the abbey is so overcrowded that the time has arrived for a general clearing of its "rubbish." The immediate occasion of the discussion has been the addition of another memorial, to-wit, a bronze bust on a red marble pedestal in honor of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, that bland and harmless politician who became prime minister of Great Britain through the accident of the rivalry between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. When that memorial was decided upon it was agreed that it should be an inscription expressive of Parliament's high sense of the subject's "eminent services" to the state; but second thoughts have prevailed to the extent of confining that inscription to the bare addition of "prime minister" to the politician's name. That restrained legend is illustrative of the widespread view that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, genial Scot though he was—he "tried to rule Ireland with jokes," as Tim Healy put it—hardly attained to the standard of greatness which warrants commemoration in Westminster Abbey, and hence it is not surprising that the unveiling of his memorial has revived the cry of "clear away the rubbish!"

But the difficulty is to decide where to begin. The well-known artist, Sir W. B. Richmond, for example, owns that he is utterly perplexed. A beginning might be made with the obviously ugly, but who is to say what is ugly? He may think that some of those monuments are not beautiful, but as they are rich in historical associations they fulfill one of the conditions which excuse their presence in a national shrine. On the other hand, Arthur C. Benson protests seriously and emphatically against the removal of a single stone. He adores them all. The mixtures of "Peris and periwigs, marble clouds, and small clothes" are for him so many sculptured pages of the aesthetic and social history of the nation. In fact, he is not ashamed to confess that he never visits the abbey without "thrills of amazement and literal tears."

All that delightful sentiment, however, does not solve the problem of where England is to bury or memorialize her great dead of the future. The general adoption of cremation and tiny urns would simplify matters, as it did in the case of Sir Henry Irving when he was granted sepulture in the abbey on those economic space conditions, but when that suggestion was made recently it elicited a wail of horror from many conservative John Bulls. Perhaps the man most to be pitied is he who may be Dean of Westminster for the time being. England has no voters for her Hall of Fame; the dean of the abbey possesses sole and despotic powers to decide who shall or shall not be buried or memorialized there; and if that dean happens to be more of a theologian and less a man of the world than Arthur Stanley he is likely to emulate the example of that predecessor who closed the doors of the minster against Swinburne and Meredith.

To return to the chief problem. All that Sir W. B. Richmond can suggest is that no more effigies be admitted under any pretext, and that a permanent annex be built to provide for the needs of the future. And so the discussion is brought back to the point it reached twenty years ago. At that time the question was committed to the consideration of a royal commission, which was unanimous as to the need of an annex but divided as to its proper site, half the members being in favor of the Old Palace Yard and the others voting for the site of the old Refectory. On that rock the commission was shipwrecked, although a generous newspaper proprietor offered to provide the forty thousand pounds necessary for the annex. The member of the government in charge of the question found himself unable to decide "at once" between the commissioners; like the present prime minister, he wanted to "wait and see"; and there the matter has rested for two decades.

In one respect, however, the commission agreed wholly with Mr. Benson's point of view; it utterly deprecated the removal of any memorial at present in the abbey. That conservatism will not find favor with the American journalist, and yet, if he ponders for a moment, it is a policy concerning which he may change his mind. Few Americans seem to be aware that several of their fellow-countrymen have memorials in the historic abbey, and some among them, it is to be feared, have left no such great fame as would save

their tombs from violation if a clearance of the so-called "rubbish" were decided upon. What would happen, for example, to the grave of John Thorndyke, one of the early settlers of New England, who died while on a visit to the old country and was buried in the vault of that brother who was a prebendary of the abbey? Then, in the south aisle, there is a somewhat tragic monument to one William Wragg, who was shipwrecked in escaping from South Carolina. In the centre of the nave, too, there is a stone inscribed with the name, "George Peabody," marking the spot where the body of the famous philanthropist rested until its removal to Massachusetts—what is to become of that?

Should it be urged that these American memorials occupy but small space in the minster, it might be answered that that can not be said of the massive monument to Viscount Howe, that gallant soldier who by his democratic ways so won the hearts of the colonists that when he fell at Ticonderoga the State of Massachusetts undertook the cost of erecting his memorial at Westminster. That memorial, which includes a female figure representing Massachusetts weeping over the hero, was America's first contribution to the mural adornments of the abbey, the herald of that generosity which in later years has added the beautiful windows in honor of George Herbert, William Cowper, and Arthur Stanley, and the striking bust of Coleridge. Nor should it be forgotten that, owing to Dean Stanley's own efforts and the inspiration of his example, such Americans as Longfellow and Joseph L. Chester have their memorials in that "temple of peace and reconciliation" which is supposed to be reserved exclusively for those of British birth. Lowell too, who unveiled that bust of Coleridge which was the gift of Dr. Mercer of Newport, Rhode Island, and was the chief mover in the commemoration of Stanley, is worthily kept in memory by that window which adorns the Chapter House in which he delivered so many notable addresses.

Such are some of the considerations which may give pause to the iconoclastic American journalist and other advocates of a clearing away of the "rubbish." Nothing should be attempted which would endanger in any degree those monuments which show that the abbey has an international appeal, especially as, through the example set by Dean Bradley, its gray walls have witnessed so friendly an event as a service in commemoration of a President of the United States. In some distant day, no doubt, a suitable annex will be built, and when that has been enriched with the dust of illustrious men, future generations, American and English alike, will be grateful that the old monuments were not demolished just because they, in conjunction with the new, will preserve unbroken not only the lineage of genius, but the memory of those who trod the lowlier paths of life.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, January 17, 1912.

Chinese and Arab names have lately been under discussion. Now Persian names are as much in our newspapers (says the *Philadelphia Telegraph*). The trouble with Persians, however, at any rate with all who get into the papers, is that they do not call themselves either by their names or surnames, but only by titles. What, for instance, is Sardar Assad, by which the valiant chief of the Bakhtiari is known to all newspaper readers? It is not a name at all, but a title. The real name of the gentleman is Ali Ghuli, and so, indeed, while minister of the interior, he used to sign all official papers. But to the world at large he is only known as Sardar Assad, which means a lion. The same applies to other Persians who are well known to the European public. The present regent is Nasr-ul-Mulk. Nasr means help. Mulk is kingdom, and ul is the definite article. Hence, Nasr-ul-Mulk means simply the help of the kingdom. The present prime minister of Persia is Samsam-es-Sultaneh. This is not his name at all. It is a glorious title, meaning the Never-Bending Sword of the Empire. The word "dowleh" means in Persian "government." Hence, you will find numerous "names" which are not names at all compounded with Dowleh, such as Mushir-ed-Dowleh, Counsellor of the Government (Mushir being councillor and ed denoting in a way the genitive case), Salar-ed-Dowleh, Leader of the Government, and so forth.

A sassafras tree is the principal in Atlanta, Georgia's, new bid for fame. The largest sassafras tree in the world, says the Department of Agriculture. To most people the name sassafras is associated in their minds with the picture of a low, stunted bush luxuriantly foliaged, from the roots of which their grandmothers made tea to "cure spring fever" and other ills of that nature. A sassafras tree has been a thing unknown. In the yard of the First Methodist Church of Atlanta the sassafras tree stands, passed by thousands each day. The tree, according to the experts of the Agricultural Department, is more than 100 years old. It is seven and a half feet in circumference, fifty feet high, and has a spread of more than forty feet.

"In forty years the oyster industry of Louisiana can be made to pay the whole state debt," declared Amos L. Ponder of New Orleans in a recent address. "Louisiana can mature an oyster in two years, while north of the south line of Virginia it requires four years. Louisiana owns half of the natural oyster reefs of the United States," continued Mr. Ponder, "which comprise 488,500 acres of oyster land. She also has oyster bottoms not now in use and susceptible of cultivation by placing culch in the water of 500,000 acres more."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frances Folsom Cleveland, widow of the late President Cleveland, has been elected a life member of the American Forestry Association. President Cleveland signed the original bill by which Congress established national forests, hence the exceptional honor conferred on his widow.

Sir Francis Oppenheimer, the first Jew to be accepted in the diplomatic corps accredited to the Kaiser's court, is an English lawyer and a graduate of Oxford. He was recently appointed commercial attaché of the British embassy. He has an international reputation as an authority on commerce and finance.

James A. Tawney, former congressman and a leader in the House, is to become president of a St. Paul, Minnesota, fire insurance company soon. He is a native of Pennsylvania, but went to Minnesota in 1877, where he followed his trade as a machinist until 1881. He announces that he is out of politics forever.

Frank S. Black, former governor of New York, announces that he will close his office and retire to his New Hampshire farm on his sixtieth birthday, which is not far away. He was \$10,000 in debt when his term as governor expired in 1900, but close attention to the practice of law has since yielded him a fortune.

The Reverend William M. Crane, who will this year pay about one-fourth of the entire taxes of the town of Richmond, Massachusetts, is pastor of the Congregational Church of that place. He has fallen heir to a large fortune. Voluntarily he caused himself to be assessed for a much larger sum than the Richmond assessors considered fair.

Ogden Mills Reid, son of Whitelaw Reid, proprietor of the New York *Tribune* and United States Ambassador to Great Britain, has been elected president of the Tribune Association and will take a leading part in directing the newspaper property. Mr. Reid has had eight years' apprenticeship as a reporter and in the business offices of the *Tribune*.

Sir William H. White, late chief constructor for the British navy, has been awarded the John Fritz medal for notable achievement in naval architecture. He was born in Cornwall in 1845. From 1885 until 1902 he was responsible designer of all the national ships, resigning because of ill health. He has written several books and many professional papers.

James Montgomery Flagg, the New York illustrator and painter, had his first drawing published in *Life* at the age of fourteen. A year after he was earning \$1200 a year from his work, and now at the age of thirty-four he is wealthy. His great gift is humor. He is equally at home in oils, and his portrait of Mark Twain, hanging in the Lotos Club, is one of his best-known efforts.

Hennicker Heaton, "apostle of imperial penny postage," who has lived to see his postage reform adopted by England and her over-seas colonies, recently sailed for Australia, hoping to regain his health. He first went to Australia at the age of sixteen, remaining twenty years. He returned to England twenty-eight years ago, and for over a quarter of a century held a seat in the House of Commons, representing Canterbury.

Prince Waldemar, youngest brother of King Frederick of Denmark, is a shrewd business man, and has been nominated honorary president of the company which is to carry out a scheme for the development of the harbor of the island of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies. The purpose is to deepen the harbor and build wharves and docks to accommodate the increased shipping trade that will be brought about by the opening of the Panama Canal.

John Grier Hibben, Princeton's new president, is fifty-one years of age, is a graduate of the university, and has been teaching there for twenty-one years. He holds the chair of logic at Princeton and is also president of the American Philosophical Society. Dr. Hibben is also an ordained Presbyterian minister, and at one time was a preacher. As a writer he is widely known, his "Hegel's Logic," perhaps his best-known work, having been translated into Italian and even Japanese.

Mrs. Electa Kennedy of Healdsburg, California, who has just celebrated the one hundred and second anniversary of her birthday, has within the past year been initiated into the order of Eastern Star and won a gold medal for the best cake offered in a competition, besides registering as a voter. She is a native of Vermont, and when young was so frail that her parents feared she could not grow to womanhood. In early life she was a school teacher. Mrs. Kennedy came to California in 1854.

G. Harold Powell, who has been largely responsible for the introduction of pre-cooling in the fruit industry, which has saved millions of dollars to California growers, is now a resident of the state. He is of Quaker stock, having been brought up on his father's model farm in New York. He graduated from Cornell and later entered the employ of the government in the Bureau of Plant Industry. Two years ago he went as government representative to the first international congress of refrigerating industries, at Paris. He came to California as secretary and manager of the Citrus Protective League, which represents 90 per cent of the growers.



## THE FIRING OF VENGEANCE.

When the Wild Man Was Scorned.

The Wild Man gnashed his teeth. "Wot, me?" he cried. "Me? Who turned 'em away at every stand all last season? Me? Why, if it wasn't f'r me y'd have to throw the S. R. O. sign away!" He roared in a manner frightful to hear and shook the bars of his wire-enclosed cage. "Fifteen cents? Not on y'r life. Why, I couldn't make enough at that f'r salve. A quarter or nuthin'."

"Fifteen or nothin'," said Simpkins, the manager. "I can get a jungleful o' Wild Men for fifteen. You must think I'm a Rockyfeller. Why, last Thursday you got twenty-six bites, an' that made six-fifty for one day's work. The aint a Wild Man in the United States worth that?"

"Well, I get a quarter every time a snake bites me. Yes-siree, or I quit. Right now, too. Unnerstand? Right now?" He rattled his bars again in genuine agitation.

"Great guns, Mike," urged the manager, "you get your found, too. What do yeh want? The whole gate?"

"Found! Do yeh think I don't eat nothin' but raw meat? Y'r insultin', that's what you are. Lemme out o' here!"

The manager reached to the door of the cage. In his hand, ready open, was a padlock. He snapped it on.

From outside came the shuffle and murmur of the matinee crowd and the rising boom of the barker: "Onlee a dime, ladies and gentlemen, onlee a dime! See the Wild Man from Yuck-a-tan, the most ferocious—"

"You aint agoin' to throw us down now, are you?" asked the manager, grinning. "When it's almost time f'r the curtain to go up? Why, fifteen minutes was called a long time ago. Be calm, now, Mike; don't rage that way, even if y' are a Wild Man. Just think that the more y' raise the devil, the better the show is. But don't sulk, now, either." He picked up a pitchfork put by the cage for effect.

"The Circassian Beauty, the Mermaid—a reel live Mermaid—the Onlee Original Tom Thumb, the Wild Man from Yuck-a-tan," intoned the barker.

The manager turned away with a threat by way of caution. "Y' know," he said, "if y' spoil the performance, I c'n queer you with every show in the country."

The answering roar from the cage caused four prospective spectators to buy tickets precipitately.

In the silence of the succeeding moment the Wild Man heard a splash and a siren's laugh. It was the Mermaid. That she should laugh at his predicament! For an instant his heart turned hard as that of the Ossified Gentleman as he thought of the fair creature sporting in the tank. Then he was overcome with a wave of tenderness. Perhaps she would relent. Tears came to the eyes of the lonely Wild Man as he thought of the happiness that might be his if the Mermaid would but smile upon him. Ah, if he could but need coddling, could arouse in her for himself the latent mothering instinct that lurks even in mermaids, he might hope to challenge the rights to her affections of that little sawed-off, swelled-up runt, the One-and-Only-Original-Tom-Thumb-Beware-of-Imitations. But what chance has a Wild Man six feet four? Could she ever think him cute?

"Come on in, Tom; the water's fine," sang the siren to the dwarf, and their conjoined laughter endangered the cage. What the Wild Man said was muttered into his false whiskers, and the blare of the band's start drowned all else.

Oh, the sufferings of mimes! Locked in, Mike was forced to endure the two torments which for poignancy are reputed to have no equals in all the range of emotion—the dolor of a lover scorned and the anguish of an artist unappreciated. Even Pete, his favorite rattle-snake, who would bite him at the word, seemed distant. Perhaps a subtle fellow-feeling kept the reptile gloomy in a corner.

"Fifteen cents!" growled the Wild Man to himself. "Huh! They'll want to put taximetres on the snakes next."

Little did the throng suspect that the creature whom they pitied (while wondering where on earth was Yucatan) was that ever-tragic figure, the jester masking his sorrow.

As he flung the snakes through the bars against the wire mesh, the pseudo-Yucatanese groped for hope.

From her pedestal next him, the Circassian Beauty sympathized openly in the lulls. "Cheer up!" she muttered. "Don't you take a cent less than two-bits. Why, I wouldn't let one o' them things hite me for less than half a dollar."

"Gr-r-r-r!" In the Wild Man's tongue, that signified yes; in the dull moments of the season he had worked out a simple code for surreptitious talk with the Circassian, much as prisoners are said to find ways of communicating with their fellows whom they have never seen.

"An' that Mermaid! I think she's too mean f'r any thing to laugh at you thataway. She aint got no womanly sympathy. She's a hussy! An' that dwarf!"

"Wh-rrrrooooo!" (One meaning of this was eternal hate; the context seemed to point to that interpretation.)

"That Mermaid acts like a raw amateur." The Circassian shook her frizzled yellow wig. Her motive was sympathy, but professional jealousy. The Mermaid

was drawing from her crowds; therefore anything that might injure the Mermaid was to be fostered, even Mike. She smiled in a manner that barely emerged from the sisterly.

Noting this, the Mermaid flapped her green, gold-flecked tail and lighted a cigarette with nonchalance, throwing an ocular caress to Tom Thumb. The Wild Man clung to the bars, a pathetic light in his eyes. Deliberately, to clinch the rebuff, the Mermaid blew a puff in his direction.

Mike recognized his quietus. "Oh, it's twenty-three f'r me, all right," he murmured. "An' to think that on'y last week she was over here pettin' Pete." He caressed the snake, which for the moment became, to him, a lover's memento.

Before the cage were Simpkins and Bill, his assistant, officially the stage manager. "When he was captured," said the boss to a group, turning spieler to add to Mike's tribulation, "his mate, a female chimpanzee, escaped. He's very ferocious. Killed three men when he was caught. We feed him raw meat, but now an' then he eats the snakes. Terribul expense."

Simpkins was wondering how far he could rub it in without causing the Wild Man from Yucatan to swear at him openly in Anglo-Saxon. But Mike did not even roar. With malice aforethought, he stretched Pete and ran up a dollar and a quarter's worth of bites while the manager frowned.

Mike was too tame; the gathering passed on to the Circassian, selling her own pictures, leaving but a thin, tedious line before the cage.

Across the aisle the Yucatanian gazed forlornly at the Mermaid while she sang "Won't You Come Play With Me" to show she was really and truly alive. Her words were a taunt and her manner a mockery. She dived from her rock and swam to the side of the tank nearest the dwarf, chaffing him playfully till his puckered face beamed.

"You made a hit with the big fat woman in that bunch, Tom," she said, exhilarated at serving a double end—emphasizing her contempt for the Wild Man, and proving to Tom Thumb her faith in him. For without faith, being a woman, she would never have dared to jest about an impression on even a fat farmer's wife.

Tom looked at Mike. His glance held the insolence of a victorious rival certain of immunity from retaliation. He slowly extended a fat little hand and chuckled the Mermaid under the chin. The perfidious amphibian dropped back into the tepid water with a splash and twirled voluptuously to the rock, there to sing, as she combed her tresses, "Wouldn't You Like to Hug Me?"

It was the breaking point. In that instant the harrowed heart of the Wild Man sought revenge. "If I on'y had yeh alone in a dark corner," he thought, glowering at the dwarf, but reflection determined that Tom was really beneath the contempt of six feet four. He might spank him, yes, but what surcease for a broken heart in that? Then, at a flash, Mike conceived his plan—a double-edged plan to wield against the mocker and the wage-paring Simpkins.

That night the cage of the Wild Man was empty. Pete wriggled in loneliness. The press agent hastened to the newspapers with what he declared to be real live copy. The barker advertised the empty cage, with precise details of the Wild Man's fight in escaping. The manager hunted Mike in the town's saloons. The Circassian gossiped on the case with the Petrified Gentleman. Tom Thumb tried to hide perturbation. The Mermaid smiled disdainfully. The band prophetically played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." But the Wild Man remained escaped.

Simpkins had just finished directing the manufacture of dents and scratches in the cage, to give verisimilitude to the story of the escape, when the barker took his stand outside for the preliminary drumming up of the crowd.

"Bill," the boss asked the stage manager, "are we all set?"

"Surest thing ye know," reported Bill.

"Lights O. K.? Band all sober? Everybody here but Mike? And did you see if the boiler for the Mermaid's tank is stoked up all right? We can't let her catch cold and get sick with the Wild Man gone."

"Now don't you worry about Mike," reassured Bill. To him unwonted anxiety betrayed a worry which could have but one source.

"Then let 'er go," Simpkins ordered.

The Mermaid splashed into her tank. The Circassian mounted her throne. The dwarf took his place like a little conqueror. All was as ever, save for the lacking cry of the Wild Man.

The crowds came, and over them the Mermaid queened it. The night was hers. The dents in the cage were ignored. The Circassian had sold only \$1.40 worth of her photographs by 9:30. The Ossified Gentleman might as well never have been quarried.

"What makes the Wild Man wild?" asked the Mermaid of her Tom, and she laughed dotingly when he told her she was a great kiddier. For the benefit of the departed, even if he could not hear, she sang "You're All Right But Please Stay Away."

As she sat on her rock smoking, she fanned herself. It seemed to her that the tent was unusually warm. "Perhaps it's the excitement," she told herself, admitting that this night was not as other nights. Did Tom think it warm? Tom, adept lady's man, thought whatever his conquest thought.

The Mermaid wet her forehead. Even the water felt warmer than usual. She called Mr. Simpkins. He listened, dipped the tips of two fat fingers in the tank, and gave his verdict. "Bosh!"

The Mermaid clung to the rock. In half an hour she was certain the tank had gained in temperature. But Mr. Simpkins was not to be consulted. He was worried, and he had gone out again to search saloons for the Wild Man.

The crowds grew thicker. It was a great house; but chance of relief, of avoidance of a difficulty, dwindled with the increase.

"Bill must 'a' put on more coal than usual," suggested Tom.

"Well I guess yes," said his adorer.

Tom noted that she didn't look at all pretty when her face was red. Now and then her lips opened for a breath. She panted a bit. "Gosh!" she confided to the dwarf.

Five minutes passed, with professional smiles for the gaping spectators, but not one bit of song. Then ten minutes. Still the water warmed. The smiles died away.

"Tom," she said, braving the tank to get nearer him, "something's done bust, sure-pop." Her manner was half beseeching.

"Oh, cheer up; it won't last long."

"If this keeps up it means the ruin of my professional career."

The outlook was dire. Simpkins was still trying to find the saloon that might harbor Mike. Great are the worries of an impresario; we have it on more testimony than Simpkins's. The Mermaid was now edging from side to side on her perch, and she lifted her tail from the water with great frequency.

Where was Bill? Bill was out trying to find Mr. Simpkins.

The Mermaid's temper rose with the temperature of the water. "Huh!" she ejaculated. "What do they think they're runnin'? A show, or a movement to aid indigent barkeepers?" Again: "Why don't they send somebody to the engine room. Do they think I'm a lobster?"

Tom, who lacked ingenuity and initiative, advised patience. Steam rose lazily from the tank's surface.

"Am I doin' a Turkish bath stunt, I'd like to know," demanded the amphibian.

Five minutes more, while the band played "The Polar Bear March." Then another five. And then the climax.

The Mermaid left her rock. She gazed defiantly at the spectators about her. Their cries of astonishment brought recruits to their circle: it grew, it drained the hall. The whole house crowded and looked on, or tried to. With more haste than deliberation, the Mermaid, the Really Alive Mermaid Captured in the South Pacific Seas, grabbed the edge of her tub and then and there violated the prime rule of her art by breaking the illusion. With a bath towel for a kirtle, one leg protruding from her ripped tail, she stepped into the aisle, breathing anathemas.

The crowd yelled. Women shrieked, and bundled escorts. The escorts tried to avoid being bundled. The freaks craned from their perches. Through the din rose the clan cry of a victorious host: "Hey Rube!"

Simultaneously Simpkins and Bill dashed through the front entrance. Through swaying groups they sped to the tank, then on.

"The boiler room! The boiler room!" cried Simpkins, captain of a crew.

Cudgels in hand, they reached the door in a body. Silhouetted in the glow of the little boiler, his face touched with red high lights, bent a giant in undershirt. His body was moving rhythmically as, with caution for silence, he stoked the furnace. He fired it as the boilers of a liner are fired. Where there should have been a warming glow there were flames that roared as they made the water boil in the pipe leading to the tank of the Mermaid. Tears fell from Mike's face as he stoked for all he was worth.

"I hope she boils! I hope she boils!" he chanted in a whisper as he swayed over his task. "Damn her for a fickle-hearted peroxide blonde. I love her yet, I love her yet. I hope she boils! I hope she boils! I hope she boils!"

M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1912.

Eight thousand Spaniards have landed in Buenos Ayres in a fortnight; immigrants flock incessantly to Brazil, Algeria, and Oceania (says a letter from Madrid to the New York Sun). Thousands embark in the Galician ports, where often hundreds of passengers have to be refused by the steamships and kept waiting for want of accommodation. Whole villages, with the mayor and municipal council at their heads, abandon their native soil, taking with them their aged relatives and their children, so that the country is deserted in many places. The case of Vera-de-Moncoyo is typical. In less than four years over 300 families have left for South America and about twenty inhabitants are leaving each month at the present time. In the village once gay and full of animation only a few aged people are to be seen, who have been unable to make up their minds to leave their native country. The streets, the public square, the school, are deserted.

Down to the Civil War period, Baltimore was a favorite place for national conventions. Candidates for President nominated there by all parties, beginning with 1832, include Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Lewis Cass, Franklin Pierce, General Scott, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge, John Bell, and Abraham Lincoln (in 1864).



## ROYALTY IN MANHATTAN.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid Entertains the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess, and the Princess Patricia.

Of the many New Yorkers who met and passed the Duke of Connaught as he walked about and through Central Park this week, not one in five hundred recognized the royal Governor-General of Canada, but his spare, erect figure, squared shoulders, military mustache, upturned at the ends, and his brisk, decisive movements bespoke soldierly training to all who had eyes to see. I have the conceit to believe that I saw in him the soldier and the commander, even before I was made certain of the fact. Were his appearance said to be decidedly martial, probably the duke would not mind, for he has been more than a soldier and a commander, and has proved his interest and devotion. He has been attached to every arm of the British military service, and has made his mark on many laws and customs connected with them. He is a godson of the great Duke of Wellington, was graduated at Woolwich, which is the West Point of England, and became a subaltern officer of the Sixtieth Rifles, at Halifax, gaining his first experiences of Canadian life while still a youth. He commanded a brigade of the Guards at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and for his gallantry in action was presented by old Emperor William of Germany with the military cross of the Prussian Order of Merit. For five years he commanded the British and native troops of Bombay, and met all the exacting demands of that position with understanding and resolution. Above all, his influence as President of the Board of Selection, the committee that chooses officers for promotion to more or less important commands, brought about the most important and desirable of all reforms in British military procedure. It had been customary for promotions to go by favor, on the solicitation of interested friends, but he put an end to this and enforced a new rule which recognized merit only. However he may be remembered as the titled ruler of the Dominion, his record is secure as a military leader who knows the discipline, the needs, and the inspiration of the service, and who has given them of his best.

There is a satisfaction in writing the paragraph above. In fact, I would willingly give all my space to a description of some of the great things the Duke of Connaught has done, and the suggestions of ability for even greater things that his appearance presents, but it would not be well to differ so greatly from my compatriots. Frankly, then, New Yorkers seem much more interested in the duchess and the Princess Patricia than they do in the governor-general. When the train came into the Grand Central station Monday morning before eight o'clock, there was a big crowd assembled to see the royal party, but by deft management the throng was avoided. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid met their guests as they alighted from the private car "York," and guided and surrounded by ready officials led the way to their motor-cars at the Lexington Avenue entrance. At the Reid home, the south wing of the big brownstone residence on Madison Avenue, that occupies the block from Fiftieth to Fifty-First Street, there was another crowd of expectantly curious ones, with women prominent among them. They pressed close against the iron fence that lines the open court, all seemingly particular anxious to obtain a close view of the duchess and the princess. Those who succeeded are reported to have declared that the duchess is younger and the princess much handsomer than newspaper portraits had pictured them. Not one word of casual comment on the striking figure of the white-mustached son of good Queen Victoria was set down by the reporters who descended on the scenes of the morning.

There seems to have been as little of the purely formal in this visit of a royal family to the home of the American ambassador to Great Britain as there could have been. It was not a ceremonious call, but an occasion prompted by the esteem in which Mr. Reid and Mrs. Reid are held generally in court circles, and by the special regard which the Duke of Connaught, the duchess, and Princess Patricia especially, have for their American friends. The chosen confidante of the duchess is Mrs. Jack Leslie, daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York. The Honorable Mrs. John Ward, formerly Miss Jean Reid, daughter of the ambassador, is one of the closest of the friends of Princess Patricia. They like Americans unaffectedly, and found real pleasure in every incident of this visit.

Forty-four years ago the Duke of Connaught came to New York, and the young Prince Arthur of those days was entertained by Mr. William Butler Duncan. One of the duke's first stops on the first ride of the present visit was at No. 1 Fifth Avenue, the home of his host of the long ago, to leave his card. The visiting party saw many of the sights of the city yesterday and today. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, with its ten rooms of Egyptian memorials, the rooms of decorative arts, the tapestries, wood carvings, jades and porcelains, and the old masters in the galleries were in turn inspected and praised. They went up in the Metropolitan tower, and from the height saw the distinguishing landmarks of Manhattan and its surroundings. Wall Street and the Stock Exchange were visited, and the busy brokers paused for a moment to recognize the presence of the party headed by the uncle of King George V. Last evening and this morning the duke, accompanied only by Captain Rivers-Bulkely, went out for a stroll and walked briskly through the streets and into Central Park. He evidently likes the exercise, and his quick

glances take in every salient feature of his varied surroundings.

Society, of course, was as intensely interested in the visit as it allows itself to be on any occasion. Mrs. Joseph Choate, Jr., was one of the first to arrive at the Reid home, and soon after she called she came out accompanied by the Princess Patricia and took her for an hour's ride in her motor-car. Courtenay W. Bennett, the British consul-general, and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, took luncheon with the party the first day at Mr. Reid's. In the afternoon, after the visit to the art museum the party went to Mr. Joseph H. Choate's home on East Sixty-Third Street for tea. At night Mr. and Mrs. Reid gave a dinner at which some forty guests surrounded the table. Among those present were Governor and Mrs. John A. Dix, Mrs. Richard Gambrill, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, Mr. Egerton L. Winthrop, Mr. Eliot Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Major-General and Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck, and Mrs. Jordan L. Mott. After dinner there was music. Miss Alma Gluck of the Metropolitan Opera House and Edmond Clement, the French tenor, sang. Miss Ada Sassoli played the harp and Kurt Schilder was at the piano.

This evening there is to be a larger dinner and a dance at which there will be at least four hundred. Mr. and Mrs. Reid have declined to give out a list of the guests.

On Thursday the duke will go to Washington and call on President Taft. The newspapers will make much of this, of course, and I need not say more of it.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1912.

FLANEUR.

## LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

## Books by Newspaper Writers.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb wrote for the *Morning Post*, and were glad to do so, but of later years there has come about an erroneous understanding that newspapers and literature have nothing in common. How erroneous this belief is, T. H. S. Escott demonstrates in the current issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, in an article whose title is copied above, and from which the following paragraphs are taken. His argument is sound, and it is illuminated with many reminiscent allusions of literary and journalistic interest:

"It's little good comes out of writing for newspapers," So said Thackeray's Captain Shandon, then taking his holiday on the other side of the Channel, and immediately adding: "It's better here, living easy at Boulogne, where the wine's plenty, and the brandy costs hut two francs a bottle." According to severer authorities than Shandon, who, broadly speaking, belonged to his period, not only to write for newspapers was no good, but to have anything to do with them was to play into Satan's hands, and to risk demoralization, moral, spiritual, and intellectual, for, in his edition of his father's literary biography, the younger Coleridge, with not less of indignant gravity than, to the modern reader it may seem, of freedom from all sense of humor, devotes several pages to showing the elder Coleridge's connection with newspapers did not really justify any imputation upon his piety.

Socrates made a demand that poets should be excluded from his republic, recognizing a feud between poetry and philosophy; but there is no feud between literature and journalism. Like occasional verse or the lighter departments of *belles lettres* generally, journalism is but a branch of literature as the parent trunk:

Joubert, born in 1754 and dying in 1824, witnessed the establishment in its present form of the French newspaper system. He evidently saw in the encroachments of the journal on the book a danger to letters, not unlike that anticipated by Socrates to government, from the influence of imaginative writers generally; for the posthumous papers published by Chateaubriand remind the people of the modern Athens, with all its rising wealth of literary novelties, that the gods had only bestowed art upon the old Athens because they were unable to give it truth. Certainly the leisurely conditions under which H. D. Traill and his contemporaries did much, if not most, of their periodical work enabled them to invest their daily or weekly articles with a genuinely literary flavor that is only a rare survival now, but that was almost universal then. By what general means, and especially by the agency of what individuals, did nineteenth century literature thus succeed in annexing journalism to itself as completely as had been done by the earlier masters, already mentioned, of the period?

The Thackeray celebrations of last summer, and the Dickens centenary ritual that next year is to bring with it, suggest to the mental vision the two most widely penetrating literary influences of the Victorian age, under whose spell no worker in any department of the writing craft could choose hut come. As with the models, so with the educating and intellectual interests of the time.

Literary men have been taught by journalists, as journalists have drawn their knowledge from the masters in literary art:

Dickens during more than a quarter of a century not only taught hut trained to a mastery of literary technic a long sequence of writers who found favor with their employers and with the public in proportion, not as they imitated his style, but as they bettered his instruction. He had begun his course of editorship with *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837; he continued it in 1846 with the *Daily News*; he resumed it with *Household Words* in 1850. All the *Year Round* once more occupied him with the old work. He only ceased to superintend the operations of his literary executives, as well as to stimulate them by the contagious example of his own products, on that July day, 1870, when pen and proofs together dropped from his hand at Gadshill. As a literary leader Dickens had no rival among men of genius classed with himself. He lacked, indeed, the blend of aptitude, taste, and application that fit a man for the conduct of a daily sheet. But in the case of magazines, whereas Thackeray only cared or troubled to detect merit or to suggest improvements in contributions that for some reason or other proved congenial to his own humor, Dickens not only possessed, hut industriously cultivated, an

instinct that detected the element of excellences or the glimmer of promise in the floods of anonymous "copy" that washed round his editorial desk, however little those specimens may have appealed to his own personal preference.

An instance of this, so characteristic and so much to the point as to deserve notice here, is given by Dickens himself in his preface to those of Adelaide Procter's poems that have ministered relief or pleasure, since their collection in hook shape, to innumerable readers, from Queen Victoria herself down to the humblest and most desolate of her subjects. "Miss Mary Berwick," to use her pseudonym in indicating the poetess, had sent in, during 1853, to *Household Words*, some lines thought by the editor, in his own words, to be "very different from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through his office." The lines were printed; further compositions were invited. It was not till the December of 1854 that Dickens, dining with an old and dear friend distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, was enabled to identify the rising star he had been the first to sight as his host's daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter, who, together with her mother, lived to within a measurable distance of the twentieth century.

Sala was a journalist who narrowly missed being set down as a genius. His versatility was only equalled by his determination and his ready resource:

In an entirely different category, of course, stands George Augustus Sala, ranked by Dickens himself with such other of his contributors as Charles Reade and Mrs. Gaskell. Sala, Dickens remarked to Forster, is unsurpassed as regards his capabilities of help in magazine enterprise. Yet over and above his strongly made and swiftly acquisitive brain, even Sala brought to his work for Dickens, and, indeed, to his whole literary course, few advantages of early training. Like Thackeray, his earliest attraction had been to art, and though he had never studied Thackeray's branch of art, he had nearly the same skill as Thackeray in decorating his manuscript with rough caricatures, hut his eyesight proved neither fine nor strong enough for the engraver's needle. He had no sooner made this discovery than he reshaped his entire industrial course. Though beyond a smattering of modern languages he had brought little away with him from school, he was indebted to his exemplary mother, a public singer, for valuable acquaintances, including the great patron of that period, the first Marquis of Clanricarde. He seeing the lad's readiness with his pen, secured him his first chances on the press, and especially with Dickens. Sala had already secured a ticket for the great Bloomshury temple of learning, whose votaries then included a majority, probably, of the greatest successes in newspaper London. Once established on the staff of *Household Words*, he continued the curriculum already begun at the Museum with fresh energy, because it had been pursued in his younger days by Dickens himself, who for years had doubled the parts of parliamentary reporter and British Museum student.

Not many find it easy to crowd their way into the larger field, but two of the great masters of fiction succeeded alike:

Thackeray and Dickens were, after their different fashions, equally good newspaper men. Both got out of journalism as soon as they could exchange it for hook-writing, and what Thackeray called "literateness" was the quality which each looked for in those who served under his flag. Dickens, even more than Thackeray, lived in the most exclusive and highly cultivated society, with a great literary scholar like John Forster for his special intimate and confidant, with the literary pick of the Athenaeum Club for his companions, and with the accomplished and learned seventh Duke of Devonshire for his most frequent host in town or country.

Literary forms entirely new are still evolving in the press. The essayist cites one of the most modern of instances:

In Mr. Chesterton's hands fiction dazes the unsophisticated reader with unprecedented bizzarries of setting. These are calculated even more to bewilder the critical sense than the inventions of rhythm and rhyme used by the poet of *The Dynasts* for interpreting the time spirit, attuning his verse to the loyal music of twentieth-century crowds surging up and down the Strand.

This is not Mr. Escott's summing up, but it is a forcible expression of the values that work upward through the progress of time:

King Edward VII is said to have shrugged his shoulders on making his first acquaintance with the musical comedy. His son may yet have a command performance at Windsor of some dramatic revival from a prehistoric past now defying the most expert prognostic. Prominence was given to the essentially literary character and mission of the newspaper of an earlier generation by the fact that the parent of the penny daily press not only recorded the world's contemporary history from day to day, hut, more fully than any broadsheet had yet attempted, performed the duties of a magazine as well: for in that epoch the weekly and monthly miscellanies of art, science, fiction, and every other conceivable subject, were unknown. Not only in historical or social topics, hut in the whole region of generally useful knowledge, the *Daily Telegraph* became to London what the lecture-room was to the provinces. This newspaper gradually found its public was developing a taste for other things than politics or even books. It took pains in its leading columns to convey, in the least technical, lucid, and polished English, the latest discoveries of physical science, and the general trend of contemporary movements throughout the whole domain, practically ignored since Oliver Goldsmith wrote about it, of natural history.

Due credit is given in the essay to the school of the London *Times*, and the work of its editor, Delane, and its many noted contributors, and the writer closes with a brief survey of two contested epochs in newspaper writing.

The Nippon Club in New York is a Japanese club all the way through and it is also a New York club of the highest type. Its president is Dr. Jokichi Takaminc, one of the most distinguished chemists in the world and the discoverer of adrenalin, which made bloodless surgery possible. Since it has been in existence the Nippon Club has entertained at one time or another all the distinguished Japanese who have visited New York from Admiral Count Togo Heihachiro down. It has been housed at 44 West Eighty-Fifth Street for the seven years since its founding, and it bought less than a year ago three houses at 161, 163, and 165 West Ninety-Third Street, which are to be altered and connected and refurbished in the Japanese style as a new home for the club at a cost of approximately \$71,000. It is planned and carried on in the best style of American clubs. The initiation fee for resident members is \$50.



## ANCIENT AND MODERN PANAMA.

Albert Edwards Tells Us of the Canal, Country, and People as They Were and Are.

Albert Edwards, author of "Panama," says that the man who discovered gold in California indirectly affected the Isthmus more profoundly than any person since Columbus, who discovered it. Before that time there was no regular transit because there was no traffic. The Chinese ports were in more frequent communication with Europe and New York than were Valparaiso and San Francisco. But the discovery of gold in California woke the Isthmus from its long sleep and it became the highway to the new Eldorado, a highway arduous enough in all conscience, but less costly and less dangerous than the desert route. Sometimes as many as three and four thousand persons would pass in a week, and as there were no accommodations for such a horde "the hardships suffered were appalling":

Among the temporary settlers on the Isthmus, who were attracted by the hope of making a rapid fortune out of the by-passers, were many Americans, who had earned titles in the war in Texas; almost every American was a colonel or captain. Funny stories are told of two brothers who set up an hotel in Panama: one was a major, and the other a colonel. A companion of mine went to the hotel upon one occasion to engage beds, and asked to see Mr. —, the proprietor. "Which one do you want, sah?" inquired the negro servant. "Well, I don't know," my companion replied; "I merely meant to engage beds for some passengers who are expected tomorrow." "Oh, then it's the major you want," replied the servant; "the colonel attends to the bar—the major to the bedrooms."

But although popular interest in Panama began with the California gold days the author, like a good raconteur, begins his story at the beginning. And he shows us that Panama had certainly earned the respite from activity that came to end with the birth of modern California. It was almost the only repose that she had ever known. He tells us of the coming of the white men under Rodrigo de Bastides in 1500 and of the expedition of Balboa. It was the beginning of Spanish domination and it was followed by the conquest of Peru and the days of the great trade from Panama City across to the Atlantic towns of Nombre de Dios and Puerto Bello. Then came Sir Francis Drake, described by his friends as a privateer and by his enemies as a pirate, and Drake in his turn gave place to Morgan, who was never anything but a pirate until the British government, acting on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, commissioned the famous rover to clear the seas of his erstwhile comrades of the black flag, which Morgan proceeded to do in a very thorough way.

Modern Panama may be said to have been born in 1855 with the completion of the railroad from ocean to ocean. That railroad took five years to build at the average speed of five miles a year, "five years," says Mr. Edwards, "of as bitter hardship as that of any polar expedition." Chinese laborers were employed, and whether from the deprivation of opium, or the climate, or homesickness, their sufferings were so terrible that there was hardly one of the eight hundred who was not prostrate and unfit to work:

Hundreds destroyed themselves, and showed, in their various methods of suicide, the characteristic Chinese ingenuity. Some deliberately lighted their pipes, and sat themselves down upon the shore of the sea, and awaited the rising of the tide, grimly resolved to die, and sat and sat, silent and unmoved as a storm-beaten rock, as wave rose above wave, until they sank into the depths of eternity. Some hargained with their companions for death, giving their all to the friendly hand which, with a kindly touch of the trigger, would scatter their brains and hasten their death. Some hung themselves to the tall trees by their hair, and some twisted their queues about their necks, with a deliberate coil after coil, until their faces blackened, their eye-halls started out, their tongues protruded, and death relieved their agony. Some cut ugly, crutch-shaped sticks, sharpened the ends to a point, and thrust their necks upon them until they were pierced through and through, and thus mangled, yielded up life in a torrent of blood. Some took great stones in their hands, and leaped into the depths of the nearest river, and clung, with resolute hold, to the weight which sunk them, gurgling in the agonies of drowning, to the bottom, until death loosened their grasp, and floated them to the surface, lifeless bodies. Some starved themselves to death—refusing either to eat or drink. Some impaled themselves upon their instruments of labor—and thus, in a few weeks after their arrival, there were but scarce two hundred Chinese left.

The French tragedy at Panama has been so often described that the author does well to confine his narrative to a chapter. But he points out wherein the real tragedy lay, which was not so much in the mortality tables, cruel as they were, as in the harking, by financial speculators, of the great enterprise to which so many thousands of devoted men had given their lives. After eight years of struggle they had come to believe that success at last was in sight:

When the French began work, they were daring out upon as unknown a sea as that which Columbus sailed. They had absolutely no precedents for their undertaking. No satisfactory survey existed: no one knew how many cubic yards would have to be moved; no one had any idea of the nature of the earth below the surface. Estimates of cost were crude guesses. No one knew definitely about the sanitary condition and probable frequency of epidemics. There were no reliable data in regard to rainfall—one of the most important elements in making estimates in the tropics. No one had information in regard to where labor could be most cheaply recruited or what class of laborer would bear up best under the climate. After eight years of experimentation all this was changed. There was no more guessing. Mathematical certainties had replaced all the original ignorance. The men knew just what had to be done and how to do it.

And now, with the problems solved, with a clear road ahead, the rats of the Paris Bourse had cheated them out of their victory.

Baron Varilla the author has a word of warning. If there had been more men of his stamp, the De Lesseps Company, the French would not have lost the canal.

Having brought us to the point of the American occupation, and taken most of his book in the doing of it, the author gives us as good a description of modern conditions as has yet seen the light. For Colonel Goethals his admiration is unstinted. He tells us that he carries his head in the way they did at West Point before it became fashionable for the cadets to wear stays, and above everything he looks alert and fit:

Of course the first thing you do will be to hand him your perfectly useless "letter from my congressman." Useless, because even if you have no letter he will show you every courtesy he can without interfering with the job; and he will not interfere with the job even if you bring letters from all the congressmen.

Six mornings a week he is "out on the line," and he takes the early train. He took me along on one of these inspection trips. It was before seven when we reached Pedro Miguel, and we walked back through the cut to Empire. It was four hours of bitter hard tramping, for the colonel kept to no beaten track. Whatever interested him he wished to see at close range. So it was something of a luxury to have a few minutes of "good walking" on railway ties. And dodging the incessant rush of dirt-trains and running for shelter when the whistle warns that the dynamite squad is on the point of shooting a "dobe" charge require no small expenditure of energy. I have often walked through the cut, but never before nor since at the clip the colonel sets. They say that a feeling of fatigue is one of the first symptoms of the Chagres fever. As we climbed out of the cut at Empire—it is an interminably long flight of stairs, and the sun gets hot in the tropics by eleven—I was sure I was in for a severe attack. The colonel said blithely, "The only way to keep your health in this climate is to take a little exercise every morning." Doubtless it is true, but I had rather die quickly than keep alive at that rate.

Colonel Goethals is a dictator in the good old Roman sense. That is to say, he knows what is good for every one to do and he sees to it that every one does it. On Sunday he holds court like an Oriental caliph and whatever he says "goes." There is no appeal from the judgment that is delivered on the spot. The only unqualified right possessed by every one is the right to get out. Mr. Edwards tells us that he was present at one of these Sunday morning sessions:

The first callers were a negro couple from Jamaica. They had a difference of opinion as to the ownership of thirty-five dollars which the wife had earned by washing. Colonel Goethals listened gravely until the fact was established that she had earned it, then ordered the man to return it. He started to protest something about a husband's property rights under the English law. "All right," the colonel said, decisively, "say the word, and I'll deport you. You can get all the English law you want in Jamaica." The husband decided to pay and stay.

Then came a Spanish laborer who had been maimed in an accident. The colonel called in his chief clerk and told him to help the unfortunate man prepare his claim. "See that the papers are drawn correctly and have them pushed through."

A man came in who had just been thrown out of the service for brutality to the men under him. This action was the result of an investigation before a special committee. The man sought reinstatement. The colonel read over the papers in the case, and when he spoke his language was vigorous: "If you have any new evidence, I will instruct the committee to reopen your case. But as long as this report stands against you, you will get no mercy from this office. If the men had broken your head with a crowbar, I would have stood for them. We don't need slave-drivers on this job."

Panama is nominally governed by a commission of seven, but as Colonel Goethals rules the other six his dictatorship is unimpaired. Some of the six were at first inclined to suppose that the responsibility was upon their own shoulders. But they were soon undeceived. They felt, says the author, as the other two members of the French First Consulate did before they became acquainted with the character of Napoleon:

In January, 1908, Colonel Goethals persuaded the administration at Washington to issue an executive order which, whatever it may seem to say, gave him absolute control. The other six commissioners are subordinates, most of them cordial, all of them docile. Certainly modern times have never seen one-man rule pushed to such an extreme. The colonel, with his immense capacity for work and the restricted area of his domain—about four hundred square miles—succeeds in the rôle of autocrat after a fashion which must cause no little envy to Nicholas II.

How free-born American citizens accept this condition of things is at first a matter of wonder. One is used to thinking that if we were deprived of jury trials and the right to vote, we would begin to shoot. But down here the only right which has not been alienated is the right to get out. There are two or three steamers home a week. Then of course every one looks on this condition as temporary and necessitated by the unusual circumstances of the job.

But with all these things which make for submission, such an absolutism would not be endured except for the almost universal feeling that Colonel Goethals is just. He has made enemies, of course, and here and there I have heard men declaiming that they had not been treated fairly, and that they were "going back to the states to live under the constitution." But the men down here who take an intense interest in the work, whose imaginations have been caught by the immensity of the job—the real men—would protest in a body at any talk of removing Goethals.

If Colonel Goethals is the paterfamilias of the community, W. C. Gorgas is the family physician. He can persuade you that you like liquid quinine, and although no one likes to have his house fumigated Gorgas fumigated every house in Panama within two weeks, and fumigation, like quinine, became one of the finer joys of life. The doctor in authority is usually a bully. Gorgas is a diplomat, and as such he owes his success as much to his kindness as to his intelligence:

Before a visitor has been long on the Zone he is sure to discover that there is war on between Gorgas and Goethals. Without exception, the men of the sanitary department side with their chief. The personal loyalty which he inspires in his subordinates is remarkable. But the Goethals faction is much larger. An onlooker can not but regret the ill feeling between these two men, each so admirable and valuable in his own department. But, regret it as one may, it is clearly inevitable. The two men are as different in character as men well could be. The whole controversy is, I think, one of temperament. Goethals, the practical, scrupulous administrator, makes a fetish of economy. "Low costs" are his hobby. Gorgas is imaginative and enthusiastic. He would like to kill every mosquito on the Isthmus and then begin on the

rest of the world. He does not know, unless some one tells him, and even then does not care, whether each mosquito cost five cents or five dollars. *Delendum est*. Goethals does not want to grant a single cent to the sanitary department which can not be traced to added labor efficiency. One of the Goethals faction summed it up: "Why, if you let Gorgas have his way, he'd spend the whole appropriation in six months!" Very likely he would. In a moment of enthusiasm he might offer a ten-dollar reward for every mosquito scalp brought to his office; but no one suggests that he would put any of it in his pocket.

Marriage is not exactly compulsory at Panama, but to be a bachelor is designedly expensive and uncomfortable. A married couple can live more cheaply than one can live alone, and this is not the case at home, reports to the contrary. Married life tends toward regularity and away from dissipation, and dissipation at Panama is fatal. There was a chant that was fashionable in the old days and that is still remembered, although it is no longer applicable to conditions:

Close the door. Across the river  
He is gone.  
With an abscess on his liver  
He is gone.  
Many years of rainy seasons  
And malaria's countless treasons  
Are among the several reasons  
Why he's gone.

Close the sunken eyelids lightly  
He is gone.  
Bind the shrunken mouth up tightly  
He is gone.  
Chinese gin from Bottle Alley  
Could not give him strength to rally,  
Lone, to wander in Death's Valley  
He is gone.

In his best clothes they've arrayed him  
He is gone.  
In a wooden box they've laid him.  
He is gone.  
Bogus Hennessey and sherry,  
With his system both made merry.  
Very hard he fought them—very!  
But he's gone!

The author does not tell us much of the mechanical part of the construction work. Technical details appeal only to the few, a fact often overlooked by the enthusiast. But here and there we get a glimpse:

A steam-shovel, on intimate acquaintance, develops a remarkable personal charm. You use the feminine pronoun in referring to them even more instinctively than to a ship. I think that custom comes from the old sailing days. Except for the inherited convention we would probably refer to a steamer as "it." But no one could question the gender of a steam-shovel. "Why," one of the men said, "she'll do anything for a man who treats her decent." She is not exactly good-looking, but mighty amiable. She grumbles considerably, and sometimes grunts and sports in an unladylike way. But the steam-shovel man, knowing her whims, pets her a bit and says "Please," and up she comes with a load that fills a quarter of a flat car!

A hetting man would lose endless money on a steam-shovel. At least, as I watch one, I find myself continually saying, "I bet she can't handle that load!" But she always does.

The author met a Socialist at Panama, a curious kind of Socialist, for he managed to extract some comfort for his creed from the dictatorship of Colonel Goethals. He admitted, of course, that the Panama government is not Socialism. On the contrary it is "a bureaucracy that's got Russia backed off the map," but none the less it is a proof that men will work well when they have nothing but wages to work for and that profits and incomes, apart from salaries, are not necessarily the supreme incentives they are represented to be. The Socialist is speaking of his experience at public meetings:

And when that fellow gets through disturbing the meeting another guy with side whiskers gets up—he's generally a college professor—or got his dope from one. And his tale of woe is that the race would do to pot if every one wasn't hopping and hustling to make a stake. "If you do away with special rewards for individual initiative, inventiveness, etc., there would be no progress." That's all right, but when you go at him you find he means that the only "special reward" which will make a man hustle is "profit"—"money." Rot! There aint one man in a hundred today that works for profit. The work of the world is done for wages.

I wish I could get the chap that thinks you can't hire brains for wages down here. Any one who thinks you can do a job like this without brains is a fool. Is Goethals making a "profit" on the canal? No. He's working for wages. Good wages, but he's a good man. There aint any one on the job who works harder. And why is it that Goethals gives us men a square deal? Just because he's a wage-earner also. He won't make any more money if he gouges us. He don't increase his income by neglecting to put a guard on my machine. There isn't any money in it for him to have me living in a stinking tenement or eating hum grub.

He can afford to be decent. And I guess that is Socialism in a nutshell. We want to revolutionize things so every one can afford to be decent—so nobody will have to cheat, nor underpay, nor overcharge, to make a living. And there isn't a man on the job who's making a profit. Brains? Look at Gorgas and the sanitary department. Brains? Hell. It takes genius to turn a jungle like this was when I came into a place like it is now.

Panama is certainly an object lesson if we were still at the point where object lessons can appeal to us, which we are not. Here is a large community of Americans who at home would be Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, and all kinds of queer things with "watch-words" of liberty, democracy, and representative government, and who yet at Panama are perfectly willing to be governed despotically by one strong man. And there are no scandals, enquiries, investigating committees, nor even elections, nor the wish for them. There are forty-eight states in the Union. Mr. Edwards gives us so idyllic a picture of life at Panama that we are tempted to wish that somewhere it would be possible to find forty-eight Colonel Goethals to govern them in the Panama way.

PANAMA: THE CANAL, THE COUNTRY, AND THE PEOPLE. By Albert Edwards. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Something Else.

Mr. J. Breckenridge Ellis has the skill of the trained story-writer, and he makes this compensate for a certain lack of robustness in his plot which centres around the efforts of his hero, Irving Payne, to discover his parentage. Whether the modern young man cares much about his parentage is open to question. Usually he is more concerned with other things than the removal of such obscurity as has been ordained by fate.

But the composite picture of New York life is exceptionally good. Like Jacob's ladder, it reaches from earth to heaven. There is the low-class boarding-house and its mixture of discouraged humanity, the tenor who is usually out of a job, the very pretty shop girl for whom we have a certain tenderness, and the clerk who sits in his cold bedroom and calculates vast financial operations with airy agility. Beyond the boarding-house we have all the grades of the social scale, the Italian blackhand, the literary tramp, the artist, and the corporation millionaire. And, of course, there are some delightful girls whose manners are all that they should be, although our minds revert regretfully to Jessie of the boarding-house, whose calculating sense of self-interest is no more than the veneer imposed by the stern necessity for self-protection. Irving's eventual discovery of his parents arouses only a languid interest, but he meets so many strange people upon his quest and they are described with such quaint irony as to leave us in no doubt as to the quality of the story.

SOMETHING ELSE. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.

## Universities of the World.

Twenty of the great universities of the world occupy the same number of chapters in the fine volume that President Thwing has added to his educational writings. Beginning with Oxford and London, he ends with Peking and Tokyo, but, curiously enough, he gives us no chapter on the University of Cambridge nor does he even mention it except in a casual and comparative way. And American universities are excluded altogether.

Those who consult President Thwing's book for detailed university information, curricula, and government will not find them. His mission is with generalities rather than particulars. He considers each university as the product of the mental soil of the country, as an answer to its needs, and as reflecting its atmosphere. There is the university of learning and of scholarship, the university for the development of character, the university for the making of the gentleman, and the university that trains its graduates to earn their living. This division is not, of course, a matter of water-tight compartments, but of emphasis and tendencies. Every university has all of these ideals, but every university accents one of them in obedience to the needs of its community.

It seems to be the author's aim to find the individuality of each university and to characterize it. Usually he does this in a series of apt phrases that combine economy of words with accuracy of perception. The primary purpose of the German university, he says, is to learn and to declare the truth; the primary purpose of Oxford is to train men. The English idea of education is that of "two men talking to each other about high concerns." The German idea is scholastic, and the "German scholars are the greatest in the world." The university is not a social centre as it is in England. It is a place to acquire knowledge and to work. President Thwing is similarly illuminating all the way through his book. He prefers to account for educational phenomena rather than to criticize them, and his view has always the breadth that permits of appreciation.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD. By Charles F. Thwing. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

## The Money Moon.

The author of "The New Highway" gives us another story somewhat in the same style, but less emphasized. The hero is a young American whose unlucky love experience has turned the world into a barren wilderness and who therefore starts out to tramp across England. He does not tramp very far, preferring a hay wagon, and after a vigorous fight with the driver just for the fun of the thing he finds himself accepted as a boarder by Anthea Devine, who is struggling unsuccessfully to make a living from her farm against the will of the markets and the elements. Anthea is a daughter of the gods, and as Bellew is rich, handsome, and has a "way with him" we see at once that he has a good chance with Anthea if he will but play his cards well and keep his money tactfully in the background but not wholly invisible. Of course there is a rival, a certain unpleasant squire, and some other offensive people, but these serve admirably for contrast.

Mr. Farnol's charm does not lie so much in his narrative as in his style. He tells us of things that are not and that never were, but that ought to be, idylls wherein virtue is the conqueror because it is virtue, and where beauty in distress never goes far without the rescuing chivalry that is armed with money

and manners instead of swords and lances. But that is none the less chivalry of the old full-flavored kind. Mr. Farnol's art is not in the least of the photographic kind and for such surcease from realism we may be duly grateful.

THE MONEY MOON. By Jeffrey Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Yellow Fever.

Sir Robert W. Boyce describes his substantial volume on yellow fever as "a manual for medical students and practitioners." Obviously it is not intended for general perusal, but those engaged in a scientific struggle with the disease, whether from the purely medical standpoint or from that of general hygiene, will hardly find anything more ample, more detailed, or more comprehensive. The author's experience is certainly a wide one, including New Orleans, British Honduras, Central America, Barbados, and other West Indian islands, British Guiana, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Southern Nigeria, and West Africa, to all of which places he was sent on a mission of investigation. He treats his subject historically, geographically, and from the point of view of symptomatology and treatment, pathology, diagnosis, epidemiology, entomology and prophylaxis. The volume contains nearly four hundred large pages divided into six parts, a good index, and numerous illustrations.

YELLOW FEVER AND ITS PREVENTION. By Sir Robert W. Boyce, M. B., F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

## The Moon Lady.

When Humphrey Wyld undertakes the guardianship of his mother he finds that the task is not a sinecure. Mrs. Wyld is an author and a genius and her husband on his deathbed tells Humphrey that "beauty is the essential with her, and the world of men, which is unbecoming, becomes at times intolerable. To escape from it she might seize the first thing that came to her hand. It is at moments like these she must be guarded." Mrs. Wyld's weakness soon develops in the form of a craving for stimulants, and so we have the pitiful picture of a son who surrenders all his ambitions in order to save his mother and protect her from a censorious world. Humphrey nearly loses his sweet-heart, too, under the suspicion that he is isolating his mother for selfish and financial reasons. It is a worthy story and worthily told, but we have to accept Mrs. Wyld's genius and artistic temperament upon faith. The few brief glimpses that we get of her are insufficient for a character study.

THE MOON LADY. By Helen Huntington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## Checking the Waste.

This pleasantly written book on conservation will commend itself to those who are tired of sensational and insincere presentations and who yet wish to know some of the facts and their bearing upon the individual. The waste of national resources is shown as much by the domestic garbage can as by the lumber industry or the mine. Personal responsibility is not confined to denunciation or agitation so long as personal extravagance and an indifference to public extravagance are among the keynotes of our life.

The author divides her volume into fourteen chapters dealing with soil, forests, water, coal, iron, food, insects, birds, health, beauty, etc. Her facts are stated with moderation and accuracy, her style is popular, and the illustrations are exceptionally good.

CHECKING THE WASTE. By Mary Huston Gregory. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

## In the Heel of Italy.

That an architectural authority so well known as Mr. Martin Shaw Briggs should write a book of nearly four hundred pages on an Italian city that very few people have ever heard of is evidence enough that it ought to be heard of. The city in question is Lecce, near Brindisi, but as it lies upon no traveled route Mr. Briggs is justified in calling it an unknown city. It was once a place of great importance and strong enough to carry on wars with its neighbors, but its chief interest today is in the fact that it is a baroque city. Baroque architecture belongs to the architectural revival of the seventeenth century, its literal meaning being uncouth or irregular. The greater part of Lecce is of this kind, but surrounded by medieval walls and gates. The style is described as over-florid, regardless of accepted canons, even to the point of ugliness. The primary and distinctive interest of Lecce is its possession of a more representative and picturesque collection of baroque buildings than any other town of Italy and in such quantity that it forms, to all intents and purposes, a baroque city.

But the author by no means confines himself to the architecture of Lecce. He gives us the whole history of the city, and an interesting history it is. Not until his eighth chapter do we reach the baroque period, which is fully described with the aid of illustrations of churches, palaces, and public buildings. The work is therefore interesting and important, not only to students of architecture, but from the historical point of view,

while it is written in a style well calculated to display its many merits.

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY. By Martin Shaw Briggs. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$3.50.

## The Wrong Woman.

The title might be a better one, but the story itself is a delightful one of Texas life, and with more practical information about sheep-ranching than could be found in many a government report. Janet is a winsome young woman who manages to lose her horse while on her way to the country seat to take her examination as school teacher. Luckily she finds shelter in the shack of Stephen Brown, who is in temporary charge of a sheep herd during the lambing season, and as we see at once that Stephen is all kinds of a gentleman we are quite willing to leave Janet in his charge for a few days. Indeed Janet is quite willing to be left after her first momentary dismay, and so we see at once the end of the story, while unwilling to lose a word of the telling.

THE WRONG WOMAN. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## Plant Life and Evolution.

This volume by Professor Douglas Houghton Campbell belongs to the American Nature series, edited by W. L. Kellogg, and is marked by the same cautious methods and clear terminology. The author considers the various evolutionary causes operative in plant life and endeavors to assign to each one its proper emphasis. Thus we have a consideration of heredity, environment, adaptation, and the human factor, concluding with a suggestive chapter of the mutability of plants, variation, theories of evolution, sex, and hybrids. Professor Campbell's book is to be recommended to untechnical readers who wish to know something of the mutative processes of nature without venturing too far into the field of scientific speculation.

PLANT LIFE AND EVOLUTION. By Douglas Houghton Campbell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60 net.

## Spanish Gold.

Mr. Birmingham's clever story centres around the treasure sunk with an Armada ship off the nearly uninhabited island of Inishgowan on the west coast of Ireland. Two separate parties arrive at the same time in search of the treasure, but the main interest is in the Rev. Joseph John Meldon, who has persuaded his friend Major Kent to accompany him on the quest. The clergyman pits his wits against his competitors, against the suspicious islanders, and finally against the government officials, and always with success, thanks to a prodigious power of mendacity which he dignifies by the name of disguise. The author comes close to the burlesque, but he has told a real story of adventure and he manages to keep our expectation aroused until the last page.

SPANISH GOLD. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published an edition of "Les Femmes Savantes," by Molière, edited with introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Charles A. Eggert, A. M., Ph. D. Price, 40 cents.

"Life-Lore Poems," by Luella Knott (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is a volume of pleasant and unpretentious verse full of a sentiment so sincere as to compensate for a somewhat ordinary setting.

"Little Stories of England," by Maude Barrows Dutton (American Book Company; 40 cents), belongs to the Eclectic Readings

and is intended for supplementary reading in the upper grammar grades.

Under the title "Exercise and Health" (Outing Publishing Company; 20 cents), Dr. Woods Hutchinson explains the rationale of exercise and the kinds that we should cultivate and avoid. He also expatiates somewhat on the virtue of laziness.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published an attractive edition of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, with illustrations in color by Reginald Birch (\$2 net). The type is large and the mechanical work in general is worthy of a beautiful story.

Among valuable books recently published by the Yale University Press is "International Arbitration and Procedure," by Robert C. Morris, D. C. L. (\$1.35 net). It is a history of arbitration and a review of its present status, in every way a useful summary and survey.

Under the title of "Two Noble Lives" Laura E. Richards has published a short biographical sketch of Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe. As these sketches are based upon personal recollections they have a special value. The little volume is published by Dana Estes & Co. Price, 60 cents net.

Bernard Stahl, translator of "Wise-Knut," by Björnsterne Björnson (Brandus), expresses the hope that this little story by the Norwegian philosopher may do something to explain the mysteries of modern psychic research and to direct attention to the still unexplored depths of the human nervous system.

A number of stories that are supposed to illustrate the white slave traffic have been collected by Reginald Wright Kauffman and published under the title of "The Girl That Goes Wrong" (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net). Whether such stories can serve any good end must be left to the judgment of the reader.

Moffat, Yard & Co. have published a little volume of plays for children under the title of "Neptune's Isle," by John Jay Chapman. There are four of these plays, one of them being of a religious nature, all of them written with a practical eye to production and marked by simplicity and good taste. The price is \$1 net.

"The Port of Hamburg," by Edwin J. Clapp (Yale University Press; \$1.50 net), describes the greatest of European ports and the effect of the rate policy of the state railroads studiously devised to further the country's foreign trade. It is a book important to those interested in the creation of an American merchant marine.

Louis Hourticq is the author of the volume on "Art in France," which has just appeared in the General History of Art in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author's object is "to trace and explain those innate subjective characteristics which no fashion in external forms can wholly disguise." The volume has 469 pages with two or three illustrations upon every page, four colored plates, and a voluminous index, altogether a creditable and valuable piece of condensed history and description.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Do They Really Respect Us?

It is well that these essays by Mrs. Graham should see the light even against her original intention. We are told that they were in the nature of personal communications and that it was only upon solicitation that they were revised for publication. Mrs. Graham's short stories were admirable, but her essays are even better.

Some of these essays, as may be inferred from the title, are of the feminist type. The answer to the question conveyed in the title is in the negative. Men, we are told, are willing to love women, but not to respect them. Indeed they have a contempt for them, and however successfully it may be concealed the contempt is still there. The boy is encouraged to believe that his sex status is superior to that of his sister. That a man should act like a woman is a reproach, but that a woman should act like a man, that she should have a "virile mind" or a "masculine intelligence," is a compliment. Mrs. Graham wonders why this should be so.

And yet she is willing to confess that man may have some excuse for his contempt. She herself, she says, could have no feeling of equality for "a creature who was willing to give up her name, her occupation, and her home for me; to let me decide her place of residence, her employment, and her income; who allowed herself to be given to me by a religious form; who promised publicly to obey me." Still less could she have a feeling of equality for her if she "should see her mincing about on absurdly high-heeled shoes, wearing upon her head a tray of calico flowers and artificial poultry representing the flora and fauna of all climates, her bare arms and neck showing chill and blue through a film of lace." Indeed, the author seems to have answered her own question fully. Individuals, like nations, have whatever status they deserve, and whatever position women now occupy it is the position that they have chosen and prefer. They are numerically superior. They are not threatened by force. But if Jones fails to win the respect of Brown the fault is always with Jones.

But all these essays are not of the feminist type. Mrs. Graham deals with all sorts of topics and her humor never fails her.

DO THEY REALLY RESPECT US? By Margaret Collier Graham. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.50.

## The Pennsylvania Academy.

This volume will fulfill its purpose if it calls attention to the artistic wealth of Philadelphia, which was the first American city to found an academy devoted to the fine arts, a movement which preceded the formation of the National Gallery of London by nineteen years.

The author has done her work well. Her book includes not only the Academy of Fine Arts, but also the Pennsylvania Museum, the Wiltach Collection, and the collections of Independence Hall and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The visitor equipped with this volume may therefore rest assured that he will miss nothing and that his attention will be directed to whatever is best worth seeing. The descriptions are written with artistic intelligence and they are supported by competent illustrations.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS. By Helen W. Henderson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$5.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Fantine Heaslip Lea, the poet and novelist, has settled down in a new home in Honolulu.

Herman Whitaker, who was warned out of Mexico, where he gathered first-hand the story of the Yaquis, told in his novel "The Planter," has been confirmed in many of his statements by recent events. "The Planter" showed realistically the deportation of the Yaqui Indians from their homes in Central Mexico to the pestilential plantations in Yucatan. The present Mexican government seems to be endeavoring to undo the work of its predecessors and has lately restored nearly six hundred Yaquis to their native reservation in Sonora.

"The Life of J. Pierpont Morgan," by Carl Hovey, was published by the Sturgis & Walton Company on January 25. It is the personal history of J. Pierpont Morgan—not a theory of Wall Street, nor an argument about the money power.

John La Farge's posthumous work, "One Hundred Masterpieces," which has been in course of preparation for several years, and which was among the last work of that artist and art critic, will be brought out this month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

May Harvey Drummond, the widow of William H. Drummond, the Canadian poet, is the author of the novel, "The Story of Quamin," which recently appeared under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons. This novel has for its setting the Island of Jamaica and its characters are the native negroes, distinct in many respects from other members of the African race.

using article by Arthur H. Warner, in the current issue of Har-

per's Weekly, tells of some town slogans. "Keep hoostin' Houston" was popular for a long while in one portion of Texas, while a Missouri editor composed the slogan "Boom Hume." "Topeka, Kan., Topeka Will" was the happy outcome of a prize competition in that city some time ago. "What Walla Walla Wants Is You" has a rollicking call, continues this author. But "Mott is the Spot" has a complacency which wins his heart.

Henry Holt & Co. are printing the third edition of Clayton Hamilton's "The Theory of the Theatre, and Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism." Still, some theatrical managers say that dramatic criticism is not effective.

"The Obviousness of Dickens," by Samuel McCord Crothers, in the February number of the *Century Magazine*, contains a sketch portrait of the novelist at the age of twenty-six, when he was writing "Nicholas Nickleby," as well as facsimiles of sketches and letters, revealing his dashing and amusing personality.

Moffat, Yard & Co. have printed in a little booklet a brief account of the Lotos Club banquet in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of William Winter. It contains the words in which Mr. Winter expressed his acknowledgment of the feeling which prompted the celebration, and his poems, "A Lotos Flower" and "At Seventy-Five." The design which beautified the cover of the menu at the banquet, containing Mr. Winter's portrait, with a number of shadowy faces of his great friends of the past—Longfellow, Jo Jefferson, Irving, and others—is also reproduced.

A short story by Edith Wharton, "The Long Run," opens the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Katherine Cecil Thurston's will, just filed in London, shows the disposal of Maycroft at Ardmore, where she wrote "The Masquerader," "Max," and most of her other novels. The property goes to her cousin, Nancy Inez Pollock. Other bequests are to Dr. Gavin, to whom she was engaged to be married, and to relatives. Most of her fortune came from this country, where her novels were far more popular than in England. Besides "Max" and "The Masquerader," Mrs. Thurston wrote "The Gambler" and "The Mystics."

Longmans, Green & Co. are about to publish "The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Ward.

"Mark Twain" first really adopted the name when writing for the Nevada *Enterprise* in Virginia City. "It was first signed," says Albert Bigelow Paine, in *Harper's Magazine*, "to a Carson letter bearing date of February 2, 1863, and from that time was attached to all Samuel Clemens's work. The work was neither better nor worse than before, but it had suddenly acquired identification and special interest. Members of the legislature and friends in 'Virginia' and Carson immediately began to address him as 'Mark.' The papers of the coast took it up, and within a period to be measured by weeks he was no longer 'Sam' or 'Clemens' or that bright chap on the *Enterprise*, but 'Mark'—'Mark Twain.' No *nom de plume* was ever so quickly and generally accepted as that."

## New Books Received.

OUR MAGIC. By Nevil Maskelyne and David Devant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. The art in magic, the theory of magic, the practice of magic.

SONGS FROM THE OPERAS. Edited by H. E. Krehbiel. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.50. For haritone and bass.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING HENRY THE FIFTH." Edited by Edgar Coit Morris, A. M. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 30 cents. For use in secondary schools.

CHRISTOPHER. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net. A new novel.

THE WAY OF AN ANGEL. By E. M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35. A new novel.

THE JOYOUS WAYFARER. By Humphrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.30. A new novel.

A RETROSPECT OF FORTY YEARS, 1825-1865. By William Allen Butler. Edited by his daughter, Harriet Allen Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

KONIGSKINER. By Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1 net.

A guide to Engelhart Humperdinck's and Ernst Rosmer's opera.

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.30 net. A new novel.

SECRET SERVICE. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Being the happenings of a night in Richmond in the spring of 1865 done into book form from the play by William Gillette.

A PERSONAL RECORD. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A book of reminiscences of the beginnings and interweavings of the author's two passions—for the sea and literature.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY FROM WINCHESTER TO CANTERBURY. By Julia Cartwright. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

With eight colored and numerous other illustrations specially drawn by A. H. Hallam Murray.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Recompense.

When life is at an end:  
Will peace then come  
To hearts that throbb'd too much,  
Or else were dumb  
With their great ache and loss?  
Shall these the touch  
Of death at last friend,  
And lift their cross,  
When life is at an end?

When life is at an end:  
Shall they who poured  
Their meed of love in vain,  
Find all restored  
By Him, the source of love,  
Who gives again  
Thrice o'er what they did lend,  
Since aye they strove  
Till life was at an end?

When life is at an end:  
Shall they who sought,  
In humbleness and awe,  
The holy thought—  
Shall they he less than he,  
Before the Law,  
Who still to form did bend,  
A Pharisee,—  
When life is at an end?

When life is at an end—  
Oh, may we leave  
The After then to Him,  
Nor idly grieve  
Because we know no more.  
Lo! there lies dim  
The fearsome way—a Friend  
To walk before!—  
When life is at an end.  
—Michael Monahan, in the *Papyrus*.

## Mothers of Men.

Mothers of men! The words are good indeed in the saying—  
Pride in the very sound of them, strength in the sense of them; then  
Why is it their faces haunt me—wistful faces, as praying  
Ever some dear thing vanished and ever a hope delaying—

Mothers of men?

Mothers of men, most patient, tenderly slow to discover  
The loss of the old allegiance that may not return again.  
You give a man to the world, you give a woman a lover;  
Where is your solace, then, when the time of giving is over,  
Mothers of men?

Mothers of men! Yet surely the title is worth the earning.  
You who are brave in feigning, must I ever hold you, then,  
By the door of an empty heart, with the lamp of faith still burning,  
Watching the ways of life for the sight of a child returning,  
Mothers of men?  
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

## Money.

Money that you sighed for, and cried for, and lied for,  
Money that you lied for, that led you to betray  
Duty, friendship, love, and honor:  
Strumpet Fortune, now you've won her,  
Has she given you enough to make it pay?

Money that you harried for, married for, tarried for,  
Money that you tarried for when hughes called "Away";  
Has it given you aught of bliss?  
Has it given you back the kiss  
Of your first love, or the honors of the fray?

Money that you grieved for, deceived for, and thiefed for,  
Money that you thiefed for, from others stole away.  
Does it cheer you when you ponder,  
On the workers who went under,  
In the sordid fight you fought to make things pay?

Money that you prayed for, betrayed for, and preyed for,  
Money that you preyed for, made weaker folk your prey.  
Do you see her when you meet  
Furtive women on the street  
She your love left harshless—a castaway?

Money that you toiled for, and moiled for, despoiled for,  
Money you despoiled for, it can not take away  
The phantoms from your death-bed side  
Of harlot, thief, and suicide  
Met to greet your passing soul and claim their pay.

Money that you sought for, and wrought for, and fought for,  
Money that you fought for, yet can not take away.  
On your gold there's an embargo,  
You must jettison your cargo,  
Ere your soul fares forth on its uncharted way.

Money that you cried for, and lied for, and died for,  
Money that you died for, yet could not take away.  
On your coffin lid the rattle  
Of the gravel calls to battle  
And your heirs at law are off to start the fray.  
—Hallett Alsop Borrowe, in *Harper's Weekly*.

Attorney-General Wickersham has an article in the February number of the *Century Magazine* on his work in "The Enforcement of the Anti-Trust Law."

## An Unusual Traffic Problem

It is interesting in the study of public service corporations to look over the big, fast-growing cities in the United States and Canada, and observe the striking similarity in the problems that each is earnestly endeavoring to solve.

This is particularly true of street-car service. Wherever there is growth worthy of the name there is traffic congestion at certain periods of the day. San Francisco can not consider herself alone with a rush hour. Toronto, Canada, with a population of 328,000, with only her own population to handle, finds herself unable so far to regulate the rush-hour traffic in a satisfactory manner.

San Francisco, however, has practically a double problem to face, having not only her own population, but a large percentage of an equal population in the transbay cities to handle by the street-car system. Much thought and study by street railway officials have been given to a mitigation of the rush-hour evils here, but as rapidly as some are done away with others arise to take their places.

Between the hours of six and nine o'clock in the morning the every-day population of San Francisco is increased between 50,000 and 60,000 by transbay residents whose business lies partly or wholly on the west side of the bay. A great proportion of this increase must be accommodated by street-car service to various distributing points, and the number that make the Ferry a terminal for transbay travel runs far into the thousands.

Naturally the Ferry is the leading point of distribution in the city. The cars must again carry this population in the evening. Add to this force the other thousands of city dwellers who travel in the opposite direction on the way home and some idea may be had of the volume of traffic daily handled by the United Railroads.

One factor that will henceforth aid the service and one the United Railroads has long desired is the establishing of a traffic squad on Market Street. It has been tried with success in Eastern cities, materially reducing the congestion at the crowded hours and materially aiding in maintaining schedules during all hours as well as making foot travel safer.

The idea has not been fully elaborated here, because it is new and the men are new to their positions, but as smoothness is attained the "whistle" system will be installed. Under that system it is estimated by officials of the United Railroads that street-car efficiency may be increased one-quarter. Proper rules of the road and their strict enforcement will do much to relieve the rush-hour congestion. The wisdom of other cities, if adapted to meet local conditions, can and will be of benefit.

It has often been suggested by well-meaning people who are not at all acquainted with street-car management that more cars would answer all purposes. Under present conditions, however, it would be a detriment to put on more cars on lower Market Street, the great artery of the city. The loss in speed would be greater than the gain in seating capacity. The fact that the United Railroads have spent \$13,000,000 in a little over five years in rebuilding, extending, improving, and repairing is best evidence of its earnest efforts to give the public good service.

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## A ROUND-UP OF PLAYS.

Some observer of the American as a people affirms that we are collectively a melancholy nation; and that this natural melancholy drives us to levity for relief. This may be so; we must not forget that breakfast foods largely form the national pabulum, and breakfast foods pre-suppose dyspepsia, and dyspepsia, melancholy.

In any case a psychologist reasons below the surface of things, and if one of these soul-experts should read over a list of the theatrical attractions for the year in any one of our big cities he might with some justice triumphantly deduce the idea that we are a people who need cheering up.

Else, why the national indifference to serious drama? It seems to grow more marked from year to year. Even the Shakespearean revivals in the cheap theatres, once so frequent and periodic, are lessening in number. The rising generation is losing its curiosity about the classic masterpieces, but not for a moment does it cease to look with interest for the coming of the comedies, musical or otherwise, that have moved Broadway to Homeric laughter. It is now principally to laugh that theatre-goers crowd the theatres in the largest numbers. True, a famous star can lend vogue to a serious play; but take a play without the star, send it forth prayerfully on its pilgrimage with only an ordinary company to boost it up, and the odds are that unless it has, for some reason, already won notoriety or renown it will only draw a fair business.

The theatre-goer who likes to think, and who demands that plays have some ethical significance, is, with us, undoubtedly in the minority; and a very small minority. It is not so in Europe. The premiere of a new play by a famous author is a great occasion. The literati assemble; so do the students in the cheaper sections of the theatres. Society lends the lustre of its presence, and poets and essayists do not disdain to write serious and learned critiques of the plays that enlightened play-goers have assembled to see.

True, we must remember that the classes, here in America, are built up from the masses, while in Europe there are, even in the few republics, lines and divisions of caste, in which some kind of culture is acquired as a matter of course.

But what about our students? To find as near a parallel as we can to the student class in Paris, Warsaw, and St. Petersburg, we are obliged to go to our universities. And so, what about these young men and women whose souls, at the romantic idealistic period of life, should be thrilling with enthusiasm for lofty standards in literature and the drama, or who wish plays to hear some relation to life's vital problems? Well, these youths and maidens are quite deeply interested in the drama. They form dramatic societies and frequently give amateur performances, but, like all the rest of the world, they run to farce, musical comedy, or vaudeville. Occasionally they give something by a standard author, but, true to the national type, they stick to comedy. These young things, at the age of romance, at the delightful epoch in their lives when Shakespeare is a novelty, and tragedy is, or should be, or at least used to be, a solemn ecstasy, are acquiring the national habit, as far as theatre-going is concerned, of thinking of mere amusements. Like the omnipresent tired business man, they are apparently unwilling to listen to a play and think simultaneously.

Perhaps this may seem a severe stricture. But it is not necessarily. We are perpetually passing through transitions; through these we sometimes develop and improve. Laughter is good for body and soul, even if the cause of it may not be of a nature to stimulate the mind. All kinds of theatrical entertainment that has no tendency to pervert the morals is good for us, provided we have due proportion of each kind; that is, to pause and classify, drama that, first, appeals to a sense of humor; second, to the emotions; third, to the ethical or philosophical side of our mental make-up.

It seems to me, in looking over the year's output of plays in San Francisco, that this sense of proportion has not been duly observed, and, judging from the large amount of food for laughter that has been provided during the year, the San Francisco theatre-goers should have waxed fat in flesh, and thin in mentality.

To go hack over the year and select from important or notable attractions: there have been comparatively few engagements in which the presented plays of serious interest,

We may, however, draw some encouragement from the fact that the stars of these special seasons have stood high; and also that the engagements have been lucrative.

In May, Sothern and Marlowe gave several weeks to Shakespearean representations, and attracted widespread attention. It took two renowned stars, however, one of them the only actor in America whose Hamlet has satisfied play-goers who remember Booth's Danish prince, together with mountains of beautiful scenery and stage settings, which had the costliness that goes with perfect taste, to do it. And, in any case, it is doubtful if Sothern gets out of his enterprise anything like the profit the mere money-maker counts on. He is a man of high standards, and he is prone to indulge in the luxury of trying to satisfy them even if his profit is considerably lessened thereby.

In April (to go further back) Olga Nether-sole was here, and made a radical departure from her usual style of plays in giving "Sister Beatrice." While it was a meritorious attempt, this actress has to pay the penalty for sticking too closely to the representation of one type of woman. She also presented "The Enigma," an interesting play by the celebrated Hervieu, which, from its characteristically French treatment and cryptic ending, puzzled more than it pleased American audiences.

Sarah Bernhardt's engagement in May was a spectacular success, for which let us thank heaven. Old as she is, almost infirm, the French actress is, and it almost seems, will ever be, a fiery dramatic figure of intense interest to the American people. She belongs now to the old school of histrionism, but her temperament does not come from schools, and with it she can still sway the younger generation. So intense was the admiration and appreciation felt for her that it may linger pleasantly enough in her mind to induce her to return.

This is encouraging, too, in view of the tendency to light-minded drama. But we must remember that San Francisco, on account of its geographical position, is always munificent in its patronage when players of international fame turn their steps this way. We on the Pacific Slope have boundless curiosity about the famous ones of the earth, because it takes years of fruitless reading of newspaper paragraphs before our curiosity is gratified. After Duse is tottering in her tracks she may come this way, but not before. Salvini was almost an old man when he came, and, indeed, his retirement from the stage followed in a few years his advent on the coast.

A month or so ago Forbes-Robertson came here after many, many years' absence. His vehicle, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" pleased the religious or spiritual-minded, but displeased some of those, and many more. Jerome K. Jerome is a sentimentalist of the deepest dye, and his play had many weaknesses and puerilities. It took a Forbes-Robertson to carry it to success.

These, I believe, are our only visits from players of international reputation. There have been a few more serious attractions: Gertrude Elliot in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," which, like "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," awakened admiration and sharp criticism in equal parts. I do not remember it with pleasure, in spite of Gertrude Elliott's and her company's excellent acting, because it was founded principally upon unrealities that made pretension to being real.

Henry Miller's engagement in August was distinguished by the production of two new plays, both well performed and interesting, neither remarkable, although both were possessed of some unusual features.

Ethel Barrymore's lovely representation of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and "The Twelve Pound Look" came along about this time, and the Fiske engagement in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." These two notable actresses always command a following here, although Mrs. Fiske's vehicle was much too light for her abilities. But Ethel Barrymore was in a Barrie play, with Barrie at his most whimsical; and, given the opportunity, altogether she can soar higher than these two plays allowed her to; yet her depiction of a delightful young mother with the tact to bring herself down to youthful requirements, was a notably charming one, and had its wistful side as well.

Away back in January Mary Mannering appeared in "A Man's World," which had a central idea and thesis, but was rather confused and weak in its presentation; and later, in the same month, Florence Roberts and Thurlow Bergen appeared in "The Nigger," a highly dramatic and thought-stimulating play.

In May, "The Lily," with Nance O'Neil as the star, afforded San Franciscans their first opportunity of seeing this much-talked-of play, and experiencing for themselves the wild thrill which our California lioness had aroused in the breasts of jaded New Yorkers. The contemplation of French social institutions and ideas, in spite of the wide deviation which Belasco was obliged to make from Pierre Wolff's play in the original, proved exceedingly interesting to American theatre-goers.

Except for a notably good play, "The Fourth Estate," with which the Alcazar celebrated its removal to downtown quarters, this list about includes the attractions which would appeal to the more thoughtful class of

theatre-goers. Stretching in between these plays or seasons mentioned are long lists of merry, laughter-productive pieces, many of them of high merit, both as plays and performances, although they have a had habit in the East of shunting off on us scratch companies of nobodies.

Some of these lighter plays belong to both classes; there is "Smith," with John Drew, for instance; or "The Country Boy" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Each of these three has its power to awaken realization of the serious aspects of life, "Smith" no less than the two last-mentioned, in spite of the melodramatic events that make up the one, and the fresh, delightful humor of the other. Chauncey Olcott's old-fashioned "Macushla" stands in a class by itself. But "Tilly's Nightmare," "Baby Mine," "Mrs. Dot," as lighted up by pretty Billie Burke, Francis Wilson in "A Bachelor's Baby," "Follies of 1910," "The Arcadians," "Madame Sherry," "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier," James Powers in "Havana," "The Midnight Sons," "The Rich Man Hoggengheimer," "Jumping Jupiter," "The Spring Maid," "The Girl in the Taxi," "Bright Eyes," "The Old Town," "Miss Innocence," "The Red Rose," and dozens of others of the same kind that we have seen during the year—what are they but cheerful anesthetics to the painful processes of thought? JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The attraction at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, February 5, will be Joseph M. Weber's production of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" which enjoyed an entire season's run at Weber's Theatre, New York, and was pronounced one of the distinctive hits of the past season. "Alma" may be described as neither farce nor burlesque, nor yet wholly musical comedy, but something of all three of these. Originally a French musical play by Paul Herve and Jean Briquet, it was presented in Paris for three consecutive seasons, and was first offered in America in the German, having been translated into that language for use at Adolph Phillips's New York Theatre. Joseph M. Weber secured the play for presentation in America, and enlisted the services of the well-known playwright and humorist, George V. Hobart. Mr. Hobart in making his adaptation, consulted both the French and German versions of the piece, and his success has been pronounced, it having scored as emphatically when presented by Mr. Weber as in the European capitals.

There are fourteen musical numbers in the score of "Alma," and the music by Briquet has been no small factor in the success of the play. A scenic production of elaborateness and a splendid cast has been provided the play for its presentation in San Francisco. Nannette Flack will sing the rôle of Alma. Charles Murray and Aubrey Yates, two well-known musical-comedy players, with many other talented people will appear in important rôles. The only matinee will be given on Saturday. The prices at all performances will range from \$1.50 to 25c.

Ada Reeve, the famous English singing comedienne, will play a return engagement at the Orpheum beginning next Sunday matinee. The memory of her brilliant success in this city is fresh in the public memory, and regret was generally expressed that her season was interrupted by illness. Miss Reeve, who has entirely recovered, has been scoring heavily at the Orpheum in Los Angeles, and in other cities, and will return in the heat of health and spirits, eager to maintain the splendid impression she has made here.

Grand opera by the Romany Opera Company under the direction of Alexander Bevani will also be given next week. The Romany Company will appear in a big scenic production entitled "La Festa Di Mezz Agosto," which is a combination of grand operatic arias and Neapolitan folk-song which includes such Italian numbers as the popular "O Maria Mari" and "Funiculi Funicula," as well as the prologue from "Paclicci" and the finale of "La Gioconda." Florence Quinn, Charlotte Anderson, Estella Bevani, Marie Borchardt, Florence McCullough, Florence Tulare, Dante Rossi, Marcello Rosemini, Ettore Campana, Martin J. Rademaker, and Alexander Bevani are the artists who constitute this musical aggregation.

The comedians James F. Dolan and Ida Lenhart will present their latest skit, "Some Mind-Reader," which is a novel and amusing affair from start to finish. Mullen and Coogan, two versatile young men, will contribute a merry eccentricity styled "A Broadway Trim." It gives them opportunity to indulge in character songs and eccentric dances. The Paul Azard Trio will introduce a number of new and daring acrobatic stunts.

The Alpine Troupe, Hugh Herbert and company in "The Son of Solomon," and the Bala-laika Orchestra will close their engagements with next week.

"Madame Sherry," which unreservedly can be proclaimed one of the most notable of musical hits of the day, will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, February 12. Oscar Figman and

other members of last season's cast will again appear.

The new De Koven opera, "The Wedding Trip," has no star, but there are at least four women who are trying to usurp the prerogatives which go with such a distinction. Dorothy Jardon is waging a billposting campaign against Dorothy Morton, each singer having "paper" plastered on walls and billboards all over New York. Christine Nielsen is confining her publicity to a personal press agent, while Fritz von Busing is resorting to lithographing. As the near-stars pay for the work themselves the management has not as yet offered any objection.

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Same "POP" prices—\$1.00, 75 cts, 50 cts, and 25 cts. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.  
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OAKLAND—Friday aft 2:30, at Ye Liberty.  
Coming—JOHN MCCORMACK, a tenor.



## VANITY FAIR.

Paul Durand of Paris is a young man with a fertile imagination, and he used it to good effect when he was asked to explain the trifling fact that he had stolen \$60,000 from the hotel to which he gave his expensive services as cashier. Mr. Durand made no attempt to deny that he had indeed stolen the \$60,000. He wasted no time in a futile attack upon the evidence, which would only have irritated the jury and reduced them to a materialistic state of mind fatal to his hopes. If you want to get the better of a French jury you must play up to their sentiments. The human heart is the friend of the criminal and the human head is his enemy. Therefore go for the heart.

Mr. Durand said that he had been corrupted by the wanton extravagance of the visitors with whom he was brought in contact. He had lost all sense of the value of money and was no longer able to understand why a commodity that was as cheap as dirt in the hands of one man should become unspeakably precious in the hands of another. By way of illustration he cited his own case. Upon one occasion an American lady had showed him the jeweled collar around the neck of her little dog. She said that it cost "only \$60,000," and no doubt it was cheap at the price, considering the pleasure that it must have given to the dog. But just at that moment Mr. Durand had in his pocket a doctor's bill for \$2 following upon the illness of his child. He was unable to pay the \$2, and what more natural than that a sense of contrast should momentarily overwhelm his reason?

The incident of the dog collar was only one out of many and representative of them all. Upon another occasion an American gentleman who had failed to produce fire from half a dozen of the matches manufactured by the French government had lighted his cigar with a thousand-franc note. Once more the sense of contrast in the mind of a young man who never owned a thousand-franc note in his life and never could own it unless he stole it, which he accordingly did. But the Americans were not the only sinners. An Indian Maharajah came to the hotel with his retinue and a pet giraffe, which every one knows is a delightful little beast to have around the house. This particular giraffe was fifteen feet high and Artemus Ward would have called him an "amoosin' little cuss," but he was expensive in the way of drinks, and in order to keep his coat smooth and glossy it was necessary to give him several quarts of the finest champagne every day. Now it was not at all necessary that Mr. Durand's skin should be smooth and glossy and therefore he drank water, but the spectacle of that giraffe was one of the reasons that induced him to steal \$60,000, presumably that he, too, might live like a giraffe. And so on.

Now it would be interesting to write a few books about Mr. Durand and the social problems suggested by his unhappy fate. We should do so if we could but get half a day off, which we can't. But speaking on the spur of the moment, without consideration or a prayer for guidance, we can not see why Mr. Durand should steal from the hotel proprietor, who may have been comparatively a poor man himself and with troubles of his own. Now if he had stolen a drink of champagne from the giraffe we should be disposed toward mercy, or even if he had pinched a jewel from the neck of the little dog. Mr. Durand's logic was at fault, and this was worse than taking the money. He got two years of his dishonesty, but he ought to get ten years for his false syllogism.

Annette Kellerman is quite willing to tell any fat woman how to get thin and any thin woman how to get fat, but she admits that her efforts are love's labor lost, seeing that no woman will follow her advice. Now that is just the trouble with women, and especially the fat ones. Nothing pleases them so much as to get good advice upon matters of the toilet, but if the good advice implies physical effort they will have none of it. The thin women are not so much interested in this sort of hygiene. Of course they would like to be plump and shapely, but then art is long and there are always ways of addition so much more simple than those of subtraction.

Miss Kellerman recently gave an exhibition of physical exercises at the Winter Garden in New York. She was dressed in what is described as "a tight fitting, bifurcated black silk garment reaching from her neck to her ankles," in other words in tights. She did all sorts of athletics and explained their purport to her wild-eyed audience, and every woman there pictured herself with Miss Kellerman's figure going out into the world of men as a destroying angel. But Miss Kellerman herself was under no illusions. She told her auditors frankly that they could have any kind of figure they wished, but she knew in advance that they were too lazy to get them. "You'll go home and do the things I'm showing you one night, maybe two nights. Three nights will be the limit, I know." American women, said Miss Kellerman, are too lazy, and they eat too much. They won't

exercise. They eat six solid meals a day of chocolate eclairs, but as for doing something practical toward the elimination of thighs and stomachs it simply is not to be thought of. It was plain speaking, but it was true speaking, although most of the women felt just at the moment that they would storm the gates of hell to get a figure like the one displayed to them upon the stage.

Questions were invited after the demonstration. There was one little airy-fairy creature who wanted to know how she could get from 250 pounds to 150 pounds within six months. The reason for the six months' limit was not given.

"It will be pretty stiff work," said Miss Kellerman, "but it can be done. Fat is caused by overindulgence. A woman will eat breakfast and a bite in the middle of the forenoon, and luncheon and afternoon tea and dinner and a bite before she goes to bed—six meals, when two are enough for anybody—and then she wonders why she's fat! The more you eat the more you want to eat, and then you get bilious, and then you get pimples—and you get fat."

"Cut out the 'steen meals. When you get up in the morning take a glass of hot water. Then, with several sweaters on, exercise hard for ten minutes; then take a tepid salt bath. If you get hungry, eat an apple, but no meals except a light luncheon and dinner. If you've rheumatism, leave meat alone. I haven't touched it myself for four years—only vegetables and fruit and a little fish and chicken. I'm better off without it."

Ladies who wish to make a sartorial display for some special occasion, but who can not afford to buy the necessary garments may adopt an expedient said to be much in vogue in Paris. It is quite simple. Select what is needed from the shop, order it to be sent home, wear it, and then return it on the following day with a polite note of regret that leisurely examination shows it to be unsuitable. There is only one thing to be guarded against. See to it that you leave nothing in the pockets.

A lady of position in Paris was recently caught through a neglect of this precaution. She selected some fine furs, ordered them to be sent to her house, and promised a check in payment. Two days later they were returned with the usual letter of regret. But a few hours after the lady herself called at the shop and asked if a purse containing several thousand francs had been found in one of the pockets. It had been found and the lady was asked to explain how it came to be there. Of course she had no alternative but to confess that she had worn the furs and she was informed that her money would be returned to her, but that she must purchase the mantle.

There is a vacancy among Queen Mary's maids of honor and those covetous of the position are doing what they can to pull the wires necessary to secure it. Not that much can be done, for as the position is one of personal and intimate service the queen naturally chooses whoever is most acceptable to her from among the young women whom she knows. The duties of a maid of honor are very light. She has to be on hand for a certain number of hours a day and to act as a companion while performing some small social duties. The pay is insignificant and is intended only to recoup the recipient for such additional expenses as she may have to meet. In return the maid of honor must promise not to keep a diary. Her position requires her to overhear many intimate conversations and it would be a serious matter if these were summarized and entered in a young lady's diary, perhaps to be given to the world at some time when they would do the most harm. This actually happened in the case of Fanny Burney, who was maid of honor to Queen Charlotte and whose published diary was somewhat more explosive than dynamite. Since then the promise has been always exacted and it has never been broken.

There is more trouble at the German court, and as before it centres around the American professors. These gentlemen come from a democratic country where all men have equal rights to the pursuit of happiness. Their own particular idea of happiness is a presentation to the emperor, and so they are running neck and neck in this lofty and dignified race. But the emperor also has his rights, strange to say, and while nothing delights him so much as a friendly chat after supper, so to speak, with an American professor and to receive such general advice as an American professor is always ready to offer upon all topics, he feels that he can not entertain all the American professors at the same time. He has not enough chairs, for one thing, and his flat is a small one. Moreover, the last time he entertained a number of these educational gentlemen he missed one of his most gorgeous uniforms, while the way the spoons disappear is simply ruinous.

Now there is nothing small about the German emperor, except his party in the Reichstag. He would like to have some of the professors at his court reception, but he simply can not have them all at the same time. There are other Americans who are not professors whom he would like to see

sometimes, and although it has been explained to him that all the Americans who count for anything are necessarily professors he remains obdurate. He insists that a selection shall be made, which is another proof of the tyranny of these effete monarchies and of the way they ride roughshod over the elementary rights of good democrats who have been prancing about their bedrooms with a dress sword for months and trying to walk backwards and bow without getting the sword between their legs. Now if a selection is made it is evident that some of the professors must be left at home, and then what will become of the equal rights to the pursuit of happiness? And so the professors are discontented, to put it mildly. In point of fact they are gnashing their teeth, tearing their hair, and wishing that Dr. Woodrow Wilson were in the White House so that he might send a squadron of warships to Germany in order to insist that all American professors be allowed to kiss the hand of the emperor as often as they please, wear a Punch and Judy uniform, walk backwards, and generally pursue happiness as authorized in the constitution.

France is still open to a charge of backwardness in the matter of bathing. Of course the newer houses in Paris have all those aids to cleanliness demanded by civilization, but the wave of reform has not reached the provinces, where the desire for complete immersion may be said to be restrained, and possibly unheard of. Not that the provincial French are dirty people. On the contrary they are immaculately clean. The object of the complete bath, or *bain complet*, is not so much cleanliness as stimulation, and the man who goes over his superficial area with soap and sponge is probably cleaner than he who makes the chilly plunge and satisfied himself with that.

A French newspaper has just been making some inquiries into the bathing habits of the provinces. It finds that there is plenty of washing but practically no bathing in the sense in which we use the word. In Mayenne, for example, there is only one

bathing establishment, and only one thousand baths were provided during the year. Mayenne has 10,000 people, so we may assume that the worthy citizen of Mayenne bathes once in ten years. Redon with 7000 people has only one bathing establishment with four baths, but it is open only three times a week. At Châteaugontier, which is not far from Mayenne (7000 inhabitants, in the department of Mayenne), there were formerly two establishments. One of these failed. The second, for two years, supplied an average of two baths a day, but recently it also closed its doors. Lure (6000 inhabitants, in the Haute-Saône) is also without any public bath-house. Its inhabitants take train for Belfort or Vesoul (twenty miles) when occasion arises.

The French are great people for what may be called partial bathing. They bathe in sections, so to speak, and so they have foot baths, hip baths, and slipper baths. No doubt total immersion will arrive one day, but not until the architecture of the French house has been modified to permit of it.

## Mabelle Gilman Corey's Book.

Among recent items of social and literary interest in the New York *Tribune* is the following:

Mrs. William Ellis Corey, wife of the former president of the United States Steel Corporation, sailed for Paris yesterday on the Hamburg - American liner *Amerika*. Mrs. Corey, who before her marriage was Miss Mabelle Gilman, the actress, will write a book teeming with sound advice for young women with histrionic ambition. Mrs. Corey can not think well nor concentrate her attention on such an undertaking in the distracting noise of New York. In the hope that the book may be written carefully and promptly, she has sought the quiet and seclusion of the French capital.

"Why don't you make up your mind to cease permitting your wife to henpeck you?" "I have made it up half a dozen times, but it doesn't seem to do any good at all. She refuses to concede that I have a mind."—*Chicago Tribune*.



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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was at one of the famous "frolics" given by the Lambs. Mr. Charles Frohman had made an extremely neat and appropriate speech. There was loud applause at its finish, and then, "Author! Author!" cried Mr. Augustus Thomas, standing up on his chair.

They were rehearsing the Walpurgis night scene in "Faust" at a theatre in London. The hallet-master thought the hallet girls a little inactive. "Loidies, loidies, take yer 'ands off yer 'ipps," he said. "Yer not dancing on 'Ampstead 'Eath; yer dancing in 'ell."

A Frenchman who had spent thirty years in prison was asked what change in the world surprised him most. He passed over aeroplanes, and motors, and phonographs, and said: "When I went to prison women were quite round. Now they are flat and oblong."

James Payn tells of a whist-player being told by an opponent that he could always tell by his face when he had a good hand. This he resented exceedingly, and applied to his partner for a refutation of it; but he was only still more irritated by his form of corroboration, "that he had never noticed any expression in his countenance whatever."

It was his first visit to this country, and he was anxious to see as much of it as possible in a short time. In a brief visit to the South he met an aged negro who had been a slave. "How interesting," he remarked. "And after the war you had your freedom?" The old man looked at him half sadly, half sheepishly, shook his woolly head and said: "No, sah. Ah didn't git no freedom—Ah done was married."

Nat Goodwin was detected gazing passionately into the window of the florist's establishment, when a friend came along the street. The friend paused at Mr. Goodwin's elbow. "Wonderful American Beauties in there, Nat," said the friend. "Uh, huh," said Mr. Goodwin. "I am very fond of that flower," said the friend, "because I married an American beauty." "You haven't anything on me," said Nat, turning sourly away. "I married a cluster."

A friend once asked "Uncle Joe" Cannon for information as to the prospects of a politician who was at that time generally thought to be "on the ragged edge." "He seems to think he's getting on all right," said Uncle Joe, "but others entertain a decidedly different opinion. His situation brings to mind the story of the old lady up in Maine. When she was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, the dame replied: 'If the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming.'"

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston had occasion to stop at a country hotel in Connecticut. In a conspicuous place in the parlor was an inscription: "Ici on parle Français." The mayor, as he noticed the sign, turned to the proprietor and said: "Do you speak French?" "Not me," the man replied. "United States is good enough for me." "Well, then," said the mayor, "why do you have that inscription on the wall? That means 'French is spoken here.' " "You don't mean it!" exclaimed the hotel-keeper. "Well, I'll be darned! A young chap sold that to me for 'God Bless Our Home.'"

The Abbé d'Auhignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed!" To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Auhignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I can not pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbé to write such a tragedy."

A visiting company at Nola Chucky announced a harvest-home performance "for the benefit of the poor—tickets reduced to a nickel." Nola Chucky turned out in force to that harvest-home benefit, and the next day a divine called on the manager to find out what was to be done with the money. "What's to be done with the benefit money?" the manager said indignantly. "Why, sir, that question astonishes me." "But," said the divine, "didn't you advertise the performance as for the benefit of the poor?" "And," shouted the manager, "didn't we reduce the tickets to a nickel so that all the poor could come?"

The late Henry Labouchere was with the British legation in Washington for ten years. One day a strident Britisher hustled into the office where Labouchere was, and demanded an audience with his country's representative. He was answered that the

British minister was out, and asked whether he might not do for the business in hand. The visitor replied that "no understrappers" would do; he would wait for the minister's return. Labouchere imperturbably smoked his cigarette, and after two hours prepared to leave for the day. "When will the minister return?" asked the visitor. "I don't know exactly," answered Labouchere. "You don't! And this is a British representative! Where has he gone?" "To England. He sailed from New York last Saturday."


Bishop Thirlwall, an English prelate, had the greatest possible aversion to answering questions. One day a tailor said to him, when he had been summoned to take the bishop's measurements: "What are your lordship's orders?" "I want a suit of clothes." "Here is a very nice cloth, my lord." "Ah!" "And this is likewise a very good one." "Yes." "Here is another, of excellent quality." "Very." "Which material will your lordship decide upon?" "I want a suit of clothes!" And that was all the answer the tailor could get. When the new gardener accosted him as he was walking, hook in hand, in the garden, to ask: "How will your lordship have this horder laid out?" there was no answer. "How will your lordship be pleased to have this horder laid out?" was the next attempt. Still there was no reply; but when the question was repeated for the third time, the answer came: "You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the hishop!"

Lespès, the French journalist, known as "Timothée Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespès beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespès had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving. Suddenly Lespès rose, and with hits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will." "What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily. "Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothée, tranquilly. It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.

George Ade was one of the principal speakers at a recent banquet of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. "When I was a cub reporter," he confessed, "struggling along on a minute salary, I had just one asset in life which enabled me to 'tide over' that period in every week when poverty seemed to be staring me in the face. This consisted of a handsome gold watch, a keepsake of college days in Indiana. Tuesday was pay-day at the newspaper office. By Friday I would be 'broke,' and I would tote the watch over to the pawnshop to a man who now conducts a handsome jewelry shop on State Street. On the watch I obtained \$5, and by administering my affairs carefully I managed to worry through until pay-day. Then when I had received my small salary I would hurry to the pawnbroker's and release my watch. Finally, after this had gone along for many months, I received a raise in pay. It was enough to release me from the necessity of pawning my watch regularly. So I visited the pawnshop no longer. One afternoon, about ten years afterward, I was accosted in State Street by a man. I recognized my old pawnbroker friend, now the prosperous jeweler. 'What's the matter, George?' were his first words. 'Did you lose that watch?'

The late Senator Vance used to say that his liveliest campaign for the governorship of North Carolina was that in which Judge Settle ran against him. They stumped the state in joint debate. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and all the colored Republicans to hear Settle. On one occasion, Vance was informed that some young ladies desired to testify their devotion to the Democratic party by kissing the Democratic candidate for governor. Nothing loth, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the young beauties, and then paused long enough to turn around toward his competitor and shout: "Settle, I'm kissing my girls; now kiss yours!" When he married the second time, he said to his wife on their wedding-day: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it, we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please." A newspaper man, who was about starting for a rather out-of-the-way portion of Vance's own state, was asking him one day what kind of accommodation he was likely to find. "They'll give you some of their fried hog and eggs," the senator replied. "That's better than nothing," said the newspaper man. "I don't know—I don't know," the senator answered, in a dubious tone: "I've tried both."

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Jones of San Rafael have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith Boswell Jones, to Midshipman Merritt Hodson, U. S. N. Miss Jones is a sister of Miss Gladys Jones and Mr. Hugh B. Jones, Jr., and a niece of Mrs. Frederick W. King. She is a cousin of the Messrs. Boswell and William King and Midshipman Thomas Starr King, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Boericke and Mr. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes will take place Wednesday evening, February 7, at St. Luke's Church. Miss Boericke is a daughter of Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke, and a sister of Mrs. Ralston White and Mr. Fay Boericke. The bridal party will include Mrs. Ralston White, the Misses Ethel McAllister, Alys Warner, Edith Slack, Florence Williams, Joy Wilson, and Hazel Palmanter, Mr. Badger of New York, and the Messrs. Fay Boericke, Samuel Day, John Geary, Harry Miller, and Ralston White.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have issued invitations to forty of their friends to a dinner for February 16 at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will give a dinner February 14 complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have issued invitations to a dinner for February 9 at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Agnes Tillmann will be a dinner hostess February 16, preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' ball.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayne, Jr., gave a dinner last evening at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Moreland of Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell entertained a large number of friends at a dinner last evening at the Fairmont Hotel preceding the ball they gave in honor of their nieces, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham. Several hundred guests attended the dance.

Invitations have been issued to the second Gayety dance, February 7, at the home on Jackson Street of Miss Janet von Schroeder.

Mrs. Lester Herrick will be hostess today at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. McCracken of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a luncheon last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker gave an Oriental Ball at the Hotel St. Francis Friday evening of last week which was one of the most notable affairs ever given in San Francisco. Preparations for the event had been under way for a long time, in fact from the suggestion of the idea while Mr. and Mrs. Crocker were on their honeymoon trip in Europe last year. Many tapestries and decorations were brought from the East especially for this occasion. There were some two hundred guests, and many were in Oriental costumes of dazzling character. The dancing began after dinner in the evening, and was continued after the supper at midnight until five o'clock in the morning, when breakfast was served. The arrangement and decoration of the ballroom made it a Moorish palace interior, and in beauty and novelty the entire scheme was a most delightful conception.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening, January 26, and later attended the Oriental ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook also gave a dinner preceding the ball.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke entertained a number of friends recently at a bridge-tee at her home in Portland. Mrs. Brooke was formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger have issued invitations to a dinner February 6 at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Laura McKinstry was hostess at a luncheon at the Francis Club in honor of Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew P. Welch entertained recently at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale was hostess at a reception Tuesday evening, when she entertained the members of St. Luke's choir.

Mrs. Charles M. Belshaw will give a bridge-tee Monday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained twenty-four young people at a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Laguna and Washington Streets.

Miss Elizabeth McNear gave a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club, complimentary to her niece, Miss Ernestine McNear.

Miss Helen Van Winkle entertained at a tea on Wednesday at the Sorosis Club in honor of Miss Genevieve Thompson of Portland, who is spending a fortnight at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained thirty friends at a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis complimentary to Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph.

Mrs. James A. Robinson was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Hotel Monroe in honor of Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Sherwood gave a luncheon last week at the Francis Club and entertained several of the debutantes.

Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon in honor of the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott.

Mrs. Carter Pitcairn Pomeroy entertained informally at a luncheon for Miss Genevieve Thompson of Portland on Tuesday of last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. J. B. Wright will give a luncheon and bridge party today at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. M. A. K. Derby was hostess Wednesday at a tea in honor of her mother, Mrs. Leary, who arrived recently from her home in Richmond.

Hecht and Mr. Bert Hecht have announced a fancy dress ball February 10,

at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of their niece, Miss Dorothy Fries.

Mrs. William H. Babcock entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at the Francis Club in honor of Mrs. James Rolph, Jr.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon complimentary to Miss Ethel Mary Crocker.

Thursday Miss Georgia Wintringham entertained at a luncheon of ten covers for Miss Genevieve Thompson.

The Girls' Recreation Club, which has the support of eighteen society women, has bought out the house at the Cort Theatre for Tuesday night, February 20, when "The Deep Purple," by the Messrs. Wilson Mizner and Paul Armstrong, will be presented. The patronesses are Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Nathaniel T. Messer, Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Mrs. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. George L. Cadwalader, Mrs. Willard N. Brown, and the Misses Elizabeth Livermore, Marjorie Josselyn, Maud O'Connor, Edith Treanor, and Virginia Jolliffe.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Frances Duven of England spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott at their home in Burlingame. Miss Duven is traveling around the world and arrived last week from the Orient.

Mr. J. Tarn McGrew and his mother, Mrs. McGrew, are established in an apartment in Paris.

Mrs. John Breckenridge of Paris (formerly Miss Adelaide Murphy of this city) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Biddle, at her home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy of Paris have been spending the past few weeks on the Riviera.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen have bought a ranch in the Santa Clara Valley, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Amy Brewer has recently been the guest of Miss Vera de Saba at her home in San Mateo. Miss Harriett Alexander has returned from a few days' visit in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. William Devereaux has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Breeze in San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor are expected home the middle of this month from New York, where they have been spending the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lukens left last week for a tour of the world. They were accompanied by Mr. Dalton Harrison.

Dr. John Galloway and Mrs. Galloway have purchased property on Filbert Street and will soon begin the building of a new residence.

Mrs. Peter Martin has recently taken a house in Paris, where she will remain during the summer. Mr. Fay Boericke has arrived from Chicago and is visiting his parents, Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke, at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding is slowly recovering from her recent critical illness.

Mrs. Hiram Smith left last week for New York. Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris (formerly Miss Emma Spreckels) arrived Tuesday from England and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Albert P. Niblack, wife of Captain Niblack, U. S. N., was presented recently at the German court in Berlin. Mrs. Niblack, who was formerly Miss Mary Harrington, is a daughter of Mrs. W. P. Harrington of this city.

Dr. Frederick W. Harnden and Mrs. Harnden have gone to Europe, where they will travel during the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton left last week for Los Angeles, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen has returned from New York, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, the Reverend Edward Dodd and Mrs. Dodd.

Miss Isabelle Beaver and a number of friends returned Monday from Inverness, where they spent the week-end.

Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle, and Mr. Sidney Pringle are established in apartments on California and Larkin Streets for the winter and will return in April to their country home in Santa Clara County.

Mrs. Andrew Moreland has arrived from Pittsburg and has joined her daughter, Miss Esther Moreland, at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain until their departure for Southern California. Miss Moreland has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. George T. Mayne, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jeffers have returned from their wedding trip and are established in Berkeley.

Mr. Lawrence Harris, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is progressing favorably.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally has returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce (formerly Miss Peggy Snow) sailed last week for their home in Manila.

Mrs. Arthur Brander will remain with friends in this city until the middle of February, when she will return to her home in Coronado.

Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff) returned Monday evening to their home in Los Angeles after a visit of several days in this city.

Miss Maud O'Connor has returned from Bakersfield, where she has been visiting Mrs. W. S. Tevis.

Miss Eleonora Sears will arrive shortly from the East to visit Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan and their guest will go to Coronado for the polo games.

Lord Herbert and Lady Herbert of London will join Lord Tweedmouth's polo party at Coronado, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent (formerly Miss Maud Bourn) have arrived from Europe and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn at their home on Webster Street.

Miss Anne Henry of Cincinnati is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, at their home on Washington Street. Miss Henry will be joined here by her brother,

Mr. James Henry, with whom she will sail February 20 for the Orient.

Mr. B. Chandler Howard of Yokobama is at Paso Robles for the benefit of his health. Mrs. Howard has accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague will sail today from New York for Egypt. They are planning to remain abroad for about a year and will be joined during the summer by their sons, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Montague.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and her daughters, the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg, are established at the Hotel Balzac in Paris.

Captain Pierce Murphy, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio after a visit of several weeks in Redlands.

Captain Frederick D. Kellond, U. S. A., will arrive next week from Manila and will join Mrs. Kellond at the home on California Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge.

Captain Cyrus Dolph, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dolph will sail Monday for Manila. They have been spending the past two years at the Presidio, Monterey.

Admiral Reginald Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson will spend several days in this city en route to the Orient.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott has returned from a visit to Mare Island.

Mr. Sheldon Penoyer has arrived from Paris and is at the Bellevue Hotel with his mother, Mrs. A. A. Penoyer. Mr. Richard Penoyer, who has been Ambassador Bacon's private secretary in Paris, has recently passed his examination for the diplomatic service in Washington, D. C., where he will remain for some time. Mr. Penoyer has been appointed first secretary of the embassy in Montevideo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White will return to their cottage in Mill Valley the first week in March.

Mr. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes is expected to arrive today from the East.

## At the Hotel del Coronado.

For the polo, tennis tournament, and opening of the new golf links at Hotel del Coronado, the following guests from San Francisco have registered:

Mr. and Mrs. L. Dannebaum, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Mr. Morton Castor, Mrs. Frank W. Johnson, Miss Kay Newman, Mr. N. S. Heisel, Mr. A. W. Jackson, Mr. P. P. Bliss, Mr. Fred J. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. John W. McDonald, Jr., Mr. C. C. Anderson, Mrs. P. A. McDonald, Mr. George Lowerberg, Mr. Jules Mersfelder, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Walter, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Jr., Mr. James N. Russell, Mr. George W. Hoster, Mr. N. Asbelly, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslow and family, Miss Casey, Mr. Marion D. Cobb, Mr. Harry Unna, Miss Sara Unna, Mrs. Ben Ambold, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Till, Mr. C. E. de Camp, Mr. M. H. Casey, Miss Margaret Casey, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. V. Ide, Mr. and Mrs. Alex R. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Pollock, Mr. W. I. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Small, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodhead, Mr. C. O. Madison, Mrs. H. Newman, Mr. R. E. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Waterman, Mr. J. C. Cowdin, Mrs. A. C. Briggs, Mr. H. Berg and son, Mr. H. S. Shainwald, Mrs. S. Wineman, Mr. A. R. Faull, Mr. H. Kopp, Mrs. T. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Garrett, Mrs. E. B. Leavitt, Mr. F. S. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Junius W. Browne, Mr. B. O. Selbach, Mr. B. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. William Bess, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Boomer, Mrs. B. Ferguson, Mr. George L. Plant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy, Mr. Phil M. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Grantner, Mr. H. Mareb, Mr. C. E. Palmer, Mr. McClure Kelly, Mr. Willard Chamberlin, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Taylor, Mrs. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kittredge.

## Second Minetti Quartet Concert.

Last Friday night the rain came down in sheets, but the weather could not keep musical enthusiasts away from the opening concert of the twentieth season of the Minetti String Quartet. There was an enthusiastic audience that more than half filled the Kohler & Chase hall, and the instrumentalists responded graciously to the appreciation shown. The Mozart quartet brought the quartet into the old, familiar relations of sympathy and harmony, the Tancieu trio proved an interesting new acquaintance, and the Beethoven quartet fully demonstrated the ability and training of the players. Mr. Minetti leads with a pure tone of beauty and warmth, Mr. Koenig is an invaluable aid, Mr. Haug brings out both the strength and the delicacy of the viola parts, and Mr. Weiss, particularly in the closing number, gave a most pleasing account of himself and his fine 'cello.

The second concert by the Minetti Quartet will be given on Thursday evening, February 15, with this programme: Haydn quartet in D major; Cesar Franck sonata for piano and violin; Kopylow string quartet (first time here). Miss Virginia de Fremery will be the assisting pianist.

An Art Loan Exhibition will be given at the Palace Hotel from February 3 to 17 for the benefit of St. Matthew's Red Cross Hospital, San Mateo. Paintings from many rare collections will be lent for this exhibition, and a grand success is promised.

The home in Chicago of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Cudahy was formerly Miss Nora Brewer of San Mateo.

Two concerts are announced by Manager Greenbaum for Harold Bauer, the pianist, the dates being Saturday afternoon, March 2, and Tuesday night, March 5.


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## MODERN OPERA AND TETRAZZINI.

Composers No Longer Write Colorature Music, Yet the Old Favorites Delight the Public.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini continues to delight thousands of operagoers by the scintillating glories of her staccati and the luscious qualities of certain high tones on which she always sings a swell (says the musical critic of the New York Sun). Critics with the stuhhornness of their kind persist in making mention of the really striking traits of Mme. Tetrazzini's singing and equally of pointing out its defects. So long as they praise every one is happy. When they discriminate they arouse rage. No one wishes to discriminate. Every one wishes to rush blindly into adulation. Bravo! Sempre bravo!

On the other hand, it should always be borne in mind that if the operatic public were reduced to those who desire to hear only such singing as that of Mme. Tetrazzini and such operas as provide a vehicle for her art, the Metropolitan Opera House would in no very long time pass out of existence.

There was a period in the history of opera when florid singing was its be all and end all, but that period is long past. The fact is that in the present florid singing is too little cultivated by lyric performers and composers. There ought to be much more of it in the studies of the singers and there is a proper and beautiful field for it in the domain of operatic composition.

The public which either demands its exclusion or has no active demand for its restoration to its rightful sphere is so large and so dominant that if it retired from the support of opera the entire repertory of Puccini, Massenet, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, Gounod, Bizet, Humperdinck, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and others familiar to the New York music lover it would be left to struggle hopelessly to keep the opera-house open on a steady diet of "La Sonnambula," "Lucia," "Dinorah," "La Traviata," "L'Eisire d'Amore," and "Crispino e la Comare."

The repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House is one of the most liberal in the world. It rightly includes operas of the older school in which Mme. Tetrazzini finds opportunity for the display of her skill in the delivery of certain of the purely ornamental features of song. But what a real pity it is that some of the Italian composers of the present do not hurry themselves in the study of the scores of some of their old masters and strive to absorb the true principles of colorature in vocal music.

Colorature or floridity entered music long before the Roman church took up its cultivation. It existed far back in antiquity when the dusky Egyptian, darkly groping into the mysteries of the hereafter and searching for a firm resting place for his spirit, lifted up his voice in wordless song and caroled roulades on certain vowel sounds to the honor of his inscrutable gods. The Greeks, who horrified quite as many ideas as they created, learned this practice from the sons of Egypt and they, too, praised Apollo in vocal flourishes without words.

Centuries later this feeling for the inarticulate musical expression of certain emotions survived and finally formulated itself in the prolonged arabesques of the "Alleluia" in medieval church and in the wonderful "sequences" which came to perfection in the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland.

The music of the golden age of polyphony was never without its allegiance to the spirit of floridity, and at the moment when the sculptured recitative of the Florentines was taking shape and forming the foundations of modern opera, the Italian idols of the lyric world were amazing their admirers by their skill in smothering the most adorable of madrigals under flowers of colorature. When Vittoria Archilei had decorated a madrigal of her husband one might hardly recognize it. Yet he proudly joined in the accompaniment, good old vocal man milliner!

Within a decade Monteverde showed with the unerring hand of genius the true application of colorature to opera. He found for it a dramatic use perfect in its embodiment of mood and the use of its delineative power. This was in the passage in his "Orfeo" familiar to all students when Orfeo and Apollo sing "Saliam Cantando" to a long, florid passage most effectively representing the feeling of the actors and suggesting the act of flight.

When Mozart again later wrote the most brilliant colorature music for the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute," he applied the principle of the delineative power of florid music to the field of characterization, and distinguished the personality of Astrafammaute from that of the other women in the opera just as clearly as he set apart Donna Anna and Donna Elvira, the grand ladies, from Zerlina, the peasant, by giving to them dramatic bravura to sing, and to her melodies almost of folk song simplicity.

When the singing of colorature music in opera becomes a vocal feat and nothing more it loses its claim to artistic consideration. When a singer is paraded simply as a performer of these feats she is set apart in a class by herself quite outside the true domain of the lyric drama. Even those who most admire know in their hearts

that they would not care greatly about "Lucia" or "Dinorah" if it were not that these works and their kind give us the opportunity to hear this prima donna.

But there is no reason in the world why the contemporaneous composer should not put colorature rôles into his serious operas and still more into his comic ones. The florid element has a rightful use in dramatic as well as in other music, and it contributes a desirable decorative element which is otherwise absent from the lyric drama.

Furthermore its more frequent use would encourage young singers to a more serious consideration of the details of their art. They would have to learn the fundamental technique of singing in order that they could supplement it with the floral delivery. It is not possible to lay the colorature on over a priming of rough and unfinished tone production, except in cases which do not come under any rule.

## De Pachmann's Farewell Sunday Afternoon.

The positively last time that the wonderful pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, will play in this city will be at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, February 4, at 2:30, and no lover of piano playing in its very loveliest qualities can afford to miss the programme that the master of masters has selected for this event, entirely from the masterpieces of his favorite composer, Chopin.

Preludes, Etudes, Mazurkas, Valses, Polonaises, etc., will be played as only De Pachmann has played them since Chopin himself, and by special request he will offer the Ballade, No. 3, in A flat major, and the Scherzo, Op. 54, in E major.

With the passing of De Pachmann from our musical life we lose one of the greatest pianists the world has ever known. Manager Greenbaum, who has presented this artist here three different times, says "With De Pachmann one never heard arguments from the 'elect' as they left the hall. Everybody was delighted and enthusiastic after a De Pachmann concert."

Seats for this memorable event, which will live in the musical history of the city, may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's until Saturday at 5:30. On Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after 10 a. m.

No student of the piano, no teacher, and no real music lover should miss this last opportunity; such playing may never be heard again.

## The Fourth "Pop" by the Symphony Orchestra.

The fourth popular concert by the San Francisco Orchestra, Henry Hadley, conductor, will be given next Friday afternoon, February 9, at the Cort Theatre, and a special attraction has been secured in addition to the already announced splendid programme.

It happened that Mme. Elsa Ruegger, the famous Swiss violoncello virtuosa, one of the very few women who have achieved worldwide fame on this difficult instrument, was passing through the West on a short tour, and Manager Greenbaum managed to arrange to have her visit this city for an appearance with our home orchestra. Mme. Ruegger has appeared with the leading orchestras of Paris, Berlin, London, New York, etc., and the fact that she will play Max Bruch's "Kol Nidre" and Boellman's "Symphonic Variations" with the original orchestral accompaniments, ought to serve to make this "Pop" a record-breaker.

Other interesting numbers on the programme will be the "Rakoczy March" from "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz; the Ballet Music from "Sylvia" by Delibes; the Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin," while the absolute novelties will be the overture "Herod" by Henry Hadley, and Borodin's exquisite hit of tone coloring of the modern Russian school, which he called "A Sketch from the Steppes of Middle Asia."

Notwithstanding the engagement extraordinary of Elsa Ruegger, the usual "Pop" prices will prevail and seats will be ready Monday at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The fifth regular Symphony concert is announced for February 16, when Brahms's Symphony, No. 1, and Debussy's "L'Après midi d'un Faune" will be the feature numbers.

## The Third Beel Quartet Concert.

The third concert of the Sigmund Beel Quartet will be given on Sunday afternoon, February 11, in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel, at 2:30. On this occasion the organization will play Grieg's Quartet in G minor, and Schubert's Quintet for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos. The latter work is one of exceptional beauty, and is considered to be one of the finest works the talented composer of the glorious "Unfinished" symphony ever wrote. Haendel's Sonata for two violins will complete the offering, with Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mr. Emilio Meriz as executants.

Tickets may be obtained at either Sherman, Clay & Co.'s or Kohler & Chase's, and there are no reserved seats.

The fourth Beel Quartet concert will be an evening event.

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## The Schumann-Heink Concerts.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto, and an artist to whose artistic abilities there seems no limit, will be the next musical star to be presented by Manager Will L. Greenbaum.

This past year Mme. Schumann-Heink has won fresh triumphs in Bayreuth, Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, and is now journeying to this city and breaking all records of her former tours. Manager Greenbaum's greatest worry about this engagement is to find a suitable auditorium large enough to hold the crowds. He has selected the commodious Cort Theatre, and two concerts will be given there, the dates being Sunday afternoon, February 18, and the following Sunday, February 25.

At the first concert the great artist will sing the Aria from Max Bruch's "Der Andromache aus Achilleus," the three principal Arias from "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saëns, selections from Schumann's "Dichterliebe," and songs by Liszt, Wagner, Edison, Reichardt, and Malloy.

At the farewell concert, the week following, Wagnerian numbers will be a special feature, with selections from "Rheingold," "Tannhäuser," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Rienzi" on the list, besides gems by Schubert, Bunge, Niehr, Heinemann, Foote, Van der Stucken, and three Hungarian folk-songs.

The sale of seats will open Wednesday, February 14, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. These must be accompanied by check or money order. Special attention will be given to out-of-town orders.

Schumann-Heink will give a special programme in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, February 23, at 3:15. For this event orders must be sent direct to Ye Liberty in Oakland, addressed to H. W. Bishop.

In addition to her public concerts this artist will furnish the third programme of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, on Monday night, February 19.

## John McCormack, the Irish Tenor.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who started in life as a blacksmith and is now one of the world's foremost tenors, and who has sung leading rôles with such artists as Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, and Luisa Tetrazzini, and in every case sharing the honors equally, will be heard in two concerts only at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Tuesday night, February 27, and Sunday afternoon, March 3.

McCormack is now on his way from Australia, where he has been leading tenor with Melba's Opera Company. While McCormack is equally at home in Italian, French, and English music, it is with his beautiful melodies of old Ireland that he wins the hearts of his auditors and brings tears to their eyes and smiles to their lips at the same time. At each of his concerts he will make a feature of Irish ballads.

Assisting the star will be heard Miss Marie Narelle, an Irish girl, who is also a specialist in the ballads of her country.

Mail orders for the McCormack concerts may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum, prices being from \$2.50 to \$1.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"There's no rest for the wicked." "Well, they don't want any; they'd rather keep at it."—*Life*.

Frost—Critically ill, is he? Snow—Yes, critical of everything and everybody.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"He spends his money like a millionaire." "How is that?" "He doesn't spend it at all."—*New York Globe*.

Auntie—What, smoking at your age, Karl? Whom did you learn from? Karl—From mamma.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Head Doctor—How many patients died since yesterday? Head Nurse—Seven. Head Doctor—But didn't I inject eight?—*Life*.

"Mythology says that Orpheus sang so well that the rocks followed him." "So does Caruso, doesn't he?"—*Milwaukee Daily News*.

"How did he make all his money?" "I understand he used to be a hat-check boy in one of our leading hotels."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Gillet—Randolph is furious every time he hears of a man running off with another man's wife. Perry—Yes, it makes him wild because no one elopes with his.—*New York Tribune*.

Mrs. Jacobson—You're a wretch, but I suppose if I had to live my life over again I'd marry you just the same. Mr. Jacobson—I bet you a dollar you wouldn't.—*Milwaukee Daily News*.

"Everything comes to him who waits, I suppose," said the restaurant diner patiently. "Yes suh," answered the colored waiter, "but the gentleman what won't wait done gets his first."—*Life*.

Hub—You say I've only one fault. Well, if that's all, I can't be such a bad husband. Wife—William, a quarter with a hole in it has only one fault, but what use is it?—*Boston Transcript*.

"I can trace my descent for 500 years." "Sure enough?" "Yes. How far can you trace your descent?" "Not very far. But I never claimed to have descended so far as you."—*Hauston Post*.

Chairman (addressing a meeting)—I am sure we will all be very sorry our secretary is not here tonight. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face."—*Tit-Bits*.

She—What has happened to Miss Muddock? He—That affable young fellow told her she had a musical laugh, and she went into hysterics over one of his stories.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Clerk—Can you let me off tomorrow afternoon? My wife wants me to go shopping with her. Employer—Certainly not. We are much too busy. Clerk—Thank you very much, sir. You are very kind!—*London Opinion*.

First City Man—How are you coming along with your poultry venture? Second Ditta—I've been swindled. I bought three incubators of different makes, and not one of them has laid an egg yet!—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mrs. Green—You spoke just now of social tact. Precisely what do you mean? Mrs. Wyse—By social tact I mean getting familiar with all sorts of people without letting them get familiar with you.—*Boston Transcript*.

Hawkshaw Holmes—I wish to be vaccinated. Doctor—What's your business? Hawkshaw Holmes—I am a detective. Doctor—Stand out of line, please, and give somebody else a chance. There is no danger of your ever catching anything.—*Boston Globe*.

"Come now, Hemma," says the Whitechapel bridegroom, "you're goin' to s'y 'ohay' when you comes to it in th' service, aint you?" "Wot, me?" cries the bride. "Me s'y 'ohay' to you! Why, hlime me, 'Ennery, you aint 'arf me size!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Groy Lady—Odds hoddikins, Sir Ughtred, did your moated grange stand here? Spectre Knight—By my halidom, yes; but a millionaire's bought it and shipped it to America. Groy Lady—Why didst not go with it? Spectre Knight—In sooth, I'm such a had sailor.—*Punch*.

ERRATUM.—Through a regrettable typographical error, Mrs. Florence Earle Coates's charming poem in the January *Lippincott's* was wrongfully entitled "To T. R." It should have been "To R. R.," as those familiar with the incident doubtless recognized.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"I believe de recall 'ud help to reform me," said Plodding Pete. "What difference would de recall make to you?" inquired Meandering Mike. "If we had it, I t'ink I'd quit dis roving life an' settle down an' try to git back at some o' dese judges dat keeps sendin' me up."—*Washington Star*.

No. 67,840 (just released)—W'y, Turtle, 'ow are you? Wot's doin' in d' hiz? His Old Pal—Hullo, Chicken! Shake. Wot's new in d' hiz? Nottin' much. Dere's a feller invented a vault door dat's five years ahead

of d' times! No. 67,840—Gee, dat's had! The Pal—An' Skinny Moss has invented a jimmy dat's five year ahead of d' new door!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

During a certain court-martial trial held in New Mexico, a colored sergeant was called to testify against a lieutenant, formerly his troop-commander, now charged before the court with intoxication and neglect of duty. "You say that the lieutenant told you to march the troop down to So-and-So's ranch and there go into camp?" asked the judge-advocate. "Yes, sah," replied the African sergeant. "Well, from previous testimony, it seems that your troop went that night without water." "No, sah; we didn't git no watah." "Well, how was that? There was plenty of water at the ranch. They didn't prohibit you from getting water, did they?" asked the judge-advocate. "Oh, no sah! dey warn't no pro'hition about it. Dey was watah dere, hut dey just wouldn't let us hah it."

### THE MERRY MUSE.

#### Two Views.

Says the Reverend Jabez McCotton:  
"The waltz of the devil's begotten."  
Said Jones to Miss Bly:  
"Never mind the old guy;  
To the pure almost everything's rotten."  
—James Montgomery Flagg.

#### Served Him Right.

There was a young man in the Bowerly  
Whose language was what you'd call flowery.  
He swore and he swore,  
Every day more and more,  
So they gave him six months as a dowry.  
—*New York World*.

#### Golf Partout.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad  
I see the golfer delve the sod;  
No matter to what clime I hoo!  
That's boomed by Baedeker and Cook,  
From fair Dieppe to Southern Pau  
Le jeu de golf c'est comme il faut;  
In Switzerland, or 'sunny Spain,  
I strive to fly from golf in vain,  
And e'en Italia's soil has felt  
The golf strokes of the conquering Celt,  
The hills of Rome look down on links,  
They've made them even by the Sphinx—  
One wonders what the image thinks!

With Pharaoh's dust, with Caesar's clay,  
The caddie makes your tea today.  
—*Golf Illustrated*.

#### The Charm of Uncertainty.

Ask me once more! It may be you'll divine  
This slight uncertainty at last.  
I'm far from saying that the die is cast,  
It's possible, quite possible I won't decline—  
Ask me once more!

Ask me once more! I like to have you guess—  
What was it that I ventured at the club?  
What did I really say? Ah! there's the rub!  
You wish to know if it was "no," or "yes"?  
Ask me once more!

Ask me once more! I love to mystify  
Both friend and foe, and most of all those scribes  
Who daily irritate me with their gibes—  
To be, or not to be? Now have another try—  
Ask me once more!  
—*La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun*.

Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding judge turned to Mr. Paine, and remarked: "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose and, in his dry and weighty manner, answered: "No, your honor; I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers."

During a strike on the North British Railway, much difficulty was experienced in finding engineers to keep the necessary trains running. One of the substitutes, a young fellow, ran some distance past a station, and then, putting back, ran as much too far the other way. He was preparing to make a third attempt, when the station-agent shouted, to the great amusement of the passengers: "Never mind, Tammas; stay where you are! We'll shift the station."

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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Vital Issue.

The President has duly invited the nations of the earth to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915; but this does not mean that they will do it in any general or generous fashion, unless the invitation shall be followed up by a campaign of energetic personal solicitation. A beginning has been taken in the sending of a commissioner to the Orient, and the same course will have to be adopted in relation to European countries. In the nature of things, we may expect more from the East than from the West. But something entirely creditable will come no doubt from the European countries.

And at the start we shall be up against a question: calling for immediate determination—a question of supreme importance at home and elsewhere. It is an invariable custom of European participants in expositions to unpack, set up, and repack their exhibits themselves—that is, to do the work with their own labor. The Germans will send German workmen, the French will send French work-

men, etc. Likewise exhibitors of our own country will expect to set up their exhibits with workmen of their own selection and under conditions of their own prescription. Any effort to interfere with this way of doing things will surely result in declination of our invitations. Exhibitors, foreign and domestic, will not be hampered by local restrictions—they will not consent that their work shall be done by inexpert men or under exactions prescribed by Patrick McCarthy, Olaf Tveit-moe, and Mike Casey. This is the testimony of all who have had experience in exposition matters.

Now what are we going to do about it? There is but one thing to do, and that is to establish the open-shop rule in relation to the exposition. The Japanese must be allowed to send Japanese workmen to set up their exhibits. Likewise the English, the French, the Germans, the Italians, and whatnot others must be accorded the same privilege. And by the same token all other exhibitors, domestic as well as foreign, must be permitted to do their own work in their own way. Under any other rule the exposition must be a futility.

Now is a good time to look this situation fairly in its face; and this is only another way of saying that now is the right time, in connection with the exposition at least, to break the back of an impertinent, restrictive, and ruinous order of things. It will have to be done sooner or later—and the sooner the better.

### Union Labor and Other Labor.

Mayor Rolph's assertion that he is friendly to labor unions should not have been required. Nearly all men are friendly to labor unions except when their friendship has been made a matter of coercion. But Mayor Rolph's supplementary statement—that he insisted his house should be constructed by union labor—is not a matter of course. It is seemingly an echo from an earlier régime that most citizens had hoped was entirely done away with. Last year—and for many years—it was understood that no non-union labor need apply.

Under present conditions, and in the light of current events, this attitude might appear to display a fine courage, but to those who know San Francisco and its business as thoroughly as the mayor knows them it is not courageous. It is a declaration that can not be excused or defended. Mayor Rolph would better have said that he is friendly to union labor as well as to non-union labor. Were he not really in fear of what may come from the enmity of a small but closely organized minority, led by cruel, ignorant, and often unprincipled demagogues, he would not truckle to them. Labor unions do not include one-fifth of the working men in this city, one-eighth of the working men in the country. The hardihood which asserts an exclusive friendship for a small class of laborers is not courage, nor is it wisdom, nor fairness. Mayor Rolph is bound by his oath to deal justly with all San Franciscans. He is constrained by humanity to be friendly to all well-disposed citizens of California and the nation.

Courage is one of the greatest of the virtues, if not the greatest, but it is wanting in labor union councils and methods, and in their apologists. Union labor is secret, indirect, and cowardly. It never strikes its alleged enemy—capitalism—openly or bravely. It moves in mobs to destroy property, to threaten, to wound, and to starve non-union working men. It favors the hired-assassin plan of the boycott. Its outrages were described twenty years ago in these columns as the acts of alien throwers of dynamite. Its efforts to advance its cause are never urged on friendly, unselfish lines. It has no conception of any potent influence but terrorism.

Mayor Rolph has lived in San Francisco all his life and he knows the propensities and the methods of union labor. He has seen countless exhibitions of its lawless spirit. He knows it is never fair. During his campaign he was obliged to go into and interrupt a political meeting where an organized labor speaker was attacking him with malicious falsehoods and slanderous

misstatements. He silenced the union-labor malignant there, but within a week the same foul-mouthed slanderer was reiterating his charges on the platform and adding new falsehoods to his record.

Mr. Rolph succeeds a union-labor mayor, who had built up a thorough union-labor administration. During the first month of his incumbency he has seen the exposure of incapacity and corruption in every branch of the municipal service. Official position had been prostituted, civic funds had been misappropriated and squandered with entire disregard of honesty and decency. The state of municipal affairs under the domination of union labor was well understood throughout the city, though without complete knowledge of affairs behind the screens. Even partial recognition of the facts moved the citizens to elect Mr. Rolph to the mayoralty by a larger majority than was ever given before to a candidate for his office. That vote discredited Mr. McCarthy and the cause which lay nearer to his heart than the good of the community. It did much more, it signified the overwhelming determination of the people to free themselves from a domination which was strangling enterprise in the city and driving away its people and its trade. Some of the more capable members of the labor unions saw the sweeping rush of the tidal wave before it broke, but the leaders and the rank and file were blind to its coming until they were submerged.

What that wave carried away should not be brought back. It left the promise of a clear field under a brighter sky. Not merely freedom from the political hold of labor unions, but a broad industrial freedom, with liberty of opportunity, unhampered endeavor, and the unquestioned right to retain and reward the faithful and efficient workman irrespective of his affiliations.

On Valencia Street, four blocks from Mayor Rolph's house, a red-ribboned representative of the McNamara spirit walks to and fro just outside the door of a large grocery store, warning prospective customers away from that place of business. The clerks in the store decline to become members of a labor union. The union puts a boycott on the place and purposes to drive the clerks into subjection or their employers into bankruptcy. The red-ribboned hireling is stanch on Mr. Rolph's declaration: Non-union labor will not be tolerated. It must submit or move on.

Does Mr. Rolph purpose to aid and console the routed and discredited forces? Does he wish to restore the tyranny against which the people revolted? Is Mr. Rolph afraid of the organizations that have ruled and ruined San Francisco? Is Mr. Rolph a friend to all labor or merely to a prejudiced minority of working men? Does he mean to insist that union labor exclusively shall not only construct his house, but shall build the city house and occupy it?

### The News from Mexico.

By this time the intelligent Mexican must be asking himself in what way his country has gained by substituting the weakness of Madero for the strength of Diaz. It is now a long time since the revolution that was so loudly acclaimed as a new vindication of the rights of man and as the emergence of Mexico into the light of democracy. We have had endless talk about national conventions, the majesty of the ballot-box, and the political liberty of the citizen, talk that was edifying enough in its way—but as barren of good results as such talk usually is. The results, such as they are, have now taken definite form. Mexico seems to be in a flame of rebellion from north to south, Madero announces that he will apply the "methods of Diaz" for its suppression, and the idea of a military dictatorship is favorably discussed. In brief, Mexico is now far worse off than she has been at any time for a quarter of a century. Her people are more discontented and more turbulent, her government is more precarious, her commerce is more insecure and life and liberty are less esteemed. And this is the result of a revolution that was supposed to mark the onward step of a new



ality. It would seem that the revolution has brought Mexico measurably nearer to barbarism.

If these calamities concerned Mexico alone, she might be reasonably left to stew in her own juice. But they do not concern Mexico alone. For the second time within the year a United States army is camped upon the frontier, American citizens have been ill-treated, and American interests threatened. The sudden moving of United States soldiers seems to show that the situation is more serious than the newspaper reports have indicated. In fact almost anything may happen among an ignorant and almost aboriginal people debauched by the explosive tirades of demagogues and inflamed by ill-deserved successes. It is the price that must be paid for Maderoism, and incidentally it may be said that Maderoism is to be found on both sides of the frontier, and it is just as dangerous in the guise of the American "reformer" as in that of the Mexican revolutionist.

The bandit, Zapato, who is said to have caused the present outbreak, was one of Madero's staunch supporters. He fought for Madero until Diaz was expelled and then, failing to understand that the revolution was in promotion of Madero's personal ambition, he continued to fight, this time against his former chief, and he has been fighting against him ever since. Zapato is not in a position to make known his views, but we should probably find that he now considers Madero to be a greater enemy to Mexican liberty than Diaz ever was. And he would be right. Diaz governed Mexico in the only way that Mexico can be governed, by a benevolent despotism. Madero, with his inflammatory talk about freedom, has freed nothing except the murderous passions of the people. He has done more mischief than a decade of good government can undo.

It is fortunate that this new trouble finds Mr. Taft still at the helm. The probability of its periodic reappearance should be kept in mind by our own electors as the presidential contest draws near. A President less pacific would have embroiled us a year ago, and there may be many occasions in the near future when the Mexican powder magazine will seem to invite the spark. Mr. Taft can be trusted to exercise forbearance up to the point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue. In the frontier must not be made an arena by Mexican brigands. Americans must not be ill-treated, and lawful American interests must not be menaced. Mr. Taft has already shown that he is peculiarly well qualified to handle just such a situation as this, but the Mexican authorities—if there are any Mexican authorities—would do well to understand that if intervention becomes necessary it will be of so effective a kind as to render its repetition unnecessary.

#### A Question of Manners.

To the great mass of the American people there are elements of humiliation in the circumstance that New York and Washington have been a good deal perturbed with respect to the forms and ceremonies by which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughter, should be received officially and socially. The supreme anxiety of those who had immediately to do with these functions appears to have been to find out and to follow the forms of social attention accorded to royalty in its own sphere. There appears to have been no reflection that the immediate incident was in America, no sense that American manners are sufficient when America happens to be the host.

We can but suspect that in European countries they have more self-respecting ways of determining such matters. A good many Americans of distinction have visited Europe, and have been received under circumstances implying the highest consideration. But if ever, in the course of these visitations, courtly society has been agitated over the effort, in consideration of an American visitor, to imitate American social forms, we have never heard of it. The rule appears to be for each country to receive distinguished visitors under the forms and ceremonies obtaining in the country visited and calculated to illustrate consideration and respect. We suspect that the duke and duchess and the princess in the innermost recesses of their minds were a good deal amused at the attempts of New York society to imitate the manners of Buckingham Palace. We suspect that they would have been better pleased and that they would have held their entertainers in higher respect if the order and ceremonial of their reception had reflected not a flunky-like attempt at courtly etiquette, but the respectful forms of American social life. Those who received the duke and his party should have accorded to them the very best forms

of American usage designed to show consideration and respect. It would have been in better taste, in better keeping—better in every way. There can be but one rule in such matters, the rule of common sense under the motives of kindness, refinement, and cordiality. When next we shall receive a party of royal visitors, we trust there will be a sufficient exercise of self-respect to study rather our own manners than those of other countries.

It is exceedingly gratifying to note that President Taft was not among those disturbed in spirit as to how the duke should be received. After the little group of man-milliners at Washington had worried themselves into a nervous funk over the matter, he calmed the turmoil by arranging to receive the duke precisely as he receives ambassadors and other high foreign functionaries. When the duke called at the White House, the President met him with his very best manner; and when later he returned the duke's call at the British Embassy, he in turn was received in the same spirit. The President and the duke are both gentlemen, therefore neither was under the least anxiety as to what he should say or how he should act. Large minds and assured personages are not often troubled on these scores—in America or anywhere else.

#### Mr. Darrow Indicted.

The indictment of Mr. Darrow surprised no one, not even Mr. Darrow himself. It was a foregone conclusion that some one would be indicted for a patent and successful attempt to bribe the jurors in the McNamara case. To punish the wretch who actually handed over the money is a proper course to pursue, but to stop there would be a scandal. It was hardly to be supposed that the detective Franklin, himself in the employ of the defense, was so overflowing with love for the McNamaras and the sacred cause of dynamite as to furnish the bribe money from his own pocket. But it was furnished by some one, and it is reasonable to suppose that it was furnished by whoever had it to furnish, that is to say by the custodian of the vast fund raised for the defense. Mr. Darrow was the custodian of that fund and so the inference is obvious enough, without waiting for the more definite evidence that the prosecution will doubtless furnish. Now Mr. Darrow may find it easy to dispose alike of the inference and of the evidence. He may be able to show that the bribe payer, Franklin, was financed from some other fund of which we know nothing, but that he should fall under strong suspicion was inevitable. We have been told over and over again that the whole of the defense fund was intrusted to Mr. Darrow and that no disbursements were made without his sanction. If this is true the prosecuting officials had no choice in the matter. And we may suppose that their action is not based wholly upon inference. District Attorney Fredericks, who is now in Florida, is reported as saying: "We knew when Juror Bain took his seat that he had been bribed and we know who did it. I expected the indictment would come today. This is only the beginning."

But for the detection of the fact that jurors had been bribed it is probable that we should still be in the middle of the McNamara trial, and the prisoners would be invested with a halo of martyrdom that no conceivable evidence could wipe away. With "safe men" upon the jury the defense would have had nothing to do but extend the case to its utmost limits for the sake of display, and with the comfortable knowledge that no amount of truth could avail against a jury disagreement that was bought and paid for. But the game was finished at the moment when Franklin was caught at his nefarious work. At that moment Mr. Darrow knew that his defense of his clients was at an end and that his own defense must begin. What more natural than that he should endeavor to cover one sensation by a bigger one, and to hide the crime of bribery behind the larger crime of confessed murder.

That he was actuated by some overwhelming motive other than that furnished by the weight of evidence against his clients was clear enough. He had known all about the evidence for weeks. The election was close at hand and a confession must inevitably mean the defeat of his Socialist friends and of his colleague in the defense, Mr. Harriman, the mayoralty candidate. It would seem to make no difference whether the confessions came then or a week later. But actually it made all the difference. The bribery of the jurors had been detected. Election or no election some great sensation had to oust the smaller one, and so the McNamaras were tried in the confession in the

hope that the sentence upon them would imply an act of oblivion for all lesser and dependent acts. For all these things Mr. Darrow may have a satisfactory explanation. That he should be asked in a peremptory way to furnish that explanation was essential to justice.

#### The Manchus and Yuan Shi Kai.

An occasional half-column of contradictory news items from China seems hardly commensurate with a revolution affecting nearly one-third of the human race. Strictly speaking there is, of course, no revolution in China in the sense of those great popular movements that are the mountain peaks of human advance. The foreign dynasty of the Manchus has been overthrown by a small but well-concerted movement of its enemies—a movement that was rendered possible by the restless discontent of the country at large. But there has been nothing approaching a general uprising, no popular cry for "liberty," none of those signs of a national insurrection against tyranny that have been associated with the great revolutions of the world.

The real news of the day is not the abdication of the Empress-Dowager and the court. Virtually they abdicated weeks ago and since then have been concerned only with their personal safety. The real news is the apparent abdication of Dr. Sun Yat Sen and the demand of Yuan Shi Kai that he himself be invested with practically absolute powers. Now a few weeks ago we were asked to believe that a Chinese republic was already an accomplished fact; that Dr. Sun Yat Sen had been formally proclaimed as provisional president, and that only a few formalities were needed before China would take her place among the great democratic and self-governing countries of the world. The *Argonaut* at that time ventured to point out that a republic had not been declared except by a few irresponsibles; that no national convention had been held, and that Dr. Sun Yat Sen had no position except a self-appointed one. All of the foregoing is still true, and now comes the additional news that Yuan Shi Kai, until now the champion of the Manchus, has claimed for himself a sort of dictatorship; that the republicans themselves have offered him the presidency, and that if Sun Yat Sen will share at all in the new deal it will be as premier. And yet a month ago we were assured that everything was over except the shouting; that Sun Yat Sen was a combination of Washington, Kossuth, and Garibaldi, and that under his leadership China had thrown off the shackles of despotism and had become in some mysterious way politically regenerated overnight. Therefore it may be said advisedly that there is no news in the fact that the Manchu court is ready to clear out, but that there is portentous news in the accompanying fact that Sun Yat Sen, an honest but otherwise commonplace person, has been pushed into the background to make room for Yuan Shi Kai, who was first for the Manchus and now for the republic, who has no conscience, and who was never yet known to surrender anything that his strong greedy hands had grasped. Democratic government and Yuan Shi Kai are strange bedfellows.

But if Yuan Shi Kai, from whatever selfish motives, should be able to save China from a premature plunge into an imitation democracy, his service to his country may be a large one. There is not a single authority of any note who believes that China is capable of democracy or that the Chinese mind can thus be polarized in a new direction after thousands of years of custom and routine. Government is not so much a matter of machinery, but of mental aptitude. Democracy is not born overnight, but is the result of a long-continued progress of national sentiment. We are overapt to assume that our own political sanctities must necessarily be recognized as sanctities by other people to whom they have been strange, and that such an idea as representative government will inevitably commend itself as soon as it is presented. The reverse of this may be true, and is often true, in the case of oriental peoples who may regard as religious sublimities the very things that we most abhor. The standard authority on Chinese government, Mayers, discussing the possibility of democratic government in China, says:

In order that such a result should be accomplished, to any tangible extent, it would be necessary that the most cherished principles of the national religion should be abandoned, the idols of literary worship dethroned, and the recognized fountain of all honor deserted in favor of pursuits and doctrines which are now contemptuously ignored.

That China—that is to say the masses of the Chinese people—are willing to take such a step is a matter of grave doubt. So far they have not been heard from, and if we may draw any inference from the situation



and secrecy displayed by the leaders in China we may suppose that they, too, are apprehensive of the time when the incalculable hordes of the interior shall realize that there is no longer a "Son of Heaven" to play the part of earthly providence. It goes without saying that China will one day develop an enlightened form of government. To say that she has already done so is a piece of fatuous optimism. It may be true that she is approaching the end of her revolutionary difficulties, but perhaps she is only about to begin them. Certainly there is nothing in the latest news to reassure us.

#### "Charges and Specifications."

Complaint having been made by apologists of the "reform government" at Sacramento that the *Stockton Mail*, while ridiculing the pretensions of the purifiers, "presents no solid objections to their conduct of affairs," that spirited journal addresses itself to reform policies as they have been worked out in actual practice this past year. "We will," says the *Mail*, "drop ridicule of these old ringsters in the guise of reformers, and inquire in all soberness into their actions." And upon this basis there follows a presentment of charges and specifications under nine counts. They follow herewith in somewhat abridged form:

1. That the "reformers" asked the suffrages of the people on the plea that they would destroy machine rule; and that having been given power under this plea, they have labored within decent fairness to build up a machine more arbitrary and more greedy than any the state ever saw.

2. That they promised a "people's rule" and a free legislature; and that in direct contradiction of this promise the legislature has been forced or cajoled to do its work at the dictation of a political boss.

3. That the people on the 10th of October last, by a great majority, instructed the legislature to establish an inspection of weights and measures to the end that an all but universal system of petty cheating on the part of traders might be nullified. Proof of the need of such inspection is afforded by a governmental report which shows that in the city of Stockton—Stockton being selected merely for illustration—seventy-one per cent of the scales and measures used in ordinary trading transactions are so adjusted as to pick the pockets of buyers of merchandise. On this count the *Mail* charges that in spite of the command of the people and in face of the urgent necessity for a specific reform, the reformers—in other words the Johnson state government, which includes the legislature—refused to pass the law as commanded. And it is further charged that this refusal was due directly "to the efforts of a lobbyist working for the dealers." The charge proceeds "that when Senator Welch appealed at the last minute for help from the governor, he got none, and the bill was lost, as it was meant to be, in conference."

4. That the powers of the Board of Control are being employed to political ends; that "a man whose salary is under attachment for debts due in another state has been selected to manage the vast business interests of this commonwealth—an ordinary newspaper reporter with no experience in business of any magnitude," and that this man by "absurd and arbitrary treatment of excellent public servants," has wrought demoralization in the public institutions. Under this count it is further charged that "within a month after he was elected Governor Johnson declared that he would 'get' Dr. Stone of the Napa Asylum, and that he has done so by means of this serviceable lackey Neylan."

5. That a bill to give the state's advertising was defeated by the reforming ring and the expenditure of at least \$100,000 per year for advertising purposes given over to this same Board of Control to be expended in its own discretion with no check whatever; and "that this same Board of Control intends to, and will, give at least \$50,000 of this amount to the *San Francisco Bulletin*, at any price it chooses; and that this is a payment of political debts owed to the *Bulletin* which put this reporter, Neylan, on the Board of Control; and that the balance of this great sum is to be distributed among the 'reform' editors and newspaper reporters."

6. That the Board of Control in the affair of public printer Shannon compounded a felony for a political purpose, "to which compounding the governor must be a party." The investigation of the Board of Control, declares the *Mail*, shows that Shannon defrauded the state. He was compelled by the Board of Control to resign, but has not been prosecuted nor molested. "Either he stole or he did not—and in either case, there is dirty politics in the deal."

7. That the reform legislature under the crack of

the boss's whip gerrymandered the election districts of the state "in a manner so shamefully unfair that even Boss Rowell gagged at it; that this was done merely to strengthen the machine; and that this was so openly indecent and unfair that the vote of a man living in the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley counts for not quite one-half the vote of a man living in San Jose; and that this was done against the will and conscience of the majority of the legislature by a most arbitrary use of power on the part of the governor, with the consent of the reform bosses."

8. That elected on a platform of "people's direct majority rule," the reform bosses "have deprived the people of any voice in their own government to an extent which the old ringsters never dared to attempt; and that this has been done by transferring nearly all the powers of government to 'commissions,' which are appointed only by the governor; so that while we were promised people's rule, we have the most complete exhibition of one-man power to be found in any state of the union—a direct subversion of the platform promises with which these men sought and obtained election to office."

9. That "the reformers have been as deficient in performance as they were loud in promise; and that this state of affairs is due to their eagerness to build up a political machine and make soft berths for their henchmen, precisely as the old ringsters did; sacrificing the welfare of the state to the ambitions of Lissner and Rowell and Johnson and Devlin and Pillsbury and other bosses."

This is in the nature of straight talk. It is a kind of talk which demands response; for to sit silent under charges so specific and definite would be a tacit confession that the allegations are true. It will be interesting to see what the champions and apologists of the "reform government" will have to say in reply.

#### Editorial Notes.

In times past Mr. Roosevelt has been an opponent of woman suffrage; and in California last year, while boldly swallowing all the other radicalisms under consideration here, he declared himself "tepid" in relation to suffrage. In the face of this record, *Harper's Weekly* a month ago, noting that "more than a million and a half of women are going to vote for somebody for president this very year," ventured to "bet a red apple that the Colonel declares for woman suffrage within a month." And sure enough: in the *Outlook* for February 3 the Colonel declares: "I believe in woman suffrage wherever the women want it." And yet the Colonel would like the country to believe that he is making no campaign for the presidency.

Socialism in working control of the Milwaukee city government has not commended itself to practical judgment. Without undertaking any notable public improvement, it has added approximately a million dollars per year to the charge of municipal government. Inspired by a common purpose to rid the city of an incubus, three hitherto contesting elements in the local political field have combined in a movement in opposition to the Socialists. A committee of twenty-seven—made up of nine Democrats, nine La Follette Republicans, and nine anti-La Follette Republicans—has nominated a municipal ticket, and there is every prospect that it will win in the coming election. It is interesting to note that the only large city in the country which has elected a Socialist mayor, and the only congressional district in the country represented by a Socialist in the House of Representatives, are in a state which now for nearly twenty years has been dominated by a radical "progressivism" typified by Mr. La Follette. The fact is suggestive of influences and tendencies associated with the "progressive" scheme of politics.

The newest attempt to break into the presidential game is now being made by Mayor Gaynor of New York. He is making a campaign with the help of an active publicity bureau which is flooding the country with copies of the mayor's speeches made on divers occasions and setting forth his views on matters likely to interest the country. There was a time shortly after Mr. Gaynor assumed the mayoralship when he appeared to be presidential timber, but he has not been accredited by time and events. A personally honest man Mr. Gaynor is beyond a doubt. But he lacks the breadth of vision and the capacity for coöperation essential in the presidency. Viewed from the outside Mr. Gaynor appears to be making a good mayor, nevertheless he has not commended himself to those who have observed his

course at close range. His popularity in New York has suffered a marked decline, and it is more than doubtful if today he could win reelection. As a presidential aspirant he is, we think, a negligible quantity.

In a speech at Detroit some little while ago Professor Wilson, referring to a recent visit to Oregon, remarked that "my observation at first hand of the direct legislation law of Oregon has not only convinced me of its success as a practical measure, but also forced upon me the conclusion that it is a conservative rather than a radical force." Professor Wilson was, however, at that time not in favor of the recall, because as he puts it, "I have failed to find any general feeling against the courts." Professor Wilson's visit to Oregon occupied just two days, and during that brief time it appears that he saw and heard enough to nullify convictions formed upon the basis of a lifetime of observation and study—convictions on principles of government which he had as a teacher been expounding for years. "Truly," says the *Portland Oregonian*, commenting on this declaration, "there has been nothing like it since the miraculous happenings to Paul on the historic journey to Damascus." The same paper thinks that possibly Professor Wilson might now be convinced of the practicability and value of the judicial recall which prevails full-blown in the state of Oregon. Commenting further on the beauties of the system, the *Oregonian* remarks that "judges are not concerned here about the recall. They are concerned about election or reelection—never the recall. Let Dr. Wilson come back and see how we elect judges. He will find on every street corner somebody who wants to be a judge, importuning citizens, soliciting votes, promising anything. We select our judges from a group of self-nominated candidates who proclaim their own merits, and decry the merits of their opponents. Sometimes we are lucky enough to get a very good judge but it is mere luck. Other times we get judges whose most conspicuous trait is their ability to keep their ear to the ground."

In his letter of apology to Colonel Harvey, Professor Wilson declares from the depths of a contrite heart: "I am confirmed in the judgment that my mind is a one-track road and can run only one train of thought at a time." Apparently the particular train in possession of the professor's single track at the moment of his now famous interview with Colonel Harvey and Colonel Watterson, was his over-wrought ambition to be President of the United States. His mind seems to have been so full of himself as to have no space left for the obligations of gratitude or courtesy. Excellent reasons, by the way, why the professor ought not to aspire to the presidency of the United States, which is hardly a job suited to a one-track mind.

For seventeen years Frederick J. B. Skiff, director of the great Field Museum in Chicago, has kept in existence a flimsy building that was erected to last only six months. It has been a seventeen-year fight against the elements, and in itself this struggle has been filled with many interesting details. While the men on the ground have been laboring to keep a roof over the collection, and for seventeen years have lived in perpetual dread of fires, the staff of explorers has been out in the wilds running races with Great Britain and Germany in the collection of material. All the odds have been in favor of the foreigners, but the results in many particulars have been in favor of the Chicagoans. In seventeen years a collection has been gathered that is valued at \$10,000,000 at a minimum.

In the Port Nolloth district, South Africa, is the Richtersveld, "an immense area occupied by a handful of thriftless Hottentots, some sixty-five families, or 400 members all told." So thriftless are they, one reads, that as often as not they eat up the seed wheat supplied to them by the government in seasons of scarcity instead of sowing it. The natural springs at their doors are not utilized, but neglected, and so a more industrious and energetic race of men is shut out and debarred from doing justice to the land. But they are a socialistic community. When one kills a sheep or goat all the others flock around to help him eat it, and this applies to all foodstuffs; hence the native's illiness. He knows that if he works he will fare no better than those who do not work.

The German emperor is the possessor of the largest number of uniforms any one being has ever worn. In variety and splendor the Kaiser's wardrobe of ceremony far eclipses that of even King George, who holds the right to wear just over a hundred military and naval uniforms. In the emperor's suite of rooms, lined with cupboards and stacked with tin cases, are nearly 200 complete uniforms. A large proportion of these consist of regiments of the German army, but the rest are made up of British, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, and Turkish trappings.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

France is passing through her quinquennial spasm of alarm at the census returns. The statistics for the last five yearly enumerations have just been published, and it is found that the population has decreased in sixty-four out of the eighty-seven departments. Curiously enough the increases, such as they are, come from the large towns, and this shows a movement away from the land in addition to a waning birth rate. The population problem of France is not yet so old as to discourage the remedial propositions of the sociologists. As usual they are all to the front with their sapient suggestions of taxes upon bachelors, bonuses for large families, and the whole catalogue of quackeries with which we are familiar. A man from Mars, introduced for the first time to the kind of humanity that we are producing nowadays, would be likely to congratulate us upon the fact that the supply was diminishing, but what may be called the big-figures superstition is still heavily upon us. The population of France is more sensitive to economic conditions than any other because the standard of comfort is more conservative. The pressure of modern armaments necessitates either a lowering of the standard of comfort, or economy in habies, and the Frenchman chooses the latter, sensible man that he is. England and some other countries have chosen the former.

Since the activity of volcanoes is proof even against legislation, why should we not use the heat that they generate for our own comfort? The artificial warming of the world is one of the greatest of our modern problems, and yet the earth is itself a vast furnace whose flames are sometimes aggressively active and destructive. An experiment along these lines is about to be tried at Vesuvius. A boiler is to be installed at some point where the internal fires are accessible, and hot water is to be piped to the neighboring towns. Other volcanic regions might try the same expedient, and perhaps the day is not so far distant when the coal merchant can thus be taught a much needed lesson in humility. To make available the internal heat of the earth ought not to be a task to dismay our modern engineers. It would certainly be rash to deny its possibilities.

During the last few weeks the whole of western Europe has been swept by violent hurricanes and blizzards. Nearly a hundred people have been frozen to death in south Russia, and a similar story comes from Transcaucasia. The disturbance has been so exceptional that the scientists of Russia have been asked for an explanation, and their reply is worthy of notice. These say that these meteorological phenomena are due to the recent abnormal proximity of the moon to the earth. Now we should like some further particulars upon this point. Every now and then some worthy scholar rises to administer a lofty reproof to the popular superstition that attributes to the moon some influence upon the weather. Over and over again we have been told authoritatively that there is no basis for such a belief, and that to hold it is a mark of inferior intelligence. And now come the wise men from Russia—and the Russian scientists rank as high as any—with their calm assurance that the exceptional weather in eastern Europe is due to the moon and to nothing else. So what are we to believe? Perhaps tomorrow we shall be told with equal authority that to get our hair cut under a waning moon is to invite baldness, and that to sleep in the moonlight is to court insanity. It would seem that some scientists have acquired the habit of denying every popular belief simply because it is popular, and without reference to its truth. It has been said that science enlarges its own boundaries by annexing the domain of superstition, and this pronouncement from Russia seems to be along that line. The man who dreads—or welcomes, which is it?—the sight of a black cat, or who avoids the number thirteen, has only to hold on to his eccentric creed and he may yet find himself scientifically orthodox.

An ancient Egyptian manuscript recently discovered by Dr. Reissner while engaged upon exploration work for the University of California, has been found to contain a complete medical treatise dating from about the twelfth dynasty. The report says that the medical knowledge of ancient Egypt, as disclosed by this papyrus, can not command much respect, as all pains and aches are attributed to the agency of evil spirits or to the gods. However, the administration of medicine was always accompanied with an incantation. Now there are two ways of looking at this thing. It is generally admitted that more of our aches and pains are due to our own misconduct or to our own folly, and we may therefore be allowed the mild poetic license of supposing that they are indeed due to evil spirits. And as for the alternative attribution of these same troubles to the gods, perhaps here, too, we can hardly afford to throw the stones of our contempt at the Egyptians. We have still a pleasant way of describing our own misfortunes, physical or otherwise, as a "dispensation of Providence," and the misfortunes of our friends as "judgments of Providence," and between that and the Egyptian belief the difference is the same as that between tweedledum and tweedledee. And as for the incantations, we have sometimes believed that they may be detected in a modernized version in some of the medical practice of today, and certainly in the formulas of the faith healer. If it were our bad fortune to be attended medically by one of the physicians of ancient Egypt we should probably throw his medicines out of the window, but we should accept his incantations with gratitude. No one can be the worse for an incantation, while if he laughed at it he might distinctly be the better for it.

An English court has granted compensation to the widow of a man who died as the result of a bee sting upon his tongue while engaged in the duties of his profession. The law upon the point was clear. For some mysterious reason the English law—and the Californian—protects a man who is paid wages, but has no protection to offer to the man

who pays them. Certainly the occasion was an unusual one, but it is the glory of the law that it remains unruffled in the presence of the abnormal. Details of this particular case are not available, but we may hope that the waiter's right to have his mouth open at all was clearly proved. There are bees in California. Also an employer's liability law.

Mr. F. Cuncliffe-Owen, writing in the *Metropolitan*, tells us why Archbishop Ireland failed to receive the Red Hat. In the spring of 1898, and upon the advice of the archbishop, the Pope offered his mediation between the United States and Spain. The offer was declined, and rather curtly, although the mediation of the Vatican had been eminently successful in other international disputes of a similar nature. In this instance the abortive offer was felt to be a humiliation; and it was a humiliation for which Archbishop Ireland was held responsible. He had failed as a diplomat, inasmuch as he should have been assured of his ground before prompting the offer from the Vatican. Whatever blessings may await the peacemaker, there is evidently a penalty attached to the unfruitful effort.

Sometimes we are told that Europe has now been so carefully combed over that the search for picture masterpieces is foredoomed to failure. And yet two pictures by Rubens have just been found in second-hand shops in Belgium. One of them is "The Holy Trinity," and the other represents Lot fleeing from Sodom, and they had been sold for about twenty dollars each by their original owner, in whose family they have been for generations.

Another remarkable discovery of a similar nature is that of a hitherto unknown room in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, a room that is believed to be the famous "scrittojo" or study of Cosimo Medici. It measures forty feet by twenty feet, and has a magnificent ceiling with beams from wall to wall, the whole being covered with paintings. The hall is surrounded with a beautiful painted frieze, and on one of the beams is the artist's name, "Franc-Bach . . .," evidently Francesco Bacciaccia, who died in 1557, and who is known to have had a commission from Duke Cosimo to execute just such a work. It seems strange that there should still be unexplored parts of the great Florence palaces, of which the existence must surely be disclosed by the architectural plans.

Polar exploration circles are now anxiously awaiting news from the Antarctic. By this time both Captain Scott and Captain Amundsen have either succeeded or failed. Captain Scott sailed from Capetown in the summer of 1910, and entered the ice pack twenty-one days later. He met Captain Amundsen in the *Fram* in the Bay of Whales and learned that he intended to attack the Pole from the Beardmore Glacier, with 116 dogs and sledges. Captain Scott was to take another route, and instead of dogs, he had equipped his expedition with mules. Both commanders expected to reach the Pole within the past six weeks, and any day now may bring word of success or failure.

Are Protestants more intolerant than Catholics? It is a nice question, and one that is being debated just now in Ireland with some fury. Home Rule being apparently imminent, the electorate is invited to consider the likelihood of a persecution of the Protestant minority by the Catholic majority, and while it is not said that the price of faggots has actually risen in view of the expected demand, we must remember that all things have a beginning and that milder measures are entitled to a trial. But now comes *Home Rule Notes* with a counter charge. It is not the Catholic south that would establish the *auto da fe*, but the Protestant north. Take, for example, says the scribe, the present condition in Belfast. Catholics form one-third of the population of the northern city, but no Catholic is allowed a place on the Harbor Board. There is only one Catholic on the pay roll, and how he got there heaven only knows. There are 437 salaried officials in the service of the city, and only nine of these are Catholics. The total annual salary list amounts to £67,725, but the nine Catholics receive only £765 between them. And so on. Evidently Belfast is lacking in that broad and tolerant spirit that we should like to see. Belfast must reform if she intends to hold aloft the banner of religious liberty.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Within the last year or so the Newberry and Crerar libraries of Chicago have extended their collections of Oriental literature until they now possess 36,000 volumes in Chinese, Thibetan, Manchu, Mongol, and Japanese. Many of the Manchu books are unique, as in the present anti-dynastic revolution in China Manchu relics are being destroyed, and a yellow cover is sufficient to doom a book to the flames, regardless of its rarity and historical value. When China emerges from disorder and its scholars take an inventory of its libraries it is more than likely that copies of many of its great books will be found preserved only in Chicago. The Newberry and Crerar libraries procured their Chinese, Thibetan and Japanese books through Dr. Berthold Lanfer, one of the most eminent Chinese scholars in the country, who made a three years' expedition into China and Thibet for the Field Museum.

A log of wood and a roll of paper are placed in a new match-making machine, and when human hands next touch the material it is all bound up in packages containing one gross of boxes of matches, ready for the consumer. During the process the machine cuts the wood into proper lengths, sulphurs the ends, counts them, makes the paper boxes, prints the labels on them, fills each box and packs them. The machine has been patented by a Norwegian match company.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Threefold.

Our love wakes with the morning unafraid  
To meet the little worries of the day.  
And if a haggard dawn, dull-eyed and gray,  
Peers in upon us through the window shade,  
Ere long, love's finger, rosy tipped, is laid  
Upon its brow, and gloom departs straightway.  
All outer darkness melts before that ray  
Of inner light, whereof our love is made.  
Each petty trouble and each pigmy care,  
And those gaunt-visaged duties which so fill  
Life's path by day, do borrow of love's grace.  
Though he be dear always, and debonaire  
In the bright morning, hest he proves his skill  
Lending his lustre to the Commonplace.

Our love looks holdly in the moon's bold eyes.  
He has no thing to hide, no thing to fear.  
And if the world stands far or hurtles near  
He walks always, serene, without disguise,  
Naked and unashamed beneath the skies.  
He does not need dark backgrounds to appear  
Radiant, for even through the broad day's clear  
Effulgence his supernal heatities rise.  
Oh, there he loves that hide till day is done:  
Nocturnal loves, like silent birds of prey:  
Secretive loves that do not dare rejoice.  
Ours is an eagle that can face the sun.  
A wholesome love that glories in the day,  
And finds a rapture in its own glad voice.

Our love augments in beauty when the night  
Shuts in our world between four sheltering walls.  
Fair is the day and yet its splendor pails.  
Dear are the shadows that obscure the light,  
And dear the stars that tiptoe into sight.  
And when the curtain of deep darkness falls,  
Then heart to heart in clearer accent calls,  
And the whole Universe is Love's by right.  
There is no vexing world to interfere,  
No sorrow save the all too rapid flow  
Of time's swift river sweeping on and on.  
We two are masters of this silent sphere.  
Love is the only duty that we know—  
Our only fear, the menace of the dawn.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the *Criterion*.

## The Foster-Mother.

(After the French.)

Sleep, little one! Again I feel the thrill  
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.  
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken:  
Sleep, little one! thou hast a mother still.

My lips I press to thy sweet brow anew;  
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother too.

Mine to protect, to cherish, and to rear;  
Why should the baby hand, the flaxen hair,  
Set me a-dreaming of a bygone care,  
And make a far-off sorrow seem so near?

Wake, little one! Too much am I beguiled,  
Too near, too close, the little hands are wrestling.  
Too soft, too warm, the little head is nestling,  
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Wake, little one! Thy mouth too sweetly smiled,  
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Yet do not wake,—sleep on,—full well I know  
God, in my maternal love renewing,  
Intendeth not for my poor heart's undoing,  
Nor builds again a joy to lay it low.

Sleep, little one! 'Tis sweet to feel the thrill  
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.  
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken:  
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother still.

—Edwin H. Keen, in the *Outlook*.

## The Piper.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the bees upon the sill  
Are singing of the summer that is coming from the stars.  
I will take my pipes and go now, for the little mountain rill  
Is pleading with the bagpipes in tender, crooning bars.

I will go o'er hills and valleys, and through fields of ripening  
rye,  
And the linnet and the throistle and the bittern in the sedge  
Will hush their throats and listen as the piper passes by,  
On the great long road of silver that ends at the world's  
edge.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the sand-flower on the  
dunes  
Is a-weary of the sobbing of the great white sea,  
And is asking for the piper, with his basketful of tunes,  
To play the merry lilt that sets all hearts free.

I will take my pipes and go now, and God go with you all,  
And keep all sorrow from you and the dark heart's load.  
I will take my pipes and go now, for I hear the summer call,  
And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I pass along the road.  
—Donn Byrne, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The statement that the hired men of Kansas farmers, men who work for them in their fields, make trips with their families to Europe every four years and spend a year or more there may be surprising. But it is true, nevertheless, declares the *Times* of Kansas City, Missouri. Thousands of men who work in the sugar beet fields of western Kansas do that very thing. And, more surprising still, when they are in Europe they live on farms of their own. Nearly all the cultivation of the sugar beet fields is done by German-Russians. The land owners who raise the beets for sugar manufacture turn the fields over to those people and they plant the seed, harvest them and take them to the sugar mills. They take the fields on contract, at so much an acre, and it is not unusual to see an entire family, children and mother and father, toiling in the beet fields. They are industrious and thrifty and probably few of their employers are aware of the fact that the heads of these families own farms in the richest section of the Russias. It is those farms which cause them to leave their employers every four years and return to their own country. After a short time they return, however, and resume their work in the beets.



## GRAND OPERA IN LONDON.

Covent Garden and Mr. Hammerstein's Rival House of Song.

Additions to general knowledge usually come from a clash—a curious, indomitable will with a stubborn fact, or two indomitable wills with each other. When one of the indomitable wills is that of a syndicate and the other the elastic, soaring determination of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, the clash is loud and reverberating and in the echoes there are fragments of truth hitherto unrevealed which may be easily pieced into comprehensible and utilitarian patterns. In this connection let me quote:

Neil Forsyth, the manager of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, was the "guest of honor" at the annual dinner of the Old Neuenheimers Society, held at the Trocadero, London. In his speech he defended the policy of the Covent Garden Syndicate, and outlined the performances for the coming season. Mr. Forsyth acknowledged the debt the musical public in England owes to the late Sir Augustus Harris, whose first opera season involved him in a loss of about £16,000. "Harris never attained the height of his ambition, that of attracting the public in sufficient numbers to witness works by British composers, performed in English by British artists.

"The present directorate of the Royal Opera," he said, "is often asked to produce English works; but I may tell you in confidence that hardly one of those staged at Covent Garden during the twenty-one years I have been there has brought enough money to the box office even to repay the cost of production. The financial results of our enterprise are never published, but I am betraying no secret when I say that under the present régime Covent Garden is practically the only opera house in Europe that pays its way unaided and unsubsidized. In Paris the societies that run the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique not only have the use of their fine theatres gratis, and are exempt from taxation, but receive subsidies of £32,000 and £16,000 respectively. In Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Munich, and the other principal cities of Germany no rent or taxes are paid in respect of the opera house; but the court pays the annual deficits, for there always are deficits. In the two cases first mentioned they are said to amount to between £29,000 and £30,000 annually. The Scala at Milan has for years been run at a loss, and in Madrid and Rome, Naples, and Brussels the management have the use of the opera house free, and receive subsidies of varying amounts.

"Here in England the most singular feature is the lack of musical curiosity. Only lately we produced a new opera by a celebrated composer, who had already written a work of worldwide popularity, and not half the house was sold for the first performance, a by-no-means unusual experience. This increases the natural hesitation of a self-supporting management to commit themselves to the large expense of new productions, for we have no public authority to fall back upon even to share the loss. But when we are influenced by these considerations we are reproached with commercialism in art—(laughter)—and when we lose our money we are told that we ought to have known that we should. (Renewed laughter.) Nevertheless, the management intend to maintain the present high artistic standard of Covent Garden. (Cheers.)

"Our next season opens at the end of April, and we shall start it with two cycles of Wagner's 'Ring' in German, with, I hope, the coöperation of Dr. Hans Richter. For the last six weeks of the season we have again secured the services of the Russian Ballet. Among the novelties at present arranged for is a work by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, the composer of 'The Secret of Suzanne,' which met with so much public favor last spring. This addition to our repertory is entitled 'The Jewels of the Madonna,' and it has been well received in Berlin, where it was brought out three weeks ago. Other interesting novelties under consideration include 'La Conchita,' a new work by a young Italian composer. Overtures were recently made to Signor Caruso to give some performances in June; but he is tied to New York, until April, in May he is singing in Paris, and he has determined after that to take at least three months' holiday, so his return to London will, I fear, be deferred for another year."

Since Mr. Hammerstein returned from America the impresario has been interviewed by the London newspapers several times. He said to a reporter a few days ago:

"I built the opera house just because I wanted to know whether Londoners wanted such a place. So far as that is concerned I am quite satisfied. The cheaper seats are well patronized; the receipts are satisfactory and steady, and general running expenses are pretty well met by takings. But that is not enough. Opera can not be run unless it be subsidized. You can call it by whatever name you like, but whether it is a grant by monarch or municipality or substantial subscription by millionaire—the money is absolutely necessary if opera is to pay its way.

"Now, I have spent a lot of money. One way and another I have spent little short of £350,000. I don't expect to make money, but I am not out to lose any either. If I get subscriptions for my boxes and a fair number of stalls, then with the splendid attendance in the cheaper seats the future will be brilliant. I shall produce real English opera. Supposing I do not get the money? I pride myself first and last on being a business man with common sense. If London does not want

the opera house, does not want English opera, and thinks my presence is superfluous, I shall dispose of the place. No, I can not tell you what will be done with the house or whether it will be turned into a music hall. Plenty of time to talk about that later.

"The season is due to begin at the end of March, and I shall expect to know definitely well before that time. Hitherto when I have approached a wealthy man, he has simply said, 'Oh, I don't know what sort of a show you are going to give,' or 'Who is singing for you?' The 'pig-in-the-poke' era is now past. The productions can not be surpassed, the singers are not to be excelled. A man who refuses a subscription now simply does so because he declines to support the London Opera House. I don't mind, so long as I know."

It is evident that two opera houses run on a stringently economical basis are not an embarrassment of riches. London wants not more opera, but better opera; that is, opera given with regard for its true form and requirements. Not two or three popular singing stars, but a collection of great voices under a great conductor, accompanied by a great orchestra. And there are difficulties in this plan beyond the sordid question of money, though that, of course, comes first.

LONDON, January 18, 1912.

PICCADILLY.

## Oil Fields Old and New.

It is little more than half a century since a sturdy pioneer, E. L. Drake, drilling for oil near the site of the present city of Titusville, brought in the gusher that first gave an inkling of the vast wealth in petroleum of Pennsylvania. In the intervening years what amazing strides and changes have taken place in the industry! A new and better illuminant has been introduced to the world, to take the place of whale oil and candles; thousands of men have been enriched beyond their wildest dreams; many more thousand have been given employment, and the Standard Oil Company has been built up into such a ruthless machine of oppression and monopoly that the government has been compelled to order its dissolution in the interest of the general public.

Those wild days of speculation, of "Coal Oil Johnny" and of John D. Rockefeller's plotting against the independent producers and refiners, have long since passed—a fact which is very clearly brought out in the statistics of petroleum production in 1911. Pennsylvania, which once led the world in its output of oil, now occupies a very minor position, owing to the exhaustion of its wells, and it is not likely that the industry will ever again occupy a very prominent position in that state.

During 1911 the production of petroleum in the United States was slightly increased over the record-breaking figures of the preceding year. The industry assumed a steadier condition, owing to the absence of the disturbing incidents of 1910, such as the appearance of the Lakeview gusher and other great wells in California. The most striking feature of the year in the petroleum industry was the development of the Electra oil field in northern Texas. The total production for the United States was approximately 220,000,000 barrels. California produced 81,000,000 barrels, showing a greater gain for a single state than the net gain shown for the country as a whole. There is no longer much doubt that a plentiful oil supply will be afforded for many years.

Completion of the Key West extension of the Florida East Coast Railway, a distance of 150 miles over the sea, marks one of the great engineering feats of the present age, and gives the United States the most unique steam line in the world. The road begins a few miles below Miami and ends at the island city of Key West. Nearly half of the entire distance is over open water. Forty-two small islands are crossed. Work began in 1906, on the decision of Henry M. Flagler, who had the idea in mind ever since the Spanish War. The longest of the viaducts over the open sea, that at Long Key, is nearly seven miles from end to end. It has 186 arches. The new road will make Key West for all practical purposes a part of the mainland, and its harbor one of the most important in the United States, after the opening of the Panama Canal, being as it is on the direct route from the open ocean to the great new artificial artery of commerce.

Outside of Stanley's old road from Matadi to Stanley Pool, now rarely used, and the lately constructed roads in the Katanga connecting the different mines, there are no roads in the Kongo. Native trails, waterways, and railroads furnish the only facilities of transportation. Over the trails native porters carry loads averaging sixty pounds on their heads. There are no native industries in Belgian Kongo. In former days, before the state required so much of the natives' time to gather rubber and prepare food, and before traders had introduced manufactured goods, the natives wove grass cloth and mats, made baskets, metal spears, implements, and ornaments. Now, even though the rubber days are past, the new generation knows little of the native arts, and the young men are usually found in the service of the state as soldiers or workmen.

Morehead, North Carolina, with a population of about three thousand, has not a family in the town with a crippled, insane, or idiotic child. There are no foreigners in the town, despite the fact that there is no ban upon them. The white population outnumbers the blacks four to one, the latter having their residential section and their own churches and schools.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lady Sibyl Grant, eldest daughter of Lord Rosebery, is a talented writer, having much of her father's wit.

Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, deemed likely to be the first lady of China, her husband having been proclaimed president by the rebelling forces, is a Christian, it is claimed. It is said she and her husband were converted to Christianity by American missionaries sent to China.

M. Joseph Madarasy, the oldest member of a parliament in the world, holds a seat in the Hungarian Reichstag at the age of ninety-eight. He declares that he means to sit until he is 100 at least, and after that to live until he becomes the oldest man in the world. He is a man of vigorous mentality and for his years is very active physically.

R. H. Scott, who has just been elected president of the North Renfrew Agricultural Society of Ottawa, Canada, has been blind from childhood. He is a machinery agent and horse dealer, and travels the United States and Canada unassisted, buying horses, which he judges solely by the sense of touch. His judgment is rarely at fault.

Julius Camben, who has just scored the triumph of his long career—the agreement between France and Germany over Morocco—did not "arrive" until late in life, as he was past sixty when France made him ambassador to Berlin. He is now nearly seventy, and is conceded by all students of international relations to be for the moment the supreme figure in the world of diplomacy.

Dr. Henry Wood, who sailed a few days ago for Germany to arrange for the publication of his "Faust Studies," although recognized as a German scholar all over the world, was born and reared in this country. He is professor of German at the Johns Hopkins University, and has been working on his book for several years. He received his doctor's degree at the University of Leipzig.

W. H. Firke, the "goose king" of Illinois, is president of the bank at Mansfield and owns several farms. Each year his operations in geese have become more extensive. A recent shipment to New York consisted of 3876 fat fowls. In the absence of a connecting railroad, a flock of 500 geese, which he purchased fifty miles from his farm, was driven overland like a band of sheep, the journey occupying several days.

Frau von Gontard, who becomes a peeress through the distribution of honors in commemoration of the Kaiser's birthday anniversary, is an American girl, the daughter of Adolphus Busch of St. Louis. Her husband, Dr. von Gontard, manager and director of the Mauser Rifle and Ammunition Company, has been given corresponding honors, having been raised to the Prussian House of Lords. Frau von Gontard is one of the leaders of Berlin society.

Daniel D. Whitney prepared to celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of his birthday by taking the first "loaf" he had had in seventy-three years. Instead of going to his wholesale grocery store in Brooklyn, where he has labored every day since he bought it in 1839, Mr. Whitney made merry with his great-grandchildren in his old home a few blocks from his place of business. "The only rule I can give for a long life and good health is for one to behave oneself, avoid excesses and go on moderately," said Mr. Whitney, who served a term as mayor of Brooklyn in 1886.

James J. McCloskey, the oldest living American dramatist, is now an officeholder in New York. Though eighty-seven, he has the appearance of a man twenty years younger, and is still writing plays. During his stage career he was associated with some of the greatest actors this country has ever produced. During the early gold days of California he was with Booth, and together they played in numerous mining camps. Others—usually managers—profited handsomely by McCloskey's plays, which netted the author but a pittance. Probably his most popular play was "Across the Continent."

William A. Pepper, the only Populist ever elected to the United States Senate, is now, at the age of eighty, engaged in writing the story of his life and times. He works laboriously with his pen in a little upstairs room in Topeka, Kansas, his only recreation being an occasional automobile ride in the car of a friend. In the early 'nineties the most-talked-of man in the country, for the past fifteen years he has been practically forgotten, but he has lived to see some of the ideas he advanced, though scouted at the time, either put into practical execution or else occupying the earnest attention of the people at present.

None of the pictures which Charles Dana Gibson, the American artist, sketched of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia, during the time he was the guest of the royal governor-general, will ever get beyond the family shrine. "Though I was not commissioned to sketch the duke and duchess or the princess," said Mr. Gibson, "I did make a few sketches of Princess Patricia which I asked her to accept with my compliments. I also drew pictures of their royal highnesses, with which they said they were very pleased. My visit to the Connaughts was purely personal and was arranged long before the duke went to New York. I met him in Paris some time ago and he invited me there."



## A MAGDALEN.

The Story of Two Women Who Loved One Man.

Some one rapped at my door in the early gloaming, and when I opened Dr. Auguste stood before me, his expression wavering between confidence and deprecation.

"I—I want—I have come," he said, "to make an appeal to you. Lil is dying down at Sangster's, and it seems pretty hard that she should have no woman with her. Would—would you mind going down there with me? I know you dare, if you only will!"

Astute Dr. Auguste! he had known how to strike the right chord. He might else have put his case on grounds humanitarian, or womanly, or Christian, and so might have put it in vain. For I am only a woman, with all a woman's innate hardness toward the erring of her sex, and calloused, moreover, to suffering and sorrow, by personal experiences. But on a point of pluck, no one appeals to me twice. It struck me that here was a rare good chance to affront and defy the arrogant prejudice and narrow-mindedness of Onyx Gulch. The gudewives of the camp, their flesh would crawl with horror when they should know of my visit to the dying Magdalen.

I wrapped a furred cloak about me, and took up a lacquered box, wherein I carry a little store of drugs and simples that often find opportunity in my vagrant artist life. Then Dr. Auguste led the way down the gulch to Sangster's big rough barn of a place, part saloon, part lodging-house.

"It's uncommonly nice of you to do this thing! I like brave women well," said the little Southern doctor.

"Oh, nonsense! it's shop with me, you know. I've been wanting to paint a Camille, and here's my model in unconscious pose."

Now this, he knew, was the sheerest affectation of hardness, but it silenced him, even the simulacrum of such brutality, as well it might do. No more said he until he pushed open the door of the room where poor Lil was fighting her last hard battle with the forces of a pitiless world.

"I have brought a woman to you, Lilly," he said, "and a true woman you will find her. She can do you more good now than I can. She will listen to the message that has been troubling you. I'll look in from time to time to see if I am needed."

He plucked my sleeve; I followed him out to the passage. "No one will dream of molesting you," he said; "you are as safe in this room now as in a sanctuary. Yet I will remain within call—only just far enough away to lose the confidence she wishes to make you." And with that he was gone.

I drew near the dying girl; she must have been five years younger than I—and I was thirty. I had seen her here about the gulch, made up as are her kind, and I had thought her handsome, with a certain coarse, lax, animal beauty. Now, as I lifted her head to my bosom, I looked sharply in her face, even whilst shaking up her pillows with a business-like air that feigned absorption in my nurse's duties. No artist could scan that face unmoved. I saw how artificial adjuncts had misled my judgment, for, divested of these, Lil's face was as fine, as chaste and spiritual, as ever woman wore. Fine lines of thought and patience were on the brow, and about the mouth, full of force and firmness, more was there of depth and strength than of tenderness. It was an earnest face, rather than an eager one. I marveled that this kind of beauty should have led a woman to shame.

She watched me closely, silently, while I stirred her pillows, and laved her burning face, and gave her cooling drink. When her cheek lay on my shoulder, she pressed close to me, in affectionate gratitude, and then shuddered away, as if she feared a repulse.

"Will you give me more cordial?" she said, huskily; "I want to talk, and I am too weak, without the stimulant."

I made no remonstrance, nor counseled silence; it would have been false wisdom to husband so that failing strength.

"Have you a good memory?" she asked suddenly, when the potent stimulant stirred in her veins; "I am going to tell you a story, that I shall want you to tell again, just as I tell it to you. If you think you will not remember, write it as I speak, for it must be given faithfully to another woman. It is the only atonement I can make for a great wrong—for a great crime."

"My memory is very good," I answered; "but I have here a note-book, and I will take down the names, at least, if names there are in your story."

And so, with her great, brilliant eyes turned full upon me, as if to burn her words into my memory, she told her story. Not continuously she spoke, as I shall set it down here, but brokenly, in the intervals when her fragile body was least shaken and torn by the throes of her malady; but the words that I write are as nearly as possible the words then spoken by Lillian.

"Five years ago," she said, "I lived in Telluride—a little frontier town, dependent on mining interests, and with a population largely ignorant and vulgar, and nearly all grossly immoral.

"I did not realize or understand the full sense of the conditions about me, for before this all my surroundings had been pure and refined, and I was inexperienced, ignorant, and ignorant of the world's ways—wonderfully ignorant, incredibly innocent. I can believe myself that I could have been so innocent as I do from my present dreadful

depths of knowledge, across the gulf of these years, with their frightful revelations.

"It was here I met Jack Lake, leader in all the feverish local gayeties. His destiny must have been linked with mine from the beginning—on the night after I first met him, I dreamed that he led a band of people to my brother's house, to fix upon me some dreadful unknown crime, and to drag me away to death in penalty. That dream alone should have made me shun him—such warnings are not sent to us without purpose.

"He was a most anomalous being. At times he appeared a boy, a lad, a mere child, so boyish was his build, so young and tender his countenance; again, his features would harden, and his face take on the look of an old, old man, sin-disfigured. In character, too, he was like that; some of his traits were almost sublimely good and noble, while in others he seemed to sound the depths of baseness. Naturally enough, it was long before I perceived his ignoble side, for, such as he was, I loved him!

"My heart and my soul went out to him irresistibly. I forgot my self-respect, the dignity of womanhood, everything that a woman ought to remember!"

And as she said these words, this poor broken Lilly, trodden, faded, dying, showed all unconsciously a pretty trait of her woman's nature: her burning eyes avoided mine; a hotter blush flamed through the hectic of her cheeks; her voice stammered and broke with embarrassment and shame; at the recital of her first sinning, all the innate purity of womanhood thrilled with the sense of outrage. The nightmare memories of her magdalen life faded into dimness before the freshened recollection of that first dishonor.

"I think," she went on shortly, "that no one ever suspected what were our relations. The very openness and heedless display of what seemed our mutual infatuation misled those who might have thought amiss. Jack planned all our secret meetings with a tact and an impunity that betokened long practice in intrigue—at the time, I did not think of this—then I was only full of admiration and satisfaction for the cleverness that secured our meetings free from discovery.

"All at once, without waste of words, abruptly, brutally, he told me that all must cease between us; his affianced was returning to Telluride, and they would marry at once. I had been too drunk with the pleasure of the present to dwell much on the future, but in an indefinite sort of way I had always felt, rather than thought, that marriage would be the outcome of our association. But Jack's decisiveness effectually undeceived me of further hope in that direction. The one loyalty of which he was capable was toward Miss Stuart.

"I had never seen this lady; she had just left Telluride when I went there. But from the few people there capable of appreciating her, I had gathered that she was a sweet, pure, noble woman, as sensitive as a flower, courageous as a hero. Her character was so entirely antipodal to Jack's that it was no wonder I had not dreamed of an attachment between them, until he told me. She was an artist, and her pictures in Eastern magazines, showing the rough and grotesque types and features of the section, were promptly recognized and bitterly resented. Then her Bourbonism, as instinctive as it was unobtrusive, made her countless enemies. One night at a dance where the local barbers and bartenders were present, as well as the governor of the territory and all the best people, she said that she felt quite like the girl in Bret Harte's verses on the ball at Poverty Flat—the damsel who 'once went down the middle with the man that shot Sandy Magee.' She said it without malice, but the man she spoke to—he was from the East, and did not know the conditions—thought it so clever that he went about the hall telling it, and several of the rougher people insulted her there in the ball-room. I really think the people would have liked to mob her. They dared not quite do that, but every contemptible annoyance that they could offer with safety—oh! that is so much to dastards!—was inflicted on her. Then the local papers, shabby little sheets, run by low hounds who were really criminals, used to print insults to her—paragraphs so ribald and obscene that it was past understanding how they could be allowed in a community claiming civilization. But through it all she stayed till her work was done, always calm, dignified, as loftily regardless of their jeers as she was of the snarls of coyotes, wrangling over carrion upon the mesas.

"And now this woman was coming back here—was about to marry Jack Lake—my Jack!

"I can not explain—I can not understand—the change that came over me at the news. Before this, in spite of my sinning for love of Jack, I had kept the tenderness, the delicacy, the horror of evil of a true woman.

"Do you know?" said this poor Lilly, struggling to sit upright among her pillows, and looking at me with wistful, yearning eyes, "I think that a woman giving way through her first young love is not debased by it, because, till the undeceiving comes, she does not realize that she is doing evil. It is only when the man casts her off that she sees herself as he sees her, a thing degraded and dishonored.

"From that time on, every bad, wicked, ferocious instinct awoke and raged in my soul, revenge of all most potent. I went on through my part in the anomalous gayeties of the place, to all seeming as joyously as ever; people thought it was Jack who was suffering from our evident rupture. And all the time, night and day, I was planning, planning, planning.

"Jack had an odd pocket-flask, given him by a rowing club, of which he had been captain, at his old home—a great clam-shell of beaten silver. I ordered its duplicate from Eastern jewelers. My own school-girl chum 'at home' was the daughter of a druggist—a spoiled child, who had easy access to her father's stock. I wrote to her that I had discovered a new process of etching, for which I must have hydrocyanic acid of a purer grade than was obtainable in Telluride. She sent it to me without a suspicion.

"Then—I brought Jack to me. I need not tell you how. A woman may always have her will, if she but stoop to play upon a man's baser passions—it is the women who hold themselves apart, pure and proud, who excite in men resistance, opposition, persecution. Jack was smarting under the twits of his associates over my indifference; he could not resist the chance to prove to himself and me that his power over me still existed—and he condescended to grant me one more meeting! as much of true love and reverence as was in him he had given to Miss Stuart—and yet he could come to my arms on the very eve of her arrival!

"I steered our course for the base-ball ground up the valley, where there was a wind-break and some benches, and where, as I had calculated, our foot-prints would not show on the trodden ground as they would in the dusty roadways elsewhere.

"Our talk was very stormy. Jack was resolute in his allegiance to Miss Stuart. At that time it was incomprehensible to me that such a woman should attract, or be attracted by, a man like Jack. Reflection has shown me that her loftiness of soul was just the stimulus needful to what good was in him, and his uplifting may have seemed to her generous heart her one great mission.

"At any rate, as I had expected, he clung to her. I had been only a toy, a makeshift.

"With taunts and sneers I deliberately provoked him into a rage to make my opportunity. As I had foreseen, out came the flask at short intervals. Then I claimed that agitation had made me feel faint, and asked for a sip of the brandy. Instead of returning his flask, I exchanged it in the darkness for my own, part full of brandy, with two ounces of the acid poison.

"When Jack lay dead, I did not even kiss him. I went stealthily home, and a week later, not from remorse, not from need, God knows not from inclination, but like many a disillusioned woman before me, from sheer fierce pessimism and desolation, I plunged into the life that has brought me to—this!

"Three hours after they found Jack, stretched dead on the rough bench, with his poisoned flask by his side, Miss Stuart arrived in Telluride—arrived to find her lover dead, and, instead of sympathy and compassion for her sorrow, an onset of slurs and scoffing that might be expected from savages, but not from decent humanity.

"The least scurrilous of the insults offered her was the taunt that Jack had killed himself to escape marriage with her. I never saw her, but a man told me that she was like a frozen woman. Not a word of resentment for her outrageous treatment, not a bitter tone, not a complaint for her wrecked happiness, only an unspeakable sorrow for her dead lover—for that traitor who had been false to us both.

"But that is not what I wish her to know: the sharpest sting of her loss was that Jack died by his own hand. All these years I have tried to force myself to be generous—no! honest enough to undeceive her; never until I lay dying could my sense of justice overcome my jealousy.

"This is why I have told you the story, purge it of its poison for her—tell her, not that Jack was faithless, but that I was furious at his preference of her—and that he did not take his own life—that I murdered him. Write it to her—Diana Stuart, in care of the *Continental Magazine*. That will be her comfort. Oh, I could almost die in peace if I could ask her forgiveness! My wrong to her lies heavier on my soul than the rest of my sins together!"

She sank back gasping. Her breath was rattling—it went no lower than the hollow of her throat. She could not swallow the stimulant. Her eyes held mine piteously.

"Oh! God!" I cried in my heart, "let her live long enough to hear and understand me!"

I would not take the instant of time to cry out for the doctor.

"You can die in peace," I said, "sure of her full forgiveness. She sorrowed for the lover she believed in—she scorns and abhors the memory of the traitor! He deserved his fate—it is only you I pity—yes! yes!" for the question in her eyes was the very cry of a soul in torture—"believe me! see! I kiss you again—again—like a poor loved sister! I am Diana Stuart."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1893.

Just 224 years after his death a memorial for John Bunyan has just been unveiled in Westminster Abbey. The window illustrates scenes from "Pilgrim's Progress." The inception of the memorial was due to American Baptists, who attended the world's Baptist congress in London in 1905. The British people started a fund, America and Great Britain contributing.

In Norway no clergyman may perform a marriage unless the couple can prove that they have both been vaccinated or have had smallpox. Parental consent is necessary in Russia. Lack of sufficient means to support a wife is a bar in Austria.



## MISS ANGLIN IN A NEW JONES PLAY.

New York Sees the Latest Work of the English Playwright Before Its Production in London.

American theatre-goers and their critical judgments are evidently in high favor with Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, and for the best of reasons. His plays, from "The Silver King" through the long list to "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and "The Case of Rebelious Susan"—to name three of the most popular of his earlier works—have nearly all been highly successful here, and their production exceedingly profitable. Accordingly, it is not especially remarkable that the playwright chooses in recent years to give his work a first presentation here rather than across the water. The time has come when a London approval is of no greater value as an advertisement in America than a successful run in New York is on the other side. And it is not altogether flattering to our self-esteem to recognize the fact that a favorable verdict is actually more easily to be secured here than in London. Mr. Jones, however, declares that he crosses the Atlantic to make his productions because he is enabled to retain the one best figure for the leading character in his drama more easily than at home. In the most recent instance, that one ideal actress is Margaret Anglin, and when the dramatist arrived from England a few days ago to attend the final rehearsals of his latest play, he was positive in his declaration that he could ask for no more fitting representative of the leading emotional rôle.

Miss Anglin justifies the confidence of the playwright. Her work in the name-part of "Lydia Gilmore," the new dramatic offering, is more than excellent in every technical requirement. That it does not force a more enthusiastic judgment is the fault of the play and not of the actress. The drama presents some new situations, some ingenious terms of entanglement, with that familiar figure, the suffering wife and noble mother, in the centre of the picture all the time, but its course runs so nearly parallel with that of several offerings of this season and of other seasons still fresh in mind that the fine edge of curious interest is dulled. It is in a courtroom scene that the culminating emotions are evoked, and the surroundings and procedure are inevitably suggestive of similar situations in "The Rack" and "A Butterfly on the Wheel," both of present standing, to say nothing of "Madame X" and numerous other plays of recent memory. Even in "The Witness for the Defense," described in this column a few weeks ago, the crucial scene is a searching legal examination, though not in the trial room of the judge. So much for one of the difficulties in the way of Miss Anglin, which could not be avoided by any gifts of the actress.

"Lydia Gilmore" was presented for the first time at the Lyceum Theatre last night, after several delays. It had been given a tryout in Baltimore a week ago and promised well, though the ill-health of the star threatened its prospects for a time. Tuesday evening was set for its *première* here, but the preparations dragged and it was Thursday before all was in readiness. Had the delay continued, this letter, of course, could not have been written, and I had waited with some impatience. Advance notices showed that the play was of the emotional order, and this was not a gratifying promise in the outset. Miss Anglin had given us some delightful comedy in "Green Stockings," and many of her admirers were willing to see her forego for a season the greater strain of more forceful rôles. But the star designs the accumulation of a varied repertory, a return, in short, to the methods of earlier days, in her association with Henry Miller, and simply withdrew the comedy while it was still fresh and in fine keeping condition. Should "Lydia Gilmore" prove to be magnetic, she will have two good offerings for her tours.

In "The Awakening of Helena Richie" the heroine was a foster-mother, but her love for the boy was a dominating element. Miss Anglin made her maternal protection and self-sacrifice real in that domestic tragedy, and in "Lydia Gilmore" she is called on for even stronger proofs of a mother's devotion. Lydia's husband is one of the kind who are most attractive to the women not forced to live with them. He is trapped in one of his visits of intrigue and in making his escape kills the husband who has surprised him. Reaching his own home he confesses his crime and insists that his only defense, should he be suspected, will be to establish the assertion that he was not away from his house that evening. He entreats the assistance of his wife, and she consents to bear false witness for him, while she condemns and despises him. They have a son, who has long been her only joy in life, and it is to preserve for him the pretense of a clean family name that the mother accepts the seeming necessity of perjury. This is plausible, in the life of a middle-class English family, where position and honor are conventions of particular literary and dramatic value. The complications, however, are not so closely allied to the conventional. Lydia has a devoted friend, who would have been more than a friend but for the presence of the badly spotted husband. He has kept up his admiration for the wife, however, and his sympathy for her makes it almost dangerous for both, but this is a British and not a French play. This friend, Mr. Benham, counselor, visits Lydia during the evening in which her husband is away on the business that results in murder. And the boy is a witness of his presence. These facts would be disastrous should they be brought out at the trial,

apprehended and feared before its certainty is assured. But the trial becomes assured. Gilmore is arrested and Lydia prepares to testify falsely to save him. Another fortuitous happening removes the prosecuting counsel, and Benham, the friend of the witness, is obliged to take his place. In real life it is possible if not probable that the lawyer would forget for a time that he was a lover in such a situation, but not in a play. Professional ethics and cold logic would convince him that it would be better to see the guilty husband hanged and out of the way, even if the boy's future were clouded, than to perjure himself and disgrace his calling. Dramatists prefer the ultra sentimental procedure, and Mr. Jones relies on his skillful and authoritative technic to make that line of argument acceptable. Counselor Benham cheerfully takes up the lady's view of the necessities of the case and coaches her for the legal contest.

All might have gone well at the trial had not some meddler suggested that the judge call the boy to the stand and question him concerning his father's whereabouts on the fatal night. This is an unlooked-for crisis, and Lydia gives way under the sudden strain. She will not allow her son to attempt a series of falsehoods, and asserts her determination to tell the truth. This is the great scene, so far as Miss Anglin's art is to be held as the chief future of the production, and it is as near faultless as the spectacle of a mother's emotion may be made for stage purposes. The actress is never quite submerged in the woman, but the situation and not her ability is the unconvincing element after all. Miss Anglin has many times proved her understanding of the restraining influences of intense moments, and their effect on dramatic art and the sensibilities of an audience. She rarely errs in her method, as far as its effectiveness may be assured. No higher test has presented itself in any of the plays in which she has appeared since "Zira," and she meets it with comprehension and authority.

Only the most inexperienced of play-goers needs to be told the ending of Mr. Jones's drama. I shall not tell it here, and yet there is a seeming necessity of reference to the last scene presented. It is a legitimate conclusion for polite melodrama, perhaps, though there are playwrights who would have suggested it deftly without the glare of the footlights. Lydia, harrowed by new emotions, awakened by news of the husband's tardy exit by means of a lethal draught, is reassured and confronted by the willing but hitherto unsuccessful Counselor Benham. Really, he has won from the audience only a little less disesteem than the husband who has gone to his punishment.

John Blair plays the unsympathetic part of the husband very well, with no more of weakness than is demanded in his affectation of remorse. Lee Baker is the complaisant legal friend, and is better in voice and inflection than in manner or appearance. William Sampson, as Jarrold, the constable, gives a good bit of character work. The daughter of the playwright, Winifred Arthur Jones, whose name on the programme is followed with her title in real life, Mrs. Leslie Faber, in parentheses, played the part of a sympathetic feminine friend with skill and discretion. In the numerous minor characters Mr. Jones displays his usual skill in portraying oddities. There are no breaks or pauses in his work, now as in earlier days. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 2, 1912.

West Virginia is the most eminently American of all the states. The census figures show that 85.3 per cent of its entire population is made up of persons born of American parentage. The Springfield *Republican*, which has been making a study of the census figures in this particular, says: "It will appear that the heart of the American population lies in the somewhat sidetracked block of states which includes West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana. The white population of the whole South is predominantly American, but in the black belt the case is complicated by the great negro population. But taking the country as a whole, the census shows that in only thirteen states are foreigners in a majority, while in twelve states the native stock comprises more than two-thirds of the whole population, whereas the foreign elements come to two-thirds in only two or three states."

One mile is the length of the Indiana and Northern Railroad that connects Myler with South Bend, Indiana. It has been in operation since 1891, and is a vest-pocket corporation of a flourishing sort, having no funded or other debts. Small as it is, it is of considerable importance as a belt line, for it is the connecting link between the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Grand Trunk Western, the Vandalia, the Michigan Central, and the Central Indiana and Southern railroads. All the stock is held by a manufacturing corporation of South Bend. Last year it paid \$5000 in dividends, its net earnings being \$7000.

There are 600 professional story-tellers in Tokio, who wander from house to house and spin yarns at the rate of twenty cents an hour. The story-teller learns a new set of stories when he finds the old ones getting worn.

New Orleans expects to be the center of the richest country in the world when the plans for reclaiming the extremely fertile lands in that region are carried out.

## SINISTER MONTMARTRE AND ITS SIRENS.

A Frenchwoman in England Pictures the Hired and Tired Folly of the Parisian Quarter.

Suppose one day history should repeat itself, suppose Paris should be besieged, taken, occupied, Teutonized, do you know who would be the sorriest of all? The Londoner (says Marthe Trolly-Curtin, in *London Sketch*). He would feel like the little boy who has been robbed of his cigarettes. No little boy really likes cigarettes; but he loves smoking them, and being seen, legs apart, hands in pockets, and cigarette between his lips. The Londoner does not really like Montmartre; but he likes going there, being there, coming back from there, telling—with many winks, retrospective smiles, and lingering "By Joves!"—all about there, and even more than there was, to other goodly perverse Londoners, when the ladies have left the table. The soul of Montmartre is temperamentally abhorrent to the Englishman. It is an old, tired, flabby, wrinkled, empty, pitiful soul, which I imagine like a deflated balloon. Once upon a time, before we, the nice, fastidious, young people, were born, that balloon may have been full, light, lustrous, vivid, with a capacity for exploding. Legend says it was indeed so. But how can one see it as such now, unless one looks backward?—and revelry is the only thing one can not look backward at. Past revels are like cold pancakes. The gaiety of Montmartre is that of a ball when the last waltz is being danced—haggard, bitter, tired.

Montmartre has no beauty and no passion. It is mean and unkempt and false. It does its very worst to be wicked, because its English patron would like it to be wicked, and Montmartre knows that its business is to amuse him; but you have no idea how hard it is to amuse others when you yourself are being bored and tired. If London truly liked Montmartre, if it were to her not a tradition but a need, London would have its Montmartre, as it has its claret and champagne. It might not grow on English soil; but it might be easily imported, without its most objectionable sides, such as Apaches, skeleton horses, bad smells, and thin-tired taxis. Not that Apaches, bad smells, and uncomfortable taxis are unbearable in themselves, but that they seem out of place in a great city. A Klepht, in red fez and fustanelle, supple, strong, and beautiful, standing on a rock against the blue sky of Greece, holds your sympathy and admiration, even if he does hold you to ransom. A Paris Apache—anæmic, consumptive, under-sized, smelling of absinthe and of cheap scent, in button-boots, and cap or bowler—is a repulsive microbe. One can stand bravely the smells of a chemist's shop, or of a stable, or of a sulphur bath, but the stairs of the Paris Metropolitan railways, the corridors of the theatres, the back rooms of the restaurants, sanitary laws help them! One can jolt and rejoice in a country cart, in a dear old four-wheeler, on the cobbled stones of a somnolent street of the provinces, but if a taxicab is not an improvement, merely a vehicle of destruction, to—Montmartre with it!

And those are the things which make an Englishman lick his lips after saying "Montmartre"—things that would apoplexize him if he suffered from them in London. The whole fabric of Montmartre is woven with the Englishman's best aversions (the Englishman at home and in his senses)—cheap female labor, cruelty to animals, white slave traffic, food adulteration, child labor (and what labor!), insanitation, discomfort, dirt, and vulgarity. This is Montmartre as you like it! If a Londoner has a speck of dust on the collar of his coat he will feel almost dishonored as a citizen, but he will sit at a café of the Place Pigalle, and receive in his hock the dust of a bedroom carpet shaken through the window above, and drink it with delectation. Montmartre dust—holy relics.

To me Montmartre is sinister, from the tolling in its name to the color of its Moulin. Perhaps it is all most unreasonable; perhaps I am prejudiced, and it is in me the horror of Montmartre lies; perhaps I passed through the Rue des Martyrs in a jolting cart once upon a dreadful time, and my new head, fast on my new shoulders, fears it is going to remember; perhaps . . .

Montmartre is the sensational, gaudy cover of a French story-book—it's only paper-deep—but the book is the cheaper for it. It shows a mill where no corn is ground, and girls' faces with old eyes. The spirit of Montmartre is not a siren, but a monster holding fair France in a ghoulish bite, and, half beauty, half beast, the wonderful nation with the spiritual face, the generous breasts, and the clever hands, sings to lure gold out of the tourists' pocket. Her song is not either sweet or deep, as sirens' songs should be, but refrains of rhythmic folly which foreigners appreciate, because not to understand is to forgive all.

Tell me what joy is there in the air of Montmartre that thrills you, you well-balanced, English creature—that air which smells of gas and decayed *revue* programmes, and which makes me, an inconsequential, unmoral Frenchwoman, look at the open sky through the chestnut branches, and wish I could breathe better, wish that I were by the sea, with spray on my forehead, and a clean, strong, much-washed rock under my knees; or among trees that are tall, that have roots and do not talk, laugh, and sing shrilly; or for the Surrey downs that lie so still under the cool night; for a storm, a cathedral, a new-born baby, in a word, for anything big anything which is quite such as it is, anything with a purpose, a meaning—truth, peace, and real life!



## FORTY YEARS OF RETROSPECT.

William Allen Butler Recalls Some of the Historical and Personal Events Between the Years 1825 and 1865.

In the introduction to his autobiography Mr. William Allen Butler explains that he was actuated more by the wishes of his friends than by any decided impulse of his own. Long ago he had been impressed by the force of Robert Hall's recorded disapproval of the habit of keeping a diary on the ground that it tempted to an artificial, insincere tone of expression. It is easy to preserve naturalness when dealing with affairs outside of our own personality, but to be candid and fair with correctness is quite another matter and by no means so simple. The author's daughter, Harriet Allen Butler, who undertook the editing of her father's reminiscences, refers also to his disinclination to the work which was undertaken, she says, "at the earnest desire of my mother," and was intended chiefly for her grandchildren.

Among Mr. Butler's earlier recollections is that of Dr. William B. Sprague, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany:

He was a very fluent writer, with a somewhat florid style, but always clear and forcible. He is known as an author by his work, "Annals of the American Pulpit," and many minor publications, his memorial sermons being very numerous. He was a man of rather impressive presence, very sensitive to public opinion or criticism, but strong in the defense of his own views and warm in his personal friendships. His deference to the supposed views of those of his fellow-citizens whom he respected, is illustrated by a story, which lingers in my memory, of a practical joke of which he was the victim. Some Albany wag had wagered or asserted that he could procure a petition signed by some prominent Albanians praying that Dr. Sprague be hanged, and the doctor himself would sign it. And according to the story the doctor did sign it, at sight of the respectable names appearing on the paper, without troubling himself to read its contents.

This has somewhat the sound of an ancient jest adapted to modern use, as is usually the case with ancient jests; but another story of Dr. Sprague is somewhat better attested:

A better-attested story of Dr. Sprague, and hearing an undoubted ear-mark of authenticity, is that after the birth of one of his younger sons he was for some time in doubt as to what name he should give him, and the matter, as usual in such cases, was a subject of family discussion. Late one evening the good doctor, who was a warm friend and great admirer of Ambrose Spencer, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, knocked at the door of his eldest daughter, who had retired, and called out to her that he had decided on a name for her little brother, announcing that it was to be "Ambrose Spencer Sprague." A faint voice from within responded, "Father, think of the initials." The doctor retired and another name had to be discovered.

As a youth the author was well acquainted with William Wirt, whose name can hardly be said to be graven deeply upon the tablets of history, but who was nevertheless nominated for the presidency in 1832 by a national convention of the "Anti-Masonic" party. Mr. Wirt died in 1834, and the author tells us that it was his duty to go to his house every morning and inquire for his health:

On a table in the drawing-room of my father's house in New York City, after we had removed from Washington, there stood a little box made of wood taken from the famous "Charter Oak" at Hartford, Conn. It enclosed, as a memento of William Wirt, a carefully folded paper containing a lock of his silver-white hair, a kind of souvenir more in vogue sixty years ago than today. At an evening reception, standing by this table in company with a young lady of great intelligence and education, a daughter of one of the most eminent clergymen in New York, I called her attention to the box, and after opening it I said: "This paper contains a lock of hair of William Wirt." She gave it a glance and then said: "And who was William Wirt?" Being a very young man, I was amazed and almost stupefied at such an exhibition of what seemed to me inexcusable ignorance; but the incident, casual as it was, taught me a lesson. I have never forgotten the emptiness of professional repute and even of literary or political fame. Here was a man at the head of his profession, of established literary reputation, and of such political prominence as to have been a presidential candidate, and yet an intelligent young woman, in the best society of the metropolis of the nation, was ignorant of even his name.

Perhaps the young woman will not be harshly judged at this later day when even the name of the existing Vice-President could hardly be recalled without an effort by other young women as intelligent as herself.

Mr. Butler tells us a story of Lafayette in connection with his mother's sister, Mary Allen, who married Robert J. Macy, captain of one of the old Black Ball packets sailing between New York and Liverpool. The captain and his wife had spent some time in France and knew the language well:

The story is told of my aunt Mary that on a visit which she paid to Lafayette, who was always exceedingly courteous to Americans, she said to him that she had a great favor to ask. He indicated that he would grant it; and she begged him for a lock of his hair. "Madame," said the general, "I wear a wig." But to show his willingness to meet her wishes he proposed to have the wig so far removed that if she could find any remaining natural hairs she was welcome to appropriate them to her own use. Accordingly a few clippings were secured which she took home, a great treasure, and divided with my mother, the quota of each sister being preserved in a ring.

Mr. Butler devotes a large part of his reminiscences to the events preceding the Civil War. William Lloyd Garrison figures in his pages, and he remembers seeing Aaron Burr, "a dapper little man with a round head." Mr. Van Buren was elected President in 1836, and it was with "boyish enthusiasm" that he witnessed the inauguration ceremonies. Later on he and his father visited General Jackson at "The Hermitage." On the night of their arrival the aged statesman was and at some views on election expressed by a man named Bain. "Brother Bain," he said, "I can tell me that when my Saviour said,

'Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden!' he didn't mean what he said!":

During the following day, on the porch of "The Hermitage," General Jackson talked very freely of the past and the present. He fought over some of his battles on the fields of war and politics. He gave us some of the recollections of his earlier life, one of which I recall as associated with the evident sense of humor by which it was marked. "When I was appointed a judge," said the general, "I went on a circuit in a part of Tennessee where I had to hold court in a place where there was no public building, or anything over which the public had jurisdiction, except the village pound. Accordingly I determined to hold court in the pound. While sitting there as judge a very short constable brought in a very tall man, quite drunk, who had been arrested and was to be tried for some offense. When the subject got inside the pound he looked around upon the court and his officers with great contempt, saying, 'Saul, the son of Kish, has come out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here they are!'"

General Jackson spoke feelingly of his relations with Henry Clay, his great rival and political opponent. He had been greatly incensed by Clay's speech on the revolution condemning Jackson's course in the Seminole War, and he related a subsequent incident in which Mrs. Clay was involved:

"I was on my way to Washington to take my seat in the Senate of the United States, and, as we were to pass Clay's house on the way, I was asked if I had any objection to calling on Mrs. Clay. I said 'No,' and added that I had no quarrels with ladies. As I had a very high respect for Mrs. Clay and her family, we stopped at the house, chatted for a few minutes, and then went on. On arriving at the inn at Lebanon I noticed a number of horses around the door, and who should be there but Clay himself and some of his friends. I alit, and as I went up the steps he was standing by the door, and on seeing me extended his hand. I waved my hand, passed him and entered the house. I expected that he would say something, but he did not; but I afterward heard that he complained bitterly that I should call on his wife, and make a friendly visit, and refuse to shake hands with him when I met him, but you see, sir, in that speech he had not only accused me of disobedience of orders, but also of murder. I said to my friends, 'Let us ride on,' and when I heard of his complaints I said, 'If Clay has anything against me let him come and say it to me, and I will endeavor to give him honorable satisfaction, but he need not be going around the country, like an old woman, telling stories about me.'"

There was an eventual reconciliation between Jackson and Clay and they dined together, Adams being of the party. Jackson said afterwards that it required his interference to keep Adams and Clay from hard words.

Mr. Butler had full belief in the reality of Andrew Jackson's religious convictions, and yet his "unobtrusive acts of penitence and piety . . . did not escape the sneer of calumnious critics":

The author of the disparaging biography which has found a place in the series of "American Statesmen" says, on the closing page of the book, that Jackson in his last years "joined the church, and on that occasion, under the exhortations of his spiritual adviser, he professed to forgive all his enemies in a body," and adds, as the final words, that it does not appear that he "ever forgave an enemy as a specific individual." This demand for a bill of particulars to satisfy a Yale professor of the validity of Jackson's claim to good and regular standing in the Presbyterian Church is somewhat unreasonable. Coming, as it did, a score of years after the general's death, it is illustrative of the persistent and morbid virulence of the New England anti-Jacksonian spirit, which always grudged to the hero of New Orleans the national honors which were denied to Daniel Webster.

Mr. Butler was admitted to the bar in 1846 and a few days later he started on a seventeen months' tour of Europe, a tour that gave rise to many pleasant recollections. Nothing, he says, became his visit to Sicily so well as the ending of it. The difficulty was with the passports and the disinclination of the officials to recognize that a day more or less of delay could be important:

Pleading the urgency of our case, we asked the extraordinary favor of an immediate examination of our passports and permission to depart from the island. He was a very good-natured official. Being satisfied, after an examination, that we were not dangerous to the peace of the realm, he took pen and paper, and drew a deposition, which we all signed; and he then endorsed our passports in due form. With many thanks and profound salutations we took our leave. "What shall I give him?" said I to the cicerone. "One piaster," he replied, and the chancellor's fingers closed over the coin. We hurried to the office of the prefect of police, who had just seated himself at his desk for his day's work, a surly figure. After a glance at the chancellor's certificates he affixed his visé to our passports without a word, and we filed out of the office.

"What did you give the prefect?" asked our guide.

"Half a dollar," I replied.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You should have given him a great deal more."

"I only gave the chancellor a dollar," was my reply, at which, to my consternation, he said, "The chancellor is nobody, a mere clerk, while the prefect"

The author met many distinguished men in London and among them Samuel Rogers, author of "The Pleasures of Memory," who seems to have made a great impression upon him. The following extract from Mr. Butler's diary relates one of the many stories told him by Rogers:

Of Lady — he told this: "She said to me one day, 'You never come to see us.' 'But I will come.' 'Will you come to breakfast on Friday?' 'On Friday I will come to breakfast.' 'Name whom you would like to meet.' And I named them. Friday came and I forgot all about it. The first thing I knew Lady — sent me these verses." Whereupon he produced the verses and read them capitally. They do not differ much from this:

When a poet a lady offends,  
In prose he ne'er favor regains,  
And from Rogers can aught make amends,  
But the humblest and sweetest of strains?  
In glad expectation, our board  
With roses and lilies we graced;  
But alas! the Bard kept not his word,  
He came not for whom they were placed.  
In silence our toast we bespread,  
Then played with our teaspoons and sighed,  
Insipid tea, butter, and bread,  
For the salt of his wit was denied.  
In wrath we acknowledged how well  
He, the Pleasures of Memory who drew,  
For mankind from his magical shell,  
Gives the Pain of Forgetfulness, too!

The author was married in 1850, his wife being Mary Russell Marshall, third daughter of Charles H. Marshall:

I must relate a striking salutation which the bridal couple received from a Quaker client of mine, a shrewd dry-goods merchant, who, when presented to them by an usher, surveyed the bride, whom he had never seen before, and then, with the utmost deliberation, proceeded to say: "William, I think thy bride has shown more judgment in her choice than thee has." Fortunately, before I could turn to resent this strange declaration, he continued as follows: "Because it takes some time to discover thy good qualities, but hers can be seen at a glance." For genuine Quaker wit this will be found hard to match.

In the summer of 1850, Phineas T. Barnum astonished the American public by capturing Jenny Lind and bringing her to this country under his management. Mr. Butler was present at her first concert in Castle Garden:

Before her arrival, and as a characteristic stroke of policy, Barnum advertised a prize of two hundred dollars for a song, the singing of which by Jenny Lind was to be a feature of the opening night of her American engagement, the prize to be awarded by a committee whom he named. This made quite a stir in literary circles. George P. Morris, whose poetic reputation rested chiefly on his popular poem "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was at that time editing, in partnership with Nathaniel P. Willis, the *Home Journal*, then a literary weekly in New York. Willis gave out in the columns of that paper that "the acknowledged best song-writer of America" declined to compete for Barnum's prize. A clear field was thus left for all the rhymsters in the land. It was understood that Barnum took refuge from the avalanche of competing contributors, with which he was likely to be overwhelmed, by a timely arrangement with Bayard Taylor, who furnished what was supposed to be the successful song.

Naturally we hear a good deal about "Nothing to Wear," that inimitable poem which describes the perplexities of Miss Flora M'Flimsey. The genesis of the poem was in the author's own family and in the family of Captain Marshall. In both cases the female sex was strongly in the majority, and so the problem of "nothing to wear" was naturally prominent:

Having finished the poem, and after reading it to my wife, I took it one evening to my friend Evert A. Duyckinck, whom I found in his accustomed place in the basement of his house, No. 20 Clinton Place, surrounded by the books which afterwards, under his will, went to the Lenox Library. I read him the poem, to which he listened with lively interest; but, much to my disappointment, he did not appreciate as keenly as I had hoped, what I believed and what afterwards proved to be, the elements of its popularity. While Duyckinck was the most genial of companions, and the most impartial of critics, he was too much of a recluse, buried in his books, almost solitary in his life, and entirely removed from the circle of worldly and fashionable life, to judge of my work as a possible palpable hit. However, he immediately possessed himself of it for publication in *Harper's Weekly*, then recently started, and I at once acquiesced, making the single condition that they should publish it in columns wide enough to prevent breaking of the lines. No thought of securing the copyright or of retaining any control in reference to the publication of it occurred to me, and the check for fifty dollars which in due course I received from the Harpers, represented the entire pecuniary benefit that ever came to me from "Nothing to Wear."

Fifty dollars seems a small remuneration in view of the remarkable vogue that the poem enjoyed. It appeared in many English magazines and it was translated into both French and German:

On the basis of this widespread popularity I asked Fletcher Harper, who was my particular friend in the publishing firm, to bring out the poem in a volume, but he was unwilling to take the risk, saying that he had sold 80,000 copies of the *Weekly* which contained it and that there would be no demand for the book. So sincere was he in this belief that when the firm of Rudd & Carleton, composed of two young men who were just embarking in business as publishers, asked leave of the Harpers to publish "Nothing to Wear," their request was granted without any consultation with me. Rudd & Carleton published "Nothing to Wear" in a rather attractive form, with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, a well-known artist. They afterwards claimed, I believe, to have sold twenty thousand copies, and it was understood that the success of the book materially aided the building up of the business of the new firm. No benefit, however, accrued to me.

A final quotation may be devoted to one of the innumerable slavery incidents which find a place in this volume. At an early period of the war, Mr. Butler was present at a Sunday service held under the auspices of the New York Bible Society. An anti-slavery address was received with applause which appeared highly indecorous to Dr. Tyng, then rector of St. George's Episcopal Church:

Doctor Tyng, who sat near me on the platform, suggested that after such an unseemly exhibition the exercises had better be closed with the benediction and the audience dismissed. I replied that it was my duty to carry out the programme, and I should announce him as the next speaker, leaving him to settle the question with the audience. I accordingly introduced the doctor, who began with a somewhat severe rebuke of what he regarded as unseemly conduct for a Sunday evening service; but instead of declining to speak he launched at once into an invective against slavery. "They tell us," said he, "that we ought to love slavery because it is a divine institution. So is Hell." This unexpected outburst brought down the house with a round of applause; and when it ended, the doctor, who had fairly warmed up to his work, went on making his telling points with the vigor which he was accustomed to display on the platform; and we had no more protests against the Sabbath-day plaudits of the people.

Mr. Butler needed to make no apology for a volume so unassuming and so full of recollections that ought to be preserved. That he was unable to revise his work would ordinarily be a literary misfortune, but it is mitigated by the good editorial workmanship of Harriet Allen Butler, who has combined in her task both devotion and discretion:

A RETROSPECT OF FORTY YEARS: 1825-1865. By William Allen Butler. Edited by his daughter, Harriet Allen Butler. With portraits and illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Strange as it may seem, some medical men have recently taken to recommending the smoky parts of Sheffield, England, for sufferers from asthma.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Robert Browning.

Dr. Lounshury devotes himself to Browning's literary career, from the publication of his first poem in 1833 to his marriage in 1846, a period that includes "Pauline," "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," and "Pippa Passes." The public appetite for poetry was not a keen one, but the author of "Paracelsus" won from Forster a grading with Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and "a place among the acknowledged poets of the age." It is a pity that Browning made no effort to maintain so enviable a position, and that he should proceed at once to flout the public taste with such productions as "Strafford" and "Sordello." That Macready should ever have believed that "Strafford" could be placed successfully upon the stage is one of the mysteries of dramatic management, and we may believe that personal friendship was allowed for the moment to obscure his judicial vision. But if "Strafford" was received with apathy, "Sordello" aroused a positive indignation. With it "hegan the eclipse of Browning's reputation, which, even after the lapse of more than a third of a century, had not passed away." With the general public Browning ceased to be a power, and it would hardly be harsh to suppose that among all poets of the front rank who have left a mark upon the public mind and conscience, the mark left by Browning is the least visible.

Professor Lounshury has done more than sketch a literary career. He has sketched also a character. He shows us Browning as an intellectual Brahmin, wrapped in the atmosphere of his own caste, and either unaware of the existence of the outside world or contemptuously indifferent to it. The author is frankly critical, and even severe, but it is because he believes that only a severe criticism can counteract the mischief of the exaggerated laudation of the few and so restore to Browning the position with the many that rightfully belongs to him.

THE EARLY LITERARY CAREER OF ROBERT BROWNING. By Thomas K. Lounshury, L. H. B., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

## The Vicar of the Marches.

Mr. Clinton Scollard writes the historical novel as it should be written, and without the usual bastard English that for some mysterious reason is supposed to represent the language of antiquity. He gives us a chapter in the stirring story of the war against Ezzelino da Romano, and of his overthrow under the leadership of the Papal Nuncio. The hero is Tiso di Camposanpiero, who, returning from the Turkish wars to Padua, finds that the city is in the hands of Ezzelino, and that the members of his family are dead or in prison. Help comes through Fra Salimbene, the recorder of those dark days, and by the aid of the Franciscan he hunted Tiso escapes from Padua, rescuing on the way the beauty in distress whom he subsequently wins, and joins the force of the Nuncio already assembling for the overthrow of the tyrant. Mr. Scollard keeps so strictly to his text that the political environment is a little hazy, but it is an amiable fault, if a fault at all, and one that throws the narrative into a stronger relief. Moreover, he shows a wise self-restraint in the description of horrors, a temptation to which a lesser writer would have succumbed. "The Vicar of the Marches" is a well-told story, of scholarly accuracy, and with just enough of that abiding human sentiment which makes the whole world kin.

THE VICAR OF THE MARCHES. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.

## Socialism.

Those who need ammunition for popular use against Socialism can hardly do better than borrow it from Mr. G. W. de Tunzelmann. No better book for such a purpose has been written, nor one that more cleverly combines an examination of the main Marxian tenets with a review of the practical effects that would follow their adoption. The author has, of course, the usual difficulties to contend against in the nebulous nature of the Socialist plea, and in the evasive tactics that refuse to stand upon some definite and concerted scheme. Socialism at the present time may mean almost anything, from an economic change that, according to Mr. Wells, would be hardly noticed by the man in the street, to a radical rearrangement of society that would assign to the individual the status of a slave. Socialism, in its wider sense, can be defined only as revolution. It defies any more precise classification or analysis.

The author may be said to have classified his arguments under two heads. First of all, we have a general survey of the Marxian system, intended for Socialists who have reached their position intelligently, and not under a merely revolutionary impulse. It is an examination of the practice of Socialism as apart from its philosophical basis. Then comes a contrast between the socialistic remedy and the remedy offered by social progress on an individualistic basis. Socialists base their hopes upon an expected perfection of the social machine. Individualism would perfect its own units intellectually and ethically, and would find the primary solution of its difficulties in the human factor. It is the difference between the engine and the engineer. Mechanical perfection can never compensate for human

deficiency. The question is not so much what kind of machine shall we have as what kind of men can we develop to run any machine. The kind of men that we have now is lamentably evident, and it is these same men, or much worse men, who would be the vastly powerful engineers of the socialist machine. The undeniable effect of our present socialistic democracy is to bring the worst men in the community to the top. The part of prudence is to reverse the process, not to extend it.

THE SUPERSTITION CALLED SOCIALISM. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

## The Gods and Mr. Perrin.

Only the strongest men and women can keep their poise in a community that is so close as to lead to mutual saturation. Courtesy, benevolence, and toleration are liable to degenerate into positive hatred and attraction to turn to repulsion.

This idea is well worked out by the author in his story of a schoolmaster's life. Here we have a dozen men and women whose duties are of the most nervous kind and who are wholly debarrd from the recuperative effects of solitude and change. Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Perrin would be a good man. He is naturally a gentleman, and he is a scholar. But constant association with his fellows has destroyed the saving power of contrast, and so when a pretty girl comes into the little community and jealousy is added to unreasoning hate, we watch Mr. Perrin's approach to the edge of insanity and mania. Mutual saturation, and therefore repulsion, accounts for a good many human shipwrecks, especially domestic ones, and Mr. Walpole is to be congratulated upon a clever story with a psychological value that deserves attention.

THE GODS AND MR. PERRIN. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

## The Western Gate.

Mr. Patrick H. W. Ross addresses himself to the problem of the merchant marine and suggests a solution that has certainly all the charm of novelty. Great Britain, he argues, owes her commercial status to her geographical position that has developed certain capacities that he calls "Baltic." Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Holland have developed similar capacities to the extent in which they share those same geographical advantages. The author argues that America should select that portion of her seaboard line that possesses these advantages to the largest extent, and should make of it a free port in which a merchant marine would have every stimulus to its development. Such a seaboard would be found in "that portion of the state of Washington lying west of the Cascade Mountains." San Francisco would be unsuited to the purpose since "the people lack that superlative commercial energy that is found only among northern peoples." There would be no serious violation of the protective principle since "protected Germany maintains a free port at Hamburg at this very moment, and the peninsula on which this free port is located is relatively to Germany what western Washington would be to the United States." Mr. Ross asks that the people of western Washington he left unmolested to build up a merchant marine, that they be assigned that particular duty to perform for the nation, and he explains that by unmolested "I mean that the district of western Washington be exempted from the operation of the existing tariff laws and shipping laws, in other words, free commerce, free ships, free crews, free materials, free goods, free labor, in just that particular district of our country."

The idea is decidedly bold and the author deserves credit for the lucidity of its presentation and the enthusiasm of its advocacy. No one can read his book without strong interest.

THE WESTERN GATE. By Patrick H. W. Ross. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; 75 cents net.

## The High Deeds of Finn.

Mr. Rolleston and Miss Hull have done a fine piece of work between them, and one that will be invaluable to students of those early Irish days when everything became fact if only the creative imagination were strong enough to make it so. It will be remembered that Miss Hull, who was responsible for the earlier work of "Cuchulain, the Hound of Ulster," devoted herself to the period that immediately preceded the Christian era. Mr. Rolleston now takes up his tale at about the third century A. D., naming his work after Finn, son of Cumhal, who belonged to a kind of military order devoted to the service of the High King of Ireland. And yet a clear time division is hardly possible. In many cases the dates can not be ascertained, while some of the stories, like that of the Children of Lir, extend over long periods of time and may have been the work of many hands. Mr. Rolleston divides his stories under three heads: "Bardic Romances" occupy eight chapters, and these are followed by "The High Deeds of Finn," and last of all we have "The History of King Cormac." The author is well advised to avoid anything like a literal translation. He saturates himself with the story and then tells it in his own way, which is by far the best way. Mention should be made of the lengthy and valuable introduction by

Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., LL. D., and of the sixteen colored illustrations by Stephen Reid.

THE HIGH DEEDS OF FINN. By T. W. Rolleston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

## About Japan.

It is difficult to discover any good reason for the increasing number of hooks on travel in Japan. The history, folklore, religion, manners, and customs of that country have long since been fully investigated and described in standard works by authors of acknowledged ability. Yet every year we have new publications on these subjects, usually written by globe trotters with a mandate who have rushed through the land of the Rising Sun and who on their return have hastened to enbalm in hooks their impressions de voyage under the impression that what was new and interesting to themselves must be equally so to the general public.

Colonel Maus's hook can hardly be called an exception. It abounds in pleasant enough but insignificant personal details of visits to the usual temples and tea-houses, cities and sights sandwiched between historical and other data supplied, he says, by his friends, the judge and the major. In all contributed there is nothing good that is not common knowledge, while much that is new is trivial. The colonel might profitably have left untouched the difficult language of Dai Nippon, a veritable pitfall for the innocent tourist, and so would have avoided many mistakes, such as informing us that *ohio* means farewell, *Fugi San* means fire, and *ko no miohe* (shell road) signifies the path of the gods. On a single page (193) we find two errors—in the names of an early Japanese chieftain and of his majesty, the present emperor, the latter blunder being confirmed in the index, while on page 354 we have the surprising statement that Buddha was born in 543 A. D.

So long as there is a Murray's Guide Book for Japan, with Griffi's "Mikado's Empire" and Chamberlain's "Things Japanese" still in print, there can not be said to be a crying need of such volumes as the one now before us.

AN ARMY OFFICER ON LEAVE IN JAPAN. By L. Mervin Maus, U. S. A. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Legal Procedure.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, ex-president of the American Bar Association, is well qualified to deal with the reform of legal procedure, and inasmuch as the chief enemies of reform are to be found in the legal profession itself we may hope that a word from within will be more effective than the many words from without that have so far been fruitless. Mr. Storey describes the chief evils of our present system as delay and cost. The evil of delay is most apparent in our criminal law, but the cost of justice is a matter no less serious as tending to exclude all but the wealthy from its protection.

The whole question is reviewed by the author not only from its technical aspect, but from the broader standpoint of public sentiment. Much may be done by a reform of procedure, and we are shown just what may be done, but a still greater need is a disposition on the part of the public to respect the law, to observe the rights of others, and to be orderly. Our procedure with all its faults is the outcome of the popular sentiment and its reflection. The author writes judiciously and with a single eye toward the attainment of a justice that shall be speedy and cheap. His book should count heavily in the effort for reform.

THE REFORM OF LEGAL PROCEDURE. By Moorfield Storey. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.35.

## The Man of To-Day.

In a series of suave and sympathetic essays Mr. George S. Merriam presents us with a sort of composite photograph of "the man of to-day." There are twenty-five of these essays divided among 348 pages, some of the essays being devoted to individuals, such as Emerson, Brooks, and Hale, and others to the everyday phases of life such as marriage, infirmity, the after-dinner cigar, and the evening whist table. Mr. Merriam is never profound, but he is usually worth while and always suggestive and human.

THE MAN OF TO-DAY. By George S. Merriam. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## The House on the Mall.

Admirers of "Arsène Lupin" will enjoy Mr. Jepson's latest story, and this statement contains just as much eulogy as the reader cares to import into it. It concerns the adventures of a band of criminals, who maintain the outward appearance of reputable citizens, and who plunder and murder to their hearts' content under the guise of respectability. It is an impossible story, in whole and in part, but it will be enjoyed by those to whom the annals of ordinary crime have become insipid.

THE HOUSE ON THE MALL. By Edgar Jepson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

## Brief Reviews.

"The Factory," by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net), is

a compact history of the factory system, beginning with the rise out of the old feudalistic conditions of labor, through the industrial revolution, down to the present time.

"Tour Two," by Georgina Pfau (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net), is a description of a tour in Europe that will doubtless be pleasant reading for those who participated in it. Why any one else should read what is little more than a diary of trivialities it is hard to say.

"Self-Investment," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net), is an incitement to personal culture as the only permanent acquisition. The author's style is so well known as to need no comment, and his latest hook is in every way equal in merit to its predecessors.

The American Book Company has published a "High School Geography," by Charles R. Dwyer. This text book professes to give an up-to-date treatment of physical geography, with a presentation of economic or commercial geography, with maps, diagrams, and illustrations. Price, \$1.20.

Mr. James Allen embodies a certain sound social philosophy in "The Eight Pillars of Prosperity," just published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company (\$1 net). Mr. Allen's eight pillars are Energy, Economy, Integrity, System, Sympathy, Sincerity, Impartiality, and Self-Reliance, and he has something of good sense to say about each.

"Four Years Under Marse Robert," by Major Robert Stiles (Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net), has attained to the deserved dignity of a new edition. It occupies the highest rank as a personal narrative of war, not only for the fidelity of its record, but as a picture of devotion and courage, combined with an exceptional intelligence.

The second volume of the Camp and Trail series is "The Young Gem Hunters; or, The Mystery of the Haunted Camp," by Hugh Pendexter (Small, Maynard & Co.). The title alone is enough to capture the boyish fancy, while a glance at the text shows that the story itself is of the right kind—adventurous and wholesome.

"The Way of Peace," by Reginald Wright Kauffman (Moffat, Yard & Co.; 50 cents net), is a small volume of small essays upon some of the things that most men think of. Among the topics are "The Beauty of Compromise," "The Great God Opinion," "Nil Nisi Bonum," and "What Are We Here For?" These little essays are not of startling originality, but they contain many pleasantly and thoughtfully expressed ideas, and some of them give a touch of lighter color to the mental horizon. And there are more pretentious writings that do not do so much.

"The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net), is not a true autobiography, but rather a survey of the change of domestic status that accompanies increasing age. This status obviously depends largely upon the personal factor and the extent to which physical age has involved mental age, and that the two so often go together is one of the lamentable but unnecessary facts of life. But the book is shrewdly written, and from a wealth of observation and reflection. For one thing, it helps to show us what to avoid as we descend into the valley of years.

In "Followers of the Glean," otherwise entitled "Modern Miracles of Grace" (Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net), Dr. Charles L. Goodell recites a number of instances of notable conversions and the results that have followed therefrom. No one will doubt that conversion implies change, seeing that the words are almost synonyms, but the author does not make it quite clear whether the results are due to the act of faith itself or to the object of that faith. Men have found precisely the same inspiration from diametrically opposite creeds, and all the religions of the world have similar records of the changed lives that have followed faith.

To the Child's Guide series has been added a "Guide to the Bible," by George Hodges (Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.20 net). The language is of a fine simplicity and the historical narrative of a useful kind, but it seems a pity that children should be taught to be little bigots by such statements as "It is only in the Bible that we are told . . . that God . . . does always what is right and best." Some of the author's child readers may one day learn something of other religions, and so discover that they also teach this same thing. Upon the same page we read the statement that God "spoke about religion to the Jews because they knew more about religion than any other people in the world."

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
**Robertson's**  
222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Joan of Rainbow Springs.

The author should be able one day to tell a good story, as she has imagination and a sense of character values. But although we are prepared to believe that Joan, her heroine, is a "precocious child," it is with somewhat of a shock that we hear a girl of eleven discoursing learnedly on Christian Science, ejaculating, "O God in Heaven, I thank you for his faith in me," when a casual acquaintance expresses his belief in her innocence of a charge of theft, and assuring him that only her reliance upon a certain Biblical text "could have reached through the howling wilderness of woe in my heart tonight." Joan is too ecstatic. An undue ecstasy may be said, indeed, to pervade most of the characters. They are not human enough.

JOAN OF RAINBOW SPRINGS. By Frances Marian Mitchell. Boston: Lotbrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman has written another story around her theories of social and economic progress and named the work "What Diantha Did." There are farce-comedy suggestions in the title, which undoubtedly will not materialize in the reading of the book.

Louis Joseph Vance's new novel, to be published by Little, Brown & Co., will be named "The Bandbox." This author pins his faith to the letter B in inventing the titles of his books. He began with "The Brass Bowl" and continued with "The Black Bag" and "The Bronze Bell."

E. Phillips Oppenheim has written thirty novels in twenty-four years and is still going strong.

Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," who has written nothing for several years, has finished a new novel, which will be published simultaneously this spring in England and in this country. The Frederick A. Stokes Company will be the American publishers.

A new novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz, "Through the Desert, a Romance of the Time of the Mahdi," has just been brought out. The author of "Quo Vadis" writes in new vein a story of adventure against a background of the African desert.

Announcement is made by Doubleday, Page & Co. that they have in course of preparation the first complete edition of the works of the late O. Henry. The set will be known as "The Manuscript Edition," and will be a limited edition *de luxe*. There will be twelve volumes, and into each one will be tipped a page of original O. Henry manuscript. The books will be printed with wide margins, and will be bound in boards and silk cloth. Only 125 complete sets will be printed, after which the plates will be destroyed. The price of the complete set is \$120-\$100 if subscribed to before the date of publication. Each set will be numbered and the name of the purchaser printed in Volume I.

One of the "best sellers" in books of verse is John G. Neihardt's "A Bundle of Myrrh." That volume the poet followed with "Man-Song," and now he is publishing his third collection under the title "The Stranger at the Gate."

*Black and White*, the illustrated weekly of London, has been suppressed by the Sphere. Mr. Shorter, editor of the latter publication, calls it absorption, but goes on to say that none of the features of *Black and White* will be adopted. There is at least melancholy interest in the "swan-song" of one of the staff of the journal which has been extinguished in which he pays a tribute to the magazine for having clung, "in its pathetic, gentleman-like, characteristic way, to tone and respectability. It has stuck," he continues, "in the face of the cult of the semi-nude to its old principles. It has turned its face sternly against the blatant chorus girl and her imitative sister who finds it a little dull to sit, fully dressed, in Burke. It has declined to truckle to the prurient-minded by publishing photographs taken in Paris of Les Poses Plastiques, of La Belle This and La Belle T'Other. And so, to the very real sorrow of a small body of admirers, it passes away." He goes on to remark that the episode does not prove that the British public will buy only that which caters altogether to flippancy, but shows that the people who put their money behind papers believe that it does.

## New Books Received.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Edited by John S. P. Tatlock. Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. Edited by Francis G. Wickwar, B. A., B. Sc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Record of Events and Progress for 1911.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. By General Marcus J. Wright. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50 net.

Taken from official records.

THE LITERATURE OF MODERN, by G. H. Mair. PARACLY AND MODERN TIMES, by Rev. J. A. Jarry, D. D. PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, by W. R. Inge, D. D. ASTRONOMY, by A. R. Hinks. AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE, by J. Arthur Thomson.

THE CIVILIZATION OF CHINA, by H. A. Giles. ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH LAW, by W. M. Geldart. THE CIVIL WAR, by Frederic L. Paxson. THE DAWN OF HISTORY, by J. L. Myres. HISTORY OF OUR TIME, by G. P. Grooch. THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY, by D. H. Macgregor. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net per volume.

Issued in the Home University Library.

A STUDY IN STATE RIGHTS. By J. H. Moore. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1 net.

The history of the attitude of the States toward their rights.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON AND THE OPERATIONS ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST IN THE WAR AMONG THE STATES. By Samuel Jones. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net.

Published from an unfinished manuscript left among the author's papers.

WITH FIRE AND SWORD. By Major S. H. M. Byers. New York: The Neale Publishing Company.

A personal narrative of the Civil War.

SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN LEADERS. By Henry Alexander White, D. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$3 net.

Presbyterian leaders of the Colonial period (1683-1774), Southern Presbyterian leaders during the American Revolution (1774-1789), and Southern Presbyterian leaders from 1789 to 1861.

VAGABOND JOURNEYS. By Percival Pollard. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net.

The human comedy at home and abroad.

MY STORY. By Tom. L. Johnson. Edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$2 net.

An autobiography.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST. By Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

A novel. Translated by Thomas Seltzer.

WHAT TOLSTOY TAUGHT. By Bolton Hall. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

Tolstoy's letters, books, and table talk so arranged as to display his philosophy.

THE INDIAN LILY. By Hermann Sudermann. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.25 net.

Stories dealing with men and women whose pursuit of the ideal has led them along unhealthy and unlovely roads.

ON THE LAWS OF JAPANESE PAINTING. By Henry P. Bowic. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$3.50 net.

An introduction to the study of the art of Japan. With prefatory remarks by Iwaya Sazanami and Hirai Kouza. Illustrated.

LOVE AND ETHICS. By Ellen Key. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

"Give life a chance. Don't subject love to the law or to custom."

SOCIALISM AND THE ETHICS OF JESUS. By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

An enquiry in Socialism in general, and its relation to Christian ethics.

UNITED STATES HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS. By Edmond S. Meany. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A history of America written from the standpoint that American history is but a part of the world history, and can best be understood when presented as such.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT. By Dr. Kaethe Schirrmacher. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Translated from the second German edition by Carl Conrad Eckhardt, Ph. D.

THE HORSE. By David Buffum. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents.

His breeding, care, and use.

THE AIREDALE. By William Haynes. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents.

A book for the dog lover.

LIBERALISM AND WRECK OF EMPIRE. By the Viscount De Fronsac. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; 50 cents.

The inevitable results of democratic parliamentary usurpation of the legitimate constitution, the approaching death-struggle of the British monarchy and the final dissolution of the empire.

## Selling a Story.

John Kendrick Bangs tells this story of an attempt he made to get the better of Richard Harding Davis (according to the New York Evening Post):

"Davis and I were talking one day of his Van Bibber stories, and incidentally, I asked him how long it had taken him to write them. 'O, about ten days' each,' he replied.

"I ventured to express the opinion that such a story could well be written in a couple of hours, and the result was that we made a bet of a dinner based on my ability to write a story similar in style to the Van Bibbers, and to have it accepted by a New York editor.

"When I reached my home in Yonkers that night, I wrote the story, the work occupying the time from eight until ten o'clock; at ten the next morning I reached my office in Franklin Square; at 10:30 I submitted my story to myself; by 10:45 I had read it, my warm regard for the author leading me to expedite the matter as much as possible; at eleven o'clock I accepted the manuscript, and at 11:15 I drew an order on the cashier for \$100 in payment, which I at once cashed. Then I went out to find Davis. Meeting him, I told him of what I had done, detailing the various steps, and at the end held out in my hand the cash to prove that the transaction really had been consummated.

"Davis looked at me, then at the bills.

"Well," I said, 'what of that dinner, Davis?'

"'Huh,' grunted Davis, 'if you have all that money you can afford to buy your own dinner,'"

## INTAGLIOS.

## Dream Pedlery.

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy? —Anon.

## A Dream.

I dreamed the old dream over at last—  
It was all in a night of May;  
We sat and swore, 'neath the linden-tree,  
That our faith should endure away.

We swore and swore, again and again,  
And we prattled, and fondled, and kissed;  
And then, that I might remember the vow,  
She fastened her teeth in my wrist.

O darling! with your beautiful eyes,  
O sweetheart! biting and charming;  
The vows, I am sure, were all very well,  
But the bites were rather alarming.

—Translated from Heine, by Louise C. Moulton.

## Sleep.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away—  
And in a dream, as in a fairy bark,  
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark  
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay  
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.  
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark  
So big in heaven no human eye may mark  
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.  
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,  
The resting heart shall not take up again  
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;  
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,  
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## Rondeau.

O happy Sleep! that bearest upon thy breast  
The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,  
Draw near me through the stillness of this place,  
And let thy low breath move across my face,  
As faint winds move about a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;  
The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;  
Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,  
O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow, bidden or confessed,  
There is no passion, uttered or suppressed,  
Thou hast not for a little while efface;  
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,  
Thou sovereign gift of God, most sweet, most blest,

## O happy Sleep!

—Ada Louise Martin.

## Last Night I Saw an Armed Band.

Last night I saw an armed band whose feet  
Did take the martial step, although they trod  
Soundless as waves of light upon the air.  
(Silent from silent lips the bugle fell.)  
The wind was wild; but the great flag they bore  
Hung motionless, and glittered like a god  
Above their awful faces while they marched.  
And when I saw, I understood, and said:  
"If these are they whom we did love and give,  
What seek they?" But one sternly answered me:  
"We seek our comrades whom we left to thee;  
The weak, who were thy strength; the poor, who bad  
Thy pride; the faint and few who gave to thee  
One supreme hour from out the day of life—  
One deed majestic to their century.  
These were thy trust; bow fare they at thy hands?  
Thy saviours then—are they thy heroes now?  
Our comrades still; we keep the step with them.  
Behold! as thou unto the least of them  
Shall do, so dost thou unto us. Amen."

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

## A Dream.

Here—where last night she came, even she for whom

I would so gladly live or lie down dead,  
Came in the likeness of a dream, and said  
Some words that thrilled this desolate, ghost-  
thronged room—

I sit alone now in the absolute gloom.  
Abl surely on her breast was leaned my head,  
Abl surely on my mouth her kiss was shed,  
And all my life broke into scent and bloom.  
Give thanks, heart, for thy rootless flower of bliss,  
Nor think the gods severe though thus they seem.

Though thou hast much to bear and much to miss,  
Whilst thou thy nights and days to be canst deem

One thing, and that thing veritably this—

The imperishable memory of a dream.  
—Philip Bourke Marston.

## Sleep.

Clothe me in dreams, O sweet, sad wraith of Sleep!

Wrap me from head to feet in garments white  
Of mystic dreams; with stars of radiant light  
Gummed here and there in these pale clouds that  
weep!

For tired heart, and weary brain doth leap  
With one great throb toward the dim Unknown  
That holds long rest for earth-born sigh and moan.

Shroud me in pallid dreams, O ghost of Sleep!  
Lay your wan fingers on my aching eyes,  
And bid Life's other phantoms flee away  
Into the solemn shades that have no day,  
Where, hallowed, solemn, eternal silence lies!  
Then whisper, soft as moon on frost-wreaths hoar,  
"Dream, worn-out one, dream here forevermore!"  
—Fanny Driscoll.

George Soule writes in the February Forum of "The United States of the World."

## See the Ocean in a Storm

No sight is so magnificent as the ocean lashing itself wildly in a storm. With the grand old Pacific at their doors, comparatively few San Francisco residents have ever visited the beach on a wild stormy day, to see the most inspiring sight imaginable. When the usually placid Pacific roars and flings mighty waves shoreward, dashing them with thundering crash against the cliffs, man recognizes what a tiny atom he is after all, and how vast is the salty deep.

It is so easy to reach the beach that the next rousing storm should be sufficient to persuade many to brave the elements and see the great waters at their wildest.

A five-cent fare will carry the sight-seer out to the beach, and to get the very best view of the tumultuous seas, one should board the Sutter Street car, which goes direct to the Cliff House. This line, after passing through the outlying residence section of the city, comes suddenly on the bay, and the experience is never to be forgotten. Travel the world over and no grander sight will so unexpectedly burst into view from the snug inside of a trolley car. Far below the waters of San Francisco Bay rear great waves which dash themselves into masses of foam against the cliffs, making the earth shiver from the fearful impact.

Along the cliff the car glides safely, giving the passenger a most wonderful view of the entire outer portion of the bay. Ahead he sees the Golden Gate, now a dangerous, tossing, swirling sea, the wind howling inward, defying all but the largest steam craft to put to sea.

Land's End affords a snug stopping place, should one desire to leave the car at that station and view the sight from the safety of the sheltering walls. Away out in the wildest part of the bay stands Mile Rock light, almost hidden by the lashing waves, but defying the storm and lighting the way for the hardy mariner. Somewhere out there the *Rio Janeiro* went down one foggy morning, never to be located.

Continuing, one reaches the famous Cliff House, a short distance below, from which another wonderful view is obtained, this time of the ocean itself, whose giant waves batter at the base of the cliff and throw showers of spray high in air. The Seal Rocks are swept and the hairy, barking inhabitants, usually a unique attraction, have deserted their usual haunts for calmer quarters.

Several miles of sandy beach stretch away to the south, affording full play to the giant combers, rushing shoreward in long, curving lines, only to break on the sandy beach in a smother of foam. Unconsciously one begins to speculate on the height of the rollers and lay mental wagers as to which will be the greatest.

The sight is one which people who sit cosily by their firesides can never appreciate. It must be seen, and the next thoroughly stormy day is the time to go. Returning by way of Golden Gate Park, the car passes just far enough above the long stretch of beach to give the visitor a splendid opportunity to view the ocean until the turn toward is made at Carville.

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"ALMA, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

In its transition through the devious processes of two translations, "Alma, Where Do You Live?" has demurely assumed some outward respectability, which, it is quite evident did not distinguish it in its original form. Alma, it is quite plain, was, in her earlier guise, a lady of easy morals whose seductive charms inspired each gallant who gazed upon them with an acute desire to learn her address. In its Anglicized form the play presents Alma as a pretty milliner who is eligible to matrimony in spite of the large number of enamored males who have easy access to her apartment.

In fact, Alma the First (in French) was evidently a good-natured courtesan with some elements of a heart. Alma the Second (in German) was become, no doubt, in process of growth, rather spicier than her predecessor, but the two shared the same preference, common to their kind, of occasionally varying their adventures in gallantry by tasting the savor of a fresh, adolescent love. Alma the Third (in English) in spite of her busy train of male admirers, and her café adventures, has become a candidate for wifehood. It is quite easy, however, to divine what, in the original version, was the restriction made as to his heir's too speedy marriage by the rich decedent in his will, which certainly had nothing whatever to do with matrimony.

"Alma, Where Do You Live?" is a musical farce, containing a story of "The Girl in the Taxi" stripe. There is a dull, respectable household whose masculine members are of marked convivial tastes. One of them is only a prospective son-in-law, but he seems to be very congenial with his future father-in-law, and very much under the feet of his future mother-in-law. The future wife is merely a dummy figure in the playful salaciousness of the piece.

Alma, through some only dimly grasped agency, stumbles, of course, into the safe respectability of this haven of domestic bliss (I should have mentioned that the wife is a frightful, impossible, screaming shrew), and immediately becomes the motive for a series of marital and pre-marital fabrications. This, of course, is a regular concomitant of continental farce; dull, ugly respectability thrown in contrast against alluring adventure. One can call it no harsher name, on account of the perfunctory whitewash which has been done to some of the coarser situations in the play.

A further resemblance to "The Girl in the Taxi" may be observed from the placing within the circle of Alma's allurements a youth as yet untied in the wicked ways of Parisian gallantry.

The piece was originally composed by Paul Hervé (music by Jean Briquet), then, after its how to a German public, put into shape for American audiences by George V. Hohart.

There is observable in American theatre-goers a growing taste for the open, unblushing allusion to things formerly regarded as unmentionable. The national taste for decorous euphemism is passing away. It is curious and interesting to know the whence and the wherefore, for with it is also passing away our soon-to-be-legendary Puritanism.

"Alma, Where Do You Live?" is not brilliant, the dialogue and witticisms are commonplace, and even stereotyped, the plot and sentiments, or rather, emotions, are patently vulgar; but it would be interesting to any impartial student of theatrical conditions to observe the open-mindedness with which the audience first accepted, and the enjoyment with which, as the play progressed, it eventually welcomed the playful prurience of the piece.

The joke of the thing is that the adapter always feels impelled to cover over any social inconventionalities in the regular standing of the characters, but no longer throws a concealing mantle over the primitive sex impulse as expressed by the gay devotees of café life.

There was no hlinking it, with old Martin. Absolutely nothing was left to the imagination, concerning this festive sexagenarian's sentiments toward the fair sex. To see a pretty arm was, with him, a desire to touch it; a pretty foot suggested the hidden ankle, and a pretty mouth kisses. The rôle, not particularly promising at first, was worked up extremely well by Charles A. Murray, who became funnier and funnier as the play progressed, making his audience so full of laughter that he made one become almost apologetic for his self. For there was no

airy French handling of the extremely obvious coarseness of the situations.

To particularize: Alma and her young man wind up their love affair by a prolonged kissing bout, upon which was finally intruded, although it was not in the least checked thereby, the entire Martin family. The kissings were the real thing. Alma, as personated by Nannette Flack, was a blackeyed, full-lipped, rounded young woman, very seductive to the average masculine taste; and wicked old Theohold proceeded to show, through the medium of a whole series of dumb show actions, how greatly perturbed he was at not having a hite or so of this particularly succulent dish of fruit. The audience, in the meantime, entering into the spirit of the thing, was assisting the sympathetic orchestra, gayly keeping time to the rhythmic kissing hee hy contributing explosions of hand-clapping to each osculatory wind-up, and, if I remember aright, the curtain went down on old Theohold calming his sympathetic emotions by quaffing a draught from the pitcher of ice-water that had played an equally soothing rôle in earlier scenes.

This scene is, to fall into the vernacular, "the limit." I don't remember ever having seen anything of the kind quite so open and unashamed of itself, and quite so joyously and sympathetically participated in by the audience.

It is plain that the sentiment of audiences, as well as of fiction readers, is rapidly changing, and it seems possible that the time is coming when shadowy invocations of disappearing traditions will not be necessary to make unmentionable ladies mentionable in pieces of this brand. However, when that time comes, plays will be more strictly classified than they are now, although I think that few who saw the illustrated bill-boards of this play had any delusions as to its character.

"Alma, Where Do You Live?" is put on in pretty good style in the matter of costumes and setting. There are three acts, calling for only two settings, both interiors, and the dress calls for no special elaboration, as there is no chorus. Nannette Flack, the lusciously curving heroine, is not the tubular woman at all, being almost old-fashioned in her tendency to curvilinear dimensions, though all mankind, in the play and out, seemed to take kindly to her type. She has an extremely pretty birdlike soprano, and (though in profile only) an equally extremely pretty face. She dresses to suit the men. I think the women find her lacking in the style of the minute.

Charles Murray, as has been already remarked, is a great success in the rôle of old Theohold Martin, a disreputable bald-head of confirmed red-light tastes, whose goings-on are not nearly so scandalous as his "nods and winks and wretched smiles." Mr. Murray sings agreeably, and, big, tall fellow though he is, turns off his dancing steps almost as daintily as a girl. He is also a past-master in the art of grotesque facial expression.

Aubrey Yates as Pierre Lepeach, the country youth, inexperienced and literal, is, while unpolished in his art, yet well placed, and possesses, in spite of his husky speaking tones, a very good singing voice, although not very well manipulated.

Edwin Carewe's count, although the rôle is long-drawn out, is appropriately made-up and acted. Nobody else in the other half-dozen remaining rôles amounted to anything extra. Vivian Gill, as the shrieking shrew, commenced in the high octave and stayed there the whole evening. If she keeps this thing up she will lay her voice as an altar offering to "Alma" and all the rest of it. Bea Hamilton's housemaid had a point or two, and so did Henry Sherwood's detective.

There are a dozen musical numbers in the piece, which went well because every one who sang had a good voice. The music is sprightly, and of the easily-caught, popular type. Before the evening was over everybody, more or less, could carry the air of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" and as Miss Flack sang it about a dozen times and her voice is extremely pretty, all the hummers and the whistlers were able, by repeating it to themselves after the performance was over, to evoke the pleasing image of a pretty woman stretching out her rounded arms, swaying her rounded figure, and singing in sweetly rounded accents "Alma, Where Do You Live?" Which is, in a way, a good advertisement for the play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A double bill at the Metropolitan Opera House Thursday night a week ago held the audience till midnight. Gluck's "Orfeo" was the *pièce-de-résistance*, with Blech's "Versiegelt" as a curtain-raiser. Louise Homer, the greatest of American contraltos, was the star of the Gluck opera, and she was applauded and recalled as if she had been a popular tenor.

Caruso, the "only," has composed a ballad which he has entitled "Dreams of Long Ago." The new song is sung in "The Million," a farce at the Herald Square Theatre in New York, by Paul Ker, the "Caruso of the Bowery," and the composer attended the show the other evening and applauded his rival and the music.

## MR. HADLEY'S SYMPHONY.

For the fourth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, compositions by Hadley, Chopin, Bizet, and Smetana were on the programme, and of these the first, by right of musical importance, serious interest, and personal association, was Symphony No. 2, in F minor, "The Four Seasons," by the conductor, Mr. Henry Hadley. The symphony was written some ten years ago, and won prizes in Boston competitions for the best orchestral work soon after it was completed. It has been played since that time by several of the great symphony orchestras of America, and in Europe as frequently, in the cities that have famous musical organizations. An extended criticism of the work would be of value only if it came from a musician of knowledge and descriptive ability, and it would be of interest only to those who study music seriously. Yet it is impossible to dismiss it with a sentence of vague praise. It is an impressive composition, even to the unlearned auditor, with special charm and suggestion in the first two movements, "Winter" and "Spring." To the young student and unjaded music-lover it much more than justifies its creation. Composers put much of themselves in their works, and in this it is not difficult to discover Mr. Hadley's love of nature and the vein of sentiment that influences his purposes. The beautiful 'cello and viola passages, the bird notes of the flute, echoed and continued by clarinets and oboes, are the graces which distinguish this characterization of his symphony. The orchestra gave it an adequate if not an inspired presentation.

Several improvements are noted in the make-up and arrangement of the orchestra. The first violins have been strengthened. Seats for the players are now elevated in amphitheatre form. The curtain is raised so that the volume of sound is not divided and smothered.

One word may be said here concerning the education of a public in musical appreciation. Much rubbish is written of the difficulties and unattractiveness of classical music. It is not the character of the music that attracts or fails to interest so much as it is the unfamiliar form of its presentation, or the manner in which it is played. The untrained hearer is drawn to the more easily followed solo instrument—violin, 'cello, or piano. The great orchestra must be heard more than once before the capability of appreciating its massed effects, its intermingled motives and expressions, can be attained. There are many true music-lovers who regret the fact that even the best of our small orchestras in the theatres are so seldom given attention.

De Pachmann, the pianist, was a feature of the concert. He played the Chopin concerto in E minor, Op. 11, and, responding to rapturous recalls, gave several additional selections without orchestral accompaniment. His first choice was a Chopin romance which contains one of the most beautiful phrases the great pianist-composer ever wrote, but its last, most delicate note was lost except to those in the very front rows.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

## The Beel Quartet this Sunday Afternoon.

The Beel Quartet's third concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, February 11, at 2:30 in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel. The programme will be one of quite exceptional beauty, for it includes Schubert's Quintet for strings, a work quite on a par with the great composer's "Unfinished" symphony. Sigmund Beel and Emilio Meriz will play Handel's Sonata for two violins, with Mr. Gyula Ormay at the piano, and the Quartet in G, by Greig, will complete the offering.

Tickets may be purchased at the usual Greenbaum box-offices and on Sunday at the entrance.

The fourth Beel Quartet concert will be an evening event, the date being Friday, February 15, at 8:15. Brahms's Sextet and Dvorak's "Terzet" will be interesting features, and a delightful old work for string quartet by Boccherini will lend interest to the occasion.

## Judgment of Plays.

Walter Pritchard Eaton said some uncommonly sensible things in a recent lecture in Chicago, but nothing more pat to the occasion than his warning to the ladies of the Drama League of America that the place to study the art of the drama is not in the lecture-room, but in the theatre. That is why the judgment of people who think that Maeterlinck may be the name of an automobile and Giacosa the name of a cigar is frequently of more value as to a play than that of many men and women who have been told by learned lecturers "all about" the laws of dramatic art (says the Chicago Tribune). The person who goes occasionally—and gingerly—to the theatre with her—or his—head crammed full of definitions and generalizations is farther away from a true comprehension of the play than what the French call *l'homme moyen sensuel*, or, as we should say less acutely, the average man. If one is after genuine knowledge of the drama, it is better to see a bad play than hear a good lecture.

This is not to assert that theory is useless, even theory not worked for but handed one luxuriously in a parlor or lecture-room. The point is that we do not possess a theory until we have tested it thoroughly, and it takes a lot of experience to realize a very little theory.

The trouble with the lecture-goer is that she reverses this principle. She acquires an imposing mass of theory and little experience to test it. Her pyramid is on its apex.

Another excellent piece of advice Mr. Eaton tendered in urging his hearers to go seldom to lectures and often to the play. "And, once there," he said, "don't be afraid to have a good time."

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## VANITY FAIR.

We have often wondered why the restaurant waiter has never been abolished by machinery. How cheerfully we should see him go. With what calm resignation we should replace him by the superior intelligence of mechanism. In an age of engineering it seems strange that there has been no relief from the incubus of the waiter.

But now a better day has dawned for suffering humanity, if we may believe a report from Europe. At present the news is in its vaguest form. It bids us hope, for the dawn of our salvation is at hand. It is somewhat in the form of the current medical announcement: informing an ecstatic public that the scourge of tuberculosis, or foot and mouth disease, or glanders, or whatever it may be, is about to be abolished since Dr. Somebody or Other has corralled some spirited little germ that has so far evaded extradition. As a rule we never hear any more about the medical discoveries, and we go on dying in the same old stubborn, hard-hearted way. But we have hopes for the abolition of the waiter, now that the engineer has got upon his trail. It ought to have been done long ago. If machinery can not do a little thing like this, then of what use is machinery?

The reports, as we say, are vague, but there may be reasons for that. Perhaps the waiters' union has been buying dynamite, and in any case it would be serious to arouse resentments or to give opportunity for retaliation until the machines are actually ready. The waiter has many ways of retaliation, and if possible he should be exterminated without arousing his suspicions. The machines are said to be quite simple. You seat yourself at a table, make the appropriate marks on the bill of fare to show the kind of hunger you have, and how much of it, touch a button, and the table disappears through the floor, to reappear a few minutes later laden with the viands chosen. It is simplicity itself. It is the invention of the ages. It will serve the soup and the spoon simultaneously, and knives and forks will hunt in pairs.

Even the cafeteria is an improvement upon the waiter. But then anything is an improvement upon the waiter, even hunger and thirst. It may be a stupid prejudice, but there is always a certain sensation of ignominy in standing in line with a large tray held more or less gracelessly in front of you. You never feel that you are displaying yourself to advantage while holding a tray. Now most men believe that they could hold a sword, for instance, and be a credit to it. But not a tray. If you should meet a lady friend in a cafeteria you would feel a momentary regret at the fact that you were holding a tray. Your powers of light and airy badinage would momentarily desert you. You would just as soon be caught in your pajamas. You would feel that you were not at your best, that even your most sparkling witticism would be flat, stale, and unprofitable. And then you are so liable to get into trouble with the lady customer behind you, who is tranquilly determined to get in front of you. Of course she does get in front of you. That goes without saying. You surrender the moment she makes her little claim to priority with the edge of her tray; but no matter how instantly or how abjectly, you do it, she makes you feel like a worm, like dirt. The woman who wedges her way in front of you in the ticket-office line has the same curious power to make you feel that you are a brute even when you are grovelingly surrendering your rights. She makes you wonder why God lets you live, and then if there is an inch of starch left in your whole solar system the young woman behind the cafeteria counter will attend to that, too.

There is a frown of discontent upon the manly face of Wall Street. Those chaste precincts have been invaded by the woman speculator, which is had enough in itself; but when the woman speculator demands special privileges—and she would not be a woman if she did not—the situation becomes strained. But Wall Street may as well grin and bear it. There is nothing to be done. And, anyway, why should Wall Street be exempt? Why should not Wall Street take its share of the white man's burden?

Within the last few days a Consolidated Stock Exchange firm has not only opened a room for women speculators, but it has furnished a nursery for their babies. So there is halm in Gilead after all. We did not know that women speculators ever had babies. We had supposed them to be constructed on a different plan. To speculate in stocks is one thing, but to speculate in babies quite another. These baby speculators, brought up in a Wall Street nursery, ought to have quite a future ahead of them.

There are various reasons why Wall Street does not smile upon the woman speculator. In the first place she is a bad loser and she attributes the blame for her misfortune with an unsparring hand that knows no justice. A broker of thirty years' experience in the stock market, quoted by the *Evening Post* as saying: "When a woman makes something on the stock market she takes the credit of it all to

herself. It was she who did it. When she loses it was her broker's fault. He deceived her. And a peculiar trait is that in losing she can not quite clear her mind of the suspicion that what she lost the broker gained." Another broker tells a story of a woman whose husband was sick and who went to Wall Street to execute some orders for him. Pretty soon she had opened an account of her own and then she developed some of those delightful methods that belong to her own inimitable sex. Whenever she won she gathered in the shekels with a ready hand. When she lost she debited the amount to her husband. When a woman loses in a gamble she feels that the whole universe is pitted against her and that no effort to recoup herself can be unjustified by the supreme fact that her interest demands it.

An aristocratic English suffragette has found herself under the painful necessity of going to jail for six months. It seems too bad, but what can we expect so long as judges, magistrates, and even policemen all belong to the baser, but more muscular, sex? Now when this lady emerges into the light of day once more it will be as a martyr to the cause. But the court records will tell a different tale. They will show that she went to jail for saturating a mass of paper with coal oil and pushing it, flaming, into a letter box. That was how she proved her right to vote.

It is painful to relate that the lady pleaded for special treatment in prison on the ground that her offense was a political one. That is where the English suffragettes make a tactical error. They want to be martyrs and yet not to be martyrs. It is true enough that the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church, but in their case you will notice that it was blood, real blood. There was no pretense about the rack and the stake. No mock heroics there. If a few English suffragettes were to be burned alive on Tower Hill there could be no doubt that the sacred cause would go forward by leaps and bounds. But the spectacle of an aristocratic lady pushing burning newspapers into a letter box and then asking to be furnished with chocolate eclairs while in jail is not one calculated to arouse the mob to indignant fury.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw has a taking way with her. She can go quite a long way to persuade the average man that the very existence of his hideous sex is a freak of nature, and that he ought to live on reservations guarded by Amazons. But when we examine Dr. Shaw's arguments in the cold light of the morning after we are apt to see the chinks and the crevices in a logical process not yet made perfect by use. A few days ago Dr. Shaw made a speech on what is called the "ignorant vote." She wanted to know what is meant by that term, and so she quoted approvingly the remark of a young Russian girl who had said to her: "I believe everything you say. Of course, we who have suffered and have been driven from our country, and who have a constant fight to live, know the conditions, and what we need. But how about those ignorant women in Fifth Avenue around the park, who have never done any of these things? They will not understand."

A few days later she was at a suffrage meeting on Fifth Avenue and one of the elect had said to her: "I believe everything you say, but how about the poor ignorant women on the East Side?" Where, asks Dr. Shaw, is the real ignorance to be found?

Heaven forbid that we should really answer a question not intended to be answered at all, but we should like to hear a plea of guilty both from Fifth Avenue and from the East Side. It would be dreadful to think that laws could ever emanate from either of them. But let us put an analogous case. Let us suppose some one should say: "I have had a pain under my pinafore for a month, an ache in my back for two months, an inextinguishable thirst for as long as I can remember and I am rarely free from delirium tremens and inflamed ego. Surely I know all that can be known about these things and certainly more than the physicians who have never had any of them." The cases seem to be parallel. If there could be any greater calamity than laws passed in America by Russian immigrants in alleviation of their own lot it would be interesting to hear of it. On the whole we are inclined to think that the laws passed by the ladies of Fifth Avenue would be somewhat preferable. As a matter of abstract justice—of course a mere male crotchet—we should like to see the judges' bench reserved for judges and not given over to the litigants themselves. But it's a matter of taste.

The judges are having a hard time, thanks to the vagaries of modern dressmaking. A young woman in New York has been prosecuted for refusal to pay a bill for a new dress. The dress was ordered for a wedding, and as it arrived just in time for the occasion it was put on quickly and without examination. What was the horror of the wearer to discover that as soon as she sat down the dress began to mount in front until it reached the longitude of her knees, which was

distinctly embarrassing for one who is not supposed to have knees, except by rumor and hearsay. Why a dress should do such an extraordinary thing, why it should display a power of independent motion, was not explained, but it is evident enough that if this sort of thing is to be tolerated at weddings there is no knowing where we shall stop.

But there was worse to come. When the owner leaned forward in order to persuade her dress to keep within the limits of decorum this shameless garment promptly burst up the back, and so there she was, cut off from communications and exposed to a galling fire front and rear. She had sent the dress back for alterations, but when these had been done—probably they took several hours—the dress itself was out of fashion. So she refused to pay the bill.

A similar case is reported from London. In this instance the young woman said her dress was so tight that she could not lift her arms and that if she wanted to adjust her veil she could not do so. In both cases the judge found against the dressmaker, which comes, as before said, of filling the bench with men. If there had been women judges these bills would have been paid without a suit. A woman judge would have known that wedding dresses are not intended to be sat in and that no fashionable dress will permit the arms to be raised to the head. But these women took advantage of the brutal ignorance of men, and of their coarse and degraded prejudice in favor of garments that are garments, and not strait jackets.

How thankful we ought to be that the public service of this country is in the hands of high-minded officials who are determined to protect the morals of the community at all costs. If there is no law that meets each particular emergency as it arises then our officials will make one on the spot. For what is a law, or the lack of one, that it should be allowed to interfere with the sacred task of guarding the morals of other people?

The postmaster of New York seems to be one of these lesser deities to whom we owe so much. His beneficent eyes have been opened to the fact that young women are using the poste restante for purposes of a correspondence that might not in all cases meet with parental or uxorial approval. It is with a profound disquiet that we learn of these things. We had thought better of New York.

But the postmaster is equal to the occasion. He says that the postoffice must not be used for such purposes, and that its chaste portals will no longer be open to young women who thus forget the proprieties for which New York is so justly famed. Letters "to be called for" will henceforth pass under his august supervision, and if his suspicion should be aroused by missives faintly suggestive of violets, or with any other subtle evidences of what may be called the lighter or giddier side of life, he will forthwith open them and return them, not to the sender herself, but to the sender's parents. In this way New York will retain her reputation for virginal purity and for that jealous guardianship of the virtues for which she is so rightly renowned.

Such zeal deserves not only commendation but imitation. And so we find that the English postmaster-general has been informed of the pious enthusiasm of his American

brother and has been urged to go and do likewise. But he is lukewarm in the cause of virtue, is this insular official. He makes excuses, urges reapsops for his inaction, and refuses to move. What does he care for the clandestine correspondence of young married women and schoolgirls? Let them correspond, he says in his cold, cruel, brutal, cynical way, but let them see to it that the requisite stamps are placed upon the envelope and that the revenue is not defrauded. A mercenary man this, evidently; a man who has never yet felt the prompting of the higher law; a man with a machine instead of a soul. He says that the duty of the post-office is not to amend the morals of young women, but to deliver the mail. He says, moreover, that to interfere with a letter is a statutory crime, even the letter of a school-girl, and that public opinion would have something to say that it would be unpleasant for him to hear if it were known that he had tampered with the love missive of the youngest, silliest, and love-sickest maiden in the country.

Queen Victoria, says the *London Daily Chronicle*, would have had little sympathy with a bride who refused to say "obey" at the altar. She was violently opposed to the whole of what is now called the "Woman's Movement." A typical instance of her dislike is given by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. "In 1870," he writes, "a young matron, who bore a name highly honored in English history, suddenly became conspicuous on political platforms, and the spectacle of her performances produced this remarkable protest: 'The queen is most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of "Women's Rights," with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor, feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady ——— ought to get a good whipping.' It is a subject which makes the queen so furious that she can not contain herself."

Queen Victoria's strong feeling against "Women's Rights" strikes one at first as scarcely consistent with the duties she herself was called upon to fulfill. But she would certainly have answered that she found in her own experience confirmation of her convictions. "Albert grows daily fonder and fonder of politics and business," she wrote to her uncle Leopold in 1852, "and is so wonderfully fit for both—such perspicacity and such courage—and I grow daily to dislike them both more and more. We women are not made for governing—and if we are good women we must dislike these masculine occupations; but there are times which force one to take interest in them *mal gré bon gré*, and I do, of course, intensely." In the second sentence the words "made," "dislike," "I," and "intensely" are underlined.

A young American who has just returned to New York from Europe after a study of high class dancing is earning \$25 an hour for imparting his lore to the *jeunesse dorée* of the metropolis. This is said to be the highest price ever paid to a dancing master in America.

We can only express our gratification that there are any young people left nowadays who are willing to learn real dancing at any price or for no price at all. There seem to be none in this part of the world.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two brothers, each of whom is nearly six feet and a half tall, were one day introduced by an acquaintance to a young lady. As she sat gazing up at the pair of giants in wonder and awe, she exclaimed: "Great heavens! Suppose there had been only one of you!"

Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said as she quitted the room; "No. 1 Chesterfield Street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget Number One."

He was a commercial traveler, and things were going very badly with him—so badly, in fact, that he wrote home in a very melancholy mood concerning the state of trade. Thereupon, the head of the firm wired, "Hang it, if you can not get enough orders to make your expenses, you had better return at once." The reply read, "Orders are very scarce, but am making a lot of expenses."

She had just finished reading that 7000 bills were presented to Congress in nine days. "Do you think it business-like to have so many hills in such a short time?" she asked sharply. "We women could do much better. When we are represented in Congress we'll prove it." Blithers scratched his head in perplexity. "How would you women stop it?" he demanded. "How would we stop it?" said Mrs. Blithers scornfully. "We'd pay cash as we went along."

It was the polite Frenchman's first visit to a party in England, and he was very anxious to do the right thing, so when the hostess advanced to welcome him he gallantly saluted the astonished lady with a hearty kiss. Unfortunately, her husband had been a witness of the occurrence. "How dare you, sir, take the liberty of kissing my wife? And before me, too!" was his indignant exclamation. "One thousand pardons!" exclaimed the polite foreigner. "I do not know your English customs. Next time I kiss you first!"

Talking of Mrs. Carlyle, the late Lord Bowen thus described her: "An admirable woman, with, perhaps, too great a passion for insecticide." It was thought a very happy adaption of the legal maxim, "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*," when he argued a client's right to a piece of land as having been proved by the pasturing of his donkey there for many years. The judge inquired whether he claimed the land through his accredited representative, the donkey. "My contention is, my lord," said Bowen, "*qui facit per asinum, facit per se*."

Frank Coffyn, the aviator, was talking in Detroit about the perils of flying. "When we aviators hold our Thanksgiving," he said, "there is usually something ghastly about it. We're grateful only to have broken one leg, or something of that sort. Ghastly gratitude—a little like the huckster's, in fact. 'I hear your wife's ill,' a friend said to the huckster. 'She is that—terrible ill,' the huckster replied. 'Dangerous?' said the friend. 'Don't tell me she's dangerous!' 'I'm thankful to say,' said the huckster, 'that she's too weak to be dangerous any more.'"

When the sergeant of the guard came round on his visits the green sentry was nowhere to be seen. The sergeant was about to depart to make enquiries when there came a rustling noise from a heap of straw, and the sentry stood before him minus his boots and looking very sleepy. "Halloa!" cried the sergeant; "where were you when I came round just now?" "Marching round," was the sentry's reply, given in tones of conscious virtue. "Marching round, were you? Why, you've got your boots off." "Yes, sergeant, I took 'em off so's I shouldn't wake the 'osses."

At a Scotch dinner every one had contributed to the entertainment but Dr. MacDonald. "Come, come, doctor," said the chairman, but the doctor protested: "My voice is altogether unmusical and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door." The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. "Very well," said he finally, "if you can stand it, I am willing." There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scot at the end of the table. "Mon," he exclaimed, "your singing's not up to much, but your veracity's just awful. You're right about that brick."

Ollie James, senator-elect from Kentucky, is a big man—big all over, beginning with his feet and ending with his head, excepting his supply of hair, which is nil. A conservative estimate of Mr. James' weight by a thin man would be 300 and by a fat man at a trifle more than 375. After the Kentucky legislature elected Mr. James to the Senate a few

weeks ago, he hurried back to Washington, where he is now serving as a representative from the blue grass country. He bought his railroad ticket and delayed the purchase of a sleeping car berth until he got on the train. The conductor gave him a shock by showing him the diagram with only one empty berth and that an upper. Mr. James is not built on architectural lines adaptable to an upper berth, and even in a lower he holds an overflow meeting in the aisle. He took the upper and worked on the sympathies of the conductor and porter by the most expeditious means. They canvassed the car and could find no man agreeable to a switch from a lower to an upper. Mr. James took up the quest himself and in the smoking compartment offered \$5 for a lower. No takers. When bedtime came Mr. James walked slowly into the car and sat down in his section disconsolate. A dapper little man, weight about 115, took a seat opposite him. He was the owner of the lower berth in that section. The porter came to make up the berths. When he lowered the top shelf Ollie tested the chain with his hands and sounded the platform. He shook his head doubtfully. "Hope she holds," he soliloquized. "The last time I got into one of these darned uppers she fell through with me and broke a man's leg in the berth below." Ollie got the lower.


A COLD IN THE HEAD.

"A-choo!" Also and likewise: "Ka-choo!" Cogfougd id! Get another. And what, ladies and gentlemen, fellow-sufferers, is going to be done about it? We have had symposiums upon the great white plague; we have had treatises upon the less-to-be-spoken of black plague; now what is to be done with this dotted-ratted, cogfougd red plague? Shall we allow it to continue along its fell course, clogging brains, spoiling appetites and rasping tempers? Shall we accept its fell attack upon mind and body and merely wait to be thankful when it has left us one handkerchief for post-mortem use? For the benefit of the Universal Society of Periodic Sniffers, I will tell what I know about the red plague. It usually appears when the furnace fires are started in the fall and the dust circulates through the house by hot air. It also appears with the dryness of steam heat. It also appears with the dampness of spring, after the furnace fire has gone out; and of fall, before the furnace fire has begun. It also appears when the house is too warm—and when the house is too cold. It frequently is due to overheating, when the resistance power of the blood is lowered by toxins, and it very frequently is due to undereating, when the resistance power of the body is lowered by lack of nourishment. Particularly is it encouraged by chilled feet—and more particularly by a chilled head. Much bundled-up people are its favorite victims—but it loves to seek the folk not bundled-up enough. You should wear warm clothing—but you also should expose yourself freely, so that you will not need clothing. It is a product of insufficient air—and also of too much air. It thrives on lack of ventilation—and floats gayly upon a draft. It is very prevalent in New York and Boston, because of the dampness and the rawness, and in Chicago and in Minneapolis because of the windiness, and in Des Moines, St. Louis and New Orleans because of the humidity, and in Denver because of the dryness, and in Portland because of the rains, and in San Francisco because of the fogs, and in Los Angeles because of the tourists. Noting the above facts, we may learn how to fight the red plague. A malady so readily diagnosed and segregated so exact in its workings, offers little difficulty, you see. For the red plague is nothing but a cold in the head. That's all. Ka-chee! My dear, where are the rest of my handkerchiefs? What? But, cogfougd it, what am I going to do, then?

Now, the methods which I, personally, have found most efficacious in fighting the red plague are as follows: I drink lots of water, to increase the secretions and carry off the toxins; I also do not drink any water, or other fluid, for three days, in order to dry up the secretions. I exercise plentifully, to promote the circulation and oxygenize the blood; I also go to bed and stay there, in order to save my strength and foster my resistance power. I take quinine and—rootbeer, to stimulate, and I take aconite to quiet. I take a good hot bath, to draw the blood to the surface, and I refrain from the hot bath, because it congests the mucous membrane of the nose. I take lemon, for its acid properties. I take syrup for its balsam properties. I sniff camphor, ammonia, hartshorn, henzoine, menthol; I sniff adrenalin, salt and water, witch hazel, bay rum, vaseline. I quaff pepper tea, and I gulp ice cream. I stuff to give me endurance and draw the blood from the head to the stomach, and I fast to avoid digestive disturbances and for the invigorating ventilation and I sleep close indoors to be safe from draft.

Now, all this is simple home treatment, within the reach of everybody. A-choo! Cogfougd id! My dear, where are your handkerchiefs? I don't seem to find any of my own. Friends, let us join hands and say: "A has the red plague!" Ka-choo!—Edwin L. Sabin in Lippincott's Magazine.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry and Mr. Sterling Joyner of New York has been announced. Mrs. Henry is a daughter of Mrs. A. A. Voorhies and the late Dr. Voorhies, and a sister of Mrs. Haldimand Putnam Young, Mrs. Guy Scott, Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop, and Mr. Grantland Voorhies. Mr. Joyner is a son of the late Judge Joyner of New York.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Gardner and Mr. Arthur Rawson Fennimore took place Wednesday evening at eight o'clock at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Waco, Texas. A reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Marion Gardner. After a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Fennimore will reside temporarily at the Fairmont Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Boericke and Mr. Laurence Metcalf Symmes took place Wednesday evening at the First Unitarian Church. Mrs. Ralston White was her sister's matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Hazel Palmanteer, Joy Wilson, Edith Slack, Florence Williams, Ethel McAllister, and Alysce Warner. Mr. Symmes was attended by Mr. T. A. Badger, who came from New York to act as best man. The ushers were the Messrs. Fay Boericke, Garth Boericke, Samuel Day, Ralston White, Harry Miller, and John Geary. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence on Jackson Street of the bride's parents, Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke.

The ball given Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell was a brilliant affair.

Mrs. Walter Bliss entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall gave a dinner last week at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George F. Volkman and her daughter, Miss Johanna Volkman, have issued invitations to a tea February 14 at their home on Broadway.

The affair will be in honor of Mrs. William Volkman, who was formerly Miss Harriet Meek of Fruitvale.

Miss Agnes Tillman will be hostess at a dance February 19 at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace gave a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen was hostess recently at a musicale at which Mr. Frederick Bancroft of Boston entertained the guests with Irish and old English ballads.

Mrs. Viosco de Nieto and the Misses de Nieto were hostesses last week at a dinner in the banquet room of the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. David Bixler entertained the members of the Century Club at a reception in the clubrooms on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Helen Sullivan, whose engagement to Lieutenant R. W. Schumann, U. S. N., has recently been announced.

Miss Margaret Casey will be the complimented guest at a tea February 13, when Miss Dorothy Deane will entertain in her honor. Miss Casey returned from Coronado with her sister, Mrs. Emory Winslip, who has been spending the past two months in the south.

Miss Myra Hall has issued invitations to a Valentine party at the Claremont Country Club.

Mrs. G. Russell Lukens has issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party Thursday, February 15.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a tea this week at the Hotel Granada.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse was hostess Thursday and Friday at bridge teas at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a dinner and theatre party Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Andrew Moreland of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess Thursday at a luncheon and matinee party, entertaining eight young people.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Richard Nixon and Mrs. Cyrus Dolph of Portland.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will be hostess at a dinner February 14, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party, com-

plimentary to Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Othello Scribner gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Pierre Moore was hostess at a tea in honor of Miss Dorothy Page and Miss Marian Dickson.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

The Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott were hostesses Wednesday evening at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained one hundred and fifty friends at a bridge tea Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and their daughter, Miss Louise Boyd, returned from New York Monday.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, the Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis, left Sunday evening for Bakersfield, where they will make a brief visit.

Mr. John Gayle Anderton has returned to Sonoma County after a few days' visit in town.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne arrived Monday from the East, where she has been spending the past four months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McDean will leave tomorrow for Portland for a brief visit.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde Smith is expected home next month for a few weeks' visit with her relatives. Mrs. Hyde-Smith has been spending the past six months in Honolulu, where she rented a home near her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham. Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith is established in Honolulu and will be joined by his mother at the termination of her visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart of San Jose have been spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, Sr., are guests at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain until their departure for their summer home in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris and Mr. Claus August Spreckels motored to Aptos, where they spent the week-end at the Spreckels' country home.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd have returned to San Rafael after a few days' visit with Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale.

Miss Edith Metcalf has been spending the past week in Berkeley, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins, who have been abroad for the past six months, are at present in Nice.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick has been spending the past ten days with Miss Minnie Houghton at her residence on Franklin and Jackson Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller have returned to their home in Sausalito after a visit of several weeks in this city.

Mr. Ralph Hope Vere has gone to Bakersfield for an indefinite stay.

Colonel C. C. Royce and Mrs. Royce of Chico have gone to Europe to spend the summer, and on their return will reside in the East.

Mr. Donald Jadwin has returned to his home in Brooklyn, New York, after a visit with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Rafael. Mr. Jadwin's departure was delayed by the illness of his fiancée, Miss Minna Van Bergen, who has entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Madame Elsa Ruegger is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., at their home on California Street.

Mr. George Whittell arrived Wednesday from Europe and has joined his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff will leave early in April for Europe.

Mr. George H. Willcutt is recovering from his recent severe illness.

Mr. Eugene de Coulon has returned from Europe after an absence of two months.

Mrs. H. L. Van Winkle left last week for Santa Barbara with her daughter, Miss Evelyn Van Winkle, who is attending Miss Gamble's school.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lyon (formerly Mrs. Rose Hooper Plotner) have rented a house in Sausalito, where they will spend several months. They are at present at the Hooper farm in Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols) have leased a home on Laguna and Vallejo Streets. They have been residing recently at the residence on Webster Street of Mrs. Mills's parents, Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer and her son, Mr. Sheldon Pennoyer, will leave Wednesday for Washington, D. C., en route to their home in Paris.

Mr. Peter Martin will sail March 16 for Paris, where he will join Mrs. Martin, who is established in a house on Avenue Victor Hugo.

Miss Elizabeth McNear and Miss Viva Nicholson of Oakland will leave in March for Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison of San Rafael have moved to town and have sublet the residence on Buchanan Street, which has been occupied during the season by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase. Mrs. Chase and her daughter, Miss Ysabel Chase, will leave shortly for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner, Mrs. Chase's mother, is established in an apartment on California and Jones Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., returned last week from their wedding trip in Europe, and after spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel moved to their home in San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Isabelle McLaughlin has returned to her home in Burlingame after a brief visit with friends in town.

Miss Helen Bowie has gone to Palo Alto to

spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Hamilton C. Bowie. Miss Bowie has been in town for several months with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rammage.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and their children will leave shortly for Santa Barbara, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Driscoll's parents, Admiral Bacon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nixon, who have been recent visitors in this city, have returned to their home in Portland.

Mr. Horace Pillsbury has been spending the past week in Southern California.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard left last Saturday for Riverside to join Mr. Oxnard, who has returned from the East.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and her daughter, Miss Josephine Redding, have gone to Santa Barbara to spend several weeks before returning to their home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson (formerly Miss Carmen Selby) have given up their apartment on Van Ness Avenue and have returned to their home in San Rafael.

Mr. Carl Wolf has gone East for a brief visit. Dr. John Gallwey and Mrs. Gallwey are en route to Europe, where they will travel during the next four months.

Monsieur Claude Casimir-Perier of Paris, son of the former President of France, has arrived at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe and Miss Constance Borrowe arrived Monday in New York from Europe.

Captain Pierce Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy (formerly Miss Velma Cook) are at present in Santa Barbara and will continue their wedding trip to Portland, where they will visit Captain Murphy's parents.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy sailed this week for Europe with her aunt, Mrs. Henry Hartman of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip and their children have returned from Southern California and will spend the next four months in Burlingame, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman.

Mrs. C. H. Holbrook, Mrs. D. Holbrook Hare, and Mrs. Margaret Lees leave in April for Europe. They will visit Norway and Sweden, going to St. Petersburg and expect to spend next winter in Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Denicke of San Francisco were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Clark J. Burnham of Berkeley at Bern, Switzerland, during the Christmas holidays. The following two weeks were spent at Wengen, on the Jungfrau, for the winter sports. Dr. Burnham returns to Berkeley in April, leaving his family to follow on in September.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

Mrs. Walter Martin, president of the Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital, and the ladies on the board, are working very hard perfecting their plans for what promises to be the most brilliant Mardi Gras Ball ever given in the city. The date set for the event is Tuesday evening, February 20, and the place chosen is the court of the Palace Hotel. The manager of the Palace is giving his aid generously, and will see that all the details, including the supper, are perfect. Most if not all, of the lower floor will be given up to the participants. There will be a lounging-room, where liquid refreshments of all kinds and sandwiches will be served throughout the evening. The White and Gold Room will be held for those giving dinners before the ball. Among those who have already reserved tables for dinner parties there are Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. George Cameron, and Mrs. Laurance Scott. At the St. Francis Hotel also the White and Gold Room has been held for similar uses, and among those who will entertain guests at dinner there are Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., and Mrs. Henry Dutton. It is desirable that all reservations for tables be made as early as possible.

The grand march will begin promptly at 10:30, and it will present a most attractive pageant. It will be in the guise of a court scene of the Empire period, and on a throne in the center of the court Mrs. Fred Kohl will reign as queen, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting. Four of the six have been chosen—Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Gallois, Miss Marian Newhall, and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough. Mr. Thornwell Mullally will be the king, and his court will include six gentlemen-in-waiting and two jesters. It is thought that all the beautiful and magnificent costumes displayed at the Templeton Crocker ball will be seen in the grand march.

The boxes are all sold, and many more would have been taken, but there will be a row of chairs directly back of the boxes, where a good view can be had. The tickets will not be on sale at the door, but must be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where they will be sold by members of the Auxiliary. The invitations are out, but in the 1500 issued some may go astray, and those who miss receiving one may send their name to any of the following ladies:

Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. James Folliis, Miss Minnie Houghton, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. Fred Kimball, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Henry Poett, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Miss Smedberg, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

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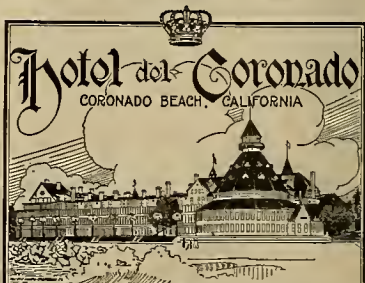
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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Woods, Prazee & Lederer's production of the musical triumph, "Madame Sherry," which returns to the scenes of its former success, and will be offered, by what is conceded to be the best company that has yet appeared in it, at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, February 12. It will be remembered that "Madame Sherry" enjoyed a season of three weeks on the occasion of its first visit, and although one week longer than the customary stay of an attraction in this city, proved so popular that thousands who made application for seats were unable to procure them. Hence the announcement of the return engagement will bring much pleasure. Among the principal members of the present season's cast will be found such well-known players as Oscar Figman, Flo Irwin, Marie Flynn, Virginia Foltz, William Cameron, Franklin Farnum, Lillian Tucker, Jack Toltie. A chorus, though not large in number, but one well drilled, and vocally far beyond the average, has been an important feature of the production. The scenic equipment, has been practically made anew, and a beautiful display of new modiste's creations will also be made by the feminine members. The only matinee performances will be given on Saturday, and at special prices, ranging from \$1.50 to 25 cents. The prices in the evening will be from \$2 to 25 cents.

Walter Hampden, one of the finest actors on the American stage, who is probably best remembered through his masterful portrayal of Manson in "The Servant in the House," and the principal rôle in "The City," will appear at the Orpheum next week in "Blackmail," the first playlet ever written by Richard Harding Davis for vaudeville. Mr. Davis is undoubtedly one of the most famous of American authors. His plays, his novels, and his short stories have formed an important chapter in American literature. His contribution to vaudeville can not but attract the attention of the most serious, and should serve as another step in the uplift of this popular branch of theatricals. Mr. Hampden will have the support of an excellent company, which includes Ned Finlay, Bernard B. Mullen, and Mahel Moore.

A homely little comedy, full of heart interest, will be the vehicle which will introduce Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson. Miss Norton, who wrote it, styles it "A Dramatic Cartoon," probably because it is a character study. It deals with a bit of the home life of a ribbon-counter girl and a seven-dollar-a-week department store clerk, who are married and try to keep house on the small income in a tiny flat. The dialogue of the little farce is funny, and so consistent and artistic is the work of both Miss Norton and Mr. Nicholson that its naturalness makes it seem a little bit of life.

Millet's Models, reproducing with living poseurs a series of the world's most famous paintings, will be included in next week's attractions.

Leona Thurber and Harry Madison will appear in a modernized version of their great hit, "On a Shopping Tour." The little skit gives the two players an excellent opportunity to display their talents. They sing new songs and introduce a travesty on department-store clerks.

Next week will close the engagements of the Romany Opera Company, Dolan and Lenharr, and Mullen and Coogan. It will also positively be the last of the famous English singing comedienne, Ada Reeve, who will be heard in an entirely new programme of songs.

Following "Madame Sherry" at the Columbia Theatre will be an engagement of Klaw & Erlanger's preeminent attraction, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a dramatization of Kate Douglas Wiggin's famous Rebecca stories.

Blanche Bates this season has gone back with great success to comedy, and in "Nobody's Widow" appears to splendid advantage. Bruce McRae is Miss Bates's leading man in this production.

The final performance of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night. The spicy French farce is not only a splendid laugh-provoker, but the musical gems, offered during the three acts, are very tuneful.

## Fifth Symphony Concert Next Friday.

From the highest artistic musical standpoint, the programme arranged by Conductor Hadley for the fifth symphony concert next Friday afternoon at the Cort Theatre is by far the most important offering of the season. The opening number will be Beethoven's dramatic overture, "Coriolanus," and this will be followed by Brahms's majestic Symphony No. 1, in C minor. This work is fraught with most exquisite beauties and its melodies are as pure and genuine as that composer's "Saphic Ode" or "Cradle Song." The idea that Brahms's works are too heavy and intricate for the ordinary music-lover is fast being exploded, just as were the same ideas about Wagner's music. With repeated hear-

ings these works grow almost popular, and today many of Wagner's greatest works are played by the bands in the public parks and are appreciated by the humblest class of music-lovers. Debussy's quaint fantasy "The Afternoon of a Faun," which has only been heard once before in this city, and Weber's delightful overture to "Oheron" will complete the programme.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The next popular concert will be given Friday, March 1, the programme being entirely devoted to excerpts from Wagner's operas and music-dramas.

The last of the series of symphony concerts is scheduled for March 8, when Zimbalist, the marvelous young Russian virtuoso, will play Tchaikowsky's violin Concerto, and Mr. Hadley will offer his interpretation of Beethoven's immortal "Eroica" symphony.

## Schumann-Heink's Concerts.

The sale of seats for the two concerts by Mme. Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto, who is now at the zenith of her career, will open next Wednesday morning, February 14, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and it is doubtful if the big Cort Theatre will suffice to hold the crowds who will want to hear this artist, so dear to the hearts of all music-lovers. No artist before the public, either vocal or instrumental, possesses such a magnetic power over all who hear her as does this "Queen of Song," and now that her voice is said to be more beautiful and her art more mellow than ever, the enthusiasm at her concerts is unprecedented. Her present tour is by far the most successful in every way of any in her career.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 18, and the second and positively last the following week, viz., Sunday afternoon, February 25. Complete programmes may be secured at the music stores.

At the first concert the special features will be the three grand arias from "Samson and Delilah," and one from Bruch's "Achilles," and at the second concert Wagnerian numbers will be greatly in evidence.

Prices for this engagement range from \$2.50 down to \$1.00. Address all mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

In Oakland, Schumann-Heink will sing a specially arranged programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, February 23, at 3:15. Seats will be on sale at the theatre box-office only commencing Monday, February 19.

## Second Minetti Quartet Concert.

Next Thursday evening, at Kohler & Chase Hall, the Minetti String Quartet will give the second concert of its twentieth season. The programme is as follows: Haydn quartet in D major; Cesar Franck sonata for piano and violin; Kopylow string quartet (first time here). Miss Virginia de Fremery will be the assisting pianist.

The Kopylow quartet, a novelty, is said to be a particularly charming composition, and it is looked forward to with interest. Mr. Minetti announces for the third concert the new Arthur Foote quartet, which his players have been studying since it was received direct from the composer three weeks ago.

Tickets for the Minetti concerts may be obtained at Kohler & Chase's.

## Harold Bauer's Concerts.

On account of his many engagements this season, Harold Bauer, one of the greatest living pianists, and a prime favorite with our music-lovers, can only find time for two recitals in this city, and Manager Greenbaum announces them for Saturday afternoon, March 2, and Tuesday night, March 5, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The programme will be most important ones, as Bauer's always are. Seats may now be ordered by mail. Bauer will not play in Oakland this visit.

## Bancroft Song Recital.

A recital of "Songs of the Shamrock" will be given Thursday evening, February 15, at Century Hall, by Mr. Frederick W. Bancroft. The patronesses will be:

Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Athole McBean, Mrs. Edward McCutchen, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. W. H. Taylor Jr., Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Horace Wilson.

The transfer of the J. P. Morgan art collection from the South Kensington Museum in London to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York will be only the beginning of a change involving all the Morgan collections now abroad. The porcelains, bronzes, carved ivories, and jewels, valued at more than \$3,000,000, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which will be brought to America first, are only a small part of the whole. Experts estimate the value of all the art objects owned by the American banker, and now in Great Britain, at \$60,000,000. Some of them are stored in Glasgow. Others are at the Morgan home at Prince's Gate.



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## John McCormack, the Irish Tenor.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces two concerts only by John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who is now ranked among the world's greatest artists, and who possesses a voice of the rarest quality and beauty. As leading tenor with Tetrassini at Covent Garden, as well as at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, and in the same position with Mary Garden at both Hammerstein's and with the Chicago Opera Company, and now as star tenor with Mme. Melba, this young artist has won recognition from the entire world as one of the greatest operatic tenors. But his successes have not been confined to the operatic stage alone, for as a singer of songs, and especially those of his native land, he is without a peer among the English-speaking artists, and with but few in the same class among those of the Latin tongues. Under the art of McCormack the simplest Irish and Scotch ballads take on new beauties and meanings, and he is as great as a ballad singer as is De Pachmann as a Chopin player.

Assisting him will come Miss Marie Narelle, who has made a special study of the folk songs of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and who is, besides, a cultivated concert soprano of the highest attainments. Altogether the McCormack concerts will be quite a change for us, and if as successful as in New York and London, even Dreamland Rink could not hold the crowds. The concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Hall, on Tuesday night, February 27, and Sunday afternoon, March 3.

This artist will not appear in Oakland on account of limited time.

## Art Loan Exhibition.

An Art Loan Exhibition is being given at the Palace Hotel from February 3d to 17th for the benefit of St. Matthew's Red Cross Hospital, San Mateo. Preparations for a beautiful and representative exhibition were well perfected and the enthusiastic and generous response of those lending their works of art is deeply gratifying to the committees in charge. Those who have lent from their rare collections are Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mr. Jacob Stern, and many others. The board of managers of the hospital is receiving the able assistance of Mr. Bruce Porter, and to his expert management much of the success of the exhibition will be due. Those constituting the board are:

Mrs. E. D. Berylard, Mrs. Antoine Borel, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. John Coleman, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Grace Crosby, Rev. Walter H. Cambridge, Dr. W. C. Chidester, Mrs. Norris K. Davis, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Ansel M. Easton, Mrs. M. E. Gallwey, Mrs. George Garritt, Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart, Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Mrs. Percy Shuman, Mrs. A. L. Whitney, Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

In Los Angeles the Grazi Grand Opera Company had its largest audience at the presentation of "Les Huguenots," and it was praised as a remarkably meritorious production.

A Valentine Warning. St. Valentine's Day comes Feb. 14th. Don't forget HER this year. Send a dainty Paper or Satin Heart-shaped Valentine Box filled with candies. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

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Lv. Berkeley.....	4:05 p.m.
Lv. Stockton.....	6:45 p.m.
Lv. Merced.....	8:02 p.m.
Lv. Fresno.....	9:20 p.m.
Lv. Hanford.....	10:02 p.m.
Lv. Bakersfield.....	12:01 p.m.
Ar. San Bernardino.....	6:55 a.m.
Ar. Redlands.....	7:25 a.m.
Ar. Riverside.....	8:20 a.m.
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Son-in-Law (superintending mother-in-law's funeral)*—I suppose—er—you've dug it deep enough?—*Bystander*.

"Pop, why are you called the head of the family?" "It is merely a courtesy title, my son."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I insist that I am just as young as I used to be." "That's all right as long as you don't try to act that way."—*Houston Post*.

*Old Lady (to new arrival at Riviera Hotel)*—And are you here for tennis or golf? *Newcomer*—Neither—bronchitis—*Puck*.

"I can read your mind. I see therein dark thoughts." "Yes. I was wondering when we would get our coal."—*Baltimore American*.

*Showman*—Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Aztec figures, descendants of a long-extinct race.—*McGendarfer Blätter*.

"Why, man, you have no sense of humor. When I first heard that joke I laughed till my sides ached." "So did I."—*Christian Advocate*.

"It used to take years to fit a girl for the stage." "Well?" "Now any dressmaker can turn the trick in a couple of weeks."—*Washington Herald*.

"Uncle Joe, do you believe in votes for women?" "No, sah, I don't. Manda's got all de money dat's good for her now."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What caused Grigsby's rapid downfall?" "Why, an alleged friend gave him a fur-lined overcoat, and he couldn't live up to it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

*Post*—Thinks he's the whole thing, doesn't he? *Parker*—Well, I'd hardly go as far as that, but he certainly considers himself a quorum.—*The Smart Set*.

"Why all those contortions?" "Oh, I wish I had an idea for a poem." "What do you want to put an idea into a poem for?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Mrs. Peck*—Really, we never know who our best friends are. *Peck*—That's true. There's the fellow I won you away from. He hasn't spoken to me since.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Yes, he has been mentioned for ambassador." "Indeed! I didn't suppose he had the necessary ability." "Mercy, yes! Why, he pours tea beautifully!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

*Guest (timorously, on being presented with exorbitant bill)*—Don't you think this is just the—er—least bit exorbitant? *Landlady (blandly)*—Oh, yes; just the least bit, not very much.—*Puck*.

"She went crazy over bridge." "Sad, very sad." "Oh, no great harm done. Her family placed her in a fashionable sanitarium, and she's playing a better game than ever now."—*Washington Herald*.

*Man in Cap*—Hello, Bill! Hear you're on strike. *Man in Hat*—Yes. *Man in Cap*—What yer on strike for? *Man in Hat*—Dunno; but we're not going back to work till we get it!—*The Sketch*.

*Lady*—Couldn't you possibly have saved your friend who was captured by the cannibals? *African Traveler*—Unfortunately not. When I arrived he was already scratched off the menu.—*Boston Transcript*.

"He seems to have the happy faculty of never attracting any attention to himself." "So be has. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he got to be Vice-President of this country some day."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Younghubb*—You should curb your desires my dear. Remember we are just starting out in life and must economize. *Mrs. Younghubb*—But isn't getting into debt the best way? Then we'll have to economize.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I told him there were dozens of people right here in town who had never heard of him." "I guess that took him down a peg or two." "I guess it didn't. He started right out to find them and borrow money."—*Houston Post*.

*Lady*—I guess you're gettin' a good thing out o' tending the rich Smith boy, ain't ye, doctor? *Doctor*—Well, yes; I get a pretty good fee. Why? *Lady*—Well, I hope you won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that hit 'im.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

"I don't think I'll go to any more of my wife's parties," said Mr. Cumrox. "Don't you enjoy yourself?" "Yes. Only some one always mistakes me for one of the guests and starts in making remarks about how I made my money."—*Washington Star*.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the fashionable lady's new cook, "but would ye mind now, if I had this address printed on my card?" "Why, not at all, Bridget," replied the lady. "Of course, it is unusual; but this is your home now, and if you have a card it is perfectly proper for you to put your address on it." "Thank ye, ma'am," said Erin's brawny daughter. "An' I noticed ye got printed on yer cards, ma'am, 'At home on Thursdays'."

Wouldn't it be proper for me, ma'am, to have printed on moine 'Tuesdays off.'—*Ideas*

"I see your neighbor, the hanker, is looking for a cashier." "What! Again? He only engaged a new one a little while ago." "Yes, that's the one he's looking for."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Going abroad again?" "No," replied the indolent citizen. "What's the use of bothering with railroads and hotels when your friends will send you post-card pictures that look better than the actual scenery?"—*Washington Star*.

*Mrs. Flipper*—Yus, 'e wos playin' at sojers an' 'e took the sarsepan for an 'elmet, and 'e can't get it off, so I'm takin' 'im to the 'orspital. *Mrs. Ling*—It's a bad job fer 'im. *Mrs. Flipper*—It's a wuss one fer me. It's the only pan I've got, and there's me breakfast inside it.—*The Sketch*.

"Dat wasn't a bad epigram of de judge's," said Plodding Pete. "What did he say?" "Thoity days." "Dat ain't no epigram, is it?" "Sure it is. I asked a fellow what an epigram is, an' he says it's a short sentence dat sounds light, but gives you considerable to think about."—*Washington Star*.

"What's the matter over there in the horn part?" asked Strauss at a rehearsal. "I'm sorry, Dr. Strauss," replied the horn player, "but I can not play this passage on the horn. It may be all right on the piano, but—" "Don't worry yourself," answered the composer-conductor. "It is equally impossible on the piano."—*Musical Courier*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

### Started at the Bottom.

His rise was very rapid, as  
His neighbors all declare;  
He was once a chiropodist,  
But now he's clipping hair.  
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

### Mary Jane.

Mary Jane asked me to wed,  
Just four years ago;  
Waited till I shook my head  
As I answered no.  
  
Mary Jane has married three  
Since four years ago;  
Now again they say she's free—  
And with lots of dough.

I am wiser far to-day  
Than four years ago;  
If she asks I will say—  
Well, I guess you know.  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### A Choice.

Between the devil and the sea,  
The former I would pick;  
Though I'm no good at fighting fire,  
I swim just like a brick.  
—*Springfield Union*.

### Up-to-Date Farming.

The auto on the farm arose  
Before the dawn, at four,  
It milked the cows and washed the clothes,  
And finished every chore.

Then forth it went into the field  
Just at the break of day,  
It reaped and thrashed the golden yield  
And hauled it all away.

It plowed the field that afternoon,  
And when the job was through  
It hummed a pleasant little tune  
And churned the butter, too.

For while the farmer, peaceful eyed,  
Read by the tungsten's glow,  
The patient auto stood outside  
And ran the dynamo.  
—*Peoria Transcript*.

### All She Asked.

"All that I ask is love," she sang;  
They pitied her for her choice,  
And thought as they sat there listening,  
And suffering torture, that the thing  
She needed most was a voice.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

### To Dust Returneth.

She made him take her dust, when they  
In motor cars did whiz.  
But things have changed. They're wed. Today  
She makes him give her his!  
—*Milwaukee Daily News*.

Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whittinghame informed Mr. Balfour that "It's gaun to rain seventy-two days, sir." "Come, come," said the statesman, "Surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days." "Aye, aye!" was the response, "but the world wasna' sae weel drained as it is noo."

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Exit the Manchus.

The abdication of the Manchu court is good enough in its way, but it will be found that China is still a long way from daylight. In the first place, the emperor retains his title and his emoluments, and he will certainly be regarded as the "Son of Heaven" by vast masses of Chinese to whom he will remain as an integral part of their religion. In the second place, it will be noticed that it is Yuan Shi Kai, the imperial premier, and not Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is intrusted with the formation of the new government. Yuan Shi Kai has been freely credited with dictatorship ambitions and it will be observed that he is at this moment in the position of a dictator pending a national convention which alone can give validity to a republic.

The arrangement is, in short, a compromise. It goes far to show that the Manchu power, with northern China and Mongolia behind it, was much greater than was supposed and formidable enough to make terms. Everything now depends upon Yuan Shi Kai. If he lives up to his reputation he will keep his hand upon the helm, and it will be the only hand there. In that

case China will have a long way to go before she gets out of the woods and we may see the Mexican story repeated upon a much wider scale.

### A Word to Mr. Rolph.

As a free man and a citizen, Mr. James Rolph Jr., has the unquestioned right in the building of his house to discriminate between union labor and unorganized labor, precisely as he has the right to trade at one grocery store in preference to others. By the same token, Mr. Rolph has the right to cancel a contract for building materials with a mill at Santa Clara and to bestow the contract upon a mill which happens to be located within the limits of the city and county of San Francisco. His "policy" in these respects may be what he pleases, albeit they may be timid and foolish, since there is no law against cowardice or stupidity. But as mayor of the city, sitting in his chair of office and addressing the supervisors, and through them the public, Mr. Rolph has no right to cry up one element in the community and to cry down another. In the character of politician Mr. Rolph may do what he likes; but in the character of official there is due from him equal consideration to all the people of San Francisco irrespective of affiliations.

Mr. Rolph should know that the motives under which he came into the mayoralty had little to do with his personality beyond the assurance of his individual respectability. He was not elected on personal account; nobody cared anything about the color of his hair or the sweetness of his domestic relations—though there have been moments when Mr. Rolph has seemed to think so. He was elected because his candidacy represented a protest against the shames and crimes of Ruefism and McCarthyism. Those who supported him did so in the hope of better things under the principle of equal consideration for all as opposed to the system of special consideration for labor unionism.

For labor unionism was the basis and the prop, the head and the backbone, of Ruefism and McCarthyism. With a little army of supporters organized under appeal to their passions, whipped in by authority and dragged in by force, Ruef in his day and McCarthy in succession ruled San Francisco with the rod of despotism and rode her treasury and her industries to their ruin. It was in resentment against intolerable abuses, in the spirit of hope for better days, that the community rose in its might and called for some man to head a movement looking to a decent, to an honest, and to an equitable reorganization and administration of our municipal affairs. And it was in the common belief that Mr. Rolph was a man of proper character and rightly disposed that the favor of San Francisco was given to him.

Mr. Rolph owes it to San Francisco to be fair and impartial to all elements of our people, including independent as well as union labor, not merely in the exercise of the concrete powers of his office, but in his use of the influences which possession of that office gives him. He is cruelly wrong in declaring a preference which to the great mass of those who work with their hands must come as a death knell of cherished hopes of fair treatment, and which must be taken by leaders in industry and business as suggesting that they have a weak and timid man where they had hoped for a man strong and firm. And he is stupidly wrong in the effort to set up a boycott against "outside industry" at the gates of San Francisco.

Mr. Rolph has entered upon the mayoralty under circumstances tending to high personal consideration. The post does not call for brilliant or showy qualities, but it does call for character. Mr. Rolph has only to deal fairly and equitably with all elements, to give equal countenance and privilege to all, to do San Francisco and the state of California an inestimable service. He has only to do the fair and square and decent thing to make himself the most useful and the most approved man among us. But he will lose his opportunity for service, he will win for himself only contempt and dis-

appointment by abandoning his plain duty, by coddling a particular element, and by setting the influences of his office against elements which have the right to fair and equal consideration.

We warn Mr. Rolph of the fate which surely falls to the coward and the trimmer in the sphere of public responsibility.

### The Anti-Third-Term Tradition.

The records of the convention of 1787 bear testimony to the interest felt by the Fathers of the Republic in the presidential tenure. The first proposal was for a seven-year term, and to be ineligible thereafter; and in this shape the article on the Constitution of the Executive went to the Committee of Detail, and was reported back substantially unaltered. This under a plan providing for election of the President by Congress. Then there arose a discussion respecting the wisdom of making the executive office dependent upon the choice of Congress, with the result that the whole subject was re-referred to a special committee composed of one representative of each of the participating commonwealths. Later this committee reported a plan calling for the choosing of Presidents by an electoral college. After a long debate the Article was modified by substituting a four-year for a seven-year term and eliminating the non-reëligibility clause. Mr. Gouverneur Morris was the champion of the proposal to make Presidents reëligible and Mr. George Mason led in the opposing view. The adjustment was a compromise fairly satisfactory to both parties, although Mr. Mason continued his objection to the reëligibility clause and tried to have his state (Virginia) reject the Constitution. For the same reason Mr. Melancthon Smith opposed the ratification of the Constitution by Pennsylvania. Among the objections to ratification raised in the New York convention was one founded in dissatisfaction with unlimited reëligibility and among the amendments proposed was one providing "that no person shall be eligible to the office of President of the United States a third time."

Speaking broadly, there were two parties among the "Fathers" with respect to the presidential tenure. One was for a long term of seven years with no reëlection; the other was for putting no limitations upon reëlection. The latter won its point after wresting from the other the important concession of substituting a four-year for a seven-year term. There were objections on the part of several of the states to unlimited reëligibility in the presidential office, but they were waived in deference to the necessities of the time which called for many compromises—this among them.

Washington wished to leave the presidency at the end of his first term; and while this thought was in his mind he asked Madison to assist him in the preparation of a farewell address. In this draft, written by Madison, there appeared the following paragraph:

An early example of rotation in office of so high a character and delicate a nature may equally concur with the republican spirit of our Constitution and the ideas of liberty and safety entertained by the people.

This draft was never issued. In the Farewell Address issued four years later and written by Hamilton there is only a vague suggestion of the view above set forth. Declaring his determination not to be a candidate for election to a third term, Washington said:

I beg you at the same time to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has been taken with a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country, and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

No question of the presidential tenure was raised in relation to President Adams. Everybody was more than pleased to be rid of him at the end of his term.



for which he was elected. Jefferson was outspoken in his objection to more than two terms of four years each in the presidency. After his second election, but before the end of his first term, he wrote:

General Washington set the example of voluntary retirement after eight years. I shall follow it, and a few more precedents will oppose the obstacle of habit to any one after a while who shall endeavor to extend his term.

At the end of his second term Jefferson was invited by resolution of the legislatures of several states to be a candidate for election to a third term. Replying after a delay of several months to the invitation of Vermont, he said:

That I should lay down my charge at the proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the service of the chief magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for four years, will, in fact, become for life, and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office.

Again in 1812, after he had been four years out of office, Mr. Jefferson was asked by friends who were in a position to bring about his election, to stand again for the presidency. But he did not consider the four years' interregnum as affecting the anti-third-term principle which he had avowed, and he peremptorily declined. Later, in his autobiography, Mr. Jefferson, in reviewing his objections to the Constitution as it left the hands of its framers in 1787, declared his disapproval of the reëligibility of the President. On this question he says in his autobiography:

My fears of that feature were founded on the importance of the office, on the fierce contentions it might excite among ourselves, if continuable for life, and the dangers of interference, \* \* \* by foreign nations to whom the choice of an American President might become interesting. Examples of this abounded in history; in the case of the Roman emperors, for instance; of the popes, while of any significance; of the German emperors; of the kings of Poland, and the Dey of Barbary. I had observed, too, in the feudal history, and in the recent instance particularly, of the stadtholder of Holland how easily offices or tenures for life slide into inheritances. My wish therefore was that the President should be elected for seven years and be ineligible afterward. This term I thought sufficient to enable him, with the concurrence of the legislature, to carry through and establish any system of improvement he should propose for the general good. But the practice adopted I think is better, allowing his continuance for eight years, with the liability of being dropped at half-way of the term, making that a period of probation. \* \* \* The example of four Presidents voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year, and the progress of public opinion that the principle is salutary, have given it in practice the form of precedent and usage; inasmuch that should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected on this demonstration of ambitious views.

From 1812 until 1875, there was no suggestion that any President should be reëlected after his second term, although Madison, Monroe, and Jackson each served two terms. Toward the close of General Grant's second term in 1875, a movement was started for his re-nomination. With reference to this movement the Pennsylvania Republican State Convention adopted the following resolution:

That we declare and affirm unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the republic, which wisely, and under the sanction of the most venerable of examples, limits the presidential service of any citizen to two terms; and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the presidency of any person for a third term.

And in reply to this resolution President Grant wrote to General White, who had been president of the Pennsylvania convention, a letter in which he said:

Now for the third term, I do not want it any more than I did the first. \* \* \* I would not accept a nomination unless it were tendered under circumstances such as to make it imperative—circumstances not likely to arise.

A contemporary historian (Stanwood) says that the universal interpretations of these phrases were such that Grant's friends were at liberty "to make it appear the imperative duty of the Republicans to nominate him and of the President to accept." But this movement speedily got a deathblow in the House of Representatives, where on December 15 (1875) Mr. Springer of Illinois introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office at the end of their second term, has become by universal consent a part of our republican system of government, and that a departure from this well-recognized custom would be unwise and dangerous to the liberty and perpetuity of our free institutions.

A resolution was adopted by a vote of 18.

The Democrats were in control of the House and voted aye to a man. Of eighty-eight Republicans, seventy supported the resolution. Concurrently the New York legislature adopted resolutions declaring "unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term," and many other states followed this example.

Nothing more was heard of the third-term movement in behalf of Grant until four years later, when Senators Conkling and Cameron, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. George S. Boutwell, and others, made an effort to break down the anti-third-term tradition. There was organized a great movement for Grant, who, on the first ballot in the Chicago convention of 1880, received 304 votes, and 306 on the thirty-sixth ballot, which was the last—Garfield being nominated on that ballot. The fight against Grant was based to an extent on personal grounds, but the main issue was the anti-third-term rule, and Grant's defeat has been regarded as giving additional strength to the tradition.

After Mr. McKinley's election to a second term, the matter of a future third term was raised by persons who regarded themselves as his friends. At first Mr. McKinley paid no attention to it, but there came a time when he thought he ought to speak. He said:

I regret that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give it notice. But there are now questions of the gravest importance before the administration and the country, and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by even the suspicion of the thought of a third term.

In view, therefore, of the reiteration of the suggestion of it, I will say now, once for all, expressing a long settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered me.

My only ambition is to serve through my second term to the acceptance of my countrymen, whose generous confidence I so deeply appreciate, and then with them to do my duty in the ranks of private citizenship.

This positive declaration put an absolute and complete stop to any further third-term talk in relation to McKinley.

Theodore Roosevelt was elected Vice-President concurrently with McKinley's election for a second term. The inauguration was in March and McKinley died in September, Roosevelt succeeding. In 1904 Mr. Roosevelt was elected President. After his election was assured, but before the returns were complete, Mr. Roosevelt, of his own motion, issued the following official statement:

I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and what I have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence places upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it.

On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

Again in 1907, when it was suggested that Mr. Roosevelt might again be a candidate, he replied that his views and his determinations were precisely what they were at the time of his former statement. If Mr. Roosevelt has changed his mind—if he has any purpose to disregard his own promise voluntarily made and to fly in the face of precedent and tradition—he has not yet declared it in words.

As shown by the record above, there has been but one serious attempt to override the anti-third-term tradition—that in favor of President Grant in 1880. This movement was one of very considerable respectability. It was under the leadership of Roscoe Conkling, Henry Ward Beecher, George S. Boutwell, Timothy O. Howe, and others. It had a powerful support in the office-holding element which held the twin motives towards Grant of remembrance of favors past and lively expectancy of favors to come. Then there was the Grand Army of the Republic in the vigor of its numbers and political power. Grant's positive force in the convention was 304 out of a total of 755. He advanced on the thirty-first ballot to 308, on the thirty-second to 309, on the thirty-fourth to 312, on the thirty-fifth to 313. Up to this point his chief competitor was Blaine, who on the thirty-fifth ballot received 257 votes. On the thirty-sixth and final ballot Grant's vote was 306. On the same ballot Garfield had 399 votes and became the nominee of the convention.

In the pre-convention campaign, the supporters of Grant made light of precedent and tradition. The backbone of their contention was the fact that the Constitu-

tion offers no bar to indefinite continuance in the presidential office. They cited the records of the Constitutional convention which set forth the triumph of the group which favored reëligibility as against those opposed to it. They contended that Washington declined a third term for personal reasons—mainly because of his intense desire to escape the vexations of office and to return to the delights of his home at Mt. Vernon. They contended that Jefferson's conversion to the anti-third-term theory was not until it became manifest that his reëlection was an impossibility; and in support of this contention they pointed to the fact that nearly eleven months elapsed between the invitation of the legislature of Vermont and Jefferson's response to it. In the interim, they declared, he busied himself in unsuccessful intrigues looking to reëlection.

But the chief efforts of the Grant boomers was to involve the third-term bogie in ridicule and contempt. Contending against the Springer resolution of 1875 (already quoted in this article) they declared that it had not by "universal consent" or any other sanction become "a part of our system of government," and they denied vehemently and scornfully that departure from the old custom would be "unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." From a contribution to the *North American Review* for March, 1880, Hon. E. W. Stoughton, who assumed character as spokesman for the Grant movement, we quote a paragraph which summarizes the position of himself and his associates:

There are doubtless worthy Republicans who, in view of the practice hitherto followed of electing the same person but for two terms, would regard his [Grant's] election for a third with a kind of superstitious dread—as presaging some national calamity. \* \* \* A third-term superstition—even where the objection to a third term is utterly inapplicable—is as solid and rational as that which influences some men to expect bad luck from seeing the new moon over the left shoulder, or to refuse starting upon a new enterprise or a long journey on Friday. No better reason can be given for the prejudice against electing a person for a third term, where four years have intervened since his enjoyment of a second [Grant had retired from his second term four years previous] than might be advanced to sustain either of the two innocent but sometimes inconvenient superstitions to which I have referred. \* \* \* It will be well to bear in mind in estimating the sincerity and value of an objection proceeding from Democratic sources, especially when uttered by those who were more or less in sympathy with the Rebellion, and have hitherto opposed the election of General Grant for a first and second term with all the bitterness with which they now assail his nomination for a third. \* \* \* A little reflection should satisfy the most prejudiced that just in proportion to the influence which can be exerted by a President and his office-holders in favor of his own nomination, or that of some favorite, may be the measure to which the will of the people can possibly be weakened, interrupted, or thwarted in their choice of a candidate.

This is a fair sample of the argument of the leaders of the movement for Grant. To denial to the validity of the precedents established by Washington and Jefferson, they added a sovereign contempt for all the arguments based on fear of consequences to result from the ambitions or the intrigues of a President long continued in office.

The opposing argument—the argument in behalf of the anti-third term tradition—sustained as of full validity the declarations of the Springer resolution of 1875 hitherto quoted in this writing. The examples of Washington and Jefferson were cited as illustrating the wisdom and patriotic spirit of the earlier Presidents. Efforts to belittle the value as precedents of their retirement at the end of their second terms were denounced in positive terms. Hon. J. S. Black, who took up the fight against the Grant movement as its literary spokesman, discussed the issue in all its bearings in the *North American Review* for March, 1880. From this argument we quote:

Some fixed time there ought to be when the people will not only have the right, but exercise it, to displace their chief magistrate and take another. If they do not possess this right, they are political hondservants by law; if, holding it they forego the use of it, they make themselves *quoad hoc*, voluntary slaves. \* \* \* A lease for years, renewable and always renewed, gives the tenant an estate without end, and makes him lord of the fee.

\* \* \* \* \* Where the chief magistrate is vested as ours is, with great power liable to gross abuse, if there is no law or practice which forbids him to be reëlected, he can remain in office for life as easily as for a term. He has the appointment of all officers, the making of all public contracts, a veto upon all legislation, besides the command of the army and navy. By an unscrupulous use of these means he can coerce not only his horde of immediate dependents, but he can control the corporations and become the master of all the rings, put the business of all classes under his feet, corrupt the venal, frighten the timid and check all ambitions but his own.



\* \* \* The people would soon perceive all opposition to be useless, and accept the situation; elections would be as mere a matter of form as they were in Rome when such consuls as Nero and Domitian were elected regularly every year under the supervision of the Pretorian Guards.

If these were no more than remote possibilities, prudence would guard us against them. But they are near probabilities. \* \* \* Danger is already on the wing. It is vain to remind us that the President swears to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution and see the laws faithfully executed. \* \* \* The last twenty years gives us ample proof that an oath is not much restraint upon a President who is incited by ambition, rapacity, or strong party feeling to break it.

What is the remedy? The answer comes from the graves of our fathers: by the frequent election of new men. Other help or hope for the salvation of free government there is none under heaven. If history does not teach this, we have read it all wrong. In the republics of ancient and modern times, the chief magistrate was entrusted with only temporary power \* \* \* which made the substantial distinction between them and the monarchies around them. An unpunished transgression of the customary limitation was uniformly followed by destruction. Everywhere and always it was the fatal symptom of decay—the sure forerunner of ruin. When Cæsar refused to lay down his consulship as his predecessors had done at the end of a year and was reelected time after time with the acquiescence of the senate and the people, all that was real in Roman freedom ceased to exist. Two republics in France were brought to an end in the same way. Napoleon began by being consul for a term, then was elected for life, and finally became emperor with the powers of an absolute despot. The last Napoleon was president for four years, was reelected for ten, and ended like his uncle in grasping the imperial crown.

"May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten?" Shall these lessons be lost? Shall the lamp which guided our forefathers be extinguished? Shall the broad daylight of all human experience be closed up in a little dark lantern manufactured at Milwaukee? I think this can not be done; the eternal verities are against it. The most powerful third-termer may as well try to blow out the sun as he would a tallow candle \* \* \* with the breath of his mouth. It is to the traditions of the fathers that we owe our civilization. All that we have which is holy in religion, pure in morals, or perfect in politics is so derived and so transmitted. Without that, we could not be a nation in any proper sense of the term. \* \* \* The later prophets spake as they were moved when they warned that same people that their institutions would perish if they were given unto change and ordered them to be conservative—to "look at the old paths and stand upon the ancient ways."

We are not yet reduced to the necessity of choosing between a republic wholly corrupt and a monarchy founded in pure force. Therefore I conclude with Jefferson that if any man \* \* \* "consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he will be rejected on this demonstration of ambitious views."

Upon lines thus indicated by citations from opposing champions here quoted, the contest waged fast and furious, ending as we have seen in 306 final affirmative votes for the third-term candidate out of a total of 755 in the Republican National Convention of 1880.

The *Argonaut* ventures to congratulate itself upon the little part which it played in connection with this great event. With all his heart and soul, Mr. Pixley, the first editor of the *Argonaut*, opposed the plan to force General Grant upon the country as a third-term candidate in contempt of precedent and tradition. The arguments were reviewed in these columns in all their bearings, and the country was warned against a departure from wholesome tradition. Writing to the *Argonaut* from the convention city in 1880, immediately after the final ballot, Mr. Pixley said:

Now having been dragged in stormy politics through thirty-six hallottings, General Grant emerges a heated candidate, a defeated politician. He has been used. His friends in this conflict were not the men who asked him to violate a national tradition, and in his ambition do that which Washington deemed wrong, and which no other President dared attempt. \* \* \* Alas! a syndicate of great politicians heckoned him to come down and do their bidding. He assented in ambitious hopes of a loftier flight. \* \* \* I am not glad that General Grant has been humiliated, but I am glad that the third-term tradition has not been violated, and that the country has not sustained the hurt of his nomination.

#### Germany and England.

The proverbial second thoughts have not had their usual salutary effect upon the relations between Germany and England. Indeed, the strain between the two countries has become so severe during the last week that Lord Haldane has been sent on a special mission to Berlin on the thin pretense of an educational investigation. His errand was certainly of a diplomatic nature, and probably we shall have some official pronouncement upon the point within a few weeks; but the fact that such an errand had to be undertaken is not reassuring.

The immediate cause of the renewed animosity be-

tween the two countries is the imprisonment of a London attorney of repute who was arrested while traveling in Germany and sentenced upon a charge of espionage. There have been many such cases both in England and Germany, but as the charges have usually been well-founded and proved there has been no general outcry. But this particular instance seems to be a peculiar one. The attorney in question has no connection with military affairs, he is well and honorably known in his profession, and it is said that his trial was somewhat of a farce and that it was actuated not so much by reasonable suspicion as by rancor. All this may or may not be so, but it is very certain that the international spy is an international nuisance and that his possible, but very doubtful, advantages are more than counterbalanced by the dangers that he creates.

This was certainly the primary cause that took Lord Haldane to Berlin. A secondary cause may have been connected with a proposal now on the carpet for the purchase and division of the Portuguese possessions in Africa. Germany needs colonies and she has a right to them if she can get them. Portugal, on the other hand, has colonial territory that she does not need, while she does very much need the money that it would bring. Germany's discontent is largely due to her struggle for expansion, while England is chronically hungry for any scraps of land that may come her way. A joint agreement to purchase Portugal's possessions in Africa and divide them would be an eminently sensible one and would go far to the production of a conciliatory temper on both sides. And perhaps a suppression of the spy nuisance would do the rest.

#### Our Marriage Conventions.

Some months ago a fashionable young woman of New York created a sensation by leaving her husband and eloping with her chauffeur. The event was casually referred to as one of those escapades common enough among those who take a flippant view of what are called the "marriage conventions" of the day. A week ago this young woman and her lover were found dead by their own hand. The "marriage conventions" had proved strong enough to send them to the grave of those who die by suicide.

Now we have another case, not yet so tragic. The divorce suit between Upton Sinclair and his wife was a matter of recent notoriety, and as usual the vagaries of an unpleasant young woman were made the subject of indecent gossip and jest. Now comes the report that Mrs. Sinclair has been forced by actual want to leave her lover and to return penniless to her family, disgraced and hopeless. Once more the conventions score heavily. Evidently they can punish, even without human design.

Is it not now about time that we ceased to talk of marriage conventions as though they were mere feathery formulas to be swept carelessly to one side in the pursuit of a momentary and passionate pleasure, as though their defiance were almost a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty? Apart from all questions of right and wrong we must recognize that marriage is the supreme and basic fact of human organization, and that some kind of orderly procedure and pledge is essential to the continuance of a tolerable society. This orderly procedure has been a characteristic of humanity even from its early days of barbarism. It has been the concomitant of human intelligence for countless thousands of years. It is one of the main dividing lines between men and brutes. If there is any law so binding as this "mere convention" it is yet to be heard of. Certainly there is no law that carries with it so inevitable a penalty for its violation. Nor can there be any condemnation too strong for the poisonous flippancy that finds in such tragedies the material for a jest and that would encourage the sentiment that even vice can be justified by the thirst for pleasure.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is easy to believe reports in the daily newspapers which declare that Mr. Abraham Ruef, formerly of San Francisco, now of San Quentin, has "lost nothing of his old cunning." Mr. Ruef is called upon to give testimony in the case of the state against his old "side partner," one time Mayor Schmitz. He may decline to answer under the plea that testimony which he might give would incriminate himself—as beyond a moral doubt it would if he should tell the truth. Therefore, Mr. Ruef is dicker with the prosecuting attorney for dismissal of some seventy-five or more indictments now held against him. This demand is not unreasonable on its face, even though it does exhibit the delectable Mr.

Ruef in full possession of his "old cunning." There is an element in the situation which we suspect the public does not as yet fully comprehend. There has been, we are reliably informed, a "frame-up" which only awaits the nullification of indictments standing against Ruef to effect his release from San Quentin. The governor—the great and good Hiram—so report runs, has after long hesitation consented that Ruef may be set free provided it may be made to appear that he, the great and the good, has been blindfolded with respect to the matter. The governor, so we are told, is to wash his hands of the whole business, leaving "full responsibility" to the prison board; and under this special grant of privilege the board is to release Ruef under parole. Of course the whole business is a subterfuge and a dodge—a scheme of elaborate trickery to save the governor's face. It ought to deceive nobody, for every intelligent man should know that a board of prison commissioners responsible to the governor will not release Ruef without the governor's approval. Of course the proceeding will deceive nobody unless it be a few sublimated blamed fools so deeply infected with faith in the good Hiram as to have lost control of their ordinary faculties. If Ruef is released from San Quentin under parole, it is because Governor Johnson is willing that he shall be released. No theory of executive irresponsibility can hold for one moment in this particular case. The suggestion of such a theory is repugnant to common sense—an affront to the simplest intelligence.

Mr. Bion J. Arnold, for all the *Argonaut* knows to the contrary, may be a great expert in the matter of city transportation; and it is possible that his abilities may adapt themselves to a city built on hills as well as to the level city of Chicago, where his experience seems to have been gained. But Mr. Arnold, under a big retainer and at two hundred and fifty dollars per day, with several assistants likewise under a large per diem, plus "expenses," is beyond a doubt a very costly luxury. We can but wonder if some man familiar with San Francisco conditions might not have given us quite as satisfactory a solution of our transportation troubles at less cost.

It is to be feared that Governor Johnson's Eastern visit has been a veritable pilgrimage of pain. We are not likely to hear the true story from any of the chief parties, but the obvious facts and a little imagination are enough to tell the tale. The governor had already taken the pose of guide, philosopher, and friend of Mr. La Follette, who was badly in need of all three. Mr. La Follette is somewhat of the governor's own stature, mentally and morally, easily malleable, and promising great things politically for any one who could creep near the throne in good time. But no sooner has the governor reached the field of action than he finds that his candidate has withdrawn and that Mr. Roosevelt, with the graceful diffidence habitual to him, has stepped into his shoes. Mr. Johnson does not like Mr. Roosevelt. It is safe to assume that Mr. Roosevelt does not like Mr. Johnson. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt knows that he is Mr. Johnson's second choice, knowledge hardly likely to act as a lubricant in the furtive interviews that have already taken place between these great and good men, both of whom are willing to save their country at any expense to their country, but who would rather do it without mutual association. The way of the reformer is proverbially hard, and we can only hope that Mr. Roosevelt will forgive Mr. Johnson's early derelictions and that it will be possible to find some plan of campaign that will be of mutual advantage.

The proposal to apply a million dollars of the fair funds to the election of a permanent auditorium in the city is not one to be adopted without scrutiny. It is true that the total amount available for fair purposes is a large one, but it is no larger than it should be, and unless all experience is belied it will be subject to the shrinkage that always attends the collection of funds of this kind. It may be that a permanent auditorium would be a desirable acquisition both from the utility and the decorative points of view, but that is hardly the question. The fair fund has been provided for fair purposes, and those purposes should be paramount. If it should be decided that an auditorium is an essential part of the fair programme, then by all means let an auditorium be erected, but it should be done with a single eye to the interests of the main project and none other. In that case a million dollars is grossly excessive and the diversion of so large a sum will be keenly felt long before the last bills have been paid.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Certain steamship captains have reported a change in the direction of the Japanese current and that its course is now more directly toward America. Probably Captain Hobson will have something to say about this when he hears of it, but in the meantime it would be interesting to know what the physiographers have to say. Some time ago a similar report was made about the Gulf Stream. Atlantic skippers said that it had changed its course and we were treated to some profound speculations as to the effects of the change upon the climate of Europe, but no one explained why it should change. Now comes the report upon the Japanese current, and we are inclined to wonder in our uninstructed and ignorant way whether this has anything to do with the exceptional weather during the last six months or so. Probably our scientists will tell us that there has been no change in the Japanese current and that there has been no exceptional weather, but having delivered themselves of the usual formulas they may then get down to the facts in the case and to their explanation.

Mr. Israel Zangwill has written a play and the play has been banned by the new English censor. Perhaps nothing better could have happened. Sydney Smith once electrified a party of friends by expressing his regret that Milton had not been hanged by Charles II after the restoration. Being asked to explain his awful sentiment he replied that the utter damnation of Charles II would then have been assured. In the same way we may rejoice that the utter damnation of the dramatic censor has thus been pronounced by himself. For Mr. Zangwill is no mean citizen. That he could write anything to the public detriment is inconceivable, and while he is unwilling to disclose the plot of his play, he says enough to throw a light upon the workings of the censor's alleged mind. For example, Mr. Zangwill says in one place, "Christ comfort you," and the censor demands that this be changed to "Our Lord comfort you." No one seems to know why, unless we are to understand that the censorship is a literary as well as an ethical one. Mr. Zangwill himself is of the opinion that the condemnation of his play is "the last straw."

Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago is of opinion that there will be two great wars in the near future, one between Russia and Japan and the other between Japan and China. Not only does he believe this, but he hastens to say so in a public lecture. Such an opinion should be received with all possible respect. The learned professor has just paid a flying visit to the East—rather a large geographical term that—and has naturally been able to penetrate into the mental recesses of three countries and to read the riddle of the future that has been insoluble to life-long students of the kaleidoscopic situation. Problems that baffle the keenest and the best trained observers become open books to the college professor. For him there are no clouds around the destinies of nations nor the march of empires. And having thus penetrated the mysteries that enwrap the fate of a continent the professor obligingly hurries home and does what he can to create a popular expectation of bloodshed.

Every one just now is telling stories of Labouchere and reminding themselves of the innumerable incidents of his career that never failed to produce a ripple of national laughter. It is remembered that upon one occasion he moved to discontinue the practice of reading prayers to the House of Commons. "For five hundred years," he said, "we have been praying for the divine guidance and aid and her majesty's present ministers are the result. It would surely be well to stop these prayers lest some worse thing befall us." During the famous Bradlaugh discussion he referred to himself in the House of Commons as "the Christian member for Northampton" as distinguished from his colleague, Mr. Bradlaugh, and when he described Gladstone as "not only a Christian but a very good one" he drew up his sleeve, but insisting that the

Not a world of monkeys been so honored as by the attention now being given by learned societies to Max and Moritz, the two chimpanzees now on exhibition in London. Invitations to view these gentlemen have been accepted by the Royal Anthropological Society, the British Association, the Royal College of Surgeons, the British Science Guild, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Royal Genealogical Society, the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society of Officers of Health, the Medical Society of London, the Royal College of Physical Science, the Royal College of Physicians, the Röntgen Society, and the Royal Zoological Society. These monkeys do everything but talk, and who shall say positively that they do not talk. They smoke, drink, and ride bicycles, so that they are evidently civilized. They always use a knife and fork at table, and they dress and undress themselves without injuring their garments. They sleep in regular beds, recognize their friends, dislike dogs and cats, bathe regularly in warm water, clean their teeth and their bicycles, thread needles and study picture books. That their ethical sense is well developed is shown by the disgust that they display for fur of every kind, evidently knowing it to be the skin of dead animals. Moreover, they do not vote nor quarrel. It will, of course, be intensely interesting to know what the scientific men think of the monkeys, but how much more interesting it would be to know what the monkeys think of the scientific men.

The use of the aeroplane in the Tripoli war has been fairly satisfactory. Its value for observation purposes has been amply proved, but only doubtful results have followed the throwing of bombs from a height upon bodies of men. The bomb was easily seen as it left the airship and a scattering of wounded victims prevented much damage. The effect

of the bombs upon buildings or cities might of course be very different. To drop bombs accurately a somewhat low altitude was necessary and a low altitude brought the aviator within rifle range. Captain Montie was struck while at a height of 600 feet, and it is estimated that an airship at a height of 600 feet is equivalent to a mark two feet in diameter twenty yards away, and therefore an easy target for a marksman. Upon this occasion we are told that "hundreds of shots were fired and five of them struck, four of them harmlessly."

Is it possible to hear the same sound twice over? It would seem so from the experience of a manufacturer in Trenton, New Jersey, as related in the *Telephone Review*. He had been talking by telephone with some one at the factory from a point several miles away, when the familiar whistle blew for one o'clock. It came to him very distinctly, lasting about five seconds, and he had hung up the receiver when to his amazement the same sound came to him through the lower medium of the air. Of course, the possibility is obvious enough, but to most of us it will be one of those things that we never thought of before.

Chief Engineer Welton of the *Hazel Dollar*, just home after a long stay in Chinese waters, gives us a possible explanation of some of the Manchu reverses in China. He says: "When we were in Hankow, fighting was expected to break out hourly, but we left and reached Shanghai before it started. At Shanghai we were joined by the oil-tank steamer *Seminole*. Her crew had cartridges as souvenirs. In place of slugs, wooden plugs had been used. They apparently had been fire-hardened, and looked like lead, but when the charred exterior was scraped away, the wood was exposed. The government had placed a big order for ammunition, and that was the way it was filled."

The English Shakespeare Memorial Fund has now collected \$200,000 out of the \$10,000,000 that it needs. Therefore new projects are on foot including an exhibition of "Shakespeare's England," illustrating the architecture, life, manners, sports, and music of the Elizabethan day. With all due respect for the spirit animating the promoters of the fund this drumming up of money for the memorial seems to be a little demeaning. And so needless. The object of a memorial is to keep alive a memory that might otherwise wane, and if these worthy people can suggest a memorial greater than that already possessed by Shakespeare it would be interesting to know what it is. There are some few supremely great men whose association with a memorial seems to be incongruous. Shakespeare is one of them. Plato is another. St. Paul is still another, and their immunity should be perpetuated. Memorials should be erected to soldiers because they would not otherwise be remembered, their work being usually, or mainly, destructive. They need memorials. Statesmen should have memorials because their gifts are ordinarily to their own age, and there are very few whose names will be more than names in a few hundred years. They, too, need them. But the real hero belongs to no particular age. We remember him because his value to the individual of today is as great as it was to the individuals among whom he lived. In such cases memorials become absurd.

The observatories at Lick and at Flagstaff are once more at daggers drawn over the Martian canals. Professor Aitkin of Lick says that there are no canals, merely cracks in the ground, and that while there may conceivably be life on Mars there can be no intelligence. Now this marks a distinct advance, for when Flagstaff first announced the canals we were told with all the thunder of scientific orthodoxy that the markings were simply a matter of imagination. Now they are admitted to be there, but to be due to volcanic cracks. It is to be feared that orthodoxy is following its usual method, which is first to formulate a theory and then bravely to deny all the phenomena that seem to contradict it. Now how does Professor Aitkin know that there can be no intelligent life upon Mars? Presumably he means that the terrestrial conditions, such as heat, necessary to intelligent life, are wanting in Mars. He would argue that whereas intelligent life on earth needs occasionally to warm its fingers at the stove there can be no intelligent life anywhere unless there are stoves at which to warm its fingers. There are no stoves in Mars. Therefore there is no intelligent life there. The syllogism is faulty. The learned professor should say that there can be no life, as we know it, upon Mars. Then we could smile approvingly upon him.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Antwerp is known as the centre of the diamond-cutting industry of the world, and how much of an industry it is is surprisingly shown by the recent publication of figures giving the number of diamond workers in the various countries. In 1871 there were at Antwerp only 300 diamond workers and their annual wages amounted to \$120,000, but in 1911, the industry having passed beyond the limits of Antwerp, there were in Belgium 16,000 diamond workers and their wages amounted to \$8,000,000. In comparison there were only 8000 diamond workers in Holland, 800 in Germany, 400 in Switzerland, 300 in America, and 100 each in Paris and London.

Lloyd's recently celebrated its centenary in London, but this does not mean that this great organization for collecting maritime intelligence is but a hundred years old. Its agencies through which every coast in the world is jealously watched were established in November, 1811, but Lloyd's goes back to the seventeenth century when underwriters used to meet at Edward Lloyd's coffee-house, in Tower Street, to transact business and exchange information. In 1774 the institution was moved to the Royal Exchange, where it has since remained.

## OLD FAVORITES.

George Washington.

[From "Under the Old Elm," read at Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3, 1775.]

Beneath our consecrated elm  
A century ago he stood,  
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood  
Whose red surges sought, but could not overwhelm  
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:  
From colleges, where now the gown  
To arms had yielded, from the town,  
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see  
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.  
No need to question long; closed-lipped and tall,  
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone  
To bridle others' elamors and his own,  
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,  
The incarnate discipline that was to free  
With iron curb that armed democracy.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,  
The years between furl off: I seem to see  
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,  
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue  
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head  
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.  
O man of silent mood,  
A stranger among strangers then,  
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,  
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!  
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,  
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame  
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

What figure more immovably august  
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,  
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,  
That mind serene, impenetrably just,  
Modeled on classic lines so simple they endure?  
That soul so softly radiant and so white  
The track it left seems less of fire than light,  
Cold but to such as love distemperance?  
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force  
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,  
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?  
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,  
Domestically bright,  
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,  
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,  
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.  
Passionless, say you? What is passion for  
But to sublime our natures and control,  
To front heroic toils with late return,  
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?  
That fire was fed with substance of the soul  
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn,  
Unpraised of men who after bonfires run,  
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,  
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,  
With breath of popular applause or blame,  
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,  
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;  
High-poised example of great duties done  
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;  
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
Never seduced through show of present good  
By other than unsetting lights to steer  
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood  
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;  
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still  
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this and ours, and all men's.—Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,  
That flash and darken like revolving lights,  
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait  
On the long curve of patient days and nights  
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair  
Of orbéd fulfillment; and this balanced soul,  
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare  
Of draperies theatric, standing there  
In perfect symmetry of self-control,  
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows  
Still as we look, and by experience learn  
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern  
The discipline that wrought through life-long throes  
That energetic passion of repose.

A nature too decorous and severe,  
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,  
For ardent girls and boys  
Who find no genius in a mind so clear  
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,  
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.  
They feel no force in that calm-cadenced phrase,  
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,  
That seems to pace the minuets' courtly maze  
And tell of ampler leisure, roomier length of days.  
His firm-based brain, to self so little kind  
That no tumultuary blood could blind,  
Formed to control men, not amaze,  
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze;  
It was a world of statelier movement then  
Than this we fret in, he a denizen  
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive,  
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,  
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,  
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.  
For this we honor him, that he could know  
How sweet the service and how free  
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,  
And choose in meaneast raiment which was she.

Placid completeness, life without a fall  
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,  
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,  
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,  
The unexpressed man whose life expressed so much.  
—James Russell Lowell.



## A NICHT WI' BURNS.

His Birthday the Unique Literary Festival of Great Britain.

Most London Scots were a wee bit under the weather on Friday morn. It was all owing to the nicht before, a cantie nicht it had been of Doric oratory and satisfying haggis and inspiring whisky. Not that they would admit to having been "fou"; they might have had a "drappie in their e'e," but nothing more. Well, who could blame them? Are they not exiles, and had it not been the annual nicht wi' Burns? If a Scot from home may not over-indulge in the barley bree on that night of a' the nichts of the year, no mortal man has any excuse to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl.

Now the nicht wi' Burns is a distinct event in the yearly calendar of social London. It is the one function where the cockney as such is a rank outsider unless he happen to have lived in Scotland, subscribes to the cult of the Ayrshire bard, has acquired a taste for haggis and auld kirk, and can reel off with faultless accent such cryptic phrases as "It's a braw, bricht moonlicht nicht, th' nicht." The taste for haggis has always eluded me; that pudding of sheep's entrails and onion and oatmeal boiled in a sheep's stomach may be an excellent antidote to whisky, but the remedy seems out of all proportion to the disease. Nor am I singular in that belief; some American orator, whose name I have forgotten, once declared, after sampling haggis, that Burns must have been a genius, for no one save a genius could have written poetry about such a dish. That witicism has always been an effectual excuse for passing the haggis, while for the rest residence in Scotland and admiration for the bard and a fair ability to imitate the Doric accent have given me the passport to many a nicht wi' Burns. Perhaps, too, my appreciation of "auld kirk," alias whisky, may have been a point in my favor.

No perfervid Scot, then, challenged my presence in the Holborn Restaurant on that night of nights. Not that I presumed to don the kilts, or decorated my manly bosom with a sash of tartan ribbon, or even sported a buttonhole of heather, it was safest to rely upon the accomplishments above noted and join the throng as a mere Sassenach who had the misfortune not to be born a Scot. Besides, Whitelaw Reid had smoothed the path of an interloper who knew something about America, for his recent eulogy of the Scot in the United States has given a certificate of merit to all who have lived in the republic even though they may not hail from north of the Tweed. And when once the auld kirk had begun to flow and diffuse a genial atmosphere around, it became possible to hint at further qualifications on the score that not all Burnsites were letter-perfect in the text of their bard. The occasion was provided by the announcement on the programme that one of the songs was to be "Of a' the airts." Both my immediate companions admitted that that is one of the most famous and best known of the songs of Burns, and scorned my imputation that notwithstanding that fame and familiarity neither of them, Scots and devotees through they were, could repeat correctly the first two lines. Of course they accepted the challenge with alacrity, for there is nothing a Scot is prouder of than his knowledge of Burns, and when one had quoted:

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly lo'e the west,

the other agreed to that version as being the actual words of the poet. But they were not; he wrote, "I dearly like the west," naturally reserving the stronger word "lo'e" for the fourth line, "The lassie I lo'e best." The difference may be slight, but it is typical of the tendency of the Scot for making Burns more Scottish than he was.

There have been cynics who have declared that the Scottish reverence for Burns is only whisky deep. Such a heresy has been aired in Scotland itself, nay, it has been fulminated from teetotal pulpits and debated in temperance presbyteries. The gravamen of the charge is that the nicht wi' Burns is a mere subterfuge for a nicht wi' whisky, and that even those orators who propose "The Immortal Memory" know so little of the poet that they have been seen wrestling with a volume of his verse half an hour before they were to eulogize its merits.

Certainly most of the Burns nicht celebrations are held in hotels. And not a few of the orators emulate the example of the speaker in the Holborn Restaurant who declared that no Greek or Roman ever wrote anything to be compared with the drinking songs of the Scottish poet. But there are exceptions to those suspicious circumstances; a glance over the many columns devoted to the anniversary by the Glasgow and Edinburgh papers shows that some of the festivals were held in tea-rooms, others in public halls, and at least one in a Y. M. C. A. building. And it would seem that the environment conditioned the oratory; sheer bacchanalianism for licensed premises, and philosophy and even theology for public halls and Y. M. C. A.'s. There was even a suffragists' celebration, whereat a strong-minded female charged all the critics with having missed the chief doctrine of the poet. Did Burns foresee that when he implored his brother, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over us"?

With all deductions, however, and discounting the misguided suffragettes who would not have tempted even so wholesale a lover of the sex as Burns, and ignoring the irony of ministerial adulation of a man who reserved his keenest satire for the cloth, and taking no account of the toppers who excuse their weakness for whisky by interested admiration of poetic genius, the

annual celebration of the birth of Burns is the most unique literary festival of Great Britain. No other poet or writer, neither Shakespeare among the bards nor Dickens among the novelists, is celebrated so often and so enthusiastically as Robert Burns. Many a son of fame is fortunate if his achievements are recalled once in a hundred years; Burns has a centenary every year. It is true there is an annual Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon, and that the death-day of Dickens produces a wrath or two for his grave in Westminster Abbey, but these are localized commemorations, whereas the annual nicht wi' Burns oversteps all geography. Wherever two or three Scots are gathered together the poet's birthday is a bond of union every January. In London alone the celebrations are too numerous to catalogue; in Scotland they are beyond count. Glasgow and Edinburgh are, of course, in the van of the festivities, but the country towns are not less enthusiastic, and hardly is there a hamlet too poor to do the poet reverence. His statues in the great cities are profusely garlanded in the early morning, while at Dumfries a municipal procession bears a wreath to his grave.

But the chief event of each anniversary is the evening gathering with its supreme toast of "The Immortal Memory," pledged in solemn silence. It is the proudest honor of a Scotsman to be awarded the privilege of proposing that toast. Here the lot falls on a provost, there on a bailie, elsewhere on a doctor, or lawyer, or minister; but in every case the distinction marks the recipient as the most favored man of his community. In general, save for the inclusion of the inevitable haggis, "Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race," the dinner of the Burns nicht differs little from other meals of that kind, and yet it never fails to be the most attractive event in the Scotsman's calendar. One secret is that the Scotsman can not be repleted with the praise of Burns. As Emerson discovered when he made his centenary speech, the countrymen of Burns, though, as Lowell said, not easy to hit with a sentiment that has no hint of the native brogue in it, for all their supposed reserve respond in a flash to the eulogy of the lay of Kyle. And of that again the secret may be that his verse is the race personified—its individuality, its independence, its perseverance, and its democratic gospel that neither wealth nor rank can add to the innate nobility of a true man. The persistence and popularity of the nicht wi' Burns, whatever else it may signify, proves how wise was that man who cared not who made the laws of a nation so that he had the making of its songs.

LONDON, January 30, 1912. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

General Philip Kearny first came to California early in 1851, and engaged in the campaign against the Rogue River Indians. This was the end of his first career in our army, for he resigned in October of that year. It was his uncle, General Stephen Watts Kearny, who was governor of California from March until June, 1847. He was in command of the Army of the West in the Mexican War. Setting out from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas he crossed the country and took possession of New Mexico, establishing a provisional government at Santa Fé and drawing up a code of laws which bears his name. Pushing on to California he drove the Mexicans, fighting sharp engagements at San Pasqual December 6, 1846, at the San Gabriel River January 8, 1847, and at Mesa the next day. After the brief months of his governorship he joined the forces in Mexico and was successfully governor of Vera Cruz and Mexico City. From illness contracted in Mexico he died in St. Louis, October 31, 1848.

A proposal has been brought forward that all the brass bands of the British army except those of the Guards regiments, shall be abolished, and that the sole music provided for the future shall be that of the drums and fifes and bugles, with the pipers for the Scottish regiments. Some years ago fresh regulations were made as to the maintenance of regimental bands. The cost of them fell entirely on the officers. The new regulations threw some of the expense on the public purse. But even now it is considered that in a modern, business army the officers should not be liable to this kind of expenditure. Every officer today has to subscribe one day's pay a year to support his regimental band, and that does not cover all his expenses in the matter. Take the case of the Royal Artillery band. The public grant is \$4500 a year, and the officers of the regiment are called upon to provide a further sum of some \$15,000 annually to maintain their splendid string band.

The Indian pipe that Sir Walter Ralcigh smoked up to the time of his execution has just been sold in London for nearly \$400. The purchaser was Alfred Dunhill of London. Two years ago \$1000 was offered for the pipe and refused. Its value was reduced considerably by the loss of a parchment giving its history. The pipe is in four parts, the stem, bowl, bowl cover, and a piece into which both stem and bowl fit. It is a foot in length and weighs a pound. Faces of Indians, dogs and what appear to be monkeys are carved on it. Attached to the stem as part of it is a whistle that gives a shrill call. The entire pipe is of wood.

Graham County, Arizona, has a jail cut out of the side of a hill of solid rock. The loopholes for ventilation were opened by blasts. There is no way of escape from the prison except by the door at the front.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Benjamin Holt has been for sixty-one years an attendant at Windsor Castle, and distinctly remembers King William IV and Queen Adelaide.

C. D. Colson of Springfield, Massachusetts, has just been elected chairman of the Republican city committee for the thirty-second consecutive year. It is believed this is a record.

The Reverend R. L. Houston, who has been called to the pulpit of a leading church of Nashville, Tennessee, earned the money to pay for his theological training by playing professional baseball.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, whose record in the British Foreign Office will remain memorable on account of the establishment of the entente with France, recently celebrated his sixty-seventh anniversary of his birthday.

Harris L. Gilson, oldest member of the Wakefield, Massachusetts, Y. M. C. A., is an enthusiastic bicycle rider at the age of eighty-four. He has ridden 31,650 miles since he reached the age of seventy. Retired from business, he conducts his life with the same regularity which marked his busy career.

George H. Duffield of Bridgeton, New Jersey, has just completed a journey of 90,000 miles in the United States, having visited every state and territory during his two-years' absence from home. He is in the employ of an electrical concern, and expects to start on another journey soon, covering the same ground.

General Isaac Sherwood, who wrote the pending dollar-a-day pension bill for Union veterans of the Civil War, marched with Sherman through Georgia, and fought in forty-two battles. He likes fast horses, and owns some of the fleetest roadsters in the East. When Congress is in session he keeps a team in Washington. His home is in Toledo, Ohio.

M. le More, who is interesting the French government in his plan to establish an aeroplane route from Algeria across the Sahara, recently finished a journey of 4000 miles, mapping the route and selecting sites for aeroplane stations. He estimates that the distance can be reduced to 1200 miles by taking air-line courses, and that flying time need not occupy more than a week.

Oscar S. Hutchinson, for thirty-nine years station agent at New Lenox, Massachusetts, is probably the only man in the country holding a similar position who owns the station building. He is also postmaster and express agent. The building was erected by his father, who owned a limestone property. Forty years ago the railroad was built through the Hutchinson place and the depot was established.

Sir W. B. Richmond, who has resigned his position as professor of painting at the Royal Academy, denounces the work of the post-impressionists as "humbug, ghastly humbug," "ridiculous daubs that might mean anything which the misguided artist chose to represent." The professor is a native of London, studied at the Royal Academy, and won two silver medals during his student years there. Much of his time has been spent in Italy, Greece, and Egypt.

John D. W. Bodfish, the first blind student to enroll in the Boston University law school, is taking the course to perfect himself for public life, undaunted by lack of vision. Overstudy impaired his sight, and while teaching school he became totally blind. A course in the Perkins Institute for the Blind followed. He attends all classes, and is assisted by his wife, who reads the cases cited in the lectures. He owns and operates a farm at Barnstable, raising thoroughbred poultry, and has turned it into a paying business.

Thomas Henry Browne, member of the Democratic National Committee, who is responsible for the recent defeat of the Bryan forces by obtaining a vote that the committee could not deal with the question of credentials, started in life as a section-hand on the Rutland, Vermont, railroad. He later became a polisher in a marble works, remained nine years and then studied law. That was the turning point in his career. He has since been mayor of Rutland, and since 1908 has served as a member of the Democratic National Committee.

Congressman James Cox, who is prominently mentioned as Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, has been a country schoolteacher, reporter, private secretary, and editor. Forty-two years ago he came into the world, and when most young men are thinking about college, he began teaching. He gave it up to become a reporter, and he was a good reporter, too. Then he became private secretary to Congressman Paul J. Sorg. When Sorg retired to private life Cox bought the Dayton News and later the Springfield Press-Republican. He has been successful with both publications.

Watt Terry, colored, who will address the annual convention of the National Negro Business League of Chicago, has risen from a day laborer seeking a job to the position of a property owner, who pays taxes on a valuation of about \$400,000. He arrived in Brockton, Massachusetts, twelve years ago, at the age of eighteen, with hardly enough money to pay for his lodgings. He has been a coachman, janitor, Pullman porter, and shoemaker. All his savings were invested in real estate, which rapidly increased in value. He owns 175 tenements and scores of structures used for storage of offices.



## AN EXPERIMENT IN PSYCHOLOGY.

How the Professor Erred.

Rose Budd was, of course, called Rosebud (it is not in human nature to resist the temptation of the obvious); and the astonishing thing is that, in a world where Johnny Short is six feet six, and Tommy Long five feet nothing, she looked her name. More astonishing still it is that, looking her name and living in a city where the men were neither all blind nor all married, she had come to within three days of being quarter of a century old without ever having had a lover. No man had ever kissed her except her twin brother, "Buddy" Budd—so called because there had been a time when Rose could not say "brother"—and he would kiss her on the forehead, fatherwise. Moreover, he didn't count. Imagine, if you can, a masculine rosebud—that was Buddy. In his own way, he loved his sister, but was, so he said, mad with her for not being a boy. She adored him, but—well, at times she wished he was—not her brother.

If at the end of three days there was nothing better for her to accept, Rose was to take the assistant professorship in psychology at Stanford that had just been offered to her, for, be it known, in that science at that university, she, as a student, had carried off all the honors. This taking a chair in lieu of something less wooden, she had promised her mother to do, in the presence of her lifelong chum, Alice Day, a midnight beauty, with a mysterious charm over man and a dark joy in stealing hearts she did not want, any one of which would have been a godsend to a girl with a genius for science that had evidently been intended for her brother.

Unlike her friend, Rose was generosity itself. Willingly would she have given her gift and all that went with it to Buddy, Buddy to her chum, her chum to Buddy. He, however, manlike, would not look at Alice, just because he knew that both she and his sister—not to say, his mother—had their hearts set upon his doing so.

Of evenings, these three would sit together in the Budd home, Rose always in the centre, her brother possessed of one hand, her friend of the other; a fourth, Mrs. Budd, sitting apart, reading or sewing, or else, with eyes closed and hands folded, dreaming of the father of the twins dead before they were born.

It was dusk. The mother was neither reading nor sewing. Since Rosebud's "Only three more days now!"—a remark followed by three different sighs—no one had said a word. That was ten minutes ago; during all of which time the central figure of our story had been manoeuvring to get her friend's hand into her brother's. She had just succeeded, and was smiling to herself, when "buzz!" went the doorbell.

In next to no time, Rose had pressed a button, another, and the dusk was a thing of the past. Her hand on the knob, she hesitated a moment—why, she knew not—then drew the door invitingly open.

Said the stranger: "Miss Budd?"

Rose, taking him in at a glance, smiled a "Yes."

"I am Dr. Alardice," he announced; "and I have come to bring you down to Stanford with me."

These were words to take a maiden's breath away; especially from one so irresistible as was he that uttered them; but Rose, bravely: "By main force, this very minute?"

Dr. Alardice kept a straight face. "My orders from the head of the department," he said gravely, stepping into the hallway. "Bring her with you, by main force, if necessary!"

"I can hear him saying it," said Rose.

"I can see myself doing it," said Dr. Alardice.

"What?"

"Carrying out my instructions to the letter."

Rose took a step towards the drawing-room, but that would be retreating, and, besides, Alice was there. Men of brains not a few came to see Miss Budd, and every one of them made much of her, invariably treating her as an intellectual equal, almost as if she were a man; but, as invariably, they made love to Miss Budd's chum, treating her as—well, as if she were only a woman. Not a man of them ever forgot to pay to Miss Day the attentions, courtesies, gallantries, or what you will, due from brains to beauty, but not, it seems, from brains to brains; for sooner or later Rose found these self-same gentlemen, every one, strangely inattentive, discourteous, ungallant—or fancied she did—and the lower the poor girl drew her rebellious auburn hair across her magnificent brow, the more feminine without and within she tried to make herself, the more mannerless these bores and blind. With delight they would listen to her, and look at Alice; all ears for the one; all eyes for the other. That is why, Rose, brave lass, now stood her ground, in no humor for ignominious flight into the drawing-room.

But the hostess reckoned without one of her guests. Out pops Alice, feminine from top to toe. "Oh, pardon me," says she, in the accents of one taken aback; "I thought I recognized the voice. I was quite sure it was our dear Professor Thomas, and just couldn't wait a second longer."

"Miss Day, Dr. Alardice."

"I know Dr. Thomas very well indeed, Miss Day—I am his son in science, and only wish that my voice were really like his—authoritative. He is our greatest psychologist; is he not, Miss Budd?"

Rose nodded assent.

Dr. Alardice," cried Alice, compassionately, "I

see you are in for it, and it's all my fault—Rose will insist on talking 'shop' with you all the evening, now. Psychology's Greek to me."

And greetings over, talk "shop" they did, the very thing Rose had made up her mind to avoid. The mother, as usual, was silent. As usual, Alice made ready for conquest in a war not of words. As for Buddy, he played his wonted rôle, watching the fortunes of war, a not uninterested spectator. Yet all five seemed to take part in the conversation.

They chatted of the frailty of the human senses; how easily the eye is deceived; the ear, how easily; how far from being infallible is touch.

"Touch is sight to the blind. They see with their fingers, don't they, Dr. Alardice?" Thus she to whom psychology was Greek.

"Like the rest of us," said Dr. Alardice, "they see much that isn't so. The wisest fingers may be fooled. For instance, a woman, blinded by love, thrills under her lover's hand, and fondly believes she could tell it out of ten thousand. I doubt if the blindest, most sensitive and loving bride that ever was could distinguish by mere touch, mere thrill, the beloved hand from a stranger's; the man's from a woman's, even."

The mother, thrilling under the touch of a vanished hand, smiled her dissent. Alice looked unutterable reproach, making in her own way argument not to be resisted, most of which, however, was lost on the scientist, though none on Buddy. Rose called to mind how time and again she had fooled her brother. In her eyes was the indescribable smile of the woman convinced against her will; but she declared: "I'm not so sure, Dr. Alardice. I think I could tell."

Dr. Alardice smiled, as much as to say: "I am a man of science; you, after all, are only a woman." He was the first that had ever dared to smile such a thing at Miss Budd, psychologist, and yet, to tell the truth, she rather liked his impudence. What she said was: "I believe I could, just the same."

Said Alice: "Rose has second sight at the tips of her fingers."

The man of science smiled. "Let's try an experiment," he suggested, "for the fun of the thing."

"Oh, let's!" cried Alice.

"Miss Budd," quizzed the professor, "you have known everybody in this room for a number of years; haven't you?"

"Yes; for nearly a quarter of a century."

"All, except me."

Miss Budd looked as if she had already flunked.

"It does seem as if we had known Dr. Alardice quarter of a century; doesn't it, Rosebud?" Thus Alice, coming to her friend's rescue.

"Rosebud," echoed Dr. Alardice, inadvertently. Then, he went on with his quiz. "Well, Miss Budd," said he, "supposing we blindfold you; turn the lights low; go out of the room for ten minutes or so, to give you a chance to collect your senses; then come in, one at a time, and see if you can tell which of us has touched you. Sit with your hands on your knees, palms upward. Don't move a finger. Call the name aloud; so that those outside can hear you."

Seeing that there was no getting out of it, Rose agreed to everything, and requested Alice to blindfold her; then, in turn, her brother and her mother. None would do it, all being of the opinion that Dr. Alardice was conducting the experiment. So, in the end, he did the blindfolding, and did it thoroughly, for thoroughness sake, taking his time about it. He was the last to leave the room.

To Rose, alone, vainly trying to compose her thoughts, the ten minutes seemed so many hours.

At last, however, she heard the unmistakable rustle of taffeta, caught a whiff of a fashionable cologne—a bottleful of which she had that very day presented to a dear friend—and felt a soft cheek—nothing in the ear—laid against hers.

"Alice!" she shouted.

Again, the rustle of taffeta, then silence for the time it takes a woman's heart to beat two hundred; then, a heavy footfall, the squeak of a man's shoes; odor of tobacco, very faint; a hand (right; no ring) on her right hand. Her knees trembled; she drew her hand away—which was against the rule—and, in a voice neither very loud nor scientific nor steady, cried: "Dr. Alardice!"

The squeak died away. All was still. The swish-swish of skirts; no taffeta; no perfume; a hand (the left; ring on third finger) pressed lightly on her left hand.

"Mother!"

Silence. A man's step, quick, no squeak; odor of tobacco, very strong; lips (no moustache, no beard) ever so indifferently on forehead.

Rose did not call the name aloud; she raised her hands, clasped them about the man's neck, and kissed him audibly on the mouth.

A roar of laughter went up. The subject tore the bandage from her eyes. A smooth-faced stranger, in her brother's smoking-jacket, stood before her. Buddy, in Dr. Alardice's frockcoat, and Alice, in Mrs. Budd's black cashmere, were dancing up and down in the centre of the room; while her mother, in Alice's blue silk gown and—taffeta petticoat, was smiling at her from the doorway. All at once, something in the stranger's eyes struck Rose as familiar. She sprang to her feet.

"Dr. Alardice!" she exclaimed, "what have you done with your beard? How dare you! You had no right to do it! I just hate you!"

"You did it yourself!" shrieked Alice, and doubled

up. "You did it yourself—we all saw you—you who have sworn by all the saints in the calendar never to kiss a man save Buddy and the one you were going to—"

"Miss Budd," declared Dr. Alardice, "a bachelor has, it seems to me, a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own beard; shave it off in the interest of science, or what not."

"You had no right to!" she blazed, on the verge of tears.

"Moreover," he continued, imperturbably, "you do not like beards."

"Not like—I—who told you—Alice?"

"No; yourself."

"I? I never—"

"Oh, yes; you did, Miss Budd, I assure you. While I was chatting with your mother, Miss Day whispered to you, 'How handsome he is! What a lovely beard!' and you whispered back, 'Yes, but I hate beards!'"

Rose smiled in spite of herself, but she blinked her eyes as if the light hurt them. Alice pretended not to hear. Buddy rubbed his hands together gleefully. The mother rustled across the room, and kissed her daughter passionately. Dr. Alardice discreetly turned away.

"A most successful experiment," he announced, as if to a class in psychology, addressing no one in particular.

Everybody laughed—the demure widow in the blue silk, a little wickedly; the wicked maid in the black cashmere, somewhat demurely; the youth in the frockcoat three sizes too big for him, with mock dignity, as it were, pedagogically; the professor in the smoking-jacket three sizes too small for him, boisterously, like a schoolboy. Miss Budd laughed as if she, too, were not quite herself, though what she wore were hers, peculiarly hers, even as a dove's plumage is a dove's, the array of a rose, a rose's.

The mother whispered something to the daughter, and the three women left the room, Alice last, looking back over her shoulder. When she and the blue silk returned, which they did in an incredibly short time, the professor was the professor and Buddy Buddy.

"Miss Day is herself again," said Dr. Alardice.

"Dr. Alardice," said Miss Day, an eye on either man, "it was a shame for you to cut off your beard—after you heard me say it was lovely."

"But you forgot that I also heard Miss Budd say she hated beards."

"Indeed, I do not," said Miss Day, femininely.

"It was all in the interest of science." Thus the psychologist.

"What science?" asked Alice, as if she were professor, her pupil.

Dr. Alardice flunked; at least, he made no answer. Alice seemed to take a born quizzer's delight in his discomfiture.

To the rescue, with tray and glasses, the ladies of the house.

"The success of science," toasted Alice.

Mrs. Budd smiled, and made believe to drink. Her son frowned, and openly refused to honor the toast. Her daughter raised a trembling glass to lips that trembled. The scientist, looking at her, held his glass aloft, then drained it at a breath. Alice took a sip that set her coughing violently.

Dr. Alardice was all concern; and from that on, Miss Day, as was her wont, took charge of Miss Budd's guest, the man apparently nothing loath. First, she sat at the piano, improvising dreamy music, he leaning over her attentively. Next, she noticed the rising moon, and together they went to the window to admire the beauty of the night.

At the other end of the room sat the Budds, discussing the pair in low tones, eying them askance. Finally, Rose: "I guess he'll propose to her tomorrow, or the next day—they all do." And then she sighed.

"If he does, she'll take him," snapped Buddy; and then, instead of sighing, he said something under his breath.

"She won't get the chance," declared Mrs. Budd. "He's not like the others." And then she sighed twice.

"Oh, won't she!" cried the son.

"Oh, isn't he!" cried the daughter.

Said the mother: "What a pair of geese you are!"

The geese cackled; then Buddy, like a veritable gosling: "What is Mother Goose sighing about?"

Mrs. Budd kept silence; did not seem to hear.

"What—" repeated Buddy. Rose pinched him.

"My children," said Mrs. Budd, "Mother Goose thinks it sad to live alone."

"What's the joke over there?" called Alice from the window. It was evident that, low as it had been, she had heard the cackle, and now had it in mind.

"Oh, a joke grown very serious with age. I was just telling my babies what a pair of geese I thought them."

"And I," said Alice, coming forward, "was just telling Dr. Alardice what an owl Rose is."

At the mention of his name, Dr. Alardice, who was still admiring the moon, turned round and joined the group.

"Come, Goosey," said Alice, "and see me home."

Buddy hastened to obey. Every one stood up. Rose looked at her mother, as much as to say: "She has refused him already." The mother returned the look with, "He hasn't asked her."

Alice and her escort made their adieux. Dr. Alardice lingered, ignoring Rose, paying marked attention to her mother.

"Science is going to rob you, Mrs. Budd, I'm afraid," he said, with much tenderness.

"Science?" questioned Mrs. Budd, innocently.



"My orders were not to come back to Stanford without Miss Budd. By the way, how would you like to live in Palo Alto?"

"Anywhere, with my girl; nowhere, without her."  
"Then, you will go with us, won't you?" he invited.  
"You seem to take for granted, Dr. Alardice, that I am going," Miss Budd put in. This was met with:  
"I am acting under orders that will not be disobeyed."

"Whose?" asked Mrs. Budd from the doorway.

"My head's," answered Dr. Alardice.

"Your head's?" doubted Mrs. Budd, and vanished.

Miss Budd retreated to the window and looked out. Dr. Alardice pursued manfully, and, "You will go to Stanford with me?" he asked, not as one acting under orders.

"Where's mother gone, I wonder?" answered Rose, looking around in alarm.

"She could go with us," the man assured her.

"Yes," the woman acquiesced, "I think mother would like it—she is proud of me; but," she objected, "I fear I am a poor psychologist after all; a goose, not an owl."  
"Must you necessarily go in the capacity of professor?"

"In what other capacity, pray?"

"You make an excellent subject."

"If you imagine, Dr. Alardice, that I'm ever going to be a subject for you again, you're very much mistaken." Dr. Alardice smiled.

"You had no business to do it," she flared.

"What, to shave my own beard?"

"You know very well I don't mean that."

"But you did it yourself."

"You did it back, and you had no right to. I was blind?"

"Well, so was I. They say that—"

"I don't want to hear what they say. You had no right to; you made me break my vow."

"Oh, no; I didn't. I wouldn't for the world have you break it. On the contrary, I am going to do everything in my power to make you keep it. Come, vow it all over to me again."

About an hour afterward, the demure little widow came clattering through the hall, to inquire:

"Have you young people made up your minds yet to go down to Stanford together?"

"We have," announced one of them.

"Who told you? What's keeping Buddy, I wonder? He generally gets back in five minutes." Thus the other.

"Alice," answered Mrs. Budd.

Thereat, all three laughed. The mother, as became her years, was first to sober. Apropos of nothing, she said: "Hotels are not home; are they, Dr. Alardice? I simply can't bear to sleep in the best of them overnight."

"Nor I," Dr. Alardice agreed, "never could." The recording angel made a note of that "never could."

"In that case," said Mrs. Budd, addressing Rose, "you can ask brother when he comes home if he hasn't got an extra suit of pajamas somewhere."

Up jumped Rose, and ran to the arms that had been her shelter ever since she was, O such a tiny bud! God only knows what she had to cry about; but cry she did. "Good-night, child," said the shelterer, seemingly not very much alarmed, and kissed her. Then she bade her guest good-night, and kissed him also. A motherly soul indeed was Mrs. Budd.

By the time Rose asked Buddy about that extra suit of pajamas it was all—but that would be telling.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1912.

The largest importation of raisins on record is that of 1884, when a total of 54,000,000 pounds entered the country, as against but 2,500,000 pounds in the fiscal year 1911. The marked falling off in importations of raisins is the result of the rapid increase in domestic production, which first attained commercial importance in the early seventies. The American raisin industry had its beginning in the great San Joaquin Valley of California, which is still the chief producing area in the United States. In 1873 the California crop was but 120,000 pounds, while in 1910 it had grown to 112,000,000 pounds. While these figures suggest a growing consumption of raisins, the per capita consumption of raisins in the United States in 1910 was but one and one-half pounds, compared with five pounds in the United Kingdom.

There has suddenly sprung up in China a heavy demand for foreign clothing, shoes, hats, etc., resulting from the dislike displayed by the younger element toward the old order of things. This statement is not intended to convey the idea that every man, woman, and child in China's 300,000,000 is ready to step into foreign clothes. Even if they were, the vast majority are too poor to afford this luxury. There are, however, numbers of Chinese throughout the empire, mainly students or young graduates, who are desirous of adopting foreign dress.

The Japanese have only recently begun to drink milk, and on the whole they do not approve of it. They say that it tastes of the cow, and they prefer drinks of vegetable origin. Cattle have long been known in Japan, however, being used for draft animals.

Chicago's public library has been provided with what is said to be the first ozone apparatus used wholly for the purpose of supplying fresh air for a large building.

## THE WEBER-FIELDS RESTORATION.

New York's Favorite Music-Hall Stars Reunited with Old Members in a New Company.

Indubitably there was a sprinkling of those who believe the stage to be a place for intellectual edification in the crowd at the Broadway Theatre last night, but they had surrendered their prejudices for an evening. For a time it appeared that at least one-third of the theatre-goers in Manhattan had determined to be in the audience, for the street in front was filled with motor cars, the sidewalk was congested with a throng that pressed solidly toward the entrance, and at the side, from the balcony and gallery doors, on Forty-First Street, lines extended back to the corner and a block down Seventh Avenue. It was like a popular night at the Metropolitan Opera House, or more so, for of this gathering there were many who were unable to gain an entrance and had come with little hope of success. No reserved admissions for the opening night of the new Weber-Fields Company had been obtainable since the auction at which they brought fabulous prices—\$500 for a box, \$35 for an orchestra chair. Those who had tickets worked their way through the jam outside, in the lobby, in the foyer, and even in the aisles, with deliberate and forceful intention only. But they knew well what they were to hear and to see, and they believed it to be worth all it cost. It was to be a night of such jollification as even Broadway seldom sees.

It is seven years since Joe Weber and Lew Fields separated. They had achieved fame and fortune in their old Twenty-Eighth Street Music Hall, and under their management many a star of later days in "the legitimate" had made a beginning there. The place was the home of farce and burlesque of a special brand, in which the managers, as a team of German dialect comedians, were always prominent figures. There was a laugh for every minute when the prime fun-makers were on the stage, and there were always catchy music, popular songs, and clever dancing. All this is hardly necessary to say, except as a suggestion of the present furor, for there are few play-goers anywhere in the country who do not know of Weber and Fields, and their house. During their divided years both have remained in the field as managers and producers, and even as actors, but their coming back into the old relationship is no less pleasing to themselves than gratifying to their admirers.

Two new concoctions were served on the opening night, and what with interruptions in the way of cheering receptions for the ten or twelve special favorites as they appeared, and storms of applause long continued during the progress of the show, it was nearly one o'clock when the final curtain came down. The first piece, "Hokey Pokey," was a potpourri of Weber-Fields reminiscences. It introduced Willie Collier as Josh Kidder; Joe Weber as Michael Dillpickle, Lew Fields as Meyer Bockheister; John T. Kelly as Jeremiah McCann; George Beban as Pierre Poisson, Lillian Russell as Mrs. Wallingford Grafter; Fay Templeton as Peachie Mullen; Helena Collier Garrick as Clorinda McCann; Frankie Bailey as Lieutenant Shapeleigh; and thirty odd chorus girls. Lew Fields was long and lank, and Joe Weber short and obese, as in the old days, and they quarreled and came into physical collisions just as they did then, and with the same hilarious effect on the audience. Lillian Russell was resplendent in Parisian costumes and innumerable diamonds. She sang "The Island of Roses and Love" in the first scene and "Come Down, My Evening Star" in the second, with quite the old-time charm. Fay Templeton, plumper than of yore, but still inimitable in burlesque art and in voice, gave "The Singer and the Song" and that old favorite, "Rosie." Willie Collier revived that old-time success "The Pullman Porter's Ball," singing it with minstrel parade accompaniments. John T. Kelly sang "If It Wasn't for the Irish and the Jews," and the title tells it all, except his manner.

In the second part of "Hokey Pokey" there was an impromptu diversion. David Warfield, in his old familiar Yiddish make-up, came out and surprised Weber, Fields, Collier, and Lillian Russell at the poker game. This was an unexpected appearance, at least for the audience, and as soon as Warfield was recognized he was greeted with a roar of cheers which fully equaled that given to the heads of the company when they first came out. For a few minutes it was a sentimental reunion on the stage, and even David Belasco was dragged on from the wings to share in the congratulatory enthusiasm.

Part two of the show was a parody on the Scotch play, "Bunt Pulls the Strings," and it was worthy of its makers and of the occasion. It held the attention too closely to draw out the continual flow of laughter that followed the more familiar work of the reminiscent hodge-podge, but it is full of humor. Ada Lewis, another favorite of former years, was a convulsing feature of the burlesque, but Fay Templeton, Lew Fields, and Willie Collier were as seriously absurd purveyors of weird Scottish dialect as ever collaborated in any travesty. Bessie Clayton also danced, but no better than on other occasions. With all this fun, however, two melancholy reflections inevitably possessed the mind of old Weber and Fields patrons. Peter Daily, the wit, and unrivalled farceur of ease and readiness, could not be brought back to the circle. And in the music there were many remembrances of John Stromberg, who will write no more.

Of course, when all is said, it was a great night for professionals and the Broadway squad, but there were

many present whose serious interest lies in other fields. Let us prepare gradually, however, for a glance around. In the lower box on the left, next to the stage, was Mrs. Weber, mother of Little Joe, herself a little lady, in black silk and lace, 93 years old. That extraordinary truthful man, the press agent, says it is the first time she has seen her son on the stage for many years. W. J. Patterson of Pittsburg, Fay Templeton's husband, was in the audience. So was Julian Mitchell, to whom Bessie Clayton is married, and Editor A. P. Moore of Pittsburg, to whom Lillian Russell is engaged. Arthur Brisbane, Augustus Thomas, Charles Dana Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, Dr. St. Clair McKelway, William A. Brady and his wife, Grace George, Clifton Crawford, Dorothy Russell, and Gertie Vanderbilt were easily identified by curious gazers. William R. Hearst and Mrs. Hearst, with a family party, were in a box next the stage. None of the prominent first-nighters were absent, and the dramatic critics were there in force and for laughing purposes, most of the time.

The show will run like Tennyson's brook, unless something very serious intervenes; at least, so long as the new company is like old wine. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 9, 1912.

Greek and Latin may be unpopular with the rising generation, but there can be no doubt that the Græco-Roman stadium has made a hit (says the Springfield Republican). The university of Wisconsin expects in five years to have the finest in the country, and is already pitying Harvard. It is to cover seven acres, and will be part of a playground of 120 acres, which can be enlarged if necessary by filling up a bay. For baseball three acres will be allowed, for tennis a ninth of an acre. The gymnasium, with its approaches, will fill five and one-third acres, and the boathouse two-thirds of an acre. The historic football fields at Camp Randall will be turned over to the co-eds. To provide playgrounds for a big school is a serious business, and the present plans allow for sixty per cent of the maximum of 4000 who might want to play at the same time.

The Perry memorial commission has approved the design of J. H. Friedlander of New York for a permanent memorial at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, to commemorate the centennial of Perry's victory at Lake Erie, which will be celebrated next year. Mr. Friedlander received highest honors in a competition in which fifty-four designs were received, and the award carries with it a contract to supervise the erection of the memorial, upon which \$600,000 will be expended. The memorial will be in the form of a Doric column, 320 feet high, with a spectators' gallery and light at the top. It will stand on a plaza, at one end of which will be a historical museum, while at the other end will be erected a building to symbolize the 100 years of peace which have prevailed between the United States and England.

"Some of the Arabs have two-handed swords," says ex-Lieutenant Montagu, late with the Turks in Tripoli. "left behind by the crusaders." But one never can be certain of anything in this world (remarks the London Chronicle). After one of the campaigns in Egypt an officer brought back as trophy such a formidable weapon which he hastened to submit to the head of the Wilkinson Sword Company, in Pall Mall, saying that, in his opinion, the thing belonged to the first half of the eleventh century. "No," said the manufacturer with a smile, after a slight scrutiny of the blade, "it belongs to the second half of the nineteenth century. There's our trade mark in the corner of the hilt."

Carlos Philip Degen, who for thirty-four years sold the entire output of his "one-man brewery" over his own counter, died at San Antonio, Texas, a few days ago. Degen's beer was declared in a report by the United States Department of Agriculture to be the purest in the country. Degen was offered large sums by leading American brewers for his process, but refused to part with it. Since 1878 he had conducted a brewery in one room of a quaint old building on Crockett Street, which was visited by thousands of tourists.

A village on the Isle of Lewis, one of the outer Hebrides, has furnished the world with a whale story that quite surpasses any ever invented by a New York newspaper and saddled on some inoffensive Long Island town. Fishermen sighted a school of whales and drove them into the harbor. All the men in the village took to their boats and formed a wall across the entrance to the harbor. The fishermen were then able to kill the whales and everybody had a share of the profits.

A statement compiled at the war department in Washington shows that from sales of scrap iron and other unused material which was left on the Isthmus of Panama by the Frenchmen who did work on the canal fifteen years ago, the government has already realized the sum of \$2,112,000. Over 29,000 tons of metals from these abandoned plants have been shipped to the United States, and there is much work yet to be done. Some of the abandoned machinery has been put in order and is being used.

It is said that the oldest investment security is the real estate mortgage, money having been loaned on land in Babylon as long ago as 4000 years.



## TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS.

The Poet's Son Edits a Volume of Reminiscences and Appreciations.

The present Lord Tennyson is to be congratulated upon the design of the literary monument that he has raised to the memory of his father. The temptation to write the conventional biography must have been a strong one, but it was resisted, and in its place we have something many times better. The volume that now appears under the editorship of the second Lord Tennyson contains about twenty-five biographical sketches and appreciations by the men who knew him best, each one writing upon that phase of the poet's life with which he was most familiar. The first section is by Lady Tennyson, who writes some recollections of her own life. Edward Fitzgerald contributes some examples of Tennyson's talk. Lady Ritchie writes on "Tennyson and Thackeray." Professor Jowett on "Characteristics of Tennyson." Sir Oliver Lodge on "The Attitude of Tennyson Toward Science," and Sir Norman Lockyer on "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature." Other contributors are the Bishop of Ripon, Aubrey de Vere, Arthur Sidgwick, Wilfrid Ward, and Sir Henry Craik. Such a method has advantages that could be offered by no single pen. We see the poet from many different points of view, and through the eyes of those best qualified to appreciate each of them. The result is a figure of admirably adjusted proportions, and while the biography—if indeed it can be called a biography—is not in the form of a continuous narrative it has none of those demerits to which the continuous narrative is subject.

Of all the brothers of Alfred Tennyson the closest akin to him were Frederick and Charles. The three were born in successive years and they slept together in the same attic room at Somersby. Frederick seems to have been something of a character when a boy, if we may judge from the account of Sir Francis Doyle, who says that while at Eton "he was not always in perfect accord with Keate":

Sir Francis recounts one typical incident: Frederick, then in the six form, had returned to school four days late after the Long Vacation. Keate sent for him and demanded an explanation. None was forthcoming. Keate stormed in his best manner, his prominent eyebrows shooting out, and his Punch-like features working with fury. Frederick remaining all the while cynically calm. Finally the fiery doctor insists with many objurgations on a written apology from the boy's father, whereupon the culprit leisurely produces a crumpled letter from his pocket and hands it coolly to the head-master. A fresh tirade follows, accusing Frederick of every defect of character and principle known to ethics, and concluding, "and showing such a temper, too!"

Lady Ritchie, daughter of Thackeray, recalls a pleasing incident of her father's intercourse with Tennyson. It has been told before, but it will well bear repetition:

I can remember vaguely, on one occasion through a cloud of smoke, looking across a darkening room at the noble, grave head of the Poet Laureate. He was sitting with my father in the twilight after some family meal in the old house in Kensington; it was Tennyson himself who afterwards reminded me how upon this occasion, while my father was speaking, my sister looked up suddenly from the book over which she had been absorbed, saying, in her sweet childish voice, "Papa, why do you not write books like 'Nicholas Nickleby'?" Then again, I seem to hear across that same familiar table, voices, without shape or name, talking and telling each other that Mr. Tennyson was married, that he and his wife had been met walking on the terrace at Clevedon Court, and then the clouds descend again, except, indeed, that I can still see my father riding off on his brown cob to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson's house at Twickenham to attend the christening of Hallam their eldest son.

Later on Lady Ritchie accompanied her father upon a visit to Tennyson, but the result was a sad disappointment to the little hero worshipper. She had looked forward to the occasion "with pride and youthful excitement, but the result was prosaic in the extreme":

When we reached the house and were let in, we saw Mr. Watts in his studio; he seemed to hesitate to admit us; then came the ladies. Mr. Tennyson was upstairs, we were told, not well. He had hurt his shin. "He did not wish for visitors, nevertheless certainly we were to go up," they said, and we mounted into a side wing by some narrow staircase and came to a door, by which cans of water were standing in a row. As we entered, a man-servant came out of the little room.

Tennyson was sitting in a chair with his leg up, evidently ill and out of spirits.

"I am sorry to find you laid up," said my father. "They insisted upon my seeing the doctor for my leg," said Alfred, "and he prescribed cold water dressing."

"Yes," said my father, "there's nothing like it, I have tried it myself."

And then no more! No high conversation—no quotations—no recollections. After a minute or two of silence we came away. My tall father tramped down the little wooden staircase followed by a bitterly disappointed audience.

The contribution of Mr. Henry Graham Dakyns is on "Tennyson, Clough, and the Classics," but his sudden death prevented the completion of the chapter, and it is finished by Miss F. M. Stawell, who quotes an incident related to her by Mr. Dakyns:

"I remember his coming into my little study at the top of the house and finding me absorbed in Shelley, and asking me what I was reading, and I was struck at the time by the quiet satisfied way in which he took my answer, no cavil or criticism, though I knew he did not feel about Shelley as I did."

I don't know how to give in writing the true impression of his dear genial nature. It often came out in what might seem like roughness when they were written down. He was very fond of Clough; and Clough at that time was very taciturn—he was ill really, near his death—and I remember once at a discussion on metre Clough would not say one word, and at last Tennyson turned to him with affectionate impatience, quoting Shakespeare in his deep, steady voice, "Well, Goodman Dull, what do you say?" How he put him down! I can't give the sweet humorous tone of his voice, the charm of it. And then people called him "Gruffness" only gripped one closer."

Some interesting reminiscences are furnished by Mrs. Montagu Butler, who visited Tennyson at Farringford in 1892, and heard him converse on Latin and Greek poetry, and then, turning to a lighter vein of his experiences of college life:

Tennyson himself had been proctorized once or twice. Once, during the first few days of his college life, he came out to receive a parcel by a midnight mail. "Pray, sir, what are you doing at this time of night?" said the proctor. "And pray, sir, what business of yours is it to ask me?" replied the freshman, who in his innocence knew nothing about the proctor. He was told to call upon him next day, but then explained his ignorance, and was let off.

On one occasion a throng of university men outside the Senate House had been yelling against Whewell. Tennyson was standing by the door of Macmillan's shop, and raised a counter-cry for Whewell. He was, however, seen standing, and was sent for to Whewell. "I was surprised, sir, to see you among that shouting mob the other day." "I was shouting for you," was the reply. Whewell was greatly pleased, and grunted his approbation.

Another funny story: A wine-party was going on in Arthur Hallam's rooms in the New Court, when enter angrily the senior dean, "Tommy Thorp." "What is the meaning, Mr. Hallam, of all this noise?" "I am very sorry, sir," said Hallam, "we had no idea we were making a noise." "Well, gentlemen, if you'll all come down into the court, you'll hear what a noise you're making." "Perhaps," admits Tennyson, "I may have put in the all."

Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells some good stories of the intimacy between his father, W. G. Ward, and Tennyson. They were neighbors at Farringford and were much together, although of curiously dissimilar habits of mind:

W. G. Ward was himself not only no poet, but almost harshly indifferent to poetry, with some few exceptions. He was exceedingly frank with Tennyson, and plainly intimated to him that there was very little in his poetry that he understood or cared for. But this fact never impaired their friendship. Indeed, I think Tennyson enjoyed his almost eccentric candor in this and in other matters, and he used, in later years, to tell me stories which illustrated it. Once when the question of persecution had been debated at the Metaphysical Society he remarked to my father, "You know you would try to get me put into prison if the Pope told you to." "Your father would not say 'No,'" Tennyson said to me. "He only replied, 'The Pope would never tell me to do anything so foolish.'"

I think his intercourse with my father did a good deal to diminish a certain prejudice against Roman Catholicism; and his intimacy with my father's chaplain—Father Haythornthwaite, a man as opposed to the popular conception of a Jesuit as could well be imagined—told in the same direction. "When Haythornthwaite dies," Tennyson once said, "I shall write as his epitaph: 'Here lies Peter Haythornthwaite. Human by nature, Roman by fate!'"

Sir James Knowles says that Tennyson more than once summed up his personal religion in the words, "There's a Something That watches over us, and our Individuality endures." On one occasion he added: "I do not say endures forever, but I say endures after this life at any rate." It was Sir James Knowles who accompanied the poet to the funeral of Dickens at Westminster Abbey and he describes the scene when the crowd identified the distinguished visitor:

There was an immense congregation that day in the abbey—and when the service was over—we stood up waiting a long time to pass out through the rails. But instead of dispersing by the outer door the people all turned eastward and flocked towards the altar, pressing closer and closer up to the Sacrament. The chances of getting out became less and less, and I turned to Tennyson and said, "I don't know what all this means, but we seem so hemmed in that it is useless to move as yet." Then a man, standing close by me whispered, "I don't think they will go, sir, so long as your friend stands there." Of course I saw at once what was happening—it had got to be known that Tennyson was present, and the solid throng was bent on seeing him. Such a popularity had never occurred to me or to him, and justified his nervous unwillingness to be seen in crowded places. I was obliged to tell him what was going on, upon which he urgently insisted on being let out some quiet way and putting an end to the dilemma.

Mrs. Louisa E. Ward, speaking of Tennyson's last years, makes further reference to his dread of publicity. Tennyson had been driven away from Farringford by the vulgarity of the tourist swarms and had taken refuge at Blackdown, where a greater retirement could be secured:

About this time Tennyson took to coming oftener to London. On one occasion he took me with him to the British Museum, and we did not get beyond the Elgin Marbles, such was their fascination for him. Another day he came to our house at luncheon time; most of the family happened to be out, and he proposed that we should go to the Zoological Gardens. London was at its fullest, and I feared, though I did not say it, that he would not escape recognition, which was of all things what he most hated. However, all went well for some time until we went into the aquarium, and he became greatly absorbed in the sea monsters, when I heard a whisper in the crowd, "That's Tennyson," and knew that in another minute he would be surrounded; so I suddenly discovered that the heat of the aquarium was unbearable and carried him off unwilling to a quieter part of the gardens—he never found out my ruse.

Sir Charles Stanford, the musician, made Tennyson's acquaintance when the poet was already far advanced in years, but he speaks of his remarkable powers of declamation and his capacity for fine vowel distinctions that might have brought with it a mastery of music:

He was extremely particular about clear diction in singing, the lack of which in the majority of singers of his day was far more marked than it is nowadays. He intuitively grasped the true basis of that most difficult of tasks, the composing of a good song which is at once practical and grateful to sing. He knew that the poem should be the key to the work, and should be so clearly enunciated that every word can reach the listener; and that the composer must never over-balance the voice with the illustrative detail of the accompaniment. When I was setting "The Voyage of the Maeldune" I happened to be at Freshwater; and after finishing the solo quartet, "The Under-sea Isle," four amateurs sang it through for him. His only (and I fear very just) comment on the performance was, "I did not hear a word you said from beginning to end." But he thought afterwards that we might feel somewhat crushed and as I was going away some little time later, and was passing his door, he put his head out and said with a humorous smile, "I'm afraid I was rather rude just now, but I liked the way your music rippled away when they fell into the

water." This was a most curious instance of his faculty for recognizing a subtle piece of musical characterization as rapidly as, and often more rapidly than, a listener who was fully equipped with musical technic.

It was Tennyson's insistence upon perfection of detail that made him the most valuable teacher of accurate declamation, says Sir Charles Stanford, that it was possible for a composer to learn from:

The clue to Tennyson's great critical power in declamation was obvious to any one who heard him recite his own work. His manner of reading poetry has often been described. It was a chant rather than a declamation. A voice of deep and penetrating power, varied only by alteration of note and by intensity of quality. The notes were few, and he rarely read on more than two, except at the cadence of a passage, when the voice would slightly fall. He often accompanied his reading by gently rippling gestures with his fingers. As a rule he adhered more to the quantity of a line than the ordinary reciter, for he had the rare gift of making the accent felt, without perceptibly altering the prosody. Without being a musician, he had a great appreciation of the fitness of music to its subjects, and was an unflinching judge of musical declamation. As he expressed it himself, he disliked music which went up when it ought to go down, and went down when it ought to go up. I never knew him wrong in his suggestions on this point.

Sir Charles tells us that he had a great admiration for Irving's impersonation of Becket, although with his arrangement of the play he never wholly agreed:

The rehearsals of "Becket," many of which I was privileged to witness, soon made it clear that Irving's Becket was going to be, as it eventually proved to be, the finest both in conception and in accomplishment of all his creations. The part fitted him like a glove. So completely did he live in it, that a friend of his (who related his experience to me), who went round to see him after a performance, was dismissed by him on leaving with a fervent benediction delivered with up-raised hand, so sincerely and impressively delivered that he positively seemed to be an actual prince of the church.

Sir Norman Lockyer writes an interesting chapter on "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature." Tennyson, he says, has shown us that science and poetry, so far from being antagonistic, must forever advance side by side:

So far as my memory serves me I was introduced to the late Lord Tennyson by Woolner about the year 1864. I was then living in Fairfax Road, West Hampstead, and I had erected my six-inch Cooke Equatorial in the garden. I soon found that he was an enthusiastic astronomer, and that few points in the descriptive part of the subject had escaped him. He was therefore often in the observatory. Some of his remarks still linger fresh in my memory. One night when the moon's terminator swept across the broken ground round Tycho he said, "What a splendid Hell that would make." Again, after showing him the clusters in Hercules and Perseus he remarked musingly, "I can not think much of the country families after that." In 1866 my wife was translating Guillemin's "Le Ciel" and I was editing and considerably expanding it; he read many of the proof sheets and indeed suggested the title of the English edition, "The Heavens."

The poet occasionally allowed himself to express strong anti-Catholic opinions and sometimes without much regard for his company, although he was full of contrition for offense thus unwittingly given. Mrs. Ward relates one such incident as follows:

I can not help recalling an incident which occurred one evening at their house, which, though painful at the moment, is pleasant to look back upon on account of the affectionate and generous apology it elicited. A large party was at their house one evening, and Tennyson was persuaded to read aloud, and chose the "Revenge." Something or other, I suppose the "Inquisition Dogs" and the "Devildoms of Spain," excited him as he read, and by the time he had finished he had worked himself into a state, which I have occasionally, but seldom, seen at other times, of fury against the Catholic Church, as exemplified by the Inquisition, persecution of heretics, etc.: in fact, all the artillery of prejudice at which Catholics can afford to laugh. It happened, however, that my husband, one of my sisters, and myself were the only Catholics there, and were sitting together in the same part of the room. As he talked he turned towards us and addressed us personally in a violent tirade which loyalty to our convictions made it impossible for us not to answer, though our attempts at explanation and contradiction were drowned in his fierce and eloquent denunciations. Every one in the room looked very uncomfortable. I myself hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, and was never more relieved than when his flow of words had exhausted itself, he began to read another poem. Before the end of the evening, however, he felt that his outbreak had not been kind or courteous, and before we left he took us all three into his study, and made so sweet and gracious an *amende* that we loved him, if possible, more than ever.

It would be interesting to quote at much greater length from a volume so delightful and one that throws so strong and many hued a light upon the greatest poet of the generation. Lord Tennyson may rest assured that he has given to the world a volume of the highest value and one that will be an enduring literary monument to the memory of his father.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. With many illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

Wheat, beef, opium, potatoes, taro, eggs, shark fins, quinine, alcohol, salt—all are used, but none is used in every portion of the globe. But tobacco is used everywhere. Christian and Turk, Chinaman and Indian, Hindu and Solomon Islander—every breed and creed of man the whole earth round smokes or chews or snuffs the weed. The humble red man who has given the world scarcely anything else has given it this one habit, more general than any other. From a few thousand American Indians, its only devotees, tobacco has claimed race after race the world round till now the number of its slaves is but a little short of the population of the earth.

The first photographs produced in the United States were made at Zanesville, Ohio. Daguerre, who discovered photography, had made known his secret and Alexander C. Ross, reading it, improvised a camera from an old accordion and produced the first daguerreotypes. There are some of these old pictures still treasured by the people of Zanesville.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Socialism and Religion.

It may be that Professor Vedder's attempt to reconcile Christianity and Socialism will appeal neither to the Christian nor to the Socialist. Indeed, we may go so far as to think that the Christian, *qua* Christian, will do well to leave Socialism alone, and that the Socialist, *qua* Socialist, will do well to leave Christianity alone. Christianity has to do with human motives and it could meet with no worse fate than to be associated with some precise form of human government. We might as well try to reconcile Christianity with the impressionist school of painting or with an opinion on the fourth dimension. They seem not to be comparable.

Professor Vedder divides his book into three parts. He gives us a history of Socialism, he examines its fundamental principles and he asks to what extent these principles correspond with the ethics of Jesus. He writes voluminously and perhaps he would be more effective if he were briefer.

With at least one of his conclusions we may be in full accord. The message of Jesus, he says, is that social reform is possible only through spiritual renewal. To have a new society we must have a new man. Quite so. But since the new man is the essential preliminary would it not be well to concentrate upon that preliminary instead of trying to make a new society with the old man, who at the present time seems incapable of any tolerable organization at all?

Dr. Vedder assumes that the ideal of Socialism is human brotherhood, and that it is therefore identical with the ethics of Jesus. Now we know what are the ethics of Jesus because we have his words and his example, but in what way are we to know the ideal of Socialism? Frothy protestations of fraternity are of course common enough and cheap enough, but while we know that the true follower of Jesus does actually become fraternal we have no such examples of Socialism. Quite the contrary. To assume that the religion of Jesus and its consequent spiritual renewal must necessarily take the form of a certain precise system of government is wholly unwarranted, we might even say impudent. We have first to be assured that a practical adoption of Socialism would imply human brotherhood, but it would seem far more reasonable from experience to suppose that it would imply human tyranny and slavery. In the latter case it would become the duty of the Christian to offer Socialism as the enemy of brotherhood. To present an idealized Socialism as identical with, or at least a corollary of, Christianity is easy enough, but an idealized Socialism is not what we have to deal with, but rather the Socialism of Socialists, which is all we know anything about. And anything more unbrotherly, more tyrannical than this it would be hard to find. The man who adopts the religion of Jesus may or may not alter his broad political opinions, but there seems to be no particular reason why he should.

It need not be said that Dr. Vedder writes in a scholarly way, temperately and judiciously. His work is valuable both as a history of Socialism and as a survey of Christianity, but we can see no reason why they should be combined. The precise form of government, even the general principles of government, that would be adopted by a world full of Christians is a matter for unwarranted conjecture.

**SOCIALISM AND THE ETHICS OF JESUS.** By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Lalage's Lovers.

The humor of Mr. George A. Birmingham is of a fine temper, perhaps too fine for a popular taste that demands something more boisterous. In "Lalage's Lovers" we have the story of a delightful Irish girl with a mission to reform the world in eccentric ways. Her first exploit is to start a magazine for the suppression of Tommy Rot in the world at large and particularly in the pulpit where it flourishes exceedingly. She lampoons the revered heads of the church and so gets herself into grave disfavor, but, as she says herself, "If the matter is not taken in hand vigorously the country will be submerged and all sensible people will die." Her final exploit, excepting her marriage, is an attack upon an appointment to a vacant bishopric on the ground of the Biblical command that a bishop is to be the husband of one wife, whereas in this case the nominee had no wife at all. Lalage is quite delicious, but to marry her was a risk.

**LALAGE'S LOVERS.** By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

## The Empress of China.

Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, in his life of the late Empress Dowager of China, says that nothing is more remarkable than the revulsion of feeling towards China's greatest ruler. A few years ago the Dowager Empress was pictured as a monster of iniquity, who was wholly untroubled by scruples in the attainment of her selfish ambitions and whose path was stained with the blood of her many victims. Today the rehabilitation is nearly complete. Fact has taken the place of fable and prejudice, and the empress assumes her position almost without challenge as one of the

half-dozen greatest women rulers that the world has ever known.

Mr. Sergeant's story is an ample one although not more so than some other biographies that have preceded it. It is, indeed, more than a biography. It is a history of China during the last half-century, and we may be pardoned for feeling that histories of China that are almost inevitably reproductions of one another may easily be overdone, but that there is an insatiable appetite for the *personalia* of great women. In other words, we are more interested in Tze-hi than we are in the particular page of Chinese history in which she appears. Nothing is so hard to write as the biography of a ruler in which the political framework is compelled to do the duty of a framework and no more, and if Mr. Sergeant has given us a little more history than we need it is at least a good history and a comfortable book for the reference shelf.

That the empress was actuated by patriotism is clear enough from the author's narrative. Perhaps the invader can never fully appreciate the feelings of the invaded, but it is certain that Tze-hi felt her country to be invaded by swarms of foreigners who endangered its existence and whose pacific exterior was but a cloak, and a thin one, for a coercive force. That she accepted the aid of the Boxers was a tactical error, but a natural one to such a ruler who believed firmly in the destiny of the country and who was saturated with the spirit of Chinese exclusiveness.

Mr. Sergeant's book is an eminently readable one and with no signs of that process of mere compilation so common in books about the East. As editor of the Hong Kong *Daily Press*, he writes as an intelligent observer whose facts are accurate and whose deductions are thoughtful and weighty. Sixteen good illustrations and a portrait frontispiece enhance the value of his work.

**THE GREAT EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA.** By Philip W. Sergeant. B. A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50 net.

## The Secret Garden.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a peculiar power of pathos and also of showing how disagreeable children may become lovable. In this case her hero and heroine are as unpleasant as nature permits children to be. The girl, an orphan, is brought home after the Indian mutiny. She is plain, insolent, arrogant, and selfish, with all the faults of the white child who has been educated among natives. In her uncle's house in England she meets her cousin, an invalid boy who has become an infuriated little tyrant, the terror of the servants and shunned by his father as the cause of his wife's death. Colin has never known what it is to be contradicted until he meets his domineering little cousin, who hectors him, threatens to slap him out of his hysterical tempers, and finally conquers him by the sheer fascination of the unexpected. Mrs. Burnett has seldom done anything better than her description of this Homeric struggle between children, and its reforming effect in awakening the maternal and protective instincts in the girl and self-control and therefore health in the boy.

**THE SECRET GARDEN.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.35 net.

## The American Year Book.

The "American Year Book" has been in existence for only twelve months, but it has already become a work of reference indispensable to every one who needs the chief facts of American life in their most accessible form, of the widest variety, and of unimpeachable accuracy. The year book is not merely a statistical compilation. It is the work of a body of experts and scientists, each one bringing an acute and a trained intelligence to the preparation of his own department. An idea of the scope of the volume may be gathered from the eight sections into which it is divided. These deal with "Comparative Statistics," "History and Politics," "Government," "Economic and Social Questions," "Public Works and National Defense," "Industries and Occupations," "Science and Engineering," and "Humanities," while a sort of appendix is devoted to chronology and necrology. There is no better reference book of its kind nor one that should be assured of a warmer welcome.

**THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK.** Edited by Francis G. Wickware, B. A., B. Sc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

## The Long Green Road.

The author deserves some credit for depicting the artistic temperament from its spiritual rather than its sensuous point of view, the latter being sadly overworked. Hagan is a young American artist who draws attention to his immature genius by his picture of Christ. He goes abroad to study, falls in love with a foreign countess and loses her, proves his capacity to earn money and also to despise it, and finally marries a red-haired and tempestuous young woman who has nursed him through an illness and who persuades him away from the temptations of fame and into the simple life. Hagan is not in the least religious in the ordinary sense of the word, but none the less he follows the star of an altruistic ideal which perhaps is very much

better. The author shows a marked power to suggest character rather than to describe it. We see very little of Hagan's uncle, for example, but we are not likely to forget his own peculiar form of religious profession, which was "passion" the cream pitcher" to other people. Nor shall we forget the little Jewish boy of the big city, whose dying vision was of green fields with signs up everywhere, "Come—come—come onto the grass." "The Long Green Road" is capable of technical improvement, but it is notable as one of the few novels of the day with a marked ethical emphasis that is wholly human and wholly free from cant.

**THE LONG GREEN ROAD.** By Sarah P. McLean Greene. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Power of Tolerance.

From the literary point of view Colonel Harvey's speeches and addresses are all that they should be—graceful, faultless in composition, polished in diction. But they have the fault of nearly all speeches other than the controversial and political varieties. Commemorative days, memorial days, and patriotic celebrations are occasions when criticism is properly hushed and when it is the orator's laudable aim to say only those things that are pleasant to hear. And so we find that the prevailing note of these addresses is a sort of assertion that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds and that the only need of change is to obviate the danger of stagnation. For example, when the author finds himself addressing the Press Association of Vermont what more natural than that he should say: "There is no press in the world comparable to that of America in freedom from influence, political or social, from venality, from contamination of any kind whatsoever"? The decorous page of the volume gives us no indication of the reception accorded to this stupefying assertion, but it may be taken as a sample of the complacency that is always so delightful in oratory, but that is not quite so decorative in cold and unimpassionate type.

**THE POWER OF TOLERANCE.** By George Harvey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

## The Way of an Eagle.

This is a story of life in India and of one of those punitive expeditions against border tribes that are constantly undertaken by the British government. General Roscoe is besieged in a mountain fort and as capture is certain he intrusts his daughter to Nick Ratcliffe, who is commissioned to save her if possible, and if not to shoot her. Nick saves Muriel and falls in love with her and we can not understand why Muriel resists him so stubbornly until the last chapter. Perhaps our knowledge of women is inadequate, but the reasons advanced for Muriel's coyness seem weak. During the escape from the fort Muriel is attacked by a native marauder and Nick kills him. It was not a lady-like performance, and no doubt Nick looked fierce while doing it, but that this should be remembered against him is going somewhat far, even for a woman. Then Muriel gets the insane notion from a friend that Nick wants to marry her only to save her reputation in view of the fact that the perilous escape from the fort included two nights of concealment in the enemy's country and without a chaperon. This would seem to be the limit of prudery. A venomous propriety could surely go no further than this.

The author's power of narrative is considerable, but the characters are weird, hysterical, neurotic, and impossible. There are no such people.

**THE WAY OF AN EAGLE.** By E. M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

## The Loves of the Poets.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne evidently threw himself *con amore* into these short narratives of the love affairs of other poets. They have all been told before, but there is justification for telling them again in so fine a form and with such strict attention to essentials. The volume includes the stories of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, Frederick Chopin and George Sand, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal, and Mary Stuart and Pierre Chastelard. Then there are two supplementary chapters on "Legendary Ladies of the Poets" and "Est-Elle Brune? Est-Elle Blonde?" And these seem to be superfluous while so many other stories of so many other poets remain untold.

**THE LOVES OF THE POETS.** By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Man in the Brown Derby.

The average man who was offered financial independence for life on condition that he married forthwith a remarkably pretty girl whom he had never seen before would probably not hesitate. He would marry her, just as Mason Ellsworth did, leaving the future to solve the mystery or keep it unsolved. In this instance the mystery intruded itself somewhat aggressively, and is eventually solved after the usual abductions, shootings, and mysterious automobile rides, for of course no story can be considered modern without the automobile.

**THE MAN IN THE BROWN DERBY.** By Wells Hastings. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"Troilus and Cressida," edited by John S. P. Tatlock, Ph. D., has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company; price 35 cents net.

"The Haunted Photograph," by Ruth McEnery Stuart (Century Company; \$1 net), contains four distinctive short stories of that delightful mingling of pathos and humor in which Mrs. Stuart excels.

The American Book Company has published a "Second Year Latin for Sight Reading," by Arthur L. Jones. The volume includes parts of Books V, VI, and VII of the Gallic war, and other selections. Price 40 cents.

Among recent books for boys may be noticed "Billy To-Morrow Stands the Test," by Sarah Pratt Carr (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net). The volume belongs to the Billy To-Morrow series, and is illustrated by H. S. De Lay.

"The Courage of the Commonplace," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net), is a well-written little story with an ethical bearing, a fitting member of the useful series to which it belongs.

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published an edition of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth," containing several rare illustrations that add much to the value of the volume. It is edited with notes by Edgar Coit Morris. A. M. Price 30 cents.

The latest addition to the Historical Bible series is "The Makers and Teachers of Judaism," by Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net). The volume covers the period from the fall of Jerusalem to the death of Herod, in many ways the most complex and confusing in Israel's history. The volume contains maps and charts.

"On the Trail of Grant and Lee," by Frederick Trevor Hill (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net), is written for young people and describes the strangely interwoven careers of Grant and Lee from boyhood to manhood. The study is appreciative rather than comparative and is intended to enhance the reputation of two men who were equally great in their respective spheres. The volume contains six colored illustrations by Arthur E. Becher, and others in black and white.

A little volume that should be welcome to the Egyptologist is "Old Egyptian Librarians," by Ernest Cushing Richardson (Charles Scribner's Sons). The author gives a luminous and condensed survey of Egyptian literature with a glance at the Egyptian theogony. That he writes understandingly is shown by his ascription to the Egyptians of an "interesting passion for truth," but why does he say that Thoth is the historical prototype of the Logos of Plato?

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Algeria and Tunisia.

Ordinarily speaking a travel book is not recommended by the fact that it describes an automobile journey. In most cases the author is more interested in the automobile than in the country, and instead of seeking to merge himself in his environment he prefers to emphasize his separateness from it.

But Mrs. Ayer has written a rather exceptional book. We rather resent the photograph of the Arch of Caracalla at Tebessa with the automobile standing in front of it and partially hiding it, but with a few such exceptions the automobile is kept in the literary garage, where it rightly belongs. The author gives us over four hundred pages of really spirited description, and so intelligently done that we see past and present at one glance and gain not only a satisfactory survey of the history of Algeria and Tunisia, but an adequate view of native life and existing conditions. Any one contemplating such a journey—and it seems to be quite practicable—could hardly do better than possess themselves of this book, and the same may be said of those who, forced by adverse circumstances, travel vicariously. The illustrations are numerous and good.

A MOTOR FLIGHT THROUGH ALGERIA AND TUNISIA. By Emma Burbank Ayer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

The Siege of Charleston.

General Samuel Jones is well qualified to write a history of this nature. He graduated at West Point in 1841, became major of artillery in the military force of Virginia and eventually commanded the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. He reviews the arrival of the Expeditionary Corps at Port Royal; General Lee's connection with the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida; the fall of Fort Pulaski; General Sherman's removal, and the siege of Charleston for twenty months. He tells a gallant and a graphic story and he tells it well and with accuracy and moderation.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON. By General Samuel Jones. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The first arithmetic printed in the English language is Robert Ricorde's, of 1558. Isaac Greenwood, a professor in Harvard College, was the first American to write an arithmetic, which was printed in 1729.

Hampton's Magazine has followed the Metropolitan in a change to the broad-page form. The imitation is to permit the placing of the reading matter alongside pure advertising, so that it may receive some attention. Many magazine patrons have acquired the distressing habit of ripping out and throwing away the small so-called text section and preserving for reference the delightful flights of imagination promulgated by the advertisement writers.

Most of the magazines and newspapers that have given much space to Dickens reuniscence refer to Bill Sikes, but spell the name with a y. Mr. Weller, Sr., was more particular in orthography than many of the American compilers.

New Books Received.

ISRAHIM PASHA. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University. Issued in Studies in History, Economics and Public Law.

THE RICARDIAN SOCIALISTS. By Esther Lowenthal, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University; \$1. Issued in Studies in History, Economics and Public Law.

OUT OF THE RUT. By John Adams Tbayner. New York: John Adams Thayer Corporation; 25 cents.

A popular edition of "Astir, a Publisher's Life Story."

THE CABLE GAME. By Stanley Washburn. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The adventures of an American press-boat in Turkish waters during the Russian revolution.

OUTDOOR PHILOSOPHY. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

The meditations of a naturalist.

MODERN FISHERS OF MEN. By George Lansing Raymond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sketches of the various sets, sects, and sexes of Charville Church and community. Tbird edition.

MR. WYCHERLY'S WARDS. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A new story by the author of "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly."

HAUFF'S DAS KALTE HERZ. Edited by F. J. Holzwarth, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

With notes and vocabulary.

THE SUMMONS OF THE KING. By Philip Beachler Goetz. Buffalo: The McDowell Press.

A play dealing with the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII of France.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

Biographical sketches and appreciations by various friends of the poet.

THE STORY OF AMERICA SKETCHED IN SONNETS. By Henry Frank. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A series of sonnets, each relating to some

strategic event or overmastering personality in the history of the nation.

HUMAN EFFICIENCY. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A psychological study of modern problems.

THE RELIGION WORTH HAVING. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A discussion on the place of religion in modern life.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET. By Henry Barrett Learned. New York: Yale University Press; \$2.50 net.

Studies in the origin, formation, and structure of an American institution.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Surgeon.

As high priest, teaching an acolyte,  
He watches over each holy rite,  
The flame and water to make them clean—  
Body, and garment, and weapons keen—  
With sacred care for a sacred strife:  
To rout a foe in the House of Life!  
For blade and body must both be pure,  
And hand be steady and eye be sure,  
And weapons purged in the fiery glow,  
Whenever he wars against a foe.

With joy of battle his soul is rife.  
Behold! He enters the House of Life!  
His flashing blade, it is dripping red—  
He follows fast where the trail has led,  
To the sacred shrine with ruby throne  
Where Life has fought with the foe alone.  
As his high priest's hand may lift the Veil,  
He boldly enters the holy pale;  
His hand is steady, his weapon bright—  
The foe is vanquished and put to flight!  
And Life awakens, with anguished breath;  
For Man has grappled and beaten—Death!  
—Anne McQueen, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Sonnet.

["And for failing of Love on our part thereof  
is all our Travail."—St. Julian.]

Oh, tell me not through Pain is Wisdom won,  
Gaunt, heavy-handed, sparing young nor old,  
Dimming the luster of our youth's brave gold  
Before the day is spent—the race begun.  
See you frail cobweb that the spider spun  
Broken by fingers rough and overbold,  
Mark the drenched roses their soft petals fold  
Drooping for lack of warmth and autumn sun.

Oh, Pain, bow can I bow me to thy creed?  
Tell me that snows the fairest blossoms wake!  
Tell me that shattered lutes best music make,  
Tell me that strength lies in the broken reed,  
Tell me all this—and then for pity's sake  
Tell me that Love, not Pain, is what men need.  
—Rose Henniker Heaton, in Westminster Gazette.

At Keswick.

In mountain-girdled Keswick, once I sat  
Beneath the stars, discoursing with a man  
Whose plaid bespoke him of a Highland clan  
Renowned for sons, bold, true, and passionate,  
Not far away, in moonlight armor, great  
Skiddaw reposed among his warrior van;  
The Derwent, near, a wandering minstrel, ran,  
Hinting of deeds that legends old relate.  
Soon, clouds arose to mar the glamour night,  
And charging winds manœuvred through the spruce;  
Yes still, up Scotia's ancient paths of might  
Our spirits clomb, like those who scorn return,  
Seeming, betimes, to bear the voice of Bruce,  
Thunderous, upon the field of Bannockburn.  
—C. G. Blenden, in Chicago Post.

Love.

O Love—that love who comes so stealthily,  
And takes us up, and twists us as it will—  
What fevered hours of agony you bring!  
How oft we wake, and cry: "God set me free  
Of love—to never love again!" And still  
We fall and clutch you by the knees, and cling,  
And press our lips. And so, once more are glad!

And if you go, or if you never come,  
Through what a grieving wilderness of pain  
We travel on. In prisons stripped of light  
We blindly grope, and wander without bome.  
The friendless winds that sweep across the plain—  
The beggars meeting us at silent night—  
Than we, are not more desolate and sad!  
—John Galsworthy, in Scribner's Magazine.

Greek Drama That Is Not Greek.

All the critics are not of one mind concerning the merits of Professor Reinhardt's "Edipus Rex" at Covent Garden, London. One of them writes: "Despite the size and numbers in Mr. Martin Harvey's representation of Herr Reinhardt's production of 'Edipus Rex,' it is not artistically successful. If we are to have it represented as a Greek play, well and good. But if not, why not represent it in the ordinary way upon an ordinary stage? As done at Covent Garden it is a piece of bastard art. The architecture—the great black (why black?) palace is not Greek, the dresses are not Greek, the feeling is not Greek. Very big and clever and inventive, but not Greek. The sound of the wooden steps as the crowd rush up the black marble staircase is not Greek. If we are to have the characters entering through the audience and the audience forming part of the crowd, so to speak, why not the masks for the actors and trumpets for the chorus, as they had in Greece? Of course, this intermixture of public and players is hopelessly wrong by any artistic standard, though it is clever enough by the commercial. When public and players in ancient Greece intermingled all were garbed alike, audience and actors, all composed a perfect picture; the play was telling a story of their own time, and they were all 'dressed for the part.' But to do it nowa-

days—it is merely eccentric, and all illusion is spoiled. The small but energetic modern school which is always urging that the theatre should not be considered as a place of amusement will find a forcible argument at Covent Garden. But is it the province of art to make one feel physically ill? This story of a man who has murdered his father and married his mother is in itself not very conducive to comfort when enacted, however wonderful it may be to read, but the picture of Edipus with his eyes gouged out is terrible, and as Mr. Martin Harvey gropes his way along the stall aisle, through playgoers close on each side of him—well, I can not consider this as art from any point of view. Considered as a spectacle, 'Edipus Rex' is remarkable. The great inky palace, filling the entire stage, the enormous crowd coming from all quarters of the auditorium, the *coup d'œil* of hundreds of white figures with arms uplifted against that pall of solid black is quite wonderful. The murmur of whispered voices from here, there, and everywhere is finely weird. The occasional music is strongly impressive. If the tragedy were presented in dumb show—although Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation is always fine, and often highly poetic—and in an abbreviated form, it would be a thrilling and most effective sight. But the long-drawn-out horrors of the final episode, the sightless, gibbering man, sobbing, groaning and groveling, grasping his two little daughters to his breast, is nauseating."

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Loans on Approved Col-	Claims in Process of Ad-
lateral . . . . . 1,363,483.34	justment . . . . . 169,539.46
Loans to Policyholders . 3,697,900.71	Premiums and Interest
Bonds and Stocks Owned 4,459,954.91	Paid in Advance . . . 129,573.00
Real Estate Owned . . . 1,129,229.38	Reserved for Taxes Pay-
Interest Accrued . . . . 254,210.46	able 1912 . . . . . 90,255.00
Outstanding and Deferred	All Other Liabilities . . . 212,201.39
Premiums—	Total Liabilities . . . \$20,901,961.39
Life Department . . . 544,220.39	Capital Stock . . . . . 1,000,000.00
Accident Department . 290,751.51	Surplus Set Aside for
Cash on Hand . . . . . 412,223.59	Future Dividends to
Other Assets . . . . . 765.92	Policyholders . . . . 659,076.31
Total Admitted Assets, \$23,363,286.91	Surplus, Unassigned . . . 802,249.21
	Total . . . . . \$23,363,286.91
New Life Business Written,	Increase in Life Business in
1911 . . . . . \$2,966,567.00	Force . . . . . \$8,767,198.00
Total Life Business in Force . . 126,280,772.00	Increase in Assets . . . . . 2,598,098.64
Total Cash Income, 1911 . . . . 7,445,494.45	Increase in Cash Income . . . . 694,728.57
Premium Income Accident De-	Increase in Reserve . . . . . 2,171,803.18
partment, 1911 . . . . . 1,515,622.04	Increase in Surplus, Assigned
Total Paid Policyholders in 1911 2,511,358.26	and Unassigned . . . . . 315,654.20

Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned)  
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### "MADAME SHERRY" ONCE MORE.

The quickest way to find out whether or not "Madame Sherry" has lost any of its pristine sparkle and gaudy to spring it on a few new-comers, and watch the effect. I have seen the trial, and discovered they felt just as we did in the beginning—bar those, of course, who were shocked. It is true that "Madame Sherry" is rather highly spiced, but its flavor is not flagrantly coarse, like that of its immediate predecessor at the Columbia Theatre, and there is sufficient skill in the treatment of its numerous love motives to make it senuous, rather than sensual.

"Every little movement," having enjoyed a rest for a time, has freshened up considerably thereby, and, besides, the music of this love-suggesting ditty is used in the play to express the emotions of so many lovers that it becomes a complete and perfect identification with the effect of Cupid's pleasant wounds.

The producers have spared no pains to make the piece just as successful as on its first appearance. The group of four feminine principals, although varying in individual degrees of merit, is collectively as pleasing to the susceptibilities as the other four. Bringing back Oscar Figman was a great card for the producers. I feel sure that some will go to see the play the second time because of the drawing power of this comedian's name. William Cameron, who scored before as the janitor with the octopus legs and the French intonations, scores even more heavily now—if I may be excused for employing a word so inappropriate to the Terpsichorean lightness of Mr. Cameron's nimble extremities. This actor, instead of becoming mechanical with reputation, has improved. His comedy is more amusing, his frenzied leg revolutions more spectacular.

Madame Sherry herself, as Lula, who teaches aesthetic dancing, as seen through the charming blonde lineaments of Lillian Tucker, has become refined, slender, and a beauty. And Marie Flynn, a young thing as plainly in her 'teens as Oscar Figman is out of them, actually contrived to rival Ann Tasker in our fickle affections. Altogether, my verdict is that the laggards who failed to see "Madame Sherry" before will have just as good a time as we did, on its first appearance here.

It would have been a very dangerous experiment, however, to have given us a cheap production. The music, situations, and the jokes have become familiar even to those who did not see it. But plenty of money has been expended, not only in high-salaried people, but on the costumes. The chorus is not, collectively, pretty, and its aestheticism is rather crude, the gestures lacking in grace, the figures in slenderness and symmetry, but the costumes in the aesthetic dance are graceful and flowing. Too much so, no doubt, to some tastes, as "Madame Sherry," is emphatically not a leg show; only one or two of the long-skirted principals making charmingly indiscreet revelations above the ankle. The quality of voice in the chorus is also a little open to criticism, though not the energy. There was rather too much of the pump-handle quality in the flowing "ges-chores"—to quote the buxom band—than should be allowed in aesthetic expression. But it is the principals that make things go with a rush.

William Cameron is the star dancer, and although Virginia Foltz's figure is not that of a dancer, she made a very dynamic second in the celebrated "dagger dance" in the last act. All four of the leading women have good voices; Marie Flynn's a pretty, bird-like pipe of a decidedly juvenile tone; Virginia Foltz's full and rich in tone, rather matching her physical exterior; Lillian Tucker's sweet and pretty, like herself; and Flo Irwin's a vigorous, lusty organ, with the marked rhythm and broad, stoned notes of the popular music-hall singer. Flo Irwin, who has succeeded Cheridah Simpson in the rôle of the janitor's wife, turns out to be worthy of the family name. She is very amusing in the prolonged coquetry in which Kitty indulges with the champagne bottle; her still cross-eyed inebriation is done without over-emphasis, and her songs were good, although her brogue was bad.

Franklin Farnum, the leading man, and David Lithgoe, first juvenile, both have good voices from the musical-comedy standpoint and Mr. Farnum is a nimble dancer and something of a comedian as well.

I have often noticed that the essential difference between the real player and the rank

and file that merely fill in is shown after a long run, and comes out strong. The real actor polishes, improves, and develops. He is obliged to, by force of temperament and native ability, or he will die of ennui. The rank and file, who are on the stage for the fun of it, or the incense of it, or just for plain meals without trimmings, become mechanical. If they have speaking parts they fail to put meaning into them, and gabble dreary nonsense drearily. If they have to stand and just fill in the scenery with humanity, they forget to remain in character, and one sees their own identity showing in their bored faces. I must say for the average chorus girl, though, that you can not often make this reproach to her. Well she knows, poor little footlight butterfly, that the size of her salary depends on the quality of her smile.

To return to our mutttons: Oscar Figman's Theophilus is a case in point. The possibilities in the rôle have been as carefully worked up as though the old scholar was born in the domain of the serious drama. There is not a vestige of the real Oscar Figman coming to the surface; everything is characteristic of old Theophilus, from the grasshopper bend of the long legs to the way he gives a puzzled delicately infinitesimal scratch of his plastered old cranium. There is even some distinction about the old scholar, in spite of his resemblance to a venerable gray owl, placed suddenly and unexpectedly in the glaring light of day. It was a happy conceit, creating Theophilus an old innocent, and keeping him so. It is rather startling to meet with male innocence in the lively domain of French comedy, and rather cheers one up a little. It really seems almost as if such things could be. Yvonne's maiden innocence is an old theme in wicked French plays, but casting this unworlly pair together in the midst of the baffling irregularities of Edward's marriage has certainly worked out well in its powers of entertainment.

It would never do for Yvonne to be anything but very young and ingenuous. It makes one shudder to think of some of our sophisticated musical comedy stars throwing out conscious allurements toward the gay cousin with the numerous feminine entanglements. But Marie Flynn's round-eyed, child-like face, with its suggestion of unawakened womanhood, her virginal immaturity of figure, her pretty, youthful pipe, her girl-like dainty *gaucheries* in the dance, everything about her suggested untried youth. She is the brightest of little actresses, too, considering her extreme youth. I suppose she is rehearsed and pruned and trained and clipped and developed by some patient stage director, but it all has the stamp of individuality none the less, and young as she is she is not in the least crude.

The buxom chorus, it should be mentioned, for the benefit of those who love the ladies of the stage to be sumptuously gowned, are like Solomon in all his glory. The costumes are new and rich, and it is a pity that the solid band whose curves occupy them with such generous amplitude are not more aesthetically beautiful in face and figure.

However, Lillian Tucker almost compensated. This young lady as Madame Sherry was prominent in the first act, beautifully costumed, exquisitely coiffed and a picture of prettiness in every scene in spite of evident inexperience in dancing.

The play is a little hard on Lula, in that she is obliged to retire from the lime-light very soon, and stay out of it for the rest of the play. But it may have been some compensation to this particular Lula that the opera glasses in the audience singled her out in her obscurity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### The Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra.

Director Gatti-Casazza recently gave a reporter of the New York *Sun* some details of the cost of new productions at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and of the permanent features of the opera.

"The orchestra," Mr. Gatti-Casazza said, "costs this season about \$160,000. In this one point lies a vast difference between the representations at present and those of several years ago. The orchestra varies of course in size according to the opera performed, but it ranges from eighty-five in the lighter operas to one hundred in the Wagner works. Then there is the chorus of 130, which is much larger than any ever brought before to this country. The cost of this chorus is about \$80,000 for the season.

"It must be borne in mind that the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House has become a splendidly efficient organization, playing a larger repertory than any other in the world and maintaining a high average in all its departments. The chorus is of course more satisfactory than any ever was. So the increased cost of these two features of the opera is explained by their superiority."

The ballet of twenty-five dancers with the school's pupils costs the theatre about \$25,000 a year.

One of the other items which is important in adding to the cost of opera in this country is the new scenery, which has been increasing during recent seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House. Every new work is given with a fresh supply of scenery, and this outfit is added to the rich and varied collection that the theatre already possesses.

### TWO TABLOID PLAYS.

Richard Harding Davis was in a condescending mood when he wrote "Blackmail," the one-act play which Walter Hampden and his company are presenting this week at the Orpheum. "Ah, yes, for vaudeville; yes," he may have said; "something snappy, tense, and short, with a crash or a bang in it—preferably at the end. Easy, my boy. Wait a minute." And his every ready invention quickly furnished the plot, his technical skill cut out every superfluous word of dialogue, and his assumed, but not real, knowledge of vaudeville audiences decided the place where the bang should come. But the result is neither sensational nor happy.

A millionaire Klondiker arrives at a New York hotel, and his first visitor is an old sweetheart who asks his protection from a blackmailer. He sends her away with the assurance that she will be troubled no more, stipulating only that she tell the crook to come to his room for the money. Then he prepares his trap, which evidently includes murder from the start. He writes a check, puts two revolvers in his hip pockets, secures a thousand dollars in marked bills from the hotel clerk, and posts the hotel detective in the adjoining room. When the blackmailer arrives he gives him the marked bills, induces him to boast loudly of his plan, turns the key in the door behind which the detective lurks, fires two shots into the wall behind him from one revolver and kills the crook with a third shot from the other gun. Then, before the detective breaks in, he being strangely delayed or professionally cautious, places the first-used weapon and the unused check in the dead man's hands. Consequence, verdict of self-defense with the detective as an unimpeachable witness.

Cleverly ingenious, isn't it? But Mr. Davis failed to gauge the intelligence of the audience, and to foresee the inevitable response to his exciting scenes. The audience laughs twice—once when the millionaire puts the second revolver in his pocket, again when the curtain falls. It begins to sympathize with the hounded woman, but is required to forget her sorrow instantly and admire the cunning of her champion. Another minute or so and it perceives that the blackmailer is to have no chance. He is tried and sentenced, and death awaits him if he comes to the interview. Probably many who look on at this proceeding actually hope the crook will escape, not from justice, but from lynch law. Their sparing applause at the finish is given to the actors, not because of the tragic smoothing away of trouble, but in spite of it. The plain moral of the sketch is this: Do not call on a millionaire in his hotel sitting-room.

It takes acting, of the obvious, heavy-footed sort, to carry this playlet through with any hope of success. Walter Hampden and his three co-laborers do all that can be done for it, and they gain a victory of little value. Even vaudeville audiences ask for something better than melodrama so compressed that all human impulses are squeezed out and only wolfish cruelty and tenacity of purpose are left.

Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson give what is called in the bill "A dramatic cartoon by Miss Norton." It is dramatic, and it is much more than a cartoon. A barely fitted room in a cheap tenement furnishes the scene in which a young married couple, both department store clerks, trying to live on department store clerks' wages, show how the supper hour is passed. There is a conscious playing down to vaudeville audiences in some of the details of this sketch which is not to be commended, yet in spite of this the work is in tune with truth and genuine pathos. Its sorrow is not deep, but it is real, and as moving as anything but birth or death can be in the atmosphere of such a life. There is little of clever invention in the sketch. It is played as if it "just grewed," as undoubtedly it did. The genius that could translate so thin and humorously pitiful a story for the stage will surely achieve greater things. Miss Norton and Mr. Nicholson live in the scene, they give no hint of conscious dependence on the audience. And the laughs and the applause they get are a credit to the discrimination of the Orpheum habitués.

This is a big week at the Orpheum—in fact, most of the weeks there are big ones—and every number on the programme marks a prize. Ada Reeve is there for a return engagement and is making still more positive the judgment that her art is quite the most delicate and sure of any displayed by a singer and reciter in vaudeville. The Romany Opera Company, eleven in number, presents some of the favorite voices of the former Bevani Company, foremost among whom is Ettore Campana. They give twenty minutes of real opera, so far as the music and the voices of useful principals can serve. Millett's Models present copies of famous paintings, with living figures and scenic backgrounds. The number is especially pleasing, in contrast to most of the simulated statuary familiar on the stage. James F. Dolan, Ida Lenharr, and Hugh Mack have a burlesque mind-reading act which is funny, though rather long-drawn-out. And there is enough mystery in it to stir numerous questions which may not be answered here. Leona Thurber and Harry Madison once more present their "Shopping Tour," and make amends with Mr.

Madison's dancing. Mullen and Coogan are two singers and parodists who make their own humor and have it in unlimited supply. If it went more slowly it might not seem so ex-cruciatingly amusing, but it scarcely ever hesitates.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

Ethel Barrymore produced another little one-act piece by J. M. Barrie in New York last week, keeping back the name of the new offering and its author until the night of presentation. The playlet is called "A Slice of Life," and it is said to be even more whimsical than its predecessors from the same pen. The acting in the humorous trifle is praised by the critics.

George Arliss in "Disraeli" is now the attraction of longest standing in New York, and this in spite of the fact that the piece is more a set of disconnected episodes than a drama. The finished art of the star is the force that draws continuing large audiences.

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## VANITY FAIR.

A great jurist said once that the truth will sometimes come out, even in an affidavit. It seems to be equally true justice will sometimes intrude itself even into a judicial decision.

This profound and revolutionary sentiment is inspired by a sentence of imprisonment that has been passed upon an organ-grinder. The sentence was not imposed for organ grinding; there is no adequate penalty permitted by the Constitution for that offense. It was inflicted for organ grinding under false pretenses, so to speak, seeing that the offender had displayed a placard announcing that he had performed certain public services and was the proud possessor of a wife and family. Now the judge argued that an organ-grinder was a purveyor of music, a tradesman in legitimate wares, but that the moment he displayed his placard about the public service and the family he became a haggard and therefore amenable to the law. The music became simply a cloak for mendicancy.

Now for this decision we have a profound respect. It shows an intelligence and a logic not usually associated with the law. But at the same time it must not be used as a precedent, at least not beyond the ranks of organ-grinders and the like. We are not in the mood to see our prima donnas and our great musicians sent to jail for a month on the ground of mendicancy. And to jail they would go, a good many of them, if the principle of this decision were extended to them. It is to be feared that they are doing pretty much the same thing as the organ-grinder, although in a more delicate and a less aggressive way. They are appealing to the public, not on the ground of their music, for which the public does not care a cent, but on some other ground wholly different. If they were haled before the bar of justice the judge might feel constrained to say something like this: "Madam, you are selling tickets for your concert, or theatre, or whatever it may be, on the ostensible ground that certain music will be rendered in exchange for the public's money. Actually you are posing, not as a musician at all, but as a woman who has been scandalously divorced, or whose domestic relations are interestingly irregular, or whose jewels of fabulous value have been stolen, or whose social connections are inconceivably lofty, or who have been able to ingratiate themselves with the socially elect. You are not selling your music but something quite otherwise, and you have aggravated your offense by impudently advertising, or causing to be advertised, a number of facts that have no possible connection with your legitimate claim upon the public. Therefore you must go to jail for a month, or rather for two months, since most of the things that you have proclaimed from the housetops through publicity agents and in other cunning ways are things that decent people prefer to hide."

It simply would not do at all. It would be a deathblow to the musical profession. None but music lovers would go to our operas and concerts, and just think what a dreary display of empty benches there would be. So let it be understood that this particular judgment is to be used as a precedent only in the case of organ-grinders.

What curiously perverted ideas of virtue seem to be entertained by some clergymen! A young man in Chicago has just been convicted of robbing the mails, no slight offense he it noted, and a particularly reckless one, since the thief neither knows nor cares whether he is stealing from the rich or the poor. Of course there were witnesses to character, as though any such witnesses could be needed where the criminal has avowed his own character by an act like this. Among these witnesses was a clergyman, who testified that the thief was a regular attendant at church and never used tobacco. We have no reason to doubt either fact, but such evidence seems to belong rather to the prosecution than to the defense. In the course of a somewhat long experience of the facts of life as against the maudlin theories of life, we have acquired a certain habit of suspicion toward the young man who goes regularly to church and who does not smoke. Either of these facts taken singly may be capable of explanation and extenuation, but the combination is bad. An excess of virtue in the young suggests either emasculation or disguise, and usually disguise. Judge Landis, before whom the case was tried, is to be congratulated upon a refusal to censure over so much holiness, or to consider that robbing the mails is less culpable in one who does not smoke than in one who does. In fact, he said that "smoking or chewing tobacco, or both, is not to a person's discredit," and then, turning to the offender, he remarked that it was better to smoke and not to rob the mails than to refrain from smoking and rob them.

Once more we hear a heat of protest from the tourist in France. He is moved to indignation by the tips. He calls them a tyranny, and he summons high heaven to deliver him from the waiter, the cabman, the hotel attendant, and the door-opener. His itching palms surround him and

all his estimates of cost are set at naught by the gratuities that he must shower so lavishly upon his path.

A visiting newspaper man has made an estimate of the necessary tips to be paid during a single day of sightseeing in Paris. The legitimate expenses of cabs, meals, and theatre amounted to about \$7 and the tips to about \$1.50.

These tips include 10 cents to a hairdresser, 2 cents for a glass of beer costing 6 cents, 18 cents to the dinner waiter, and 50 cents to hotel servants. Altogether the tips amounted to about 20 per cent of the expenses, and 20 per cent added to the cost of an outing is no mean figure.

But it is hard to see why there should be any indignation. We feel no indignation when a haggard solicits us in the street. We give or not just as we please, but we do not call it a tyranny, nor write letters to the newspapers. It is the tourist who created the tip system, it is the tourist who sustains it, and who refuses to permit its abolition.

Where, then, does the tyranny come in? A Paris hotel manager who was interviewed upon the subject expressed his inability to do anything in the matter, and he was right. He himself had tried to abolish the nuisance, but he might as well have tried to abolish lying. He had forbidden the hotel servants to receive tips and he had implored his guests not to offer them. But it was of no avail. Guests and servants conspired together to evade his vigilance. Coins were concealed in the table napkin and under crusts of bread, and the evil continued just as before. He had raised the wage scale in order to compensate the servants for the loss of tips, but he found that they were getting the increased pay and the tips, too. Of course there are some tourists who resent the imposition and wriggle under it, but their grievance is not against the hotel and restaurant men but against their fellow-travelers, who are determined to buy special favors and to pay their way to a place of special regard in the affections of a waiter.

The New York Sun tells the story of a physical instructor of twenty-two years' standing who has paid special attention to the instruction of women in the noble art of boxing. His task has not been a sinecure. It has been full of all the anxieties incidental to the task of persuading women to do what they ought to do, what they have undertaken to do, what they really meant to do before they happened to think of something else. He says plaintively that he has been teaching women for twenty-two years and he has found that only about one in a thousand will stick to the exercise prescribed and not become indifferent after two or three lessons. They all want beauty and health, although they don't care so much about the health, but what they want most of all is to do whatever the whim of the moment may dictate.

There is another curious point brought out by our professor. His fair and huxom pupils are always willing to box with him, but not with each other. They know that they may hit the instructor as hard and as often as they like and that they stand no danger of being hurt in return, but to box with another woman is quite a different matter. She will probably hit back, and if she can not hit she may kick, her more natural weapons being hidden by the gloves. Never in the whole of his experience has he known two women who would box with each other for a second time. For one thing, he says, a woman always wants to get the better of her opponent, nor so much for sport's sake as to be able to say, "I licked her." Getting excited after receiving a tap or two, most women will throw all rules to the wind and just "sail in." Before the end of a boxing match, says the instructor, two women who started in as friends are apt to be the worst enemies in the world and no one could coax them to stand opposite each other again.

It is time to say a word for the integrity of the medal as almost the last link that connects us with the sentimental and the unsordid. When we want to pay a man some particular honor we say to him in effect: "My friend, I will not insult you by offering you money, which is a coarse and bare commodity appealing only to politicians, policemen, and hurgars. Take this medal instead. It will appeal to one of your high and delicate sensibilities and moreover it will cost me nothing." And so great is the power of suggestion that the victim always feels honored and really succeeds in congratulating himself that he was not offered a thousand dollars instead. It will be remembered that Mr. Carnegie always gives a medal to those who can prove that they are particularly brave. We give medals to soldiers whose courage would, of course, be affronted by money, and generally speaking we use the medal as a sort of currency in the higher realms of virtue. Ordered by the hushel and in some homely and unostentatious metal they come cheap.

Thus it is important that the medal be not debased as it seems in a fair way to become. The Frenchman covets nothing so much as the Legion of Honor, but the Legion of Honor stock has suffered a decline ever since it was made the subject of political traffic some years ago. Now comes a similar story

from India. It was announced in connection with the Durbar that five thousand medals would be given to soldiers of distinction. Then it was ordered that another five thousand be bestowed upon the rank and file. Consequently there was a sound of revelry by night and officers and men hoped silently that they would be found in the ranks of the elect. But something went wrong and the supply of medals went short. Then came the disclosures. The medals, scores of them, had been given away to society ladies who clamored for them as relics, they had been taken by department clerks for their lady friends, and the medals that did actually reach the soldiers had been given away without regard to distinction and practically to any soldiers who happened to come along.

Now this sort of thing is a pity because it undermines the integrity of the medal. Pretty soon we shall find ourselves looking askance at it and asking for a check instead. If Mr. Carnegie should come along just now and beg us to accept a medal for our conspicuous valor in refusing to tip a waiter or some such deed of heroism, we should cooly decline it and beg for a free library instead. The character of the medal has been heshmirched. It is losing the halo of sentiment that once raised its value above that of filthy lucre.

Lord Tankerville wishes it to be understood that the reports as to his reasons for placing his son in an American school are inventions. It is true that he intends to remove the young hopeful from Eton and to send him for a short time to an American school, but he is doing so on the advice of his physician and for other reasons in no way connected with those ascribed to him. He made no reflections upon Eton, he said nothing about snobbery or sycophancy, and beyond the bare fact that the boy will go to an American school there is not a word of truth in the story from first to last.

The reporter, as usual, is responsible. Lady Tankerville was called up on the telephone by a society reporter, who said a few words to her, and was then amazed by the appearance of a long and imaginary interview attributing to her and to Lord Tankerville all sorts of grotesque opinions. "My bedroom," he says, "was invaded by enterprising interviewers, and I did not even escape them when entertaining my friends privately at dinner."

The charge of sycophancy at Eton is absurd to any one who knows the democracy that prevails there. This is well described by the New York Sun in the following terms: "The Earl of Tankerville's son, Lord Ossulston, has only been at Eton one term, and the probability is, it is suggested, that the first term,

as often happens, is a hit hard on youngsters, especially if they are not hardy, physically and temperamentally. If a young nobleman finds himself a little homesick, a little sad and a little hit upset at being only one small lower hoy among many, forced to pay due respect to all his seniors, his title will not serve to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

"At Eton, prince or peer, a hoy must fag until he has passed out of the fifth form. A hoy with a title is treated at Eton just like any other hoy. There are too many of them there for any of them to be looked upon with special distinction. A hoy's title is never used there. The college servants address all boys alike as 'Sir.' Boys and masters call the hearers of titles by their plain names. Prince Arthur of Connaught, for instance, was always called 'Connaught.'"

"The Duke of Westminster when at Eton was Viscount Belgrave, and was always called 'Belgrave.' Prince George of Teck is at Eton now. He is called 'Teck,' and though he is the queen's brother he is also only a lower hoy, and so has to fag like other lower hoys. Prince George fags for plain Freeman Thomas. Altogether one fancies that there may be one or two young noblemen for whom the high English public schools are a little too democratic."

A notice which is to be seen in one of the theatres of Constantinople (says *Le Monde Artiste*), effectively solves the problem of people at the back obtaining a clear view and is very much more radical than the polite request made in English and French theatres that ladies should not mar the view of the stage with huge hats.

The notice reads: "In order to render the performance agreeable to all those present the management of the theatre has decided that the spectators of the first three rows should recline, those of the next three rows be on their knees, and all the others be standing up. In that way everybody will be able to enjoy the play." This notice is followed by a suggestion, implying the Turkish woman's lack of romance: "It is strictly forbidden to laugh, for it is a tragedy that is being performed."

During the ceremonial dances the natives of Papua, New Guinea, wear probably the tallest hats in the world—a headdress varying from six feet to eight feet in height, and most gorgeous in coloring. The framework is adorned with feathers, colored fires and shells, heads of hornbills, plumes of the birds of paradise, and sometimes even with a hoar's tusk. Some of these headdresses are heirlooms, handed down from father to son. They would not sell them at any rate.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to hottle

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STORYETTES.

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Of the diplomatic circles is a delightful woman whose English is still French. She was urging an officer of the navy to attend a ball, the invitation to which he had already declined. "I can't," he protested; "I have burned my bridges behind me." "Oh," she replied, "I will lend you some of Henri's."

The operation had been performed and the patient prepared for burial. "I can not understand," said the family physician, soothingly, "how Ben was able to live with such an affliction as he had." "Oh, we have been years," replied the sorrowing widow, "trying to persuade him to have the operation."

A man dining at a café observed that, though he had ordered one dozen oysters, he was served only eleven. The next evening the same thing occurred again. Then the diner became somewhat irritated. "Why," he demanded of the waiter, "do you serve me only eleven oysters when I ordered a dozen?" The waiter bowed apologetically. "I didn't think you'd want to be sitting thirteen at table, sir."

A Fifth Avenue man had been trying to dig up some literary work for a literary friend, and he finally found a publisher who talked favorably. "Yes," said this publisher, "I can give your friend literary work." "Thanks; he's a good man." "But hold on! Is he an optimist or a pessimist?" "What difference does that make?" "Makes a deal of difference. I can't use a pessimist. I want a man to edit a spring seed catalogue."

This incident happened at camp, when a corporal, who was making up the rations, was approached by the tent orderly, who suggested a change in the dietary. "We should like to have some rhuhrh," he said. "You may have it," replied the corporal, who, with pencil and paper, then commenced trying to record the order. He began "Ru," hastily abandoning that for "Reu," and then put "Roo" and "Rheu" respectively. Thoroughly exasperated at last, the corporal exclaimed: "Ruhub be blowed! You'll have cabbage."

A little Central American republic was busily preparing for war, as a neighboring republic was daily threatening an invasion of her territory; and all available peones were being picked up and "recruited" in order that they might learn to fight and die, if need be, for their beloved country. A batch of twenty had just arrived on the scene, and their leader handed a note to the general in command of the government troops, which read as follows: "Illustrious General—The bearer of this note will have the honor to turn over to you twenty volunteers. Please return the ropes."

Old Bill Shiftless, the Farmer of Osborne, Kansas, says, discoursing in the grocery store the other afternoon about present conditions: "I'll tell you how it is," said Old Bill. "You can't get any price for anything you've got to sell because there is no money in the country. Do you know why there is no money in the country? If you don't I'll tell you. It is because Old Man Wall Street has called it all in." "Bill," said the grocery man, "where did you get your information?" "Where," shouted Old Bill at the top of his voice, "where did I get it? Good God, man, don't you ever read the newspapers?"

She had engaged a maid recently from the country, and was now employed in showing her newly acquired treasure over the house and enlightening her in regard to various duties, etc. At last they reached the hest room. "These," said the mistress of the house, pausing before an extensive row of masculine portraits; "these are very valuable, and you must be very careful when dusting. They are 'old masters.'" Mary's jaw dropped, and a look of intense wonder overspread her rubicund face. "Lor, mum," she gasped, gazing with bulging eyes on the face of her new employer; "lor, mum, who'd ever 'ave thought you'd been married all these times!"

Mary Garden, speaking of her reported betrothal to a prince, praised the plain, untitled American man. "I remember an American at a ball in Monte Carlo," she said. "His self-reliant Americanism stood out well amid the elegance of the counts and earls and grand dukes who were there. I overheard a Russian princess talking to him on the moonlit terrace. 'Do you dance?' she said. No; he didn't dance. 'Do you speak French?' No; he only spoke American. 'Do you play bridge?' 'No.' The princess raised her aristocratic eyebrows. 'May I ask,' she said, 'what you do do?' 'I earn my own living,' said the American. The princess laughed gaily and approvingly. He was, and she knew it, the only man there who did."

That was a grand idea of Joe Weber and Lew Fields to get their old company together as nearly as possible. But there is such a realism too far. One day

Weber was scanning the chorus of the new show. "Where'd you get that grand old lady, Bill?" he asked of William Raymond Sill, pointing to one girl who should have been at home rocking her youngest grandchild to sleep. "A newspaper man asked me to place her," said Sill. "What newspaper man?" asked Weber, "Horace Greeley?"

Dennis Flynn, while returning from work, took refuge under a tree during a thunder storm. The tree was struck by lightning and Dennis was blown some twenty feet away by the concussion and badly stunned. A neighbor found Dennis and began the work of resuscitation; another hurried to the home of Dennis to inform Mrs. Flynn of the accident. Mrs. Flynn listened to the neighbor's account of the accident with mingled terror and joy, and when told that her husband was not much hurt and would soon be home, her pleasure was gratifying to behold. "An' Dennis was twenty fate away, did yez say?" "About that, yes." "Och, my Dennis always was quick on his fate," said Mrs. Flynn, with a proud shake of her head.

Wilton Lackaye, at a recent dinner at the Lambs was rather bored by a pompous layman who ventured in that company of wits to make a speech that was dull and interminable, but perfectly self-possessed, because of the sheer egotism of the speaker. When he got through, Lackaye said he would like to tell a story of which he had been reminded by the last speaker. Said he: "There were two editors of rival papers out in a little town in Illinois, and they spent most of their time writing mean squibs about each other. Unfortunately for one of them, he one day purchased a mule for his farm, just out of town, whereupon the rival newspaper printed the fact of the purchase as a news item and commented on it is 'An extraordinary case of self-possession!'"

Eight New York boys were taken out to a summer camp. Not one of them had ever been off Manhattan Island, and naturally their knowledge of their new environment was extremely limited. In the same camp was a boy who had been sent to the country by some fresh-air fund the year before, and, getting acquainted with the newcomers when they arrived at night, he offered to meet them in the morning and show them about. The nine got together as soon as it was light and started off for a walk before breakfast. Soon they came to a huge field, that was to the eye a mass of daisies. "Them's flowers," proudly announced the young guide. "Ah, wot yer givin' us?" retorted the eight's spokesman. "Yes, them's flowers, and I knows their name," insisted the sophisticated one. "Them's Cock-eyed Susies!"

South Trimble, clerk of the House of Representatives, was talking to a Washington correspondent about diplomacy. "In a public post," he said, "great diplomacy is needed. The man in a public post must be diplomatic all the time. Otherwise he will be treated like the druggist. A druggist, late one cold winter night, was awakened by the tinkle of his emergency bell. It was a boy. The druggist slipped on a dressing gown, went shivering downstairs and found the boy wanted two cents' worth of chewing gum. 'It's like your cheek,' the druggist growled, 'to wake me up at this time of night for a paltry two cents' worth.' At this the boy scowled, threw down the gum and pocketed the two cents again. 'Like me cheek, is it?' he said. 'Then I'll take my custom somewhere else. You can keep your chewing gum. I won't have it now, after your sauce.' And he stalked out wrathfully, and the poor druggist went shivering back to bed."

A couple of tourists staying at a village which is in close proximity to a well-known Scottish loch had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the loch. They accordingly sallied forth in search of the boatman, whom they met just leaving his house dressed in his Sunday best, and carrying a Bible under his arm. "We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists. "Dae ye no' ken it's Sawbath!" answered Sandy; "ye'll no' get a boat frae me the day, forbye I'll hae ye tae ken that am an elder o' the kirk." "Yes, yes," expostulated the tourists, "that's all very well for you, but we don't require you with us. You can go to church; we can row ourselves." "Ay, ay," said the elder, "hut jist think what the meenister'll say." "Never mind the ninisher," was the reply; "he will know nothing about it. We will pay you well." "Ah, weel," said Sandy, "I'll no' let ye the boat, bit I'll tell ye whit I'll dae. Dae ye see yon wee boatie doon among the rushes? Well, she's ready wi' the oars inside. Jist ye gang down there, an' row oot tae the middle o' the loch, an' I'll come doon tae the bank an' swear at ye; bit never ye mind, ye jist row on an' I'll call for the money Monday."

"I think," said Mrs. Cumrox, who was arranging a musical programme, "that we will have a mezzo-soprano." "All right," replied her husband. "Don't bother me about it. Go ahead and see an architect."—Washington Star.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have announced in Cleveland, Ohio, the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Martha Calhoun, to Mr. Wilson B. Hickox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hickox. Miss Calhoun is a sister of Mrs. Paul Foster, formerly Miss Margaret Calhoun, who was married last June to the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael. Mr. Hickox is a Yale man, having graduated with the class of 1904, and has interests in Cleveland, where the wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins have announced the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Florence Hopkins, to Mr. J. Cheever Cowden of Boston. Miss Hopkins is a sister of Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. Samuel Hopkins. Mr. Cowden has recently established himself in this city.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ernestine Kraft of Hamilton, Ontario, and Mr. George Gunn. Miss Kraft is a sister of Mrs. J. E. Birmingham of this city. Mr. Gunn is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien Gunn, and a brother of Mrs. Charles N. Wood and Mr. Ed Gunn.

The wedding of Miss Alexandra Shields and Mr. Harold Casey took place Wednesday, February 14, at the home on Jackson Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Shields. The only bridal attendants were Miss Margaret Casey and Mr. Hal Shields. Mr. Casey is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, and brother of Mrs. Emory Winslip and Miss Margaret Casey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained a number of young people at a dinner last Friday evening at their home on Broadway. The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis later accompanied the guests to the dance given by Mrs. Harrison Smith in honor of her daughters, the Misses Henrietta and Alice Smith.

The Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham were hostesses at a dinner preceding the Smith dance.

Mrs. McNutt Potter gave a dinner last week at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy entertained a number of the season's debutantes at a bridge tea at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick of Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newball entertained a number of friends at a dinner last week at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Helen Dean gave a bridge tea Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Charles H. Hopkins of Santa Barbara gave a matinee party last week in honor of her niece, Miss Edna Booth.

Miss Ila Sonntag entertained a number of friends at a bridge tea Wednesday, February 7.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke of Portland was the complimented guest at a tea given Friday, February 9, by Mrs. Germaine Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained at a dinner party February 6.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained sixty friends at a dinner Friday evening, February 9, at their home on Pacific Avenue. The guests were later entertained by a vaudeville performance, which took place in the spacious ball of the Pope residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Jr., entertained at a dinner Thursday evening, February 8, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Charles Stewart and the Misses Stewart gave a bridge tea at the Hotel Stewart complimentary to Mrs. James Rolph, Jr.

Professor Burt Estes Howard of Stanford University was the honored guest at a luncheon given at the Hotel St. Francis by the Civic League.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark gave a bridge tea last Friday at her home on Gough Street.

Mrs. James M. Goevey was hostess Friday at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained forty friends at a dinner dance Monday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris of London.

Mrs. Carey Friedlander was hostess Tuesday at

a luncheon and bridge party at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson entertained a number of young married people at a dinner Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club, and later entertained her guests at the matinee.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dinner Thursday evening at the home on Broadway of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick entertained some sixty friends at a bridge tea Wednesday at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. G. Russell Lukens was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton entertained a number of friends at a tea Friday.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a luncheon Tuesday complimentary to Mrs. J. B. Wright.

Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell was a bridge hostess Thursday afternoon at the Francisca Club. Mrs. H. W. Green was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained at a bridge tea Tuesday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Bertha Welch will be hostess today at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson will give a dance this evening in their new home in Burlingame, in honor of their niece, Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Mrs. Vincent Whitney entertained a large number of friends last Friday at a luncheon and bridge party at the Ingle Country Club.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick entertained a few friends informally at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger was hostess Monday afternoon at a bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood entertained a large number of friends at a dinner Friday evening preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicks' ball.

Among others who gave dinners last evening were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., Miss Agnes Tillmann, and Miss Marion Stone.

The Impromptu Cotillon took place Tuesday evening at Assembly Hall. Dinners preceding the dance were given by the Misses Ethel McAllister, Dorothy Page, and Cora Smith.

Mrs. Eugene Lent has issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party Monday, February 19, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. James Otis and Mrs. Lucy Otis will be hostesses today at a bridge party at their home on Broadway.

Mr. George Hayes Willcutt has issued invitations to a dinner February 29, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, who were married February 7 in Waco, Texas.

Miss Harriet Stone will be hostess Tuesday evening at a supper party after the charity performance of "The Deep Purple."

Mrs. John L. Howard gave a tea Thursday at her home in Oakland in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie.

Mrs. Melvin Pfaff (formerly Miss Lucy Harrison) will be hostess today at a tea complimentary to Miss Margaret Postlethwaite.

Miss Marian Marvin was the guest of honor at a tea given Thursday by Miss Emily Johnson.

Preceding the Mardi Gras ball Tuesday evening dinners will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sbaron, Miss Jennie Crocker, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will leave February 26, for Coronado. They will have as their guest Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly and their children have returned to their home in San Mateo after having spent the winter in town.

Mr. Edward J. Tobin is occupying the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Spivalo, who have been residing during the winter in the apartment, on California Street, of Mrs. W. H. Spivalo.

Princess Rospigliosi of Rome is at the Fairmont Hotel and will be here several weeks. She is a sister of Mrs. Cyrus Pierce.

Mr. Walter S. Martin spent a few days last week in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have returned from New York. Mrs. Polk's son, Mr. Austin Moore, has passed his examinations and has entered Yale.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Jack Johnston and her son have gone to Los Angeles to visit relatives.

Judge William Carey Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet left last Friday for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. George J. Bucknell has recently been visiting Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Greenbaum have returned from a visit in the East.

Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet of Los Angeles has been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James Slauson has returned to Los Angeles after a brief visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carlton Mullin and their infant son left last week for Palo Alto, where they have rented a home for the summer.

Dr. W. A. Bryant, Mrs. Bryant, and their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Bryant, have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Marcus in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have rented the home in San Mateo of Mrs. Jane W. Burtin during the few weeks of the polo matches which are now being played in the El Cerrito field.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard have returned from Honolulu and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Right Reverend St. George Tucker and Mrs. Tucker sailed last week on the *Tenyo Maru* for Kyoto, where they will reside indefinitely. Bishop Tucker, who is a brother of Mr. James

Ellis Tucker of this city, will succeed the Right Reverend Sidney Partridge, who has recently been appointed Bishop of Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Fleischmann and Miss Louise Fleischmann spent a few days in town with their relatives and sailed on the *Cleveland* to continue their tour of the world.

Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes of Salt Lake is spending a few weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Judge M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Sloss, and their children sailed last week for the Orient.

Mr. Lucio Mintzer has returned to college in Berkeley after accompanying his sister, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker have arrived from New York and will spend several weeks at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Baker is the mother of Mr. W. Farmer Fuller, Jr.

Dr. Walter Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons, who have been traveling in Europe, are established in Freiberg.

Dr. Washington Dodge and Mrs. Dodge are en route to Europe for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie have returned to their home in Oakland after a wedding trip of several months in Europe.

Mrs. Alden Anderson of Sacramento has been a recent guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Richard Lounsbury is expected to arrive shortly from New York. He is related to Mrs. Frederick S. Sbaron, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. William S. Tevis.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mrs. William S. Tevis spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding have postponed their visit to Santa Barbara until after the Mardi Gras.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin have arrived from Los Angeles and have taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue, where they will reside until their departure in April for Norway.

Miss Margaret Doe has been spending the past week in Oakland as the guest of Miss Amy Bowles.

Mrs. Adolph P. Sebeld spent last week in town with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Hellman arrived yesterday from Europe. After a visit of several weeks with their relatives in this city they will return to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have returned from Egypt, having been suddenly called home by the death of Mr. Stern's brother, Mr. Abe Stern.

Mr. Robert Hayes Smith has gone East for a brief visit.

Miss Emma Grimwood is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

The Pischel family were still at Vienna when last heard from.

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen left for Los Angeles on Sunday evening and will stop a few weeks in the southern city. She will depart from there for New York, where she will be joined by Miss Bertba Boye, who accompanies Mrs. Paulsen for a trip to the Italian and other art centres of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Simpson of Stockton have been spending the past week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Captain C. Sidney Haight and Mrs. Haight have arrived from Honolulu and will reside indefinitely at the Presidio, Monterey, where Captain Haight has been detailed for duty at the School of Musketry.

Captain Willis C. Metcalf, U. S. A., has recovered from his recent illness and will join his new company at Fort Morgan, Alabama.

Lieutenant Jacob Wuest, U. S. A., is en route to Florida, where he will assume his duties as military instructor in the military academy.

Lieutenant Commander R. S. McDonald, U. S. N., arrived a few days ago from the Orient and is en route to Washington, D. C.

## John McCormack, the Irish Tenor.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who stands with Caruso, Bonci, and Anselmi, in the very front rank of the world's greatest singers, and who has been sharing honors for the past two years with Tetravzini, Melba and Mary Garden, will make his debut in this city at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, February 27, offering a quite unusual programme of Irish and English ballads, besides operatic numbers, assisted by Miss Marie Narelle, an Australian soprano, who has made a specialty of the folksongs of the English-speaking countries. McCormack's voice is described as most beautiful, sympathetic, and of a quality quite unique—a quality which reaches one's very heart.

Among the works to be heard at the concert will be the aria from "La Bohème." Blumenthal's "An Evening Song," and Irish melodies by Lambert, Moore, Sullivan, Rooney, and Crouch, besides some of the old traditional melodies. Manager Greenbaum promises that the entire new style of the programme will cause a sensation, and that after McCormack's first concert seats for the second will be at a premium.

The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 3, when a similar programme, but with every number changed, will be given. These will be the only two public concerts given by McCormack in this vicinity.

His time will not permit of an Oakland concert.

The sale of seats opens next Wednesday, February 21, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and mail orders may now be addressed to W. L. Greenbaum.

Sir Edward Elgar is about to compose for the London Coliseum an Imperial masque, entitled "The Crown of India." Sir Edward Elgar had been approached on the subject, but said that he could not see his way to sign an agreement until the question of producing plays at music halls had been settled. The decision of the lord chamberlain to license the production of stage plays in music halls has made the way clear for a project which will doubtless evoke much interest. The hook and lyrics of the masque will be written by Henry Hamilton. The production is promised for the early spring.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Madame Sherry" opened its second engagement in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre Monday night in a blaze of delight, and every seat was taken long before the curtain rose. The second and last week of the popular musical comedy will begin next Monday night, the last performance being given on Sunday night, February 25. Messrs. Woods, Frazee & Lederer deserve credit for the manner in which they present the play. Nothing in the production has deteriorated in the slightest manner, and the cast is one of the best ever seen on a local stage, comprising as it does several stage celebrities who have won favor here in other successes. In the cast are Oscar Figman, Flo Irwin, Marie Flynn, Virginia Foltz, Lillian Tucker, William Cameron, Franklin Farnum, and David Litbgoe, who are assisted by the famous Lederer "talking" chorus. A feature of the performance is the display of smart gowns and millinery creations, many of which are late Parisian importations. The play is in three acts, with the scenes laid in New York. The first act shows the dancing studio of Edward Sherry in Manhattan; the second act takes place on the yacht *Yvonne*; and the third act shows the yacht moving up New York Harbor with the lights of Coney Island in the distance. These scenes naturally require a scenic embellishment of massive proportions. A matinee will be given Saturday.

Pouchot's Flying Ballet, appropriately described as "the act beautiful," will head the Orpheum bill next week. Mlle. Yvonne Baumlet, premier aerialist, with four attractive corymbes, apparently float through the air. The ballet is really a series of beautiful pictures. "The Butterfly Ballet" in particular is one of the most gorgeous and unique presentations ever staged. The finale of the ballet is a sensational surprise. Mlle. Baumlet leaves the stage in her flight and soars over the heads of the audience, almost reaching the gallery, at the same time dropping flowers into the auditorium. Scenic and lighting effects enhance the beauty of the act.

The talented comedienne, Ida O'Day, will display her ability in a pretty comedy entitled "Betty's Bet," written by Maud Tralton Winchester. Miss O'Day as Betty Bruce portrays a society bud who has taken a position in a lawyer's office in order to win a bet. She will be supported by a clever little company. Julius Tannen, chatterbox, wit, and monologist, is included in the coming bill. Tannen is always worth while and his utterances are remarkable for a quaint originality, the effect of which is considerably accentuated by a unique personality and a pleasing delivery.

The identity of "Juliet?" who comes next week with her humorous character studies, and who always carries an interrogation point after her name, is veiled in mystery. In view of the audience and with a human dressing table, Juliet? makes marvelously rapid changes for each of the many characters she presents.

Eunice Burnham and Charlotte Greenwood, two clever girls, will contribute an act that has won popularity for them in the East. Miss Burnham presides at the piano and sings. Miss Greenwood is an attractive comedienne. Next week will be the last of Miller's Models, Thurber and Madison, and Walter Hampden and Company in Richard Harding Davis's "Blackmail."

On Monday night, February 26, Klaw and Erlanger will offer for the first time in San Francisco their production of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which is the stage version of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's stories of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "The New Chronicles of Rebecca." Miss Charlotte Thompson assisted Mrs. Wiggin in the dramatization of the books, and the result of their collaboration has been tremendously successful. "Rebecca" had a run of one entire season at the Republic Theatre in New York, and a six months' season at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. Miss Ursula St. George and a splendid supporting cast will offer the play in this city.

During her tour of the Orpheum Circuit, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will be seen in a repertory of the "big" scenes from her greatest successes, including "Camille," "Sans Gêne," and "Joan of Arc." She will also give a number of one-act plays, all of which are new to America. Mme. Bernhardt will sail with her company of sixteen people for New York early in the coming season, opening in New York early in November. Her initial appearance in this country will be made at the Palace Theatre, which Martin Beck, managing or of the Orpheum Circuit, is building on the way, between Forty-Sixth and Forty-ninth Streets. The terms of Mme. Bernhardt's contract have not and will not be known. It is stated authoritatively that she will receive the highest salary ever paid a history of vaudeville in the world. It is one of the initial and most important towards the realization of Mr. Beck's plan of placing vaudeville on the highest theatrical pinnacle.

Martin Beck has secured for the Orpheum

Circuit exclusive rights to Leo Fall's operetta, "The Eternal Waltz." The composer of "The Siren" and "The Dollar Princess" was induced to write a miniature musical comedy for the London Hippodrome. "The Eternal Waltz" was the result and it has been pronounced musically superior to either of the compositions with which English and American audiences are familiar. Immediately upon the presentation in London, Mr. Beck began negotiations for the American rights, which he has only just consummated. In presenting "The Eternal Waltz," Mr. Beck will exercise as great care as was shown with "The Siren" and "The Dollar Princess." There will be an elaborate production with prominent players in the principal rôles, a complete chorus, and an augmented orchestra, which is necessary for all of Fall's compositions on account of his wonderful orchestrations. "The Eternal Waltz," for which Austin H Ingram supplied the book, is a gentle satire upon the Viennese dance craze, which Mr. Fall among others has done his utmost to foster in recent years. In offering a Fall operetta as a portion of an evening's programme, Mr. Beck has accomplished a thing that undoubtedly deserves the highest praise, and is only a further example of his untiring efforts in giving to vaudeville that which has hitherto been considered impossible.

## Loring Club Concert.

The concert on Tuesday evening, February 20, of the Loring Club, which will be given in Scottish Rite Hall, Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue, promises to be one of unusual interest. Included in the programme is a composition by Wallace A. Sabin, the director of the club, recently published by the house of Novello & Co., entitled "A Spring Madrigal," which the composer has set as a chorus for men's voices, and which on this occasion will be sung for the first time in a concert of the Loring Club.

Among the other numbers on the programme new to a San Francisco audience are C. Joseph Brambach's "Evening on the Rhine," and arrangements for men's voices of two Irish folksongs, "Kitty Magee" and "The Shan Van Voght," by the celebrated American composer, Horatio Parker. The programme also includes Billeter's "At Sunset" and Greig's "Landsighting," together with C. H. Lloyd's "The Patriot," these making a worthy offering by the club itself.

Mrs. R. L. Partington, mezzo-contralto, will be the soloist of the evening, and will sing an interesting group of songs. The club will have the assistance also of Mr. Victor de Gomez, solo violoncello, who will play the celebrated Elegie, "Une Pensee a Francois Liszt," by Alexandre Glazounov, and David Popper's "Wilmung." Frederick Maurer will be the pianist, and the concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin.

## The Harold Bauer Concerts.

Harold Bauer, one of the world's greatest piano virtuosos, and the greatest of all Schumann players, will give his first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Saturday afternoon, March 2, at 2:30, presenting a most important programme, which will include Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Mozart's sonata in F major, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," and works by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Gluck-Sgambati.

His second and last concert will be given Tuesday night, March 5, when Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and "Fantasia," Liszt's sonata in B minor, and some important Chopin works will be the offering.

Seats ready Monday, February 26.

## The Symphony Orchestra's Plans

The next appearance of the San Francisco Orchestra will be at the first popular Wagnerian Festival concert ever given in this city, and the date is Friday afternoon, March 1, at the Cort Theatre, when excerpts from the following Wagnerian operas and music dramas will form the programme: "The Flying Dutchman," "Die Walkure," "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan and Isolde," and at the regular "Pop" prices, too. Seats will be ready Monday, February 26.

The last of the season of regular symphony concerts will be on Friday afternoon, March 8, when Erem Zimbalist, the young Russian violin virtuoso, will be the special soloist.

## Tetrazzini.

W. H. Leahy has notified his local representative, Will L. Greenbaum, that Tetrazzini, "our own diva," will be with us during the week of March 10, for three concerts, the last of which will be given on the 17th (St. Patrick's Day). Tetrazzini is breaking all records this season and turning crowds away from every concert she has thus far given. There is no question that she is now the favorite singer of the world.

Opera is being given in Paris just now without its customary ballet accessories, supposed to be so dear to the hearts—and eyes—of the dwellers on the banks of the Seine. Some Parisians now will learn to their amazement that opera has music, too, says the *Musical Courier*.

## Cortez Discovered Cocoa During His Conquest of Mexico

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## Schumann-Heink this Sunday Afternoon.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto, both on the concert and operatic stage, and one of the artists who is really loved by all who have ever heard her, will give her first concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, February 18, at 2:30, and the programme will be one that will be worth traveling miles to hear.

The grand aria from Bruch's "Achilleus," all three of the beautiful arias from "Samson and Delilah," five gems from Schumann's "Dichterliebe" (A Poet's Love), and other gems of German lieder will be included, besides several numbers in English, among which will be Molloy's "The Kerry Dance."

The second and positively last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 25, when excerpts from five Wagnerian works will be the special features of the programme.

Seats are now on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the office will be open at the Cort Theatre after 10 o'clock.

Next Friday afternoon, February 23, Mme. Schumann-Heink will give a special programme in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, seats for which may be secured at that theatre on and after Monday, February 19.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear Schumann-Heink on Monday night, in the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel.

A humorous twist of the usual Raffles story is given in a new farce-comedy, "Officer 666," produced in New York a few days ago. The society burglar has taken possession of a wealthy young clubman's apartments during his absence, and is holding an auction of the furniture and decorations when the real owner happens to return. The complications are continued for three acts with increasing fun, the victim of the burglar assuming for his own amusement the disguise of a policeman.

The Berkeley Musical Association gives its second concert of the second season on Tuesday evening, February 20, at 8:15, in the Harmon Gymnasium, on the campus of the University of California. The artists will be Madame Elsa Ruegger, the eminent violoncellist, and two artists from the De Grazi French Opera Company.

The Beel Quartet has been specially engaged to appear before the St. Francis Musical Art Society in conjunction with John McCormack, on Thursday night, February 29. The next public concert will be Friday night, March 15, when Brahms's sextet for strings will be the feature of the programme.

For the first time in their careers Tetrazzini and Caruso appeared together in the same opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York Tuesday evening of last week. It is hardly necessary to say that the opera was "Rigoletto."

Patriotic Boxes and Novelties in remembrance of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d. The historic Hatchet filled with delicious candies will please the children. Satin Flag and Shield Boxes, Cherry Logs, pretty hand-painted boxes and many others. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Ella*—Are you and Bella friendly now?  
*Stella*—Yes: we have buried the batpin.—*Puck*.

"He comes from a good family." "He seems to have come a long way."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"His wife is a remarkable woman." "How so?" "She can look stylish in bonnets that he likes."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Marie*—Is your husband considerate? *Alice*—So much so he doesn't come home at night for fear he'll wake me up.—*The Sphinx*.

"And does this fat little boy belong in your crowd?" "No'm: we just use him to try the ice with before we go skatin'."—*Houston Post*.

*Knicker*—How long does the caak promise to stay? *Mrs. Knicker*—She says she will finish breaking this set of china.—*New York Sun*.

*Young Man*—May I have your daughter sir? *Old Gentleman*—Yes, if you can support her. Remember that my auto goes with her.—*Puck*.

"Bixby is a good mixer, isn't he?" "You're right he is. I saw him passing his individual sanitary cup around in the crowd yesterday."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Did you hear about the awful affliction which has befallen Mrs. Talkit?" "Don't tell me she has lost her voice!" "No, her husband has lost his hearing."—*Houston Post*.

*The Nice Boy*—H-have you fargotten that cent you borrowed at me? *The Hard Case*—Yes! Hev'n't you? *The Nice Boy*—Y-yes. Now that you r-remind me of it.—*Puck*.

*Bacon*—Money will do almost anything. *Egbert*—It won't take a hlat from your escutcheon. *Bacon*—Perhaps not; but it will huy a lot more escutcheons.—*Yankers Statesman*.

"Yes; she promised to be mine some day." "But when?" "She can't exactly say as yet. Seems she will first have to break off four or five other engagements."—*Washington Herald*.

*Dolly*—She married a very old man, didn't she? I understand he had one foot in the grave. *Polly*—That's what she thought, too; but he still continues to buy his shoes by the pair.—*Puck*.

*Optimist*—After all, marriage is the thing. If you marry the right woman, there is nothing like it. *Pessimist*—And if you marry the wrong woman, there is nothing like it!—*The Club-Fellow*.

"You say he was disappointed in love." "He certainly was." "But I thought he married the girl he loved." "So he did. And then he found that two can not live as cheaply as one."—*Houston Post*.

"No," said Nuritch, "I ain't no dude. Clothes don't make the man, you know." "Na," replied Peppery, "but many of you self-made men look as if you had also made the clothes."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

*Lady Golightly*—What an awful man you just nodded to! Surely you have not met him socially? *Lard Cadleigh*—Nawh, but when in America I met him in a business way. I married his daughter.—*The Club-Fellow*.

*Maore*—My sense of hearing is the keenest ever. Da you know, I can hear your watch ticking, although you are six feet away. *Poor*—Then you are a wonder. My watch is at the pawnbroker's six blacks away.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I told you that duh was foolish to be courting so many girls." "How did it turn out?" "As you might expect. His expenses were so heavy that he got behind with his board and had to marry his landlady."—*Washington Herald*.

"I wish to get three pounds of butter," she said. "Roll butter, ma'am?" the individual in charge of the butter and cheese stall asked politely. "Na," answered the shopper promptly, "we wish to eat it on toast; we seldom have rolls."—*Boston Journal*.

"The young lady seems rather fragile," remarked the observant man. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "she has one of those artistic appetites. She doesn't care what kind of patent food is in the box so long as the picture on the label is pretty."—*Washington Star*.

"Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that open cistern?" asked the nervous boarder, looking over the picket fence in the backyard. "Oh, no, num," came the complacent reply. "Anyhow, it ain't where we gets our drinkin' water."—*Hampton's Magazine*.

"The first thing I da every marning is to tell my wife that she looks younger and more beautiful every day." "Dcsn't she ever suspect that you are lying?" "Oh, yes; she knows it; but it keeps her from starting in to find fault with me, just the same."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Another poem returned?" "Yes; I am about discouraged." "What did the newspaper editor say?" "Said I ought to offer it

to the magazines." "Well, that means that he thinks it is good poetry." "Na; it means that he doesn't think it is poetry at all."—*Houston Post*.

*Mrs. Henpecke*—Jahn, why are you reading the marriage natices? *Mr. Henpecke*—I just want to see if there isn't somebody married I don't like.—*Puck*.

"Pebbles says he is thinking of running for Congress." "Just sa." "Da you think that would be advisable?" "Well, the exercise might da him good."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Self-Expression.

"I've hared my soul," the maiden said,  
"In this erotic book";

The publisher, he shook his head  
And wouldn't take a look.

He said: "The public in this age  
To read it wouldn't care.

They've learned to look upon the stage  
For maids with soles laid bare.

St. Denis, Duncan, Hoffman, greet  
The eye; and so I answer:

To hare the sole is hut the feat  
Of any hare-foot dancer.

—*Kansas City Times*.

## Familiar Things.

The paramount issue was dragged to light  
By the hands of the candidate;

"Come forth," he cried; "it is time to fight;  
We must hasten ere it's too late";

So he sounded a clarion note or two  
And he rushed to the wordy fray,

And the public shuddered, because it knew  
Election was on the way.

The keynote speech was dusted off,  
And the orator tried it o'er;

He tested his voice, there was ne'er a cough,  
He knew he could soar and soar;

The tariff issue was good as new;  
And, adjusting his black string tie,

The campaign speaker stepped forth in view—  
Exactly the same old guy.

—*Denver Republican*.

## Ballade of the "Two Heart Bid"

At Auction Bridge, night after night,  
With dear old Grandmamma I play;

With Auntie Sue, whose hair is white,  
And Auntie Jane, whose hair is gray.

"One Spade," "One Club," "Without!" they say:  
Ah, merriest of mimic marts!

But all my thoughts are far away—  
And to myself I say, "Two Hearts."

My dreams are very fair and bright;  
For I am young—the world's at May;

I can not curb the rapturous flight  
Of secret fancies, glad and gay;

To "Auction" little heed I pay.  
When Grandmamma the bidding starts,

Aloud, I gayly join the fray—  
But to myself I say, "Two Hearts."

I gaze into the fire's soft light,  
(Blessing a "Dummy's" dear delay!)

I feel that all the world is right—  
(Remembering words of yesterday:)

The vision laughing flames portray,  
A hint of his dear face imparts.

Auction conventions I obey—  
But to myself I say, "Two Hearts."

—*L'Envoi*

My Prince! With thine, my heart's astray  
In lands that have no maps nor charts.

I keep the score for "We" and "They"—  
But to myself I say, "Two Hearts."

—*Carolyn Wells, in Life*.



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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Mayor and His Duty.

No man under official responsibility can at the same time run with the hare and chase with the hounds, or attempt to do it without involving himself in confusion and contempt. Already Mr. Rolph has discovered that he can not play to the labor-union gallery and retain the friendship and respect of men who despise pretense, cajolery, and pettifoggery.

There is only one "policy" for Mr. Rolph or for any other man in public office, and that is a course of strict subordination to the law with a judicial fairness toward all elements of the community. Speaking for those who stand for freedom in the industries and against the aggressions of those who would deny it, the *Argonaut* ventures to assure Mr. Rolph that fair treatment under the law is all that will be asked of him. This will not only be asked, but demanded—and the penalty of its denial will be the complete withdrawal of the confidence which has attended Mr. Rolph's introduction into the mayoralty. The conservative and responsible elements which supported Mr. Rolph will not follow him in a policy of

"placating" that element which has dominated and well nigh destroyed San Francisco, nor will it sit in patience and toleration while he plays a cheap political game. Another crack or two like that of last week and Mr. Rolph will be estimated, and properly, as a vulgar demagogue.

And his fate will be that of the vulgar demagogue, for he will be condemned not only by the intelligence and respectability of the community, but even by those whose favor he bids for. All men despise a coward and a trimmer—nobody with a deeper contempt than those at whose feet he fawns. So Mr. Rolph will find if, in his timidity, he shall make himself the subservient tool of a particular element. That element will first debase him to its purposes and then despise him as a cringing weakling.

There is, we repeat, but one policy for Mr. Rolph; and that is a course of strict loyalty to the law. Nobody asks or wants him to be a "special friend" to "capital" or to "business"; nobody should ask or want him to be a special friend to "labor," particularly to any faction of labor. The circumstances of Mr. Rolph's election combine with the dictates of propriety and common sense to lift him in his official character above the appeals of class bias, above the suggestions of ordinary partisanship. Every motive of principle and of expediency should inspire him with resolution to stand firm on the high ground where the public favor has placed him. If he shall fail to do this his very name will speedily become a sneer and a reproach.

### The Presidential Outlook.

The most obvious fact in the presidential game is the collapse of the plan of the "progressive" faction to capture the Republican presidential nomination. Mr. La Follette is still in the race so far as his own declarations can hold him there; but he has been abandoned, rather shabbily it must be said, by those who a few weeks ago were vowing loyalty in his cause. Mr. Garfield, Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Cummins, and Mr. Johnson, only yesterday loud in behalf of La Follette, have now turned to Roosevelt, who, though he has spoken no word in withdrawal of his renunciatory declarations, nevertheless allows himself to be made the centre of an active and, we are informed, a well financed agitation.

That Mr. Roosevelt can win the nomination in this kind of a campaign is unthinkable. He has not the open support of the first-class men of the progressive faction, not to speak of the party at large. Messrs. Pinchot, Garfield, and Johnson make a good deal of noise, but they do not represent anything very positive in the way of political force. Most certainly Mr. Pinchot can not "deliver" his state, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Roosevelt, nor is it easy to see how Mr. Garfield can hope to bring Ohio to support of the movement. Mr. Johnson arrogantly speaks of California as if her vote in the Republican convention were a personal possession, to be placed at his own sweet will; but this is far from delivery of the goods. Mr. Roosevelt's name is one of some potentiality here. But when put in opposition to President Taft and in contempt of the anti-third-term tradition there is no magic in it assuring success. Despite Mr. Johnson's assumptions and declarations, the *Argonaut* ventures the opinion that in a straight primary fight Taft will get three votes in California to two for Roosevelt. We are willing to lay something handsome that the result will come nearer the *Argonaut's* figures than Governor Johnson's.

It is not easy to respect Mr. Roosevelt's position. It lacks both honesty and courage. He has said in the most definite way that he would not accept another nomination. After a lapse of years he has repeated this assurance. He has impressively given his adhesion both by word and act to the anti-third-term tradition. Now, while apparently lacking the hardihood to openly take new ground, he appears not only willing but eager to enter the race—not indeed to enter it nominally, but

actually, and under disguises calculated to save his face in case of failure, even while actively scheming for support.

No matter what one may think of Mr. Roosevelt in his personal and political character, his present attitude is one which does him no credit, and as little does it sustain his reputation for skill in the political game. Assuming that he might win the nomination as the result of a bold and active campaign, he most surely can not win it in the character of a political ostrich. At the present writing he is affording the country a spectacle rather more edifying to his enemies than to his friends—a spectacle indeed to make his admirers blush that the loudest champion of moral courage should appear in the character of a political coward.

The drift of things on the Republican side of the presidential game is unmistakably towards Taft. Only about fifty of the thousand and more delegates to the Chicago convention have been chosen; but every delegate thus far selected is a Taft man. The whole South is for Taft, and there is no commitment of any state, unless it be Wisconsin, to the progressive faction. And here, curiously enough, there enters into the contest an interesting possibility. Mr. La Follette is both aggrieved and embittered at the abandonment of those who in an earlier stage of the campaign professed to be his friends. He is angry at Roosevelt, for be it remembered he entered the fight with a qualified blessing from the high priest of Sagamore Hill. Now whatever happens Mr. La Follette holds Wisconsin in the hollow of his hand; and it is suggested that in a fight between Taft and Roosevelt his (La Follette's) support will go to the former. As yet Mr. La Follette has said nothing to indicate his purpose; but there are those who believe that his continuance in a hopeless candidacy is for no other purpose than that he may ultimately so place his strength in the convention as to confound the man whose double dealing has wrought his own undoing.

On the Democratic side the drift is steadily toward Champ Clark. Originally a joke—even a grotesque joke—Clark's candidacy is coming to be a serious fact. As Wilson and Harmon slowly peter out—and this process goes steadily on—Clark stock rises. Last week Governor Folk stepped aside; this week Mr. Hearst abandons his own shadowy chances to get behind Clark. Mr. Bryan, while as yet non-committal, is presumably more friendly to Clark's ambitions than to those of any other Democrat excepting possibly his own. And whatever the event may be, it is a practical assurance that it will be arranged amicably between Clark and Bryan.

Viewed broadly, the present outlook is for a presidential campaign with Mr. Taft representing the Republican party as its candidate and Mr. Clark the Democratic party.

### The Ruef Indictments.

The dismissal by Judge Lawlor of thirty indictments standing in his court against Abraham Ruef with the assurance that eighty-nine other indictments standing in Judge Dunne's court will likewise be dismissed indicates very clearly that a bargain has been struck under which Ruef will testify in the case of the State against Eugene Schmitz, his old-time partner in the business of municipal plunder. What Ruef's testimony will be is of course matter of conjecture; but there is little doubt in any intelligent mind that Ruef could if he would unfold a mighty interesting story. Probably he will tell only what it suits him to tell, or what may suit those who have made this newest trade with him. But if Ruef should give testimony tending to the conviction of Schmitz it is doubtful if it would find credit with a jury. A man of Ruef's character and history, turning state's evidence against a partner in crime with the bribe of immunity in his pocket, plus the hope of restoration to liberty, is not a figure calculated to inspire respect in court or out of it. Probably a jury will listen contemptuously to anything he may say.



revelations to have no effect whatever upon its judgment. There is another interesting side to the dismissals of indictments above referred to. The circumstance is another testimony leading to the conclusion that Ruef's release has practically been arranged—"framed up" we believe is the technical name for this sort of thing. For reasons of their own, our precious coterie of political reformers have been anxious for Ruef's release. It will now be effected through the nominal agency of the state prison board and under the parole device. Governor Johnson will nominally have nothing to do with it, but as a matter of fact he will have everything to do with it. That a prison board under his authority would take such action in a case wherein the governor is so directly and vitally interested without assurance of his approval is too great a strain upon credulity. If Abe Ruef gets out of San Quentin—and obviously he is in the way of getting out—it will be because the great and good Hiram wants him out, and nobody will be deceived about it, no matter how cunningly the procedure may be masked by subterfuge or shamed by falsehood. Then, in the next phase of this interesting history, we shall probably find the delectable Abe lending his undoubted talents in the game of politics to the cause of purity as professed in the declamations and as exemplified in the practice of Hiram Johnson *et al.*

#### A Good Beginning.

Our revised and enlarged and otherwise revitalized Chamber of Commerce starts well by demanding that the municipal government in awarding contracts shall follow the law which, disregarding geographical lines, commands preference of the lowest bidder. The practice in recent years—even in recent weeks—has been in contempt of the law. Where contracts have not been given to private friends of the administration they have been awarded to local bidders at rates above those of outside bidders. The theory as defined by Mr. Marsden Manson—or Manson Marsden, as the case may be—has been that of a "higher law," which in the interest of administrative friends and supporters has been held as above the real law. The result has been a very considerable and wholly illegitimate increase in the cost of city supplies and city work; not only this, but a fixed policy of dishonesty toward outside bidders.

The practice, which has no leg of legal or moral justification, has been part of the "policy" by which local labor unionism has so long retained a strangle hold upon San Francisco. By it politico-unionism has been enabled to grow dishonestly fat and incidentally to establish standards of cost for materials and labor which have had their part in enforcing over-charge schedules in all departments of local industry. That it has been in direct contempt and in open disregard of the law—this has mattered not at all to scoundrels like McCarthy and Casey or to pliant tools of corruption like Marsden Manson.

Even our new administration has appeared to be infected with the notion that some special and peculiar virtue attaches to dealing with local as distinct from outside manufacturers and traders. Like the fool in the story book who sought to lift himself above the meeting-house spire by the straps of his own boots, there appear to be those in authority even under the new order of things who imagine that San Francisco can prosper by establishing a boycott against the outside world at our city gates. That the new Chamber of Commerce has larger views and that it has the mind and the energy to declare them and to insist upon a legal and liberal practice is truly a matter for congratulation. The new Chamber of Commerce has, we repeat, made a good beginning in showing Mayor Rolph his duty in the matter of awarding municipal contracts and in proving it to him out of the mouth of his official legal adviser. An abuse and grievance of long standing and of inestimable powers of mischief has thus been put in the way of correction. The incident should stimulate the Chamber of Commerce to new studies in the realm of public affairs and to new activities in support of what is legitimate and right as against what is clearly and flagrantly wrong.

The new Chamber of Commerce ought to be an effective organ of public opinion and influence, and it will be if by a course combining industry and courage it shall proceed upon the lines which have been laid down for it. The chronic difficulty with all such organizations is that they tend to the establishment of an internal and perfunctory and therefore inefficient system in dealing with public affairs. Citizens whose voices would give weight to any cause im-

agine that they have done their duty when they get a chamber of commerce to pass a resolution. They should know that formal "resolves" mean nothing at all unless they have men behind it. Our new Chamber of Commerce will be an effective instrument so long as it can command the services of men like those who made up the committee which called on Mayor Rolph last week. It will fall into futility and nullity if its membership shall grow weary in well doing and undertake to substitute impersonal action for personal force.

#### Grove L. Johnson and Son.

When Governor Johnson announced that he would go East in order to visit his son he was encouraged by the responsive sentiment of a community always ready to applaud the finer forces of the domestic life. But that applause would have been still more hearty had it been known that there would be a reunion of three, instead of only two, generations upon the Atlantic coast. Whether the arrival in New York of Mr. Grove L. Johnson was so timed as to coincide with that of his distinguished son we may never know, but what more natural than that the governor should desire the parental counsel and advice at a time when he must, and indeed does, feel that the destinies of the nation are laid with an undivided weight upon his shoulders? What more natural than that he should yearn for a parental opinion to which foreign travel and a far perspective had given accuracy and force? Whether Mr. Hiram Johnson did actually desire the counsel and the opinions of Mr. Grove L. Johnson, whether he solicited them from a sense of filial duty, may be a matter of doubt. But there can be no doubt that he got them.

Now Mr. Grove L. Johnson has never been noted for an unbecoming diffidence in the expression of his views, but upon this occasion he surpassed himself. Perhaps he was still unaware that only two days before his arrival his son had adroitly taken the State of California from the political pocket of Mr. La Follette and slipped it into the pocket of Mr. Roosevelt, but however that may be Mr. Johnson, Sr., had hardly descended the steamer's gangplank before he proceeded to review the situation with all the energy habitual to him. It is painful to have to record an utterance that may conceivably result in domestic discord, but it seems that Mr. Grove L. Johnson described Mr. Roosevelt as "the McNamara of politics," as a rallying point for every one with a political grudge, and as the leader of all the faddists, cranks, and busy-bodies who have a vague idea that they want something, but who have not the brains to know what it is that they do want. Mr. Johnson further suggested that Mr. Roosevelt's election would endanger the peace of the world, and we can only hope that if there was a subsequent meeting between father and son the conversation was confined to the weather and other safe and uncontroversial topics.

Unfortunately there is no way at present in which California can repudiate the amazing arrogance of the governor, who seems to regard the political voice of the state as his own private property, to be bargained for, bartered, and huckstered at his own sweet will. And yet, to do the governor justice, he does admit a certain partnership in his proprietary rights. Mr. Chester Rowell, it seems, also has an ownership interest in the votes of California, a small interest perhaps, but still a real one. Or was it merely an act of magnanimous courtesy that led the governor to bracket Mr. Rowell in the omnipotent "we" who are to determine the choice of the state at large. Let it be remembered that Mr. Johnson went to Washington with the fixed intention to present to Mr. La Follette the suffrages of California. That he had no mandate to do any such thing, that he had no more than the current and ordinary knowledge of the political drift of California, probably never occurred to him. Mr. Johnson is still intoxicated with the applause that followed his tub-thumping exploits during his own campaign, and his motto is still "*Petit, c'est moi.*" He never doubted that he could promise the State of California to Mr. La Follette and that he could deliver the goods. He had them in his pocket.

But no sooner did he arrive in Washington than he found a change. Mr. La Follette had collapsed. Why he had collapsed is still unknown. It may have been due to nervous strain from overwork. It may have been due to helpless exasperation at finding that Mr. Roosevelt had deliberately encouraged his presidential aspirations in order to solidify the "progressive" ranks, and had then ruthlessly destroyed him when the time

had come to annex those ranks to his own force. So Mr. Johnson was confronted with a dilemma, and therefore we find his appeal for counsel to Mr. Rowell, his partner in the ownership of California. The news, he wires to Mr. Rowell, is not reassuring. Various other states will go straight for Roosevelt, and so what is to be done "if the senator insists on us?"

Mr. Rowell's reply is not upon record, but we may assume that he advised the governor to vote with the majority at all costs and to stick closely to whoever was most likely to have the places and the patronage at his disposal. Whether Mr. Rowell advised this or not—and we can hardly imagine him advising anything else—it was just what Mr. Johnson did. Morally bound to Mr. La Follette, who had avowed himself to be still in the race, he threw him overboard with a cynical indifference to his obligations and went straight to Mr. Roosevelt. He had no authority to offer Mr. La Follette anything beyond his own individual support. He had no authority to offer anything more than this to Mr. Roosevelt. Still less had he any right, moral or otherwise, to withdraw his pledge to Mr. La Follette merely because that gentleman's chances were not so rosy as they had been, or because he had been betrayed by the very man to whom Mr. Johnson hastened to transfer his allegiance. It is an indecent spectacle however we look at it, but the most indecent part of it is the arrogance of Governor Johnson, who, without authority or mandate of any kind, yet ventures to pledge California to this and to that, to guarantee her vote today to one candidate and tomorrow to another. It would be well for Mr. Johnson to remember that however assiduous he has been in building up his machine of party hacks and of the men who need all the money that a complacent legislature will vote he has not yet included all the citizens of the state in that machine. There are still a good many who refuse to be regarded as merchandise and who, strange to say, are indifferent to the fate of Mr. Johnson's ambitions and who are likely to cast their votes without regard to the wishes of the boss. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rowell may find that they are premature in assuming that they are the people of California.

#### Recall This Judge.

If a California judge should speak with the same courage as Judge Bregy of Philadelphia he would probably find that the reformers were hot upon his trail and that the loss of his official head would be the price of his candor. The Johnsons, the Rowells, and the Pillsburys would demand no less than the recall as the punishment for any judge who dared to attach a financial responsibility to the casting of a vote or to suggest that the people must pay for their electoral vices and ineptitudes.

Every one knows that Philadelphia, like San Francisco, has just made a partially successful effort to clean out her municipal sewers. For more years than it is pleasant to count it has been the habit of Philadelphia to find the worst men within sight and to place them in control of her affairs. San Francisco has had spasms of penitence and reform, but Philadelphia's career of corruption has been almost continuous. Corruption in Philadelphia had become a form of piety, a sort of religion, until the last election, when the choice of Mr. Blankenburg as mayor at last varied a record almost without a parallel and without a blush.

Now it seems that there is a price to be paid. The city is in debt to the tune of over half a million dollars. It is the price of rascality, just as our board of works financial scandal is the price of the rascality of the McCarthy pirates. But there is this difference: We have already paid most of our bills in the form of numberless bribes. The money has been frittered away among laborers, camp followers, white slavers, and the human offal heaped around the city hall. In Philadelphia it is still owing to a single firm that may be said to correspond with the old Ruef organization of San Francisco. And Philadelphia, being penitent, naturally refuses to pay the bill. Philadelphian piety is of the economical kind, and her people, being now in a state of grace, can not understand why they should meet the debts incurred while they were in a state of sin. It is a quite common characteristic of the sudden conversion.

And so the matter has come before Judge Bregy, who is bold enough to say that the city must pay the bills contracted by its elected representatives, no matter what the city may now think of those same representatives. The mayor and the councilmen, says the judge, were elected by the people, and he might have added



that the people knew all about them when they elected them, just as we in San Francisco knew all about Schmitz and McCarthy when we elected them. The remedy, continues the judge, is at the polls, and nowhere else. People who do not vote or who vote for bad men are responsible for the acts of those bad men. To be foolish and to pay for our folly is no more than the universal school of experience, and no other method, such as the recall, which enables us to be foolish without paying for it, can be salutary. The deeds of elected legislative officials, concludes Judge Bregy, "can not be set aside by the court, even if it can be clearly shown that the act was one of bad faith and bad public policy."

This is a clear case of heresy and Judge Bregy ought to be recalled. Governor Johnson, the father of the recall, is at this moment in the East for the purpose of electing a President of the United States, and yet under the very shadow of that august presence a Philadelphia judge ventures to say that the election of municipal officials is a momentous matter and one certain to be followed by good or evil results that must be endured until the next election day. Judge Bregy should now understand that such ideas are obsolete. We have a new and a better plan which impresses the voter with the pleasant idea that it really does not matter much how he votes or whether he votes at all, and that if he should have the trifling ill luck to give a bad vote on Monday he can easily rectify the matter on Tuesday with the recall, and so "try, try, try again" until luck shall be more favorable.

#### Governor Wilson's Prestige.

Governor Wilson's prestige as a presidential candidate has been seriously impaired by recent events, but he still keeps the field and he and his friends are doing what they can to keep up a bold front. It is inevitable that it should be so. The Democratic party is singularly poor in presidential possibilities, and for a time it seemed that the governor of New Jersey was the ideal man to unite the opposing wings and perhaps to reconcile the conservatism of the party with its forward branch. With Dr. Wilson eliminated the plight of the party becomes evident enough. There is no one to take his place. No doubt there are lots of Democrats who would like to shout for Champ Clark, but the sober sense of the party knows that such a candidacy would be hopeless, and indeed it was hardly thought of so long as Dr. Wilson's prestige was undamaged. Of course there is always Governor Harmon in a more or less receptive mood, but Governor Harmon is just as unsatisfactory to the radicals as Champ Clark to the conservatives. So Dr. Wilson remains in the somewhat undignified position of holding on to his old place until his successor is appointed, and the appointment of his successor is a hard matter. Perhaps Mr. Bryan will favor with his counsel as soon as he shall deem that the psychological moment has arrived. It is quite the fashion at the moment to remain in a state of suspended animation but with one ear extended for the frenzied public demand, and when Mr. Bryan observes the discomfiture of his friend Dr. Wilson he may be forgiven if he believes that, after all, the stars in their courses may be fighting for him.

#### Sport and Racial Vitality.

The object of a polo game is not so much to win a victory as to have a polo game, and so the "meet" at San Mateo will be a success whichever group may wear the ultimate laurels. The best of hospitality has been offered to the visitors, the play has been good throughout, and the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race have once more proved their ability to engage in physical rivalries and to think more of each other as the result. The Anglo-Saxon is indeed compelled to seek for his athletic competitors among his own race, since no other can furnish him with a worthy rival, and herein we must look for the explanation of British supremacy in Europe. Probably Kipling had much right on his side when he scornfully denounced the "flanneled fool at the wicket," for even virtues may be exaggerated, but it is certain that the nation addicted to open-air athleticism had already received a long start in the race for international supremacy. In spite of, or perhaps because of, one of the worst climates in the world, the British people have been trained in physical hardihood, and while physical hardihood does not necessarily imply moral hardihood it often furnishes a basis for it. In this connection it is interesting to recall the recent forecast of a prominent Englishman on the future relations of the United States with Canada. Some sort of amalgamation or annexation was, he believed, certain to

come, but he suggested, half humorously, that Canada would ultimately be found to be the predominant partner. An iron climate and Canadian sports would provide the basis for a sort of undefined dominance of the northern race. It was an interesting speculation, and perhaps we may yet see it put to the test.

#### Editorial Notes.

The Colombian minister possibly exceeded his authority and probably will suffer reproof for reminding the United States government of its crime in the "taking" of the Panama country. No doubt the affront to Secretary Knox will be duly condoned by the Colombian government. All the same it is not surprising that there abides in the Colombian mind a distinct sense of outrage with a burning resentment on account of it. No circumstance in American history is so discreditable to us as the taking of Panama. At the time and since, this act has been attempted to be justified on broad grounds; but it is not possible to justify it under any theory of legality or right. As related to Colombia, it was an act of spoliation as absolute and remorseless as could be conceived. If Colombia did not resent it, if her people did not regard it as a gross and continuing grievance, the fact would be proof positive of their lack of ordinary human spirit. As a matter of fact they do resent it deeply and bitterly—and none the less because in their weakness they can do nothing but submit. But it is entirely natural that upon occasion we should have such reminders as the Colombian minister has given us in the present instance; and the only thing left for us to do is to swallow the affront with the least possible grimace in the knowledge that we are only getting what is coming to us.

The recent legislature enacted a law to the effect that fair exhibitors should be at liberty to employ their own labor in their own way and under such conditions as should be mutually desired. That, of course, was a good law, but we are reminded by painful experience that there may be a wide gulf between a law and its enforcement. There have been other laws providing liberty and equality from the fundamental law of the United States Constitution downward, and so far as labor unionism is concerned those laws have been honored in the breach rather than in the observance. The time has now come for some clear understanding upon this point in the way of an explicit determination that this law shall not be a dead letter and that it will be enforced without fear or favor. In the matter of labor there must be no discrimination anywhere, nor any of that pressure that leads to discrimination. There must be a fair field for exhibitors and contractors alike, and if the unions are able to make good their claim that their labor is of a superior and more reliable kind they need have no reason to fear competition. But unionism as such should not be a factor in the allotment of contracts and exhibitors should have no cause to feel that their liberty of action in the matter of labor is even inferentially infringed by an exposition policy or precedent.

Mr. Winston Churchill has held his Home Rule meeting in Belfast as every one knew that he would. The threats of the belligerent Orangemen melted away under the combined influences of a hearty rain storm and the presence of a strong force of police, and with the exception of the usual hostile questions and interruptions there was no disturbance worthy of note. And yet the opinions of the Ulstermen are as unmistakable as ever they were and surely as much entitled to respect as those of their opponents. If democratic principles demand that the south shall have its way in the matter of self-government, it would seem that those same principles should apply with equal force to the north when it asks that the present system be continued. There may be practical difficulties in the way of a political division of north and south, but to the American mind it seems that some way might be found to grant some kind of self-government to the south, while saving the north from a Home Rule project that, rightly or wrongly, they abhor.

While no special urgency attaches to the projects for consolidation that are now in the air it is well that discussion should keep them in the public mind. No one who is able to take a broad view of municipal destinies can doubt that consolidation lies directly upon the path of development. It is the inevitable result of an expansion that brings communities into contact with each other and that includes them in common ambi-

tions. It is natural that every plan of consolidation should arouse opposition from certain sectional interests, but these can hardly prevail against the obvious expediency of wiping out geographical lines that are now artificial and that no longer have any significance in our practical affairs. The more carefully the matter is discussed the more evident it will be that the old boundary lines have served their purpose and should give place to a formal recognition of an identity that is already a fact.

The only reason why there should be any undue haste to recognize the Chinese republic is the fear that it may not last until the recognition reaches it. With the new President so obviously afraid to leave Peking, with Manchuria in practical revolt, and with the fate of Mongolia and Thibet in the balance, the situation seems hardly stable enough for the usual and fatuous glorification. Republicanism is a great institution and never to be sufficiently welcomed, but the revolutions that precede it are not so satisfactory. Portugal is still a welter of blood and misery and growing worse instead of better, while the state of Mexico can hardly be described as a triumph for liberty. The Chinese republic, so called, is only a few days old and with every sign of being a seven-months child. It will do no harm to wait for the first signs of health before hastening with our congratulations.

It would be unjust to say that the thousands of persons who flock to an aviation meet would welcome an accident to any of the operators, but we may reasonably believe that the crowds would not be nearly so great but for the chance of a tragedy. With equal reasonableness we may believe that the list of catastrophes would not be nearly so long as it is but for the public demand for a spectacle that shall be close enough to the danger line to provide one of those "thrills" that are the salt of modern life. One of the reports of the Oakland contest says that "the spectators urged the birdmen to deeds of daring," a statement significant enough when we remember what these same "deeds of daring" have meant to so many aviators in the past. The exhibitors know quite well what is expected of them. They know that the crowd cares nothing at all for a triumph of engineering or mechanics, and that the most wonderful machine in the world, if it were dangerless, would not draw more than a handful of spectators. They know that their business is to risk their lives to the utmost without actually losing them, and naturally they allow themselves to be urged to the "deeds of daring" that have so often resulted in dreadful disaster. Doubtless aviation has a great future before it, but it is a pity that sensationalism, and a particularly ugly form of it, should be allowed to degrade it to the level of the bull ring.

The Southern Pacific Company is to be congratulated upon its decision to allow no advertising in its passenger cars. For such a sign of grace we may be sufficiently thankful at a time when beauty is supposed to hold no place in the list of practical values. The reason given by the company is sound enough, so sound indeed that we can only wonder that it is not universally recognized. The making of the modern passenger car is a marvel of mechanical skill and its finish is the perfection of the decorator's art. To deface it by glaring and staring announcements is neither good taste nor good business, since it destroys the effect that cost so much to produce. With such encouragement we may hope that there will yet be some recognition of the actual value of natural beauty as well as of the artificial variety. The advertiser who ruins the countryside with his hideous proclamations is a public enemy, and when the public realizes that it is being robbed of its rights it may find that it has a power of self-protection very much greater than can be given by any law.

It looks as if the purchase of the Spring Valley Water Company were at last in the way of going through. Probably the thing is inevitable. Nevertheless we can but look forward with something like dismay to the day when officialism, with one eye to the political peep-hole, shall take possession of the water system and proceed to its administration by the usual methods.

Dorothy Coates, a negress, summoned for jury duty in the superior court at Spokane, Washington, a few days ago, is believed to be the first woman of her race to be called to such service in the United States. She is a large property-owner.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A news item that is not without its interest to students of municipal government finds its way across the Atlantic from England. The financial committee of the borough of Bethnal Green, an important London suburb, has decided to make a recommendation that can only be regarded as revolutionary. Not only does the mayor of Bethnal Green work without a salary, but he is required to pay out of his own pocket all those incidental expenses pertaining to his lofty position. This is the injustice that the finance committee proposes to remedy. A salary is, of course, out of the question. It would place the soil of a sordid hand upon an office that is paid liberally in honor but not in cash, but the incidental expenses are quite another matter and should be borne by the community at large. Hence be it resolved that the mayor of Bethnal Green be reimbursed to the extent of \$5 a week or \$250 for his year of office. The resolution notes regretfully that in some few cases it has become the practice to pay a regular salary to the mayor, but far be it from Bethnal Green to sink so low as that. It will keep unsullied its bright traditions of municipal service. It shall never be said that the taint of money has sullied the ideals of its mayoralty chair. The incident seems to be a small one, and yet, as a thought producer, perhaps not so small after all.

Is there such a thing as national temperament? That is to say, may we ever assume that a particular man will act in a particular way because he belongs to a particular people? We have always assumed so, but perhaps we have been wrong, and now comes a remembered experience of Sir Henry Lucy, which seems to show that we must correct our impression of Scotchmen. Sir Henry tells us that when he went to Oban he was met by Professor Blackie, and if Professor Blackie was not a typical Scotchman we have yet to hear of one. And Professor Blackie kissed him "in sight of a thronged pier and a shipload of passengers." The incident was momentarily disconcerting, for there can hardly be anything less romantic than the spectacle of an Englishman and a Scotchman kissing each other. It is like kissing a policeman. But it prepared Sir Henry Lucy for an entry in Blackie's diary, published some fifty years later. Writing to his wife the professor says that he had just met James Martineau and "in the afternoon I came home with him and kissed him because he is good." Sir Henry would have us infer that the chaste salute that fell to his own lot was similarly actuated, and we are not in a position to contradict him. Piety in Scotland is well known to have its trials and tribulations, but if it might mean also a kiss from Professor Blackie it would seem that yet another obstacle had been placed in the way of the devout life.

A change of fortune-tellers at the Russian court usually portends events as important as a change of chancellors or prime ministers elsewhere. Russia has her statesmen, but they are for external consumption only. The real power behind the throne is not the premier, but the particular Sludge the Medium whose incantations have made the strongest appeal to the hag-ridden mind of the Czar. There has been a long hierarchy of these demented creatures, half idiot and all knave, and many a political move that the world supposed to have originated in the minds of Russian statesmen has actually found its genesis in the tipplings of a table or the vagaries of a planchette. For many months past the favorite medium has been Ilidor, the "mad monk," who defied the Holy Synod and defied it successfully, and who traveled about the country on a crusade of massacre against the Jews. No one could stop the wretch or oppose him so long as the Czar believed that his was the voice of Heaven. But now Ilidor has fallen, not because the Czar has come to his senses, but because a new charlatan has appeared upon the stage whose mutterings and incantations are more impressive and more novel. This new charlatan is Gregory Rasputin, an illiterate Siberian peasant about forty years old, who looks like a drunkard and probably is one, who has a vast knowledge of the Bible, and a certain aptitude for saying mysterious nothings in an original way. Menshikov, one of the editors of the *Novoe Vremya*, says that Rasputin is a natural philosopher coming from the depths, almost illiterate, but well learned in Scripture, who talks about religion like a gramophone and who is endowed with natural enthusiasm. Menshikov says that "there was something absurdly wise in his enigmatic words," but further inquiry seemed to show some even less desirable traits. His attitude toward women was by no means saintly and his whole character seemed to deteriorate under his changed fortunes. That his influence over the Czar was already supreme is shown by the fact that the issue of the *Novoe Vremya* containing this sketch was at once confiscated by the police, and the *Novoe Vremya* is usually high in favor in court circles. But surely there was never such a spectacle as this upon earth. That an empire should be badly governed is no new thing. That an empire should be governed by a hierarchy of spiritist mediums is reserved for the twentieth century after Christ.

Stories of Mr. Labouchere are still timely. His uncle, Lord Taunton, sat in the House of Peers, but one of Labouchere's friends, thinking that Lord Taunton was his father, said to him one day: "Oh, Mr. Labouchere, I have just heard your father make an admirable speech in the House of Lords." "Really?" replied Labouchere. "My father has been dead for some years and I always wondered where he had gone to."

It seems that there are still some stories to be told of Dickens, although probably none of them are quite new. The *New York Evening Post* reports a recent dinner at Delmonico's in aid of the Dickens fund. Among the speakers Kate Douglas Wiggin, who told of a railroad journey took with the novelist when she was "a mere slip of a

girl," and how she was accused of being a past-mistress in the art of flattery. Dickens gave a reading in Portland, but Mrs. Riggs was considered too young to go. The next morning she and her mother were on the same train with him. "An unaccountable impulse drew me towards him, and when I saw a vacant seat next to him I promptly dropped into it," she said. After a while he turned from the window, and she heard his surprised tones: "Bless my soul, however did you come here?" Before long she was telling him how much she enjoyed his books, especially "David Copperfield"—all except some of the very, very long parts, which seemed a little dull. "And which are those?" asked Dickens, pulling out a notebook, apparently pleased at taking hints from this youthful critic. And when, after a long talk, she started to run away, because she had "forgot all about her mother," Dickens exclaimed: "Forgot your mother? Why, my dear little person, you are a past-mistress in the art of flattery."

The Equitable Life Assurance Society, sad to relate, has issued some vital statistics that seem to run counter to Mr. Roosevelt's views on race suicide. It is, of course, unfortunate for the statistics as well as for the assurance society, and perhaps neither of them will survive the collision. These statistics show that the birth rate and the death rate stand in certain fixed relations, and that when one of them rises or falls the other rises or falls also. Taking the figures for Germany alone from the long tabulated list we find that in 1881 the birth rate was 37 and the death rate 25. In 1901 the birth rate was 35 and the death rate 20. In 1908 the birth rate was 32 and the death rate 18. Why this should be so, why there should be any connection between the birth and death rates may be left to sociologists and others who know everything, but it seems to be one of those mysteries that not even a Sunday supplement scientist can wholly solve. But evidently it is so. The following European countries show decreased birth rates and proportionately decreased death rates: Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Netherlands, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The only countries in which the birth rate has increased—and therefore the death rate, too—are Bulgaria and Ceylon. Exceptions to the rule are Jamaica, European Russia, and Japan. From Mr. Roosevelt's point of view it would seem that Bulgaria and Ceylon are the only really enlightened countries of the world and that America and Europe are on that steep declivity that leads to national extinction.

The London *Daily Chronicle* quotes a letter written by Stevenson from Samoa and suggests that it may serve as a hint to autograph hunters. The letter is as follows: "You have sent me a slip to write on; you have sent me an addressed envelope, you have sent it to me stamped; many have done as much before. You have spelled my name right, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone; you have sent me the stamps for my postoffice, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration, I take a pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it, and have been at the pains to earn it by such unusual attentions—here is the signature of Robert Louis Stevenson."

It is not generally known that the royal house of Stuart still has its adherents in England, a few simple-minded people who are not prepared to die in the last ditch or anywhere else except their beds and whose enthusiasm takes the form of decorating the statue of Charles I on the anniversary of his death and holding memorial services in a few of the churches. Twenty years ago the police refused to allow the decoration of the statue, but the refusal seemed a pity, as people who decorate things are not numerous, the usual preference being to deface. Since that time the annual proceedings have been faithfully carried out and have aroused a languid public interest and a few tolerant smiles. The ceremony has just been carried out once more under the direction of the Marquis de Ruigny, who was good enough to explain to a representative of the London *Standard* that "we believe in the divine right of sovereigns, and we believe that this right is hereditary, therefore, since it was not abrogated with the consent of the two parties—that is, the king and the people—in 1688, it still persists in a dormant condition in the person of Princess Maria of Modena, now the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria." There is a certain satisfaction in finding some one who believes in the divinity of anything, if it is only the divinity of kings. Moreover, the marquis announces that he will not upset the present dynasty, so if Mary of Modena will only stay in Bavaria we may yet have peace.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Many inventions were at first opposed tooth and nail and had to make their way by degrees. In some parts of Europe forks were considered a useless luxury and sinful indulgence and were for a long time under a ban of the clerics. In Germany the ordinary people regarded the innovation as absurd affectation, while the clerics considered them an insult to Providence, who had given man wholesome food which he ought not to be ashamed to touch with his fingers. In courtly France, however, forks were a welcome addition and speedily became popular.

Bulger, a Colorado town of 200 population, was recently moved eighteen miles. When the survey of the new branch of the Colorado and Southern Railroad was made the new town of Darby was laid out. There was nothing at Darby but prospects, while Bulger was already a thriving town, but without a railroad. Consequently Bulger picked up bag and baggage and moved to Darby. The moving was done by the use of traction road engines and horses, all of the buildings being placed on wagon trucks and wheeled over the frozen prairie to the railroad.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Shakespeare.

Others abide our question. Thou art free,  
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,  
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Sparest but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foiled searching of mortality;  
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honor'd, self-secure,  
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so!  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,  
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.  
—Matthew Arnold.

Philomela.

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!  
The tawny-throated!  
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!  
What triumph! hark—what pain!  
O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, Old-World pain—  
Say, will it never heal?  
And can this fragrant lawn  
With its cool trees, and night,  
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
And moonshine, and the dew,  
To thy rack'd heart and brain  
Afford no balm?  
Dost thou tonight behold  
Herc, through the moonlight on this English grass,  
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?  
Dost thou again peruse  
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes  
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?  
Dost thou once more assay  
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,  
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change  
Once more, and once more seem to make resound  
With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?  
Listen, Eugenia—  
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!  
Again—thou hearest!  
Eternal Passion!  
Eternal Pain!  
—Matthew Arnold.

From the Hymn of Empedocles.

Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoy'd the sun,  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;  
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes;  
That we must feign a bliss  
Of doubtful future date,  
And while we dream on this  
Lose all our present state,  
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?  
Not much, I know, you prize  
What pleasures may be had,  
Who look on life with eyes  
Estranged, like mine, and sad:  
And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you;  
Who's loth to leave this life  
Which to him little yields:  
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,  
His often-labor'd fields;  
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.  
But thou, because thou hear'st  
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate;  
Because the gods thou fear'st  
Fail to make blest thy state,  
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are.  
I say, Fear not! life still  
Leaves human effort scope.  
But, since life teems with ill,  
Nurse no extravagant hope.  
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.  
—Matthew Arnold.

About twenty miles up the valley from Peking are some thirty coal mines, of which one is possibly worthy the name. They are still being operated by the Chinese in the way of their forefathers, which consists of making a slanting hole in the ground, into which a man crawls with a pick and basket. Such a method can not carry the shaft to any depth and is utterly unable to cope with water (says the *Continent*). As a consequence, most of the mines have been filled with water for the past century and the coal is worthless. One successful mine, managed by an Englishman, employs about 300 Chinese, who need constant supervision to see that they do the work, to watch that they do not injure themselves in the machinery and to keep them from walking off with the plant. The first lot of steel fittings that arrived was stolen and all work had to be discontinued until a new supply could be obtained from England. How to keep the men from stealing all the coal has been the most difficult problem. Now and then the neighbors come by night to "inspect" the works, and but for the vigilance of two Sikh watchmen and three dogs, many a morning would reveal a greatly reduced plant. The watchmen break their sticks over the heads of the interested neighbors and the manager locates the offenders in the morning by the nature of their bumps.

The *Contra Costa*, the largest ferryboat in the world, now being built by the Southern Pacific Company at its shipyards at Oakland, will soon go into service as a companion of the *Solano*, doing the same sort of work, transporting at each trip one or more passenger trains across half a mile of deep water at Carquinez Strait. The *Contra Costa* will be apparently a twin sister of the *Solano*, but will measure slightly larger. Her length will be 433 feet 4 inches and her width 116 feet.



## A VILLAGE PLAY.

## Rural Stagecraft in Wordsworth's Grasmere "Hamlet."

Somewhere among the relics gathered on many a literary pilgrimage—a fir-cone from Thoreau's resting-place in "Sleepy Hollow" at Concord, a sprig of ivy from the walls of George Herbert's church at Bemerton, a fragment of stone from the "busy mill" of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"—is still hoarded the bunch of withered daisies plucked long years since from the grave of Wordsworth in Grasmere churchyard. That link with a far-off visit to the Lake District recalls a few spring days of unalloyed delight—days of balmy airs and early flowers and the awakening bird minstrelsy of another year. It was too soon in the season for the tourist, the coach from Windermere to Ambleside bore no other passenger; the hotels and inns were deserted; on silent mountain and in peaceful valley the only folk abroad were the sons and daughters of the Westmoreland dales. And so one could pass from shrine to shrine, from the homes which sheltered genius in life to the quiet graves which covered its ashes in death, with nothing to distract the train of meditative thought.

And now, after so long an interval, another memory of the Grasmere village has been superimposed upon those recollections, for in the closing days of last week I journeyed to the Lake District once more on quite a different errand. The occasion was the annual performance of what is known as the Grasmere Dialect Play, which, for the discerning, is a rarer attraction than the famous August athletic meeting of the village and of even greater interest than its annual rushbearing festival.

One of the most suggestive features of the Grasmere dramatic season is that it is representative of a growing effort to brighten the village life of England. That movement is in a different category than the Thomas Hardy plays at Dorchester, for those entertainments owe their inspiration to the adjacency of the novelist's country home and are given in a town which is frequently visited by theatrical companies. The villages of England, varying in population from three to six or seven hundred, are in a far worse case than the country towns. Once the harvest is over and the long evenings set in, there is nothing to break the monotony of daily life through the dreary winter months. Hence the exodus of the younger generations to the great cities and the question of how to solve the problem of "back to the land." In recent years, however, efforts have been made to provide rural districts with some of the intellectual delights of the town, notably by the Village Historical Play Society which encourages the mimetic instinct of peasant children by loaning them for a small fee such plays and properties as will enable them to portray the life of Alfred the Great, the exploits of St. George, or the overthrow of the Spanish Armada.

Although incidentally attaining the same result of imparting brightness to the winter life of the village, the ladies of Grasmere who superintend the dialect play of that hamlet have a somewhat different purpose in view. They wish to preserve not only the quaint speech of the Westmoreland dalesfolk, but also to foster those traits of character which have made them so attractive in the past—their quiet undemonstrative ways, their unflinching tenderness towards children, and their generous helpfulness of each other. Consequently the plays themselves have nothing to do with St. George and the Dragon, or with Alfred and his burnt cakes, or with Spanish enemies and British heroes, but are instead actual transcripts of Westmoreland village life and depict such human tragedies or comedies as might have transpired in any valley farmhouse or mountain-side cottage. The plays, too, are also native to the soil in costumes, properties, and authorship. Written by Miss Eleanor Simpson, a resident of the village, they are staged and costumed by rural handicraft, for the accessories are such as figure in the daily lives of the players and the dresses such as they wear year in and out.

These simple elements, however, did not detract from the effectiveness and appeal of last week's performance of Miss Simpson's "Second Thoughts," a play in four acts which set forth how a farmer's daughter, Dinah Martindale, solved the problem with which she was faced on her father's death. Out of affection for that father's memory and with the characteristic pride of a daleswoman, Dinah decides to continue the farm which has been so long tilled by her ancestors, but speedily discovers the task to be a heavier burden than she anticipated. Not only are there crops to be planned in due succession, and animals to be bought and sold, and accounts to be kept, but, in the absence of a male head, the men servants grow lax and lie abed when they should be out in the fields. Faced with all these difficulties, Dinah at length resolves that the only thing for her to do is to marry, and in looking around for a useful husband decides that the elderly Gawin, her father's right-hand man, would be most suitable for the position.

But there are two obstacles in the way: Gawin himself and his young nephew Kit. Gawin is shy of women, has, in fact, lived so long in bachelor freedom that he has no desire to change his state, and it is only after much cogitation and infinite persuasion on Dinah's part that he consents to become her husband, a consent no sooner given than repented. This is the juncture at which Kit appears on the scene, returned from New

Zealand whither he had gone in despair of his love for Dinah, and is naturally unhealed again at the new direction of affairs. But by Christmas, when Kit comes back to the dale from the distant farm where he had sought employment, Gawin has worked his way to his "second thoughts" and resolved that he and his nephew shall change places so far as Dinah is concerned. Now, however, Dinah is obstinate; she will not listen to "such mak o' talk" as Kit's wooing; but when he explains that his uncle has sent him Dinah, too, comes to realize that "second thoughts" are best.

Such was the homely, almost trite, story of the play, and yet, by reason of its epigrammatic dialogue, the natural sincerity of the players, the fitness of its rural background, and the adroit introduction of local manners and customs, it proved more absorbing in interest and richer in humor than many a pretentious drama staged and acted with all the resources of the best professionalism. The first act, for example, provided an opportunity for depicting the preparations for that rushbearing festival for which Grasmere is renowned, a festival which has its origins, it is thought, in the *Floralia* of the ancient Romans, and introduces a picturesque procession of village children laden with fresh rushes for the church floor. For those familiar with the unique literary history of the Lake District that interlude revived the memory of those distant days when such another procession was followed to the church by William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Thomas de Quincey.

And the second act accentuated one's recollections of the "Opium Eater," for that introduced a realistic village auction such as he described a century ago as being an occasion which would inevitably bring together all the women of a dozen valleys. That interpolated incident, during which the auctioneer lived up to his traditional part as a rustic humorist and something of a tippler who was allowed to take liberties with and make jokes at all the bidders, was carried out in such high spirits and with so plentiful a supply of genuine antiques that it might easily have passed muster for an actual sale. From that boisterous scene there was a welcome transition in the last act to the decorating of the farmhouse kitchen for the Yuletide festival, with its accessories of holly and mistletoe and garlands of colored paper and massive logs for the fire, the reminiscent pathos of which was made all the more poignant by the climax which showed Gawin seated alone by the dying embers on the hearth. "Well," he murmurs in the dialect of the dales, "ah kna they reckon there's nea fule like an auld fule, but to my way o' thinking I've acted verra sensible, and we've all acted verra sensible, on second thoughts."

Passing out of the little hall into the quiet village causeway, where, on either hand, arose the dim forms of the Westmoreland Mountains, one heard naught save the liquid voice of the River Rotha and recalled the ambition of Arnold of Rugby that his bones might rest in Grasmere churchyard to the music of that stream's deep and quiet pools. The great schoolmaster, however, dearly as he loved his Grasmere home, was laid to rest elsewhere, and the lot he wished for himself fell to Wordsworth, whose modest grave is close by the Rotha's brink and thus set amid the landscape of those dalesfolk of whom he was the poet and who by their simple plays are striving to preserve the sincerity of their rural nature. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, January 24, 1912.

West Philadelphia holds the only statue of Charles Dickens in the world (says the *Philadelphia Press*). Hardly ever is a passing glance given by hurrying pedestrians to this monument of bronze and granite, depicting the great writer seated and looking lovingly down upon the upturned head of "Little Nell," the child of his brain. The monument is a bronze group by E. Edwin Elwell, the famous sculptor, and was purchased several years ago by the city branch of the Fairmount Park Art Association. It had been intended to grace the great Central Free Library Building that is now planned as one of the buildings along the Parkway. While it was lying unused Clark Park was opened and the statue was mounted there.

The few survivors of the Litchfield County, Connecticut, tribe of Schaghticoke Indians own 300 acres of land and five houses, valued at \$3000, besides a little personal property. They subsist by selling potatoes and other products, cutting railroad ties and wood and working on neighboring farms. The tribe is reduced to ignorance and poverty as a result of leading shiftless lives and by intermarriage and mixtures of races. The great event at the reservation is the annual rattlesnake hunt in the spring, when the paleface joins in the sport and furnishes all the whisky antidote needed.

Petoskey, Michigan, is doing all in its power to encourage the leap-year idea. The electric company offers to wire free of charge the house of the first couple married on the 29th, provided a sworn statement that the bride proposed is made. One justice will marry "leap-year couples" on any day this month in the parlor of his home, and will furnish music.

Odder, a place of some 4000 inhabitants in Denmark, still refuses to allow the motor car to use its roads. Motorists passing through the town have to procure a horse to draw their cars through the streets, and those guilty of contraventions of this regulation are heavily fined.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Bucas, the French artist whose paintings when bought by M. Quittner and signed by him won their new owner honors at the salons where the original painter failed even to get them accepted, has succeeded in regaining twenty-nine of the pictures.

Mrs. John B. Henderson, pioneer of the vegetarian dinner in the exclusive set in Washington, is giving a series of nut luncheons and vegetable luncheons complimentary to debutantes. Everything is made either of nuts or vegetables, and there are usually twelve courses.

Dr. Edgar Jones, M. R. C. S., the oldest doctor in England, and probably in the world, has just entered his 103d year, at his residence at Great Burstead, Essex. Dr. Jones is also a magistrate, and next month will begin his sixty-first year as a member of the bench.

Myron T. Herrick, former governor of Ohio, who has accepted the ambassadorship to France, is by profession a lawyer, highly educated, of broad ideas, and is possessed of a fortune amply sufficient to enable him to maintain the embassy in Paris in its accustomed fashion.

Walter Damrosch, who has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday, has been active as an orchestral conductor since 1885. Forty years of his life have been spent in this country. He has been longest associated with the New York Symphony Orchestra, his conductorship of which goes back twenty-seven years.

Miss Felicia Lyne, the American girl who has taken London by storm by her singing at Hammerstein's Opera House, proves that a tendency to stoutness is not the invariable fashion in prima donnas. Miss Lyne, who is twenty-one years old, weighs ninety-eight pounds, and is five feet, one inch in height.

Miss Pearl Chandler, the first woman to enter the farm management class at the University of Missouri College of Agriculture, is making a specialty of stock raising and crop production. She was born twenty years ago on a farm, and owns a productive place of 130 acres, which she is fitting herself to manage scientifically.

Miss Fay Kellogg, New York's first successful woman architect, earns \$8000 a year designing comfortable houses for women to live in. She studied her profession in Paris and New York, and not only can design a house but is a capable carpenter and steamfitter. She has done all the work of building a house just to prove that she can do it.

Lewis J. Spence, who has been appointed to succeed J. C. Stubbs, one of the ablest heads of the Harriman lines, began his work with the Southern Pacific as a stenographer when seventeen years old. He worked himself up in the traffic department until he became general Eastern freight agent. In recent years he has been assistant to Mr. Stubbs.

A. D. Fowler, a Hardin, Missouri, man, has submitted to the razor and shears for the first time in thirty years, the result of a vow that he would never again shave or cut his hair until Hardin became a prohibition town. At the recent city election the town voted "dry" for the first time in nearly a third of a century, and Fowler happily sought out a barber.

Henry Dorman, for whom effort is being made to obtain a special pension of \$72 a month, is 112 years of age, supposedly the oldest survivor of the Civil War. He enlisted in the Seventh Michigan Cavalry in 1863, took part in various campaigns, and was wounded in the advance on Richmond. After the war he settled in Missouri. At present he receives a pension of \$40 a month. Dorman is bedridden and helpless.

Joseph Leete, probably the best-known Englishman in the older Paris commercial circles, recently celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as head of the firm of Joseph Leete & Sons (Limited), of London. He founded the firm in 1852, when he was only twenty-one years of age. At the age of eighty-one he is still a vigorous worker, thoroughly abreast of the times, enjoying the business activity of the present day. In 1881 the French government conferred on him the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Joseph Cagaris, who has just been made a commendatore by the King of Italy, receiving the highest honor which the king can bestow upon a person not of royal blood, is a prominent member of the San Francisco Italian colony. He came to California in 1870 and engaged in the drug business. The decoration was conferred upon him because of the valuable work he has done in San Francisco on behalf of his countrymen. He is now in Turin, Italy, representing the Italians of California at the Turin Exposition.

Franklin Simmons, the American sculptor who has returned to America after forty-three years spent in Italy, says art has declined in Europe in the last twenty-five years, except in England. Artists, he states, are "insane in the search for originality and novelty." He was born in Lewiston, Maine, in 1839. During the winter of 1865-6 he had sittings in Washington from Admirals Farragut and Porter, and Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and others. He has executed one hundred portrait busts in marble, in addition to many public monuments. The King of Italy knighted him in 1898.



## THE LEDGERS OF DESIRE.

## And An Omission.

In twenty years he had not spent a single nickel without carefully computing the effect of such extravagance. In that time not a dollar had gone out at one time except in the routine channels which brought the flat essentials of his existence. He had never had a spree, mental or physical; as a result, the capacity for merrymaking was almost atrophied. In its stead he had only a pride that his widowed mother could, at eighty, do their modest housework—now and then, it is true, helped by the janitor's wife—and fit together the jigsaw puzzle of bills and a sixty-five-dollar salary.

The human craving for a bit of salt in life had not been entirely obliterated, however. In twenty years even the most unimaginative of persons will come across mention of things to covet, or see them in show windows. And Henry was not the most unimaginative of persons.

Many things had appealed to him, aside from the perpetual ephemeral attraction of the theatre. Books, for instance: he had always wanted books. When he was a youth he had seen a print of a man of books in his library, with stacks and rows ranging in a perspective which, as years passed, lengthened in Henry's mind till the pictured library extended for blocks. When he first saw the picture, Henry had said: "When I am fifty I will have a library like that. There will be many sets in it—Dickens, of course, and Thackeray. But there'll be others, too. I think my taste, if developed, would show great catholicity."

And at fifty the only library of which Henry ever saw the inside was a big room of great stacks and rows, but the books were not his. He had come by then to take little zest in reading from the stores of the Free Public Library. For smouldering away in a corner of his soul—he always thought of it as being located on the right side, just under the eighth rib—was a spark to light the enthusiasm of a collector. By repression, he knew the pleasure of owning.

Then there were Chinese curios. Not ordinary curios, but Chinese, specialized. Thanks to the public library, he knew a bit of the collector's technic, and wandering through stores, even in the face of clerkly disapprobation, is instructive and delightful. From thousands of glances and hundreds of casual pickings-up for a moment's examination—always with ostensible curiosity about the price as a foil to salesmen's interruptions—he knew much about such bric-à-brac.

There is an art to all things, even clog dancing, and each man has the inalienable right to cherish a familiarity with one study. Thus Henry reasoned and preserved his self-respect through years of unpurchasing investigation.

As if books and curios, or one or the other, were not enough, Henry was a student of precious stones. Not all stones: he had selected a cheap one for his own in the days when the semi-precious seemed well for a beginning. As for possession, he had never achieved the first step, but he might have had the world's supply of amethysts cornered if knowledge were money. He knew the principal sources, their relative importance, and the value of the production of each region for each of many years. He knew the manners of cutting, and for his fellow-clerks would sometimes illustrate the different fashions with queer faceted drawings, with a bit of history or an anecdote of some specimen known among lapidaries thrown in.

If Henry had ever had a dollar or two for a necessary extravagance his desires would have been curtailed. The breadth of his interests had its cause in their lack of gratification. One book, a single jewel or carving, and he would have been a disgruntled collector with the meagerest of gatherings, instead of a student with the whole field open to him.

But with what wonderful power of pertinacity did he buoy interest through long discouragement, nourishing hope in hopelessness?

He kept lists.

The list is not for prosperity. It is a bulwark of faith in dark days, whether days for a month or for a generation. Here is your list, there is the desired object. Enter the name of the latter on the list, say presto, and your soul is eased. A glow of the possessor's pride comes over you and as you contemplate the first stage passed you forget the difference between "This is mine" and "This will be mine."

Henry, a bookkeeper, was methodical, and he kept his lists as carefully as the firm's books. There were journals and ledgers, and occasionally they were audited and verified and had their balances struck. Raking over his lists was Henry's diversion. He carried a special pocket-book for field notes. These, at home, were transferred to their proper lists: one for books and another for curios and another for amethysts.

In this manner, economy of space being essential, Henry had scope for all the discrimination of the true judge. No ordinary titles went into the "Books to Buy." No common bit of bamboo or imitation art nouveau pendant attained a line.

When last on earth Henry must have been a monk of literary tastes, for all his bookkeeping training could not have inculcated the scrivener's love lavished on his lists, with their rubrics in red business ink and the big trial-balance of their graded calligraphy. In these notebooks Henry worked with love at details which, required at the office, would have produced a sense of patient irritation. In them were focused the relaxations that had given a bit of edge to a dull life.

Sometimes in the evening, sometimes of a Sunday or holiday, Henry would work his way through a section of the real library, choosing editions and bindings for the library of his imagination. Or the curio shops and the jewelers' windows would draw him from the cheap cross street with his mother. She seldom accompanied him, though, because octogenarians should ride and carfare was scarce; Henry always walked.

Parenthetically, he should have lived in Greenwich Village, to preserve the fitness of surroundings, but his home was in Harlem.

Henry was thinking of the three lists and how they had retained their virginity, from long habit wondering rather casually if a single check would ever be placed against one item, when he put his hand upon the crowd-polished stanchion at the bottom of the L station stairs and pivoted toward his destination.

That day, in the sultry July dusk, even Harlem had achieved a beauty in the tints of humidity. The fat sun, looking apoplectic after his journey on so hot a day, as he glanced along the cross street tinted the old-fashioned brownstone fronts, the banners of departed pretentiousness, with a glow that merged into mauve and amethyst over toward the river, where the atmosphere was banked visibly.

Henry noted particularly the amethyst. These summer shadows of light, though never entered on a list, were one of his riches.

As he stood under the slant of the stairway, the crowd with which he had got off the express scurried by, each one eager as a horse that knows the stable is near. Still Henry waited, till a train's rumble overhead brought a fresh clatter of feet on the platform.

For many years Henry had made it a point to walk with his head erect. It was one of those minor ideas which beset sedentary people in particular and develop into habits. Holding up his chin had helped Henry to keep his self-respect. But now, for no special reason save perhaps the reaction from the suggestive amethyst tones of the sky, he looked down.

Right at his feet was a bill—soiled and worn with much crumpling, but none the less five dollars.

He picked it up. It was the first time in his life he had found money: it was the first time in many years he had had a bill whose disposition was not decided long beforehand by domestic necessity.

Henry glanced around: no one was near, no one was eyeing him. The bookback across the sidewalk was looking the other way. The shop fronts gave no hint of a request for restitution. The lamp post was no more oblivious than the rest of the scene.

In a moment's heitation, Henry thought of appealing to the bootblack or the greengrocer on the corner. He even took half a step from the curb, but thought better of it and put the bill in his wallet. He contented himself with a word to John, the lame paper-seller under the L, diagonally across the street.

"Has any one told you of losing any money, John?" "Good-evening, sir; no, sir. No one aint said nothin' to me. Did yeh find any?"

Henry assumed a tone to indicate that five dollars more or less was little to him—though John knew better—or that he was accustomed to find a bill every week. "Oh, it isn't much," he said. "Maybe I'll run across the owner."

The last sentence, though undeniably true, was a concession to convention. Henry would have been glad to find the loser, but he was not anxious to. For the bill had revived thoughts of his lists.

The human mind is, on the whole, not adapted to grasping tremendous things in the first instant of knowledge. The overshadowing stuns. Full realization comes only with the perspective of time. It was not until Henry had walked half down the block and was turning into the cryptic entrance of his flat house that he recognized the full import of his luck.

After many years, he was now in a position to check at least one item from his lists.

That night's dinner was the same as any other to Henry's mother, but only because age blunts the powers of observation. Henry's preoccupation resembled the silent self-sufficiency of those who have lived long: he ate mechanically, from the time he sat down saying not a word till his mother remarked, "Henry, don't you like your bread pudding? You're not eating it."

He had not told her of the five dollars. It was just as well: frivolity was long past her, and the spending of so unusual a sum would have been only a care. Besides, though her outward attitude was that of the scoffer, she secretly sympathized with her son's lists.

Frequently Henry helped his mother wash the dishes, but scullery work was hers alone that evening. He threw back a corner of the tablecloth, put on his eyeshade, and brought out the list books from his handkerchief drawer with something of the solemnity of a rite. For this, he told himself, was the night of nights.

Before he opened the three lists, he sat gazing at them in a reverie which ceased only when his mother flounced the tablecloth away with a silent intimation of her pretended scorn for "such foolishness."

Henry opened the books.

Twenty lines to the page, each line had its item. He counted them: the book list, five pages and three lines; the curios, three pages and fourteen lines; the amethysts, just four pages. Two hundred and fifty-seven items. And only one to be chosen!

Not for a long while had he counted up the total cost of his desires: that course threw him into reality with too much of a shock and he had come to spare himself the ache. But now it seemed fit. He started. Books first: eight dollars, and five is thirteen, and seven-fifty

is twenty and a half; twelve and a half makes it—

The column of figures grew till the turning of the third page, and then Henry stopped. The partial total of the books alone shouted hopelessness.

He turned to the items themselves. Of each he knew the history: he remembered the book or the carving as it had looked, and he saw again the first memorandum of it he had made. Then the loose sheets he had used till he began to keep the lists in books, fifteen years before, appeared in front of him, neatly stacked as he had kept them. Each line represented one of the impressions which had brought more joy than regret—which above all had brought interest. They were the records of distinction between man and animal.

In the turning of a page his eye caught pet entries:

Percy's Reliques: Ballad Edition; 1889; \$5.  
Ring, amethyst, circa 1850; at Kone's, 3rd ave.  
Bamboo head, Kei-Wi; at Lee Hing's.

What hope now of getting that amethyst ring, well as he remembered it, or the bamboo head? And the coveted Reliques—was there by now no edition more worthy?

He turned to the back of the book list. There, outlined in words, was the idea of a bookplate: would it not be better to get that first and the library afterwards? Or the amethyst brooch he had seen only the other day, and (somewhat disingenuously) had thought would look especially well at his mother's throat. Or the little god Buddha in the lacquer shrine, which he had looked at so many times last year.

Desires crowded one another, trooping fast from the lists, till Henry almost put his hand to his pocket to protect the five-dollar bill till decision was made. Under his eyeshade he closed his eyes to check the war of his modest ambitions.

In the dark, he pictured one purchase made, and saw then the disheartening contrast between his hopes and what the actuality must be. The Reliques lying on the little table in the front room, side by side with a pile of old newspapers and his mother's almanac. And the brooch—that demanded a setting of fine lace: how would it look on the old best dress his mother clung to? Or the Buddha: an ivory god in a lacquer shrine, a thing to delight the heart and touch the imagination, perhaps touch something more profound—could that be set on the mantel of imitation bird's-eye maple, between the crockery whose removal would wound his mother?

With these reflections there came another of greater scope. There were so many things on the lists, things which meant much, and only one among the least to be had for five dollars. If one were bought, what then?

On this Henry thought for some time. He saw in a new way all the lists held for him, how they monopolized his recreation and lightened his drudgery. They were the keystone, the only object his life held save caring for his mother and keeping up an existence. In them was embodied his scheme of things. And to purchase only one item would rob him of the wide field which was his in its entirety only because a meagre part was not his alone. The spell would be broken.

Yet to give up hope now, when casting away the sole opportunity he had had seemed final surrender?

Henry went to the window. Outside there were no amethyst tones now. The street lamps sparkled, and to his window there came a summer's evening's buzz from stoops and entries and the cries of children. Down the block little boys and girls were playing about a bonfire on the asphalt.

There was another sound, too: the popping of firecrackers. Tomorrow was the Fourth. The noise recalled to Henry that there was a holiday ahead.

Across the street a boy of ten was searching the gutter for unexploded crackers. Henry watched him listlessly, glad to find a minute's occupation in the sight.

The lad was in luck; one pocket was beginning to show fullness and much unexplored territory of curbing lay ahead.

The thoughts of the elderly man in the window turned from the boy across the street to another boy of this same city, who many years before had known the joy of crackers. The child of memory had hunted in the gutters, too.

Henry saw himself of childhood standing before a show window. Not a modern display place of plate glass, but a dingier window with small warped panes. Behind these were piles and rows of firecrackers, rockets stacked like arms, and pretentious display pieces. The lad inspecting them wistfully takes a scrap of paper from his pocket and with a bit of pencil begins a catalogue for use the next year.

"Next year has never come," thought Henry. "That was my first list."

His mind reverted to the lists in the dining-room, with their problem insoluble save with an invitation to a barren future.

"And the fireworks were the very first item of all," he repeated. "The first. . . Why not—why not check off the first!"

The thought, a solution after all, exhilarated him. He walked briskly to the dining-room and looked fondly at the three books on the table. They were safe: not a bit of their interest would they lose.

He took his hat.

To his mother's question he replied, "I'll just be gone a minute, mother. I'm going to check off an item on an old list. I'm going to buy some firecrackers."

Henry hummed as he skipped down the stairs.

M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1912.



## BERNSTEIN TRIES AGAIN.

## The Parisian Playwright and His Apologia.

Nearly a year ago I had to record the first failure of Henry Bernstein. It will be remembered, however, that that failure had no relation to the play with which the disaster was associated. "Après Moi" was as compact and telling a piece of stagecraft as either "The Thief" or "Samson"; it was withdrawn from the Comédie Française—the first of Bernstein's plays to be acted in that historic house—because its presentation coincided with the determination of the Camelots du Roi to make the author suffer for that early indiscretion which led him to desert from the army that he might enjoy the society of another man's wife. His enemies ignored the fact that he had publicly expressed his regret for his grave youthful folly and had given himself up to the military authorities; they wanted revenge for his run of unbroken success, and his first appearance at the Comédie Française gave them the opportunity for which they had waited.

But Bernstein has many friends as well as enemies, and their recollection of the turbulent scenes of last year filled them with anxiety as to what would happen at the Gymnase on Friday night. It has been known for weeks that a new Bernstein play was in rehearsal, and hence the Camelots had ample time in which to prepare their plans and they determined to repeat the tactics which led to the withdrawal of "Après Moi." It seems, however, that the Camelots and anti-Semites are content to rest on their laurels; for both the *répétition générale* and the first performance of "L'Assaut" passed off not only without any disturbance, but with an enthusiasm notable even in the annals of Bernstein first nights.

And this is all the more remarkable when one considers the nature of the play by which the dramatist has put his fortune to the test. All his friends and admirers were agreed that after the scandalous event of last year it was more than ever necessary for him to secure an unquestioned triumph; no half-hearted victory would meet the critical situation; he would have to secure success all along the line to wipe out the memory of "Après Moi." Bernstein himself was as conscious of this as his most devoted friend, and yet he elected to deal with a theme more dangerous than any other for a playwright in his position. He decided, in fact, to challenge the public with an apologia, much as Rousseau courted failure or victory by penning his Confessions. But the dramatist has shown far greater courage than the sentimentalist; for while Rousseau left his Confessions to be published after his death Bernstein has given the world his apologia at the crisis of his lifetime.

Up to the time of writing, however, none of the critics have awakened to the fact that "L'Assaut" is really a page of its author's life. The title, "The Attack," would, it might have been thought, have given them the clew, for the conspiracy of last year was surely an attack on the character and fame of the dramatist. Of course Bernstein has not reproduced that incident in a direct or literal manner; he has not, that is, made his hero a playwright and staged his conflict in a theatre; but the underlying thought of his new play squares exactly with his own experience expressed in the terms of political instead of theatrical ambition.

An outline of the story will make this obvious. The hero, then, is a widower of fifty-three, Alexandre Merital by name, who is on the eve of realizing the ideal he has kept before him for many years. He is a politician, and, like all French politicians, has long set his mind on the premiership or at least the portfolio of a minister. And now he has reached the critical stage of his career. By persuasive oratory and an attractive programme he has won the enthusiasm of the masses and is clearly a first favorite for the highest office in the ministry. But intrigue is at work among his colleagues, one of whom is also aiming at the premiership, and this rival determines to ruin Merital's chances by muck-raking. He discovers, then, that thirty years earlier Merital, then newly married and poor, was involved in the theft of four thousand francs, and he prevails upon a journalist friend to print a sensational account of the incident. It is needless to describe the adroit method taken by Merital to dispose of this charge so far as the public is concerned; let it suffice that he is able to checkmate his rival and re-establish his character with the outer world.

But there is the heroine to be reckoned with. Renée de Rould, a beautiful and altogether charming young woman of twenty-five, has fallen hopelessly in love with Merital. She might easily have made a conquest of the widower's son, a handsome young fellow of her own age, but her choice has fallen on the father and she will not listen to his vicarious wooing in behalf of his son. Merital explains to Renée that his affection for her is purely paternal, but it is all in vain, and in the end the widower is captivated in spite of himself and is betrothed to Renée. But what of his honor? That has been publicly vindicated, it is true; he has not only silenced his rival for the premiership, but turned the tables on him so effectively that he will no longer be a candidate for the coveted position; but his own name is ill at ease, for the charge of theft was never all! Hence Merital's struggle with himself. He elects to know no more than the man in the street; she has read Merital's vindication in the papers and rejoiced in it; but can he, her future husband, accept her great love and devotion on such false terms?

No passage of the play was more tense than that in which Merital argued out this problem with himself and finally resolved to tell Renée the truth. That confession was another incident of absorbing interest, for the audience listened as spellbound as Renée to the story of how Merital, after being reared in luxury, found himself in dire poverty with a sick wife whom he could not supply with the dainties which were necessary to her life. And so he stole the money for her sake. But that was not all. Remorse followed, and in its trail the resolve to repay the money, a determination which was at length achieved, to be succeeded by that successful career of which he was about to reap the result by becoming premier of his native land.

Such, in brief, is the story of "L'Assaut." Those playgoers who are familiar with the Bernstein technic as illustrated by "The Thief" and "Samson" will be able to read between the lines and imagine the telling dialogue, the surprises, and the arresting situations which contributed to the overwhelming effect of the play. And in this instance, too, no reliance is placed on those sexual complications which are deemed inseparable from the French drama and have not been absent from previous Bernstein plays. "L'Assaut" is clean and wholesome from start to finish; love is not lacking, but it is love transfused and seen in conflict not with lust but with fame. And even in that strife love proves the victor. For it should be added that the climax is as much a surprise as the development of the story, inasmuch as Merital abandons all his political ambitions and decides to devote himself to his wife and children. No doubt that touch was introduced to heighten the hero's character by making him keep faith with the public as well as Renée, even though that public did not know the truth.

What is all this but a Bernstein apologia? If the dramatist, as is the case, has planned and written with more force and sincerity than ever before, the explanation lies in the fact that he has translated into the terms of his craft the keenest experiences of his own life. He, too, like Merital, offended in his early manhood, and he, too, has done his best to make amends. Surely even the Camelots will forgive him now. If any of those turbulent spirits were in the Gymnase on Friday night their enmity must have been softened if not by the story of the play then by the art with which it was presented. As may be imagined, it was a difficult theme to portray, but Mlle. Lély as Renée and Lucien Guitry as Merital were fully equal to the exacting demands of the hour, the former playing with unflinching sympathy and charm and the latter drawing without stint on all his marvelous resources.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, February 6, 1912.

The X-rays have been surpassed as a means of studying the internal anatomy of man and animals. That is the practical result of a new discovery by Professor Kari Werner Spalteholz, who saturates with various essential oils the bones and tissues to be examined, with the result that they become transparent. In this way every detail of the structure, the interior of the bones, the nerves and blood-vessels, etc., can be seen in all their wonderful ramifications and beauty. The X-rays merely enable the various tissues to be seen as a more or less defined dark mass, with the bones as well-defined opaque shadows. The difference between the two processes is that, while the X-rays can be used for studying living tissues, Professor Spalteholz's method has, up to now, been limited to dead animals and parts of animals. It now, therefore, remains to discover a way in which these strong oils can be injected, without injury, into the living tissues to make possible the illumination of the various organs of our anatomy, to the great advance of medical science. As it is, a great advantage accrues to science from Professor Spalteholz's system, for it reveals the anatomy of tissues in a perfect manner, and thus obviates the necessity of dissection for the making of a thorough examination. Hitherto in the case of a death from heart disease, for instance, the heart has had to be dissected to see the exact changes which had taken place. Henceforth, all that is necessary will be that the heart shall be treated with the essential oils, when it will become possible to look through it and study it as a whole. Further, the whole skull, so treated, can be studied without dissecting.

One of the greatest discoveries of science is due to observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. It was found that when the earth was in the part of its orbit nearest to Jupiter these eclipses occurred sixteen minutes earlier than when it was in the farthestmost part; whereas by all rules of astronomy they should have occurred at the same minute each time. It was deduced from this that light was not instantaneous, and consequently took sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, a distance of about two hundred million miles, thus giving to light a velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, which was accurately shown later by other experiments.

Down in the lower part of the eastern shore of Maryland is the town of Crisfield, the greatest market in the world for soft-shell crabs. They are shipped as far west as Seattle. Crisfield is not a big place, and it is estimated that at least 75 per cent of its population is engaged in fishing. Claim is made that practically all the soft-shell crabs sold in this country are caught within a radius of ten miles of Crisfield.

## CHESTERTON AND THE WIDER CHOICE.

From Tolstoy to the trend of modern society, and from the sciences of industrialism to "the new wife," is not a wide range for G. K. Chesterton to skim in a single essay. No other essayist could do it with more airy grace, more seeming absence of effort, or with a keener eye for the poppies in the corn. Witness this, from his page in the current number of the London *Illustrated News*, though it is only fair to say that it includes but one phase of his comment:

In comparing Tolstoy with Rousseau and Ruskin, Dr. Soroela keeps his finger on a thread of thought that has run through all modern thinkers of any delicacy or originality. It is remarkable that nearly all the deeper modern sages have hated the trend of modern society: the trend towards factories, furnaces, the division of labor, and the sciences of industrialism. The Russians in their little communes (as Dr. Soroela says) have been democrats for centuries, and even democrats to excess—ignoring (he says) the individual. Yet in an excellent English weekly paper like the *Nation* one can find all this antithesis ignored. When it speaks of "The New Wife," it omits any possible doubt of modern civilization. Queerly enough, the *Nation* has put the two inconsistent views of women into a quite compact contradiction. There is no need to take a sentence here and another there, and separate them by dots, as usually happens in controversies about inconsistency. These two sentences really follow each other: "As woman goes out more freely into the world in her capacity as citizen and worker, she can no longer rest contented with the existing economic and social structure of family life. Her place in the family, by virtue both of her maternal capacity and her home-making arts, is more central than her husband's; and in both these capacities reasonable authority belongs to her."

The second sentence is quite true, and therefore the first sentence is quite false. When and where does a modern woman "go out more freely into the world in her capacity as citizen and worker"? The plain, staring fact is that the more she goes out as a worker, the less she goes out as a citizen. She goes out, but not more freely—much less freely. In shops and factories she is made to toe the line, to work monotonously at monotonous things, to do the same thing all day. Consider the case (let us say) of a girl typist attached to a wine-merchant's business. She probably writes twelve times a day the statement that a consignment of our best tawny port (old in the wood and probably the worst in the world) will be duly sent to Mr. Smith or Jones or Robinson, as ordered. Is she free? Is she one-half as free as her grandmother was? She is not half as free. The grandmother or great-grandmother made wines—out of anything she found in the garden. She was a creator, an artist. She made cow-slip-wine, and would have made mushroom-wine as soon as look at you. She made dandelion-tea; she would have made grass-tea on the slightest provocation. In other words, as the *Nation* excellently says, "she had the home-making arts." But these were much more the liberal arts than anything that has been put in their place. The wine she made may have been very dubious, or even dangerous. But I am considering the case of home-made wine from the point of view of those who make it, not of those who drink it. And I say without hesitation that to have a whole garden of plants out of which to make poisons (like the jolly old housekeeper) was a freer estate than that of writing letters about one monotonous poison, as in the wine-merchant's office.

The truth is that when the *Nation* and such organs talk about freedom for women they consider quite insufficiently what the nature of freedom is. Sometimes they appear to mean merely solitude, and sometimes mere participation in some male employment, whatever its nature may be. But solitude is not necessarily freedom; a man lost in a desert is really locked up in a desert as if he were locked up in a box. The size of the box is nothing so long as he wants to get out, but can not. And association with masses of miscellaneous people is not freedom, or slaves and convicts chained together in the galleys would be the models of comradeship and liberty. Freedom, in the only positive sense which gives it any value, is the possession of a wide range of choice; for choice is the primary condition of creativeness. Now, I doubt if any woman ever had less of this range of choice than the modern woman who works the typewriter or turns the sewing machine. And I doubt if any woman ever had more of such range of choice than the middle-class woman of our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' time—the woman who did a little in landscape and a little in housekeeping—a little in water-color and a little in wine.

As the question is between the old-fashioned woman and the new woman, so it is between the old Russian peasant and the new industrial clerk or mechanic of the great modern cities. Tolstoy stood for the Russian peasant, stolidly maintaining that he will outlast the industrial experiment. The peasant will last longer, because he is freer; because, under whatever political forms, he has been more accustomed to choosing, to taking one path through a wood rather than another; to joining one group of peasants rather than another; and he probably does this much more often than the clerk who "goes out freely" to run to catch a particular train and please a particular master. That is what we ought to have learnt from Tolstoy. Needless to say, we have learnt everything else.



## DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES.

An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days as Told by a Woman.

The author of "Intimacies of Court and Society" prefers to remain anonymous, but as we are told that she is the widow of an American diplomat and that her twenty years of official wanderings include five European capitals, Canada, and Washington, the process of identification should not be very difficult. She tells us that her record is that of a woman who has gone up and down the world among her friends and who now writes of her recollections of the men and women who are living out their lives as the rulers of nations. Unfortunately she leaves us still in doubt as to the extent to which a diplomat's wife shares in the political secrets of her husband. In this respect the author is either discretion personified or she has nothing to reveal. She does indeed tell us that after her husband's first royal interview she asked him anxiously, "And what did the king say?" and received the reply that his majesty had said several things, "but the principal one was that he had the finest baby boy ever born." But that can hardly be called a disclosure.

The author does not tell us the scene of her first state dinner except that it was at a court in the far north of Europe, but it was marked by a repartee from the Chinese ambassador that might have been foreseen:

The excitement had made me so tired that, after we reached the palace and stood waiting for the king and queen to enter, I said thoughtlessly to the Chinese ambassador, who was standing near, "I would drop dead if I had to stand this way with my feet bound like those of the women of your country." I remember that he surveyed me with the calm, impenetrable gaze of the Oriental, glancing then at a group of women in front of us, whose tiny waists were quite out of proportion to their shoulders, as he said quietly, "Do you think our custom of binding the feet more barbarous than yours of torturing the body with steel corsets like that?"

The clamor of the traveling American for court presentation could hardly escape comment from so unsparing an observer as the author. The wife of an American ambassador has sometimes a hundred applications for presentation and only two or three invitations at her command, and it need hardly be said that the politician and the millionaire are unable to understand the insufficiency of their credentials:

The wife of a full-fledged ambassador has always a list of women who want to be presented at court, and with the American ambassador's wife the list is a long one. It is not the American temperament to risk losing a thing by not asking for it, and with court presentations the wish is often so ardent that it becomes a prayer, and then a threat if there is political influence within reach.

The first man under whom we served had a rule that no married woman was to be presented who was in Europe without her husband. He and his wife were a charming old couple, as much in love after their golden wedding day as when they became engaged, and they said firmly, "A woman has no business being in Europe without her husband, unless she is over here for her health. And if she is ill, she has no business going to court." If we had had the courage of our convictions, we would have made the same rule, and, however medieval it seemed even then, a quarter of a century ago, to Americans, it could be easily enforced today, without protest, at almost any German or French embassy.

There is, says the author, a marked difference between the social requirements of Paris and of London. In London one must have individuality to succeed. In Paris conformity is the requisite. London likes to be shocked. Paris resents it:

To be shocked in London is fashionable. In Paris it is the most hateful of unfashionable things—middle-class. The Parisian never ceases to make merry over the comparison. The "Divine Sarah," like all actresses, is not received in Paris, but London, with its paradoxes, opens wide its doors to her as to all celebrated artists. A story which has lasted twenty years of telling relates to the time when she was asked to dine at an English house, and sent word ahead that she was bringing a friend. At the door the footman was ordered to announce, "Mademoiselle Bernhardt and her son." The man dropped dead, according to the tale, and the host fell into a fit of apoplexy.

A witty Frenchman once said that Paris was invented so that foreigners should know nothing of France. Both President Fallières and his wife are provincials and know very little of the Paris that is supposed to be typical of the country at large. Mme. Fallières can not talk of the Paris theatre; she never goes there. Nor of the opera, for she rarely occupies the presidential box. She does not read, and Bohemian Paris is a foreign land to her:

Very few of the monarchs who, for political reasons, come to Paris as guests of the government, have the art to take the initiative in supplying the amusement which the host and hostess of the Elysée are unable to give. But the young King of Spain, although often an official guest, never ceases to find entertainment. He is full of youth and good spirits, dashes about the streets in his automobile at breakneck speed, enjoys everything, and sees the humorous side to the most tiresome, pompous function. At a state dinner he once sat near a remarkably beautiful and attractive American woman, who diverted him so well that he told her he hoped to see her in Madrid some day. She replied that she hoped he would some day soon visit the United States. To this he said, wrinkling his forehead with gravity, but with a twinkle in his eyes, "But you know I couldn't possibly come for several years. I must stay at home with the queen and add to our family. It is our duty to the state."

Americans, we are told, enjoy an immense popularity in Italy, a popularity that they share with the rich, middle-class English:

There are about a dozen American princesses today in Rome, and almost as many more who were English; and I think it would be difficult to find a good-looking English or American girl with even a modest competence who has had a season there without at least one proposal to remain forever. The nobility are in themselves, like all Italians, the simplest, most unselfish people in the world; and while I am so staying in other cities for Thackeray and a new "Book of the Month" I remember no such times in Rome—except among the nobles or the English. One was at a large reception,

a few years ago, given by an Englishwoman, which I took in, in going down a list one spring afternoon. Inconspicuous and apparently untitled people were wandering aimlessly about uninvited and forlorn, while the hostess was saying, "Dear countess, do stay, the princess has promised to look in late."—"Dear, dear marquise, please don't go, the princess positively promised me she would come." And from the corner issued the well-known nasal twang of one of my countrywomen recently united to a scion of an ancient house, "He sez to me, sez he, marquise—" I caught something about "Louvre" and "art," and then, as I drew nearer, these words of wisdom, "But I sez, sez I, 'Count, after you've lived in Rome, you don't care for the art in the Louvre—that's what education does for you!'" Not being a countess or a marquise, I was allowed to find my unobtrusive way out fifteen minutes after I had entered, and met the princess going in, a genuine, intellectual woman, with whom I had many talks on subjects far deeper than snobs. She gave me an amused, flickering smile as she glanced in and whispered, "Are they all, all, English and Americans?"

The author's Italian recollections go back to the days of King Umberto, when Italy had small diplomatic importance and when the best American diplomats were sent elsewhere. One of these diplomats persistently asked the king how his "wife" was, "although at the time her majesty was not his wife in the real sense of the word—and the whole court knew it":

Queen Margherita was somewhat vain of her undeniable good looks, although the limbs were too short for the size of the head and figure, and she appeared well only when sitting down. Umberto's habit of neglecting his appearance was a trial to her, and when his stiff, wiry hair, standing straight over his head, had become very gray, she often tried to get him to dye it, sending into his dressing-room every dye upon the market. One day he had them all brought out, and shortly after her pet dog, a white Spitz, ran into her room perfectly black. The king followed, laughing at her dismay, and said, "You see, Margherita, I would look just as ridiculous."

The author gives us an extended picture of the Russian court, and an unpleasant picture it is, sinister, weird, and forbidding. We have a description of a ball at which the Czar was present. He walked about during the supper, "a slender, mild-eyed figure, low-voiced and sad-eyed":

Nicholas, in going from one room to another, created excitement and general unrest, however, for as soon as he approached a table, every one had to stand and enter into conversation if he intimated his desire to talk; the guests had to keep their eyes open to watch for his approach, and the servants, never knowing exactly where he was, were in constant terror of knocking into him. He would sometimes exchange a few words of greeting, and the courtiers would carefully impress upon you that his wonderful memory never allowed him ever to forget the name and nationality of a returning guest. But a diplomatic friend of mine, at one of these balls, was once favored by the imperial notice. "You have just arrived, I believe," said his majesty; "how do you like St. Petersburg?" "I like it very much, sire, but—I have been here for ten years!" confessed the diplomat.

Nicholas I used to pay impromptu visits to his friends and the ambassadors, especially when he had reason to believe that there would be good music, but to Nicholas II all such pleasures are unknown, and his isolation is almost complete:

Many blame the Czarina for the Czar's isolation. But the Czarina is not to blame. It was at one of the state balls, brilliant and magnificent in its prodigious display, a symbol of what vast wealth and limitless power could call forth, that an incident occurred which made us all remember the hissing, hideous serpent of revolution and anarchy coiled in the innermost recesses of the political life, a menace and a terror to the imperial family. All the guests were gathered, standing in complete silence as the doors were thrown open for the entrance of the sovereigns. Just as they stepped across the threshold, there was distinctly heard in the hushed room a sharp, unexpected *click-click*. It was only the electric light as an extra battery was turned on; but the empress uttered a cry, and the emperor staggered and turned deadly pale, while a moment of agonizing fear held the roomful of guests. "And yet a high Russian official said to me an hour later: 'There is no such a thing as public sentiment in Russia. Public opinion throughout the empire is controlled by less than four thousand people, three-fourths of whom are in this room tonight!' However, at the Hôtel d'Europe, when I was calling on some friends, an inoffensive old lady from Boston, with two débutante nieces, my attention was caught by a curious apparition in the wall near the ceiling—a small piece about two inches square silently vanished, and a human eye took its place. Meeting my frightened, startled gaze, it was gone in a flash, and the wall remained intact.

The Russian court is the home of the scandal that follows upon immorality. There are homes for unjustified babies where a card is given as a receipt for the infant, and we are told that many a society woman has such a card among her papers or in her jewel box. It is through this splendid, dissolute pageant of life that the empress moves, a cold, silent, disapproving figure. Sometimes her disapproval takes practical form, as when she ordered the carriages of certain ladies to be called at once in order to mark her dislike of costumes that were too distinctive:

Among a people madly extravagant, she has Queen Victoria's weakness for petty economies, and has been known to order the St. Petersburg shops to send their newest designs in baby bonnets for her inspection, and then returned them after copying off the most charming of the patterns. She designs many of her most elaborate gowns, and has designed all the fur garments which fill three or four large rooms, and are worth a king's ransom in themselves; and the court jeweler seldom has the privilege of planning her ornaments, a drawing from the Czarina's own hands being given with the order. She has a favorite set of aquamarines from her own design, a diadem and *devant de corsage*, with the stones set in the midst of leaves marked with diamonds, a beautiful and original pattern, of which any jeweler might be proud. But such small pleasures she probably arrogates to herself as innocent diversions, for her contributions to charity are generous enough. Her knowledge of money matters is certainly not extensive, as, speaking of a new American ambassador, she said to a woman of the court. "We hear he has an income of fifty million roubles (twenty-five million dollars) a year!"

We have some good stories of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who seems to be an exceptionally clever woman. It was she who first received Mme. Witte, in spite of her birth, that was both Jewish and lowly:

At a dinner in St. Petersburg in honor of a visiting royal

prince, the gentleman who sat next to the Grand Duchess Vladimir was tactless enough to remark, holding his champagne glass up to the light, "What is the matter with it, it doesn't sparkle?" The trouble was probably due to the chief having sent in an inferior wine, while charging his master for the best—but the hostess, hearing it, flushed with anger, whereupon the grand duchess, with inimitable tact, to save the situation, as well as coquetry, put her little finger into the glass and asked, "Now, have I made it all right?" Although a grandmother and now a widow, she is still beautiful, and one of the best shots in Europe, her gowns and jewels are celebrated, and the entertainments at her house are the most original and dashing of the season.

We get some interesting lights upon the domestic side of the German court. The author tells us that her husband was once sent for by the emperor to discuss some point of international law. As he was about to ascend the stairs he was confronted by the crown prince riding madly down the balustrade, but only to be caught at the foot by a servant and carried away into another room, where a very audible chastisement took place. When the emperor finally appeared with flushed face he discoursed for an hour on the subject of domestic discipline and the point of international law was forgotten:

Cecil Rhodes, some years afterwards, was telling us about his audience with the Kaiser, remarkable because the visitor was allowed to do most of the talking. Rhodes had gone to Berlin to inspect some electrical works near the city, and the emperor sent for him through the British ambassador, who, however, made his demands for court dress so imperatively that Rhodes refused to go unless in his "everyday" clothes. I remember Mr. Rhodes saying that he was so annoyed at the ambassador's "funkeyism"—as he called it—that he went further than he ought to have done, and purposely walked into the audience chamber with his slouch hat tucked under his arm, and sat down at once, which happened to be before the Kaiser did. But, naturally enough, this independence quite won William II's heart, and he entered into a long and intimate conversation about English affairs, finally demanding, "Now, why is it that I am not popular in England?" The South African was enough of a diplomat to reply that his majesty had many friends in England, but the question was persisted in, and then followed up with, "What can I do to make myself popular?" "Suppose you just try doing nothing," Rhodes had answered before he thought. The Kaiser frowned ominously, his piercing eyes upon his visitor; then he slapped him on the back and broke into laughter. He saw the joke.

The author was in London when King George opened his first Parliament, and she describes the occasion effectively:

It was getting late, but at last there was a blast of trumpets, every one was on the alert, the great doors were thrown open, and a long procession began marching past us, and finally the king and queen. They were clapping hands and bowing right and left, as the men saluted and the women dropped low curtsies, the queen stately and erect, her beautiful figure a worthy setting for the royal gems she wore for the first time, her face somewhat shy and timid, and yet resolute and severe; the king sober and visibly oppressed. They kept step together, but still the queen appeared to take the lead. I was reminded of the first time I had seen them, years ago, when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they opened a new public building in one of the London suburbs and afterwards went into the manager's private room to sign the register. The prince, diffident as usual, was staring around him instead of writing his name, when I heard the princess whisper, "Buck up, George."

The author tells us of her impressions when she first realized the number of American women who had married into the foreign diplomatic service. She was inclined to draw auguries of an increasing American influence, but upon this point she was to be undeceived:

I was exulting over what seemed to my vivid girlish imagination would be a veritable invasion in Europe of my country's ideas and political prestige. But the old ambassador put his hand affectionately on my arm—he had known me since my babyhood days—and said, "You are quite mistaken, my child. An American woman married to a Frenchman soon becomes a Frenchwoman, not only before the law, but in fact. And so with the one who marries a German, an Englishman, a Russian, an Italian, even more so than the women of Europe who marry outside their country. How much of it is due to what I was about to call the American woman's fatal gift of assimilation. I can not say. But it is a subject I have studied long and at first hand."

The author's diplomatic experiences include an incident that was in public knowledge at the time, but that may well be related again:

I remember one evening reception in Europe soon after the allied troops had returned from China, bringing with them, as everybody knows, many rare treasures stolen from the imperial palaces. The reception was at the home of a member of the diplomatic corps, and a late arrival was the Chinese ambassador, appearing for the first time after the termination of the war. A few moments after he had been welcomed, and as he stood surrounded by a group of distinguished people, who were congratulating him upon the return of peace, an American woman was announced.

The ambassador caught sight of her instantly, and his agitation was painful to see. For she wore the coronation robes of the Empress of China! They had been looted from the palace through the connivance of an army officer, who had openly boasted of the splendid bargain he had made for them. The woman was actually making her way up to the ambassador when he sank trembling into a chair, and a member of the American embassy staff rushed up and led her in another direction, while the host told a footman in an audible voice to order the lady's carriage. She left the house, and we all thought it the most disgraceful thing we had ever witnessed. But in speaking about it in America, I was astonished to find many people take the woman's part.

A similar incident is said to have happened in Washington soon after the return of the allied troops.

The author has written a book that will not fail to receive its share of attention from those who are curious as to European court life. In her concluding paragraph she tells us that when in America she wanted to see her girlhood friends it was necessary to give an order to a caterer ten days in advance, and so she looks forward with pleasure to another residence in Europe, "where there still remain some millionaires who are nobodies."

INTIMACIES OF COURT AND SOCIETY. By the Widow of an American Diplomat. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: \$2.50 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Christopher.

This exceptionally good story is of the old-fashioned kind, leisurely, a little rambling, with an eye to character rather than to incident, and moreover well equipped with a colloquial humor that reminds us much of Mr. De Morgan. The average desultory conversation, especially that of woman, is generally funny when reproduced photographically, but it takes the printed page to show us how funny it is.

We are introduced to Christopher at his birth in mid-ocean, when his mother's lady's maid, the inimitable Trimmer—and a wonderful woman was Trimmer, and a good—performed all those mysterious functions at which we can only guess. We watch Christopher grow up into a winning boy who somewhere has a reservoir of poetic and literary power, but without any apparent or active outlet. His mother, a widow, makes a wise but a risky marriage with an old lover who has been socially ostracized because of his dubious relations with the beautiful and colorless Mrs. St. Jamison, and now it is the strange will of fate that Christopher himself shall fall madly in love with Mrs. St. Jamison's daughter, who is merely the repetition of her mother.

Mr. Pryce handles an old theme, but he does it with infinite tact and moderation. A great love passion and its tragedy has been said to be essential to artistic creation. Christopher finds his creative power and the outlet to his literary reservoir only after he has lavished the wealth of his love upon a woman who is temperamentally incapable of understanding or valuing it, and has so been able to divert the liberated stream into better forms. Mr. Pryce peoples his stage with ordinary human beings, but he is artist enough to show us how extraordinary they are.

CHRISTOPHER. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

## A Hand in the Game.

Political feeling certainly ran high at the scene of this story. The occasion is a senatorial contest, but this serves only as a background, and we are not allowed to know much of it. The immediate cause of dispute is the possession of certain papers, and we are introduced at once to a murder which is followed by abduction, highway assault, shootings with intent to kill, imprisonment in lonely mountain cabins, mysterious threatening letters, and in fact a catalogue of crime so complete that few single districts could furnish it unaided. We are inclined to wonder why some one does not call a policeman and get the matter settled.

But when once we get over our perplexity and our sense of inadequate motive we recognize a well written story and one full of incident and sentiment. Donna is a delightful girl, the villains are truly villainous, and the other characters have flesh and blood and individuality.

A HAND IN THE GAME. By Gardner Hunting. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Social Customs.

What should we do without our hooks of etiquette? At any moment we may be summoned to a wedding, a supper, or a hanging, and without a well-indexed volume of good behavior—and, by the way, this particular volume has no index—we should be liable to do the most dreadful things and outrage all the canons of good society. For example, we will suppose that we are a young man who is about to go to Washington. Very good. We turn to the concluding chapter of Florence Howe Hall's book on "Social Customs" and there by an amazing coincidence we find the caption, "Hints for Young Men—Washington Customs." Could anything be more appropriate? And what sound advice we get. Greediness at the supper-table, we are told, is an unpleasant thing to see. Therefore we shall try to avoid it, or at least to render it invisible. A gentleman, we learn, after helping himself to wine "should then replace the bottle on the table and not keep it under his arm nor hide it away from other people." Probably the same caution would apply to the ham. We shall try to remember this, although ingrained habits die hard.

Then again as to speech. Don't say "gently" for generally. Don't say "limb," instead of leg. Don't say "pants," or "vest," or "gent."

But this is such a large book that it will take a long time and much effort to learn the whole of it. But we shall try. We shall attack it chapter by chapter, and in the meantime avoid all kinds of social intercourse for which we feel ourselves to be unprepared.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS. By Florence Howe Hall. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Secret Service.

Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady emphasizes the fidelity with which he has translated Mr. William Gillette's play of "Secret Service" into the novel of the same name that is now before us. Possibly his fidelity has been a little too great and his capital story would have been the better for more padding. But nevertheless it is a capital story. It describes a day's happenings in Richmond just before

the fall of the city. Captain Thorne is a Northern spy whose mission it is to introduce himself into the Confederate telegraph offices and to send such messages as will result in a weakening of the defenses at the point selected for the Northern assault. But he has fallen in love with Edith Varney and the influence of the beautiful Southern girl causes him to waver in his purpose and finally to abandon it at the moment of success. "Secret Service" is not among the great war stories nor wholly free from the faults of the dramatic translation, but it is a vigorous and well-told tale with the life pulses beating near the surface.

SECRET SERVICE. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. From the play by William Gillette. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The American People.

Mr. A. Maurice Low's second volume shows no waning either of force or interest. His object is to show that America has already produced a new race, and while we may assent to that theory almost without argument our delight in Mr. Low's analysis will be none the less keen. Not only is his knowledge of conditions an inclusive one, but he forms his own opinions with complete disregard for accepted or current theories. For example, he contends that immigration has raised the status of the native American by squeezing him out of the lower social levels into the higher, a theory that has at least a certain plausibility about it. That the historical, financial, and commercial families of America have never perpetuated themselves has for long been recognized, and Mr. Low emphasizes it, but confesses that the explanation baffles him. And yet the explanation may be simple. The corresponding families in Europe have perpetuated themselves because of the acceptance of the hereditary principle, and because the expectation of capacity in the children has been allowed to take the place of the capacity itself. Wherever an inherited capacity must prove itself by its deeds, as in America, it fails to do so.

Other topics luminously touched upon by Mr. Low are the exclusion of women from public life, the contempt for law and the plethora of laws, the birth rate, the effect of the Civil War and the Spanish war upon the American character, and the psychology of the tariff. Corruption, of course, receives its full share of attention, and it is noticeable that Mr. Low, a foreigner, is far more optimistic than the average American and far more prone to adopt a large time perspective that causes the excrescences of the day to shrink to their more proper proportions.

Mr. Low's two volumes constitute a most valuable comment upon American life, a comment that is liberal, adequate, and philosophic and that is yet as readable as a novel.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A STUDY IN NATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY. By A. Maurice Low, M. A. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; each volume, \$2.25 net.

## Out of Russia.

All stories of the Russian police and of Russian secret societies are exempt from the charge of improbability. They are all improbable. Most of them are impossible. In fact it would be almost a shock to read of a Russian detective who had only five senses or of a Nihilist who was simply human.

"Out of Russia" is a story of the search for a treasure that has been lost somewhere in the Baltic. The revolutionists are naturally anxious to apply it to their own purposes, while the government is equally eager to add it to the national treasure. A beautiful girl, and therefore a revolutionary spy, makes her appearance in New York in the effort to find a certain letter indicating the whereabouts of the sunken ship. She meets a young American millionaire, who naturally helps her to find the letter and then places his yacht at her disposal for the Baltic cruise. In the meantime the government spies have been equally active and equally successful, and we foresee that there will be the strenuous life for some one when the rival expeditions meet on the scene of action. And there are, but we don't seem to care a cent about the treasure so long as the beautiful Russian girl fulfills the higher mission obviously intended for her by Providence and that is not wholly unconnected with the aforesaid young millionaire. It is a good story of its kind, but marred by carelessness in the political setting and by an unreal and rather tiresome slang.

OUT OF RUSSIA. By Crittenden Marriot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

## Dr. Johnson.

Among the mass of Johnsoniana that has been given to the world it is strange that there has been no special collation of the material to be found in the writings of Fanny Burney, who was afterwards Mme. d'Arbly. We are told that Dr. Birkbeck Hill would have undertaken this work had he lived, but eminent as were his capacities he would hardly have made a better job of it than the volume now before us by Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Over two hundred pages are filled with extracts from Miss Burney's diaries, with correspondence and with all that delightful gossip in which brilliant women so excel.

But valuable as all this is, we may think that Professor Tinker's introduction is still more so. He asks why Dr. Johnson was so famous, why he ranks so high in the lists of the great? It is a brave question and one that lesser men have asked themselves in secret, attributing a lack of appreciation to their own deficiencies. But Professor Tinker supplies the answer, and without wishing to incur the risks of an epitome it may be said that Dr. Johnson was not so much great in himself as the cause of greatness in others. Those who came into contact with his massive intellect broke into coruscations of sparks, and he called forth the genius of those in whom genius might have been otherwise hidden. Such a power is in itself greatness, but it is well that we should recognize its nature while continuing to pay reverence to Johnson's magnificent human qualities, to his kindness, his courage, and his unbending championship of all the many virtues of life.

DR. JOHNSON AND FANNY BURNLEY: BEING THE JOHNSONIAN PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS OF MME. D'ARBLAY. With introduction and notes by Chauncey Brewster Tinker. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$2 net.

## The Religion Worth Having.

There is always an egotism about titles of this kind because they contain an assumption on the part of the author that his own ideals of human progress are necessarily the highest. In this case Professor Thomas Nixon Carver tells us that the best religion is that which acts most powerfully as a spur to energy and that directs that energy most productively. The truth of this would seem to depend upon the nature of the energy as well as of the produce. Religion, it seems, is the driving power that tends toward the maximum of economic development and that can best knit men together in the pursuance of that aim. Now whether we admire it or deplore it the fact remains that the vast bulk of mankind demand some sort of superhumanism—not supernaturalism—in their religion and they are demanding it more and more. There may be many superior economic persons who can conceive of no higher goal than material comfort and prosperity, but those ideals have never yet been a part of religion and we may doubt if they will ever be.

THE RELIGION WORTH HAVING. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

## Arran.

Some parts of the world seem peculiarly fated to play a heroic part in history and their geographical dimensions seem to have little to do with the selection. Arran, for example, is only about twenty miles by seven, but it has made enough history to equip the average kingdom. It was the battlefield between the Saxons and the viking pirates, but it derives its chief interest from its connection with Robert Bruce. Here Bruce found a refuge after his defeat, and later on he captured Brodick Castle and it was in an Arran cottage, still shown to the curious, that he learned from the spider his lesson in perseverance.

Those who wish to read of all these things set forth in their most attractive manner can hardly do better than possess Mr. Mackenzie Macbride's volume, which serves not only as an introduction to scenes of an unusual natural beauty, but to history of an unusual dramatic kind. It may be said that the value of the work is enhanced by the sixteen illustrations in color by J. Lawton Wingate, R. S. A., each one worthy of a frame.

ARRAN OF THE BENS, THE GLENS AND THE BRAVE. By Mackenzie Macbride, F. S. A. Scot. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

## The Indian Lily.

These seven short stories by Hermann Sudermann are mainly sketches of people who are normally immoral. That they are well told is guaranteed by the author's name, but the average reader will feel a certain resentment at the assumption that the average man is naturally predatory, and lawlessly so in matters of sex, and that the average woman requires only that her price be paid. It may be actually so, but there is a certain salutariness in believing that it is not so.

THE INDIAN LILY. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn, M. A. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

## Maria Theresa.

Whoever would write the biography of a great political personage must always be sensible of the rival claims of the public and the private career. To fail in equilibrium is to write only a history on the one hand or else a biography that fails of lucidity through a lack of an adequate setting.

But Mary Maxwell Moffatt seems to have found the equilibrium. She shows us a great queen and a great woman. Maria Theresa was twice crowned in her own right as queen, or rather as "king" of Hungary and Bohemia, but she refused to be crowned for a third time as the wife of the man who, but for her, would never have sat upon the throne at all. In every way she was a ruler of her people and their unfailing friend and counselor and she was able to conduct the affairs of her realm without depriving any of her sixteen children of the maternal care to which they were entitled. If Maria Theresa failed to

attain the full measure of her greatness it was probably due to a certain religious intensity that was apt to warp her judgment and obscure her vision. The author has done her work very well, and if for the moment we are dismayed by its size we are quickly reconciled by an excellence of diction and the dramatic power of a narrative that loses nothing in the telling.

MARIA THERESA. By Mary Maxwell Moffatt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

## Outdoor Philosophy.

Mr. Kirkham easily persuades us that it is a waste of time to be a naturalist unless one is also a mystic. It is of small value to note and to know the externals of nature unless those externals become eloquent of an underlying life and its varied characteristics. It is the purely external life against which Mr. Kirkham protests, and if he can persuade his reader that there are so many things better worth doing than money-getting and those many pursuits that we conventionally call pleasure his book will take its place as one of practical value.

OUTDOOR PHILOSOPHY. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## Briefer Reviews.

"The Eternal Feminine," by May Isabel Fisk (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net), is described as being "monologues, full of fun, laughter, and good-natured satire." They certainly are very funny.

The American Book Company has published a "Plane Geometry," by C. A. Hart and Daniel D. Feldman, with the editorial cooperation of J. H. Tanner and Virgil Snyder. It is designed for the use of secondary schools.

"Emerson's Wife," by Florence Finch Kelly (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25), is a collection of fourteen short stories of Western life, all of them vigorous and vivid and with the literary excellences that mark the work of the trained writer.

"Saints and Heroes, to the End of the Middle Ages," by George Hodges (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net), is a series of biographies for young folk from ten to sixteen. There are twenty of these biographies, but they are almost exclusively those of churchmen, which seems a pity.

"On Board the Mary Sands," by Laura E. Richards (Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25), will be welcomed by admirers of Calvin and his Down East neighbors. Calvin himself describes the "best part of my life" when he and his wife would shut up the house, forget their cares, and make a "voyage to Florida aboard the Mary Sands."

Henry Holt & Co. have published a third edition of Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera." The demand for this valuable work is easily understood. It is an authoritative and critical summary of the lyric drama in New York from its earliest days down to the present time, and as such not to be overlooked by the opera lover. The price is \$2.50 net.

The Macmillan Company has published a "United States History for Schools," by Edmund S. Meany (\$1 net). It is written from the standpoint that American history is but a part of world history and can best be understood when presented as such. The book is well and clearly written, with numbered paragraphs, illustrations, and a good index. But we are told that Washington "especially warns against foreign entanglements." Where and when did Washington do this?

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published a "High School Debate Book," by E. C. Robbins. The first part of the volume is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of debate, while in the second part we have eighteen briefs for debate, or skeleton outlines of arguments upon both sides of the questions selected. A bibliography is attached to each brief, the whole being well calculated to guide and aid the youthful disputant. But all the topics selected are political. How about literary and ethical questions?

The International Critical Commentary of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments already comprises a substantial library of Biblical scholarship. It is under the editorship of Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D., Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D. D., and Rev. Alfred Plummer, D. D., the latest addition to the shelf being "A Critical Exegetical Commentary on Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Obadiah, and Joel," by John Merlin Powis Smith, Ph. D., William Hayes Ward, D. D., L. L. D., and Julius A. Brewer, Ph. D. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$3 net.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

**Robertson's**  
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Union Square San Francisco



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Soul of the Far East.

Mr. Percival Lowell tries to prove that the Chinese, Koreans, and Japanese have no individuality and that unless they change they will soon perish as nations. He argues from the family relations, language, art, and religion, and from all of these he deduces their impersonality.

Because not much is made of the child's birthday he claims that it is ushered into the world in an impersonal manner, the birth being associated not with the day, but with the year. But from another point of view the Japanese seem to show in this respect their good sense. Birthdays with most of us become a hateful reminder and we are glad to forget them. New Year's Day, says the author, is an impersonal occasion with Orientals. So it is with us unless it is also our birthday. Other public holidays, he tells us, are also observed impersonally in Japan. But not more impersonally surely than Young America observes the Fourth of July. Oriental marriages, says Mr. Lowell, are impersonal because they are arranged by intermediaries. But they are so arranged in France also, and sometimes in America. An impersonal marriage seems to be an impossibility.

Elsewhere we are told that the family is the unit rather than the head of it. Our observation is that the Japanese husband is decidedly a unit and the head of his household, whatever the custom may be in China. Everything is now done in Japan to develop the student's individuality.

The author's next point is the Japanese language, and here it is difficult to follow him without precise knowledge, but certainly Mr. Chamberlain in his grammar of the colloquial language does not support him. There is much that is purposely indefinite in the spoken language, but the sense is never allowed to suffer. Impersonality is argued again because the personal pronoun "I" is never used. But the Romans equally avoided it. Moreover, the Japanese have a large number of substitute words, more than in any other tongue. The egotistical "I," the *moi haissable* is avoided from the desire not to obtrude the self unnecessarily.

The sexless character of Japanese is another link in the author's chain of argument, but it is only a peculiarity, not a poverty of speech. It is just as easy to make a noun masculine or feminine in Japanese as in English. The sixth chapter is the most satisfying in the book. The author beautifully expresses the nature of a Japanese painting, which he says "is a poem rather than a picture. It portrays an emotion ended up by a scene, and not the scene itself in all its elaborate complexity."

The concluding chapters on Religion and Imagination are rather dull reading, and in so far as the impersonality of the Japanese character is concerned it might be said that if to such impersonality is to be traced the team work in Japan's late wars these race characteristics which Mr. Lowell condemns would seem to be national assets of the highest value.

On the whole the subject of the book seems to be rather uninteresting, its arguments often unsatisfying and its conclusions open to controversy.

THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST, By Percival Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60 net.

## The Brownings.

Miss Lilian Whiting can always be trusted to write interestingly, although not always accurately. A good story is a good story, and by no means to be expunged because its credentials are doubtful, but that is the way of the historian who writes on graver matters than biographies. Miss Whiting has at least succeeded in writing a connected narrative and in stringing together much that was hitherto disconnected. Moreover, she gives us a number of new letters not in themselves of much importance, but by no means to be neglected by a writer to whom exclusive information is a prize. We hear a great deal too much of titled ladies of American birth of whom we should never have heard at all but for their titles, but no doubt such details will find their audience in a democratic age. The volume is of exceptionally fine workmanship and will prove popular among those who want well arranged biographical details and who admire a graceful style of presentation.

THE BROWNINGS: THEIR LIFE AND ART. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## The Mayflower Pilgrims.

Mr. A. C. Addison has written one of those pleasing books that appeal alike to sentiment, patriotism, and religious interest. He tells us the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, individually and collectively, of their homes in the Old World, their persecution, the manner of their flight, and the fortunes that awaited them on this side of the Atlantic. It is a story told often before in fragmentary forms and now to be again with a clear eye for continuity and dramatic effect. Mr. Addison appropriately begins his story from the prison at the English Boston where the Puritans were confined, and he closes it with a

survey of the memorial efforts of the present day. Most of the numerous illustrations are original and of special interest.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS. By Albert Christopher Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$2 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Henry Labouchere was often asked by publishers to write his memoirs, but he always refused. There is, however, a lively curiosity in England to know whether he left anything for posthumous publication.

May Sinclair is at work on a biographical and critical study of "The Three Brontës."

Sir Henry Norman, M. P., writing of an automobile journey in Africa in *Scribner's Magazine* for March says that "the comparatively small part of the Garden of Allah which exists outside of Mr. Hichens's luxurious imagination" is within half an hour of the hotel. It was originally an old garden of the Biskra oasis, and was walled around and elaborated at great cost by its eccentric owner, Count Landon.

"The House of Harper—1817-1912," by J. Henry Harper, is published this month. The book, a large octavo, is much more than a history of the publishing house, for the founders were men of affairs and associated with all the activities of their time. There is a picture of early New York life, the beginnings of American literature, the great spread of Methodism in America, and inside views of several momentous political campaigns. The author, grandson of one of the founders, has had access to many private letters and other sources of information, and contributes a wealth of anecdotes and personal reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, William Black, Abbey, Sargent, Mark Twain, Thomas Nast, and a host of others.

Writing about some of his books in the *English Review*, Frederic Harrison expresses a fondness for the great Puritan allegory, and says what is so strange of Bunyan's book is that Catholics, Calvinists, Anglicans, and Agnostics all alike fall under its spell. There is even a Catholic "Pilgrim's Progress," omitting Giant Pope, and there are translations in almost every known language.

Announcing a critical biography that is to appear of the Russian, Dostoevsky, written by Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd, the *London Pall Mall Gazette* asks if it is now not Dostoevsky's turn, and says: "Nobody in his senses would suggest that Tolstoy has been overwelcomed and overestimated in this country, and yet every thoughtful reader of 'Crime and Punishment,' 'The Idiot,' 'Buried Alive,' and 'The Brothers Karamazoff' will be struck by a disproportion of fame between the two men, taking them as men of letters. As a man of letters, indeed, one must recognize Dostoevsky as the purer type." An appalling and well-known episode of his youth is recalled. His love of literature and European philosophies—far exceeding Tolstoy's—had led him to join a debating society, in which he upheld, on a basis of wide reading, the self-sufficiency of the Slav in the future brightened by imagination. His torrential eloquence moved some one to remark that insurrection was the only way. "Then insurrection let it be!" he replied, and his doom was sealed. A few months later he stood on the scaffold in a public square with eight others, stripped and condemned, face to face with a file of soldiers, and nine coffins. Each kissed the cross held by the priest. Suddenly an officer, waving a white handkerchief, dashed into the square, the drums rolled, and the Czar's reprieve was announced. Dostoevsky served four years in Siberian chains, and four in the army ranks. He wrote afterwards: "Those four years (in Siberia) I look upon as a time of living burial. I was put in a coffin. The suffering was inexpressible and incessant."

## New Books Received.

THE NEW ENGLAND COOK BOOK. By Helen S. Wright. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A complete collection of recipes, old and new.

THE HIGH ADVENTURE. By John Oxenham. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A new novel.

PARADISE FARM. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A new novel.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS. By Susan Taber. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A long Island pastoral.

THE GARDEN OF INORA. By Michael White. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

TALES OF SEVEN ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC. By Evelyn Adams. London: Henry J. Dranc; 6s.

A collection of short stories.

THE MASQUE OF THE ELEMENTS. By Herman Scheffauer. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; 3s. 6d. net.

A new volume by a California poet.

WHEN MARGARET WAS A FRESHMAN. By Elizabeth Hollister Hunt. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of college life.

THE LUCK OF KATHCOLE. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

"Being the romantic adventures of Mistress

Faith Wolcott (sometime known as 'Miss Mappett') during her sojourn in New York at an early period of the republic."

THE EGYPTIAN CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY. By George A. Reisner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 85 cents net.

A glance at the religion of Egypt.

THE LIFE AND LOVE OF THE INSECT. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN NUTRITION. By Whitman H. Jordan. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

A study in practical dietetics.

DANNY'S OWN STORY. By Don Marquis. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A story of a baby and what became of it.

THE RECKONING OF HEAVEN. By Alfred Bull. Irving Park, Illinois: Alfred Bull; \$1 net.

A Chinese fantasy with an application to current events.

EMBLEMS OF LOVE. By Lascelles Abercrombie. New York: John Lane Company.

A volume of verse in dramatic form.

THE CRIMINAL AND THE COMMUNITY. By Dr. James Devon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75 net.

A study of criminality. With an introduction by Professor A. F. Murison, LL. D.

SEKHET. By Irene Miller. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A new novel in which ancient Egypt plays an important part.

INTIMACIES OF COURT AND SOCIETY. By the widow of an American diplomat. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.50 net.

An unconventional narrative of unofficial days.

THE FORGED COUPON. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An edition authorized by arrangement with the heirs of Count Tolstoy.

HADJI MURAD. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.20 net.

An edition authorized by arrangement with the heirs of Count Tolstoy.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD. By Leo Tolstoy. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.20 net.

An edition authorized by arrangement with the heirs of Count Tolstoy.

THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Painted Desert.

Land of a thousand lures, I see  
In memory your face at morn  
And sense again your mystery—  
Your lonely plains, of verdure shorn.

I see again, in arching sky  
The mirage, like a painting rare;  
There comes, from distant ranges high,  
A wine-like perfume in your air.

Across the cañon, grim and vast,  
A trail leads upward to the crest,  
And, eyrie of a clan long past,  
A ruin clings, like swallows' nest.

Wide and white are your sands that drift—  
White are your plains where lizards run—  
And ne'er shall your spell on mankind lift,  
Land of the flaming evening sun.

—Denver Republican.

## Dickens.

O Master Mind, thy voice still speaks to us  
From out the silence of the printed page,  
Wherein the child's heart and the soul of age  
Throb to strains glad or mournful, falling thus  
On every ear not yet impervious  
To sympathy. When on the world-wide stage  
Of Fancy's dream, like birdlings from a cage,  
Thy visioned folk, breathed on by genius,  
Awoke, and on thought's wings straightway unfurled  
Fresh hope, and to the earth with care o'er-fraught,  
Brought laughter to solace toil, and imperaled  
Joy within pain. O Master, there was caught  
A gleam of Heaven's light, and in our world  
Once more, through love, a miracle was wrought!  
—Pauline Carrington Bouse, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

## Pace Implora.

Better it were to sit still by the sea,  
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,  
Loving somebody and satisfied;  
To anchor you down for all your days,  
Than wander and wander in all these ways,  
Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,  
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,  
Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,  
Be it ever so simple. The humbler the home  
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part.  
Love and be loved with all your heart.  
Drink sweet waters and live in a spell,  
Share your delights and divide your tears;  
Love and be loved in the old east way,  
Ere men knew madness and came to roam  
From the west to the east and the whole world  
wide—  
When they lived where their fathers lived and  
died—  
Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—  
Better, indeed, for man's own good—  
That he should sit down where he was born,  
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,  
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,  
White sea border or broad black wood.  
Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,  
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun,  
Than wander the world as I have done.

—National Magazine.

## Unusual Street Railway Problems

The street railway problems of San Francisco are unlike those of other cities. No other one on the American continent presents the same physical conditions. Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Paul, Kansas City, Seattle, and others have hills in plenty, just as San Francisco has, and the matter of gradients has puzzled the officials of their traction companies just as those of the United Railroads have been puzzled.

If the matter of gradients was the only serious one, conditions might be considered equal, but San Francisco offers one feature of railroading known to no other city in this country.

Market Street is the great diagonal artery of the city's business life. From it start all the street railway lines and at its edge all of them ultimately end. It is a broad, reasonably level thoroughfare and the busiest west of Chicago. On its south side, stretching to the bay, is a series of confluent streets, all fairly level and many containing tracks of the United Railroads. These streets, for the most part, lead to the wholesale and manufacturing districts, where street-car traffic is relatively light.

From Market Street to the west the streets rise abruptly to the summits of many hills, some of the grades of which are too steep to be climbed by an electrically propelled car. Even the most powerful automobiles find difficulty in negotiating some of them.

Through herculean effort and close application to the problems involved, the United Railroads has solved the most of them through fair and convenient compromise. Where the hill has been too steep for safe travel, the tracks have gone around it, but wherever possible the direct line has been used at the loss of both power and profit to the company, but to the convenience and enjoyment of the public.

On the hills and in the valleys between live most of the resident population of San Francisco. Many were there before the fire, but thousands have since moved there and made homes. Sunset and Richmond districts, the most thickly populated and rapidly growing in the city, are far out toward the ocean, and can only be reached through the climbing hills.

Thus has been presented to the railroad company the problem of giving adequate service over a constantly increasing group of hill streets that have their inception at Market Street, the main thoroughfare, and continue to mount higher and higher until the tops are reached and the long descent commenced to the more level lands beyond. Eliminating the Mission district, the access to which is comparatively level, 90 per cent of the rush-hour travel goes skyward across these hills on its way to and from home.

The first problem confronting the street-car management has been how to transport these thousands twice a day with the largest convenience to the passengers, without disrupting the service on the levels of Market Street.

The problem was met and solved. Engineers who had made a study of unusual feats in railway building were employed, careful study was made of the entire situation, great sums of money were forthcoming to carry out the work, and the lines were built. Where it was possible the rails went over the hills; where the hills were too steep, the rails were built around them, and the result is a street railway system comparing favorably with that of any other city.

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ROBERT MANTELL'S "HAMLET."

People should go every few years to see "Hamlet" played, if only to revive the memory of something rare and beautiful, which otherwise is apt to sink in the background of the mind for lack of opportunity to keep it alive. It is impossible to see it played without getting some pleasure from it, even if the Hamlet, like the majority of them, is no longer young, or falls below one's imaginary conception of the princely youth, and even if the assistant players do some floundering in rôles which require poetic feeling and some taste for elocution.

But even allowing for defects and deficiencies in the players, how the magic of Shakespearean drama lasts! I had my fears, for sometimes it is almost a pain to hear the music of Shakespeare.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. One mentally repeats lines with the inflections and tones that some sonorous voice of the past has stamped on the memory, and along comes a young player unaccustomed to poetic diction and unendowed with an ear for rhythm. He offends the taste and afflicts the ear by running them off at a cheerful, modern, prosaic rate of speed, like the Laertes, for instance, in Robert Mantell's production of "Hamlet," who spoke, at first, in a loud, unmodulated roar. Yet even Laertes had his better moments; in time he responded to the wizard's spell, and managed to wring from us a half-reluctant kindness before he measured his length in the last act. He was selected for the rôle because of his temperament, I suppose. It seemed more like physical exuberance than dramatic temperament, but when the youth gets licked into shape that exuberance will have its value.

What a chance the Shakespearean drama must offer ardent, unfettered youth during this era of naturalism and artistic restraint. What a joy it must offer to let out the voice, to extend the arms in grand, sweeping gestures, to cross the stage in the stately stride of "the legit."

And the music of the Shakespeare verse—what a vent for the player who has an ear for poetic melody!

One of the pleasures of seeing a familiar and well beloved Shakespearean play is the impetus it gives the memory. The colors of dim old pictures become bright, and grand and noble figures seem once more to cross that fairyland of bliss, the stage of our youth. Familiar lines and passages revive in the memory, saying themselves over and over, and giving us the delight of hearing again with inner ear the perfect phrase that Shakespeare wrote, but that has become almost as much a part of ourselves as if we had originated it. For of such is the kingdom of genius.

Robert Mantell's ambition is creditable, his work scholarly, his standards high; he is neither inspired nor inspiring as an actor, except, perhaps, on occasions. But he brings back to us moments of past exaltations. He gives a dignified Shakespearean revival, and offers to the present generation an opportunity to see the great unique tragedies take form and substance to our bodily vision. His company is not first class, but it has been sufficiently drilled and trained to give an adequate performance—that is to say, one that breathes life into what might have been only partly conceived pictures in the mind.

No one should ever go to his grave without seeing "Hamlet" acted. This wonderful tragedy, with its long, speculative soliloquies, if read only, might easily seem better suited to the closet than to the stage. But it is only when it is seen in acted form, even with a cast that may not be ideal, provided only that it be adequate, that we realize what an actable play it is. It is full of action, and of the intensest drama. Each act has its tremendous scene, each scene its special charm, or beauty, or its strange appeal to the night side of our souls.

Keith Wakeman is far from being an ideal Ophelia. Her features can not express grief; they are not plastic, nor is her individual essence adapted to the expression of the poetic idea. Yet, in the touching scene in which the gentle daughter of Polonius is revealed with her wits gone quite astray, the great audience hung fixed and motionless, responding with intense sympathy to the exquisite pathos of the idea.

There are few characters in Shakespeare more pervaded with sad, tender, wistful sentiment than that of Ophelia. Poor dove of peace, caught in the tragic mesh, and done to death, like a sacrificial lamb. Her figure

haunts the memory as much as that of the mournful prince. My mind recurred with fond retrospect to earlier Ophelias, and I remembered Minna Gale, who was with Booth in his later years. She was the ideal one; young as the May blossoms, full of the charm of gentle girlhood, an actress of fine intelligence and poetic charm. I wonder, indeed, why we do not hear more of her since her return to the stage.

Yet, no doubt, to many who were seeing their "Hamlet" for the first time, and heard the Danish girl wandering with the inconsequence of madness from one plaintive old lady to another, Miss Wakeman's scene was as piteous, and touching as, for instance, Julia Marlowe's, which was full of the most heart-piercing pathos. But no woman fails as Ophelia, as no man quite fails as Hamlet.

Robert Mantell has faults beside the one that he shares with almost every Hamlet—that of being too mature for the rôle. He is not quite simple enough in his manner. Some one told me of having first seen Booth when only fifteen, and of exclaiming in surprise, "Why, is this the wonderful actor you're all talking about? Why he doesn't seem to be acting at all!" That was the truest compliment, although quite unintentional. It recalls the simplicity of true genius with which we have seen this rôle interpreted.

The generality of modern Hamlets seem to be always acting. Lewis Morrison's and Louis James's were in an uplifted, reverential state of mind when they undertook the rôle, as, indeed, most players are when they try it as a sort of *tour de force*. Henry Miller was, too. But his assumption of the rôle was a little indiscretion of his youth, the mention of which should be hurried over. But they all seemed to be acting, and acting hard.

Robert Mantell's was a much more thought-out and carefully studied interpretation, but still he seemed to be Mantell, trying his best, and not Hamlet.

He is not temperamentally adapted to the rôle, in spite of the fact that almost every man has a Hamlet side to his nature. And he is not always distinct or illuminative in his reading. He phrases badly, showing a tendency to break up his lines into short, choppy fragments. His gestures, too, are slightly over-emphasized. Yet he improved steadily as the play went on. It was as if he felt it more and more as the tragedy unfolded. Or, at least, he made us feel it, which is more to the purpose.

The soliloquy was the turning point. He had put more study and rehearsal in that than in any of the passages which preceded it; which comment makes one pause to realize, for the moment, what a tremendous pressure it must be for a player, no matter how well equipped, to prepare himself for this rôle. And, for that matter, for any of the star Shakespeare rôles, but more particularly for that of Hamlet.

Mantell, in spite of a slight obviousness of gesture, very clearly indicated that Hamlet's madness was as feigned as Ophelia's was real. He showed much fire in the scenes of dramatic tension, and was particularly fine in the scene in the queen's oratory. His emotion was deeper and more simply and earnestly expressed.

The rôle of the queen, too, was very well carried in this scene. It is one that appeals to the imagination of women, and most of the Gertrudes seem to act the part of the humiliated and remorseful queen-mother in this scene with considerable emotional abandon.

The king was such a hard-looking customer and carried his royal habiliments with such ill grace that I had few hopes for him. But he probably did this make-up with intention, recalling the comparison of "Hyperion to a satyr," and he did very well, reading his lines with feeling and intelligence; and both he and the queen kept up their end in all the tragic scenes with Hamlet and Ophelia in which they figured.

In fact, the production, as a whole, is meritorious, and gives us what we want—a living picture of sufficient merit to fairly appease the ever unsatisfied ache to see an ideal Shakespearean representation. The stage sets reminded me of what Sothorn has trained us to expect, and no one can be expected to do better than that. The colors in background and costumes were soft, rich, and subdued, and the few musical accessories appropriate.

One felt a respect for Mantell as the play progressed, for the mechanics of the thing moved so smoothly that it helped in the illusion. The proposition was a play with next to no waits, in order to complete the performance within a reasonable time. The feat was accomplished, and, as I say, I left with such a respect for Mantell that I can but hope he will eventually change his mind about a few points upon which my taste does not accord with his. For instance, whispering. "The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king," that whisper took our minds straight off Hamlet, and put them on Mantell. The whisper, in order to be loud enough to be distinct and comprehended, was ugly and unnatural. It needed some vocal element in it to make it express the vengeful mood of the prince. But as it was an unadulterated whisper, it was too purely physical and failed to affect the imagination.

I also think that in the earlier and less

carefully studied passages of the play Mantell runs too much to upward inflections, that are upward without meaning. They give a certain monotony to Hamlet's discourse, and robbed it of its full meaning. Thus: "Against self-slaughter seem to me all the uses of this world." It was very significant that in the much better acted scenes—in the queen's oratory, the feint of madness with Ophelia and Polonius, the church-yard scene, and the soliloquy—these particular inflections disappeared.

It is always much easier to point out qualities that displease than those that please us; principally, I suppose, for the reason that we lookers-on can not tell how to act, but quickly detect points in an impersonation that do not satisfy. So it would be difficult to specify categorically the good points in Mantell's Hamlet. But they are many, for he held his audience and roused it to much warmth of appreciation in those scenes requiring sustained dramatic expression and fine elocution. And he sent many of his hearers straight to their set of Shakespeare to tenderly revive the memory of old enthusiasms. Which shows that in this era of prose the spirit of poetry can be temporarily resurrected, no matter if its plumage has lost some bright hues.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### LEHAR AND HIS CRITICS.

Franz Lehar knows how to use his pen, even when he isn't writing music. Not long ago, just after the premiere of his "Eva," in Berlin, the composer of "The Merry Widow" published an amusing sketch in the *Local Anzeiger*, of which this is an epitome made by the *Musical Courier*:

The iron curtain is down, thank Heaven. I never feared the first and third acts, but I was surprised that the second act seemed to please them so mightily. The manager rushes at me with: "Well, what did I tell you? Do I understand my business? I knew the piece was going to be a sensation." (N. B. After the dress rehearsal, the manager had said exactly the opposite.) However, I thank him for his confidence. I hurry from dressing-room to dressing-room, to tell each member of the cast that he was "inimitable." The stereotyped reply is: "But I knew it would be a riotous success." (N. B. I had been informed authentically that every member of the company had prophesied a failure.) Now come my friends and acquaintances. Although they all speak at once, I shall quote them separately:

"I—Great, my dear master! I am sincerely delighted that you've proved to them again how foolish it is to criticize beforehand. After the dress rehearsal there was a general belief that this piece was much weaker than your others. The first and third acts are nothing out of the ordinary, but the second act is phenomenal. My congratulations. Au revoir!"

"II—Say, you've really surpassed yourself this time—especially the first and third acts are bully. The second is clever, too. It's a sure success."

"III—My best wishes. It's a pity that the first and third acts are a trifle weaker than the second. That one is simply fabulous and the funniest I have ever seen."

"IV—Congratulations, congratulations! Everybody liked it. But you should have used the waltz more often—but then, it really doesn't matter. My congratulations."

"V—My hearty felicitations. I am enchanted—only, if you wish my honest opinion, the waltz is used a bit too often. Perhaps you could cut here and there."

I accept all the good wishes and all the good advice; promise to use the waltz more often and also fewer times, in fact, I promise everything. I share the opinion that the second act is funny, but too serious; in short, I share all the opinions, because—the opera is a success.

The conscientious curtain raiser has counted 100 recalls after the first act, 200 after the second, and 300 after the third. I fee him royally.

"Don't talk nonsense," cries the assistant curtain raiser; "I counted many more recalls than that." He smiles at me invitingly. As I leave the theatre, I hear the comedian whisper to the soubrette: "If I hadn't done that ad lib. of mine in the third act, the operetta would have been a complete fiasco."

Next morning I read the criticisms. He who never has been criticized does not understand how very little one values the bad notices, and how very highly one appreciates the good.

"Criticism No. 1—Tremendous progress since the composer's former works. . . . Here we have a real operetta, with proper concessions to popular taste."

"Criticism No. 2—Unfortunately the work shows retrogression from the composer's former high comic opera standard. It shows grand opera ambitions. . . . There are no concessions to the masses."

"Criticism No. 3—At last, one meets with a really valuable work. . . . The composer is especially happy in realizing successfully a high ideal of comic opera."

"Criticism No. 4—Music tremendous, book miserable, audience enthusiastic."

"Criticism No. 5—Book tremendous, music miserable, audience disappointed!"

"Criticism No. 6—Book and music tremendous."

"Criticism No. 7—Music and book miserable."

I lay the papers aside and am quite convinced that my music is grand opera and yet genuine comic opera, that I possess the mighty gift of being able to progress and retrograde at the same time, that the book and music are as tremendous as they are miserable, that the enthusiastic audience was disappointed, while the disappointed audience was enthusiastic.

I know also that the event was a successful fiasco, because the first act was a little too sad in its jollity, the second act was too jolly in its sadness, the third was too short as well as too long, while the whole work, in its farcical character, too greatly resembled grand opera.

I shall take all the good counsel to heart and hope in that way to be able some time to create a unified work.

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## VANITY FAIR.

What a truly gaudy time the Americans seem to be having in Berlin, and how the Bird of Freedom must scream with exultation as he sees them jostling each other at the doors of the Schleppencour like ladies at a dry goods store when the shirtwaists have been reduced to \$1.98. We are not quite sure what a Schleppencour is, but it appears to be a sort of court function where mere people are allowed to gaze at the emperor, kiss his imperial hand, wriggle around the room in various uncomfortable ways and do their best to prevent their swords or the trains of their dresses, as the case may be, from getting between their legs. It must have been an inspiring sight to see so many good republicans thus basking the imperial lion in his den and asserting their democratic right to be present in another man's house, although their unwilling host had expressly asked them not to come.

For the emperor did actually ask them not to come. Of course he did it in an emperor-like way through some lord high flunkey who passed on the word to some other lord high flunkey, who mentioned the matter to the imperial potato peeler, who had a lady friend who knew the cook at the American embassy. That is how these things are managed in Schleppencour circles, although it would have been easier to send a policeman and much more effective. Nothing short of a policeman who had the grace of God in his heart could have kept those good Americans from showing exactly what they thought of this particular effete monarchy. The emperor explained in the aforesaid way that while nothing gave him so much pleasure as to entertain the American eagle he really had not accommodation for a whole aviary of them, that it was the housemaid's day out, that the crown prince had been speaking without being spoken to and as a punishment was rigorously confined to the continent of Europe, and that things generally were at sixes and sevens. He was well aware of the contempt and loathing inspired in every American heart by the spectacle of royalty and the irresistible desire to give expression to that contempt and loathing, but that if they would only appoint a committee instead of arriving as a mass meeting he would be eternally obliged to them. Of course this is a rough translation into the vernacular of what the emperor actually said, but it was what he meant.

Did the Americans accede to the emperor's wish? They did not. They turned up in a tumultuous throng, forty of them. The Americans were more numerous than all other foreigners put together. You could not have thrown a rock in any direction without hitting some uncrowned king or queen from across the Atlantic. One by one these stalwart sons and daughters of the prairie and the plain approached the throne in a more or less prostrate posture, crushed by the weight of their democratic responsibilities, explained to the emperor what pleasure it gave them to decline his gracious invitation to stay at home, and then told him with appropriate gestures exactly what they thought of him. It was a great and glorious occasion. Nothing more impressive has ever been seen, nothing more typical of the strong young life of the western world that had returned to Europe as a missionary of the new democracy wherein every man is equal to his neighbor and usually superior.

Until a few months ago we had not heard of Mlle. Gaby Deslys. Possibly our cheeks ought to be encarnadined with shame as we confess our abyssal ignorance, but as a matter of fact they are not. The things that we do not know would fill quite a large sheet of paper. We first heard of Gaby in connection with his gracious majesty of Portugal, who was said—doubtless by the tongue of slander—to have been indiscreet in his wooing of the fair Gaby and to have offended the well-known Puritanic sentiments of his countrymen. How gratifying it is, by the way, to witness these outbursts of insurgent virtue in places where we had least suspected its presence. But to return to our Gaby. Soon after King Manuel had decided upon his little vacation in England the illustrated newspapers began to print pictures of Mlle. Deslys. They described her as the lady whose name had been associated with that of the king, and we were still unaware that a great dramatic or musical or dancing genius had appeared upon the stage. But Gaby is evidently nothing short of this or why should she be paid \$4500 a week to appear at the Winter Garden in New York when there is many an editor who does not receive so much as this, at least not regularly. The dear girl has just returned to Paris together with a dancer, a mulatto girl, and a crocodile. She has unfolded a tale of woe to the sympathetic French reporter. She says she had to give two performances a day, twelve a week, and no overtime. The moment she landed in New York she was asked to give her opinion of Mr. Taft and M. Fallières, which was the greater man, and if not why not? What did she think of Mme. Polaire, of the sheath and the bodice? Had she any beauty recipes? Did she know of the income tax, and what

were her views on the Supreme Court and the little difficulty in China? She was asked how many trunks she had and when she said thirty the reporters wrote down eighty, due no doubt to her bad accent. And those wretched customs, "they counted every pearl in my necklace and turned my things inside out, even to the smallest handbag." Within a few days every one was singing "Gaby glides and Gaby slides," and when she gave her new song, "I should like to have something new to play with," the whole house rose. What a song that must have been! Then there was a fête in her honor and every lady was given a silver shoe called the "Gaby slipper"—an exact copy of her own, and they all tried to put it on and couldn't. She was received in the most select society, and at New Haven "2500 college boys pulled down the whole theatre because I only played for ten minutes. They broke through the iron curtain, and all night long they carried me about the town in triumph." Now that Gaby speaks of that incident we remember reading something of it at the time. It coincided with a burst of professional indignation at some wretched wight who had dared to say that the manners of our college men were not in precise conformity with those of Sir Charles Grandison. And so, says the report, Mlle. Deslys went off to her hotel "a radiant vision of youth and the *joie de vivre*." Pretty, artless, prattling, innocent little Gaby. Let us hope she slept well with four angels round her little bed.

There is a certain judge in Reno, where the divorces come from—we will do our little best to annoy him by suppressing his name—who seems anxious to say sensational things and so get his name into the newspapers. A few weeks ago he is reported as remarking to a lady petitioner: "I am going to grant your decree, but I don't want you to marry another New York clubman. They are unfit material for husbands and two-thirds of the cases heard in my court, I mean those cases in which the evidence and allegations are of an objectionable nature, are cases in which some prominent New York clubman has been the defendant."

Now why should membership of a club have this deplorable effect upon the morals of the male man? Or is it only the New York club? We ourselves once belonged to a club, but we noticed no deterioration in our morals, although there may have been a good reason for that. It was a swimming club, but presumably all clubs are more or less alike, and we feel bound to enter our protest against an unwarranted aspersion. It is true that there may be some clubmen who are not entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life, but is the judge aware that even bishops and politicians sometimes belong to clubs? Really he should be more careful. He may get himself talked about.

Now we put it to this judge in brotherly love. What would he think of some other judge who spoke in the following terms to, let us say, some defaulting financier or bogus company promoter: "I am going to acquit you upon this occasion, but it is on the understanding that you will never again enter a church. Two-thirds of the cases heard in this court, I mean those cases in which the evidence and allegations are of large financial defalcations, are cases in which some prominent churchman has been the defendant." Now you know almost any judge might say this very thing, for it is a curious fact that most of those who have been conspicuous for their colossal dishonesty have been conspicuous also for their colossal piety. Just a coincidence, of course.

People who find their way to Reno for divorce purposes are usually more or less rich or they would not be able to face the cost, the dangers, and the privations of the dreadful journey. Rich people naturally belong to clubs, but if they happen to be immoral it is not because they belong to the clubs. The circumstances are concomitant and coincident, but not mutually causative nor correlative. That ought to be evident even to a Reno judge.

The New York *Evening Post* devotes a timely paragraph to the latest variety of snobbery to be found in the Sunday newspapers. A certain snobbery in the photographs of people which the Sunday papers use has long been in evidence, though these proofs of prominence have probably provoked as much cynical laughter as indignation; but a new manifestation of it has lately been creeping in. We refer to pictures of the children of the very rich at their sports. They will be skating or coasting or snowhalling or playing hockey or simply walking in Central Park; but they must be halted in full career to pose for the camera-man, and then their portraits must appear on Sunday, all carefully labeled with their names. This last is, of course, the thing aimed at. The sports are nothing, the children themselves are secondary; but the idea is that the seamstresses and plumbers' wives who hang over the Sunday illustrated pages will be thrilled and awed and somehow be made to feel very near the great ones of earth when they see a picture of *Coloratura Cressus* on a sled. In this way the purveyors of pictorial intelligence on Sunday put themselves in a class with the Washington "sight-

seeing" man, who first tells the automobile load where the President lives and then proceeds to point out the home of "the hundred-million baby." All this is had enough as significant of the standards of those who thus cater to popular curiosity, but what must be said of the effect on the children themselves? If they had any chance at all of growing up naturally as boys and girls, would it not be destroyed by this peddling about of their pictures, from the days of their infancy, not because they are interesting or important in themselves, but simply on account of their being the probable heirs to millions?

The Boston *Post* has something to say about the high price of living as reflected in the restaurant check. There is a certain Boston restaurant, we are told, that is now displaying the following notice: "Owing to the excessive cost of food supplies and especially of potatoes, we are compelled to make a charge of five cents for baked, boiled, or mashed potatoes."

Compelled, you will notice. Ground under the heels of an iron necessity, you will observe. The indignant victim of economic conditions in which the customer must bear his small and humble part, you will perceive. Now we do not know how much boiled, mashed, or baked potato they give you in Boston, but presumably it is pretty much the same as they do elsewhere. And so, making a rough estimate, it would seem that this particular restaurant will henceforth charge from \$5 to \$6 a bushel for its potatoes, and in such a price as this, after allowing for the increased price of the vegetable, there would seem to be room for a right noble profit.

Of course all restaurants are protecting themselves against the high price of food, but as a rule they do not make it an excuse for new and exorbitant profits. The usual plan is to decrease the quantities served while keeping the schedule of prices unchanged. The sandwich, for example, has the same general appearance as of yore. Its superficial area seems undiminished, but it is more attenuated, and in its dark and silent interior will be found cavernous spaces that once were not. And the same elsewhere. It is the high price of living, and it is becoming a serious question if we can afford to live at all.

New York is once more turning its pious eye upon the woman smoker, but the eye is a little more tolerant than it used to be. Of course a sin is always a sin, but if the sinner happens to be wealthy and of the socially elect it makes a difference. We all know that.

A short time ago the Ritz-Carlton was the only first-rate hotel that allowed its women guests to smoke. Now there are some other hotels that have abolished their prohibitive rules and there are quite a number that have retained their rules but that have ceased to enforce them. Still others allow smoking after a certain hour, and so the good work goes on. The woman today who smokes unobtrusively is fairly secure against molestation in quite a number of the hotels and restaurants of New York.

That women should be molested anywhere for such a cause is a curious commentary upon the independence that the American woman is popularly supposed to have won for herself. She may be independent of her hus-

band and she may have that other curious kind of independence that consists in refusing to make a bed or help her mother but that is willing enough to work in an office for nine hours a day under the direction of a man. But when it comes to a matter of servility to some one in the guise of officialism, some one with a uniform or a badge, the woman is just as abject as the rest of us. The hotel-keeper who penalizes a woman for smoking a cigarette is acting illegally and contrary to the terms of his license. He knows that he is doing so. The woman knows that he is doing so. Her escort knows it. Every one knows it. And yet for these many years the New York woman has tolerated the insults of hotel and restaurant-keepers and lackeys of the same stripe, glorified butlers and bootblacks, and has allowed them to tell her what she shall do and what she shall not do. And these same sanctified footmen who tell her that to smoke a cigarette is impious will cheerfully bring her a cocktail in a teacup or in a colored glass and think nothing of it.

So long as there is a single hotel or restaurant where a woman can be molested for decorously smoking a cigarette it is time that we desisted from our usual practice of vaporizing about the independence of our women or about a male chivalry that is always ready to spring to arms in defense of their rights.

One of the New York newspapers dropped into verse after the departure of the Duke of Connaught:

After the ball is over,  
After the duke has gone,  
When all the bids are counted,  
We were left out doggone.  
Many a heart is aching,  
If we could read them all,  
Four hundred hearts are breaking,  
After the ball.

It is easy to mock, but this was one of the tragedies that called for tears instead of laughter.

The women of Turkey must, according to their religion, never be seen outside their houses without covering their whole face, excepting the eyes. The women of Turkey, like their husbands, have awakened of late, and they are protesting wholesale against this ancient custom. There have been all kinds of incidents in connection with this feminine campaign for the abolition of the veil, but it is unlikely that the men of Turkey will allow their women to remove the little piece of white or black material which conceals their features. The Islam association of Salonica the other day published a curious article, extracts from which show what the Turks think on this delicate problem. "The Koran doesn't say that the face of woman must not be seen, but it declares that it is wise not to look with covetousness at the features of a strange woman. It also says that women are traps used by, let us say, his satanic majesty, to catch men. How, then, can men help gazing at women in the streets with covetousness when those women walk about bare faced? It is therefore not for the women to veil their faces, but for the men not to look at them. Unfortunately that's a difficult thing for men to manage, and it has been found necessary in the past to compel the women always to wear a veil, in order to save men from temptation."

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stockbroker to make repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard at once and lock it up." But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," he said to his assistant, "take my watch and chain and these few coppers to my missus at once."

An aged merchant was very ill. He sent for the family lawyer. "I wish," began the sick man, as the attorney stood by his bedside, eager to catch every word as it was uttered. "Yes?" answered the lawyer, hastily scribbling. "All my property and estate to go to my eldest daughter. I wish to die firm in the knowledge that the property is assured to her," continued the merchant, with eager excitement. "Of course—of course!" fussed the attorney. "Would it be asking too much," hesitatingly asked the dying man, "to suggest that you should marry her?"

Secretary MacVeagh, at a dinner in Washington, was urging the need of scientific financial laws. "But let us make these laws scientifically," he said. "We must let in the light. We must work in the light. If we work in the dark, you know, we will go wrong—like young Cornelius Husk. Cornelius Husk was called one winter morning before dawn, and told to go and harness the mule to the dearborn. The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. As he tried to harness the cow his father, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: 'Corney! Corney! What are ye doin'?' 'I can't get the collar over the mule's head,' the boy replied. 'His ears are frozen.'"

A New York surveyor had an assignment that took him into the depth of the wilderness ten miles from camp. The camp was a hundred miles from the nearest railroad station. To his surprise, he heard the sound of an axe. He followed the sound and found a busy woodsman at work. He had cleared the timber away for a few rods about, and on that space had put up a snug log cabin. All the rest, on every side, was the profound, almost untrodden wilderness. The man stopped his work and greeted the surveyor pleasantly. "And where did you come from?" he asked. "From New York," answered the surveyor. "Live there?" said he. "Yes." The man gazed at him as if amazed, and by and by said: "Well, well! Gosh! I don't see how you can bear to live so far away!"

Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, was talking about a certain trust magnate. "He's got a bad name," said the mayor-novelist. "Hence he can't get a square deal. He's got as bad a name for a lawsuit as Dodgin had for a manager. Dodgin was the new manager of a biscuit concern. There was a workman at the concern who liked to sneak off to a shed at about three o'clock in the afternoon and smoke a pipe and look over the afternoon paper for half an hour or so. Well, one day as the workman sat reading and smoking in the shed, Dodgin appeared. 'Who are you?' Dodgin asked sternly, frowning at the idle workman. The workman frowned back. 'Huh, who are you?' said he. 'I'm Dodgin, the new manager,' was the reply. At this the workman smiled. 'So am I,' he said, heartily. 'Come in and have a smoke.'"

In an election in a certain Alsatian district the two candidates were Kable, an Alsatian of French sympathies, who had protested against the annexation after the war of 1870, and a German. On election day a peasant came to the polling-place, which was presided over by a German official. The peasant had in one hand a ticket on which was printed the name of Kable, and in the other a ticket bearing the name of the German candidate. "Mein herr," he said to the German election official, "will you tell me which of these tickets is the better one?" The officer looked at them. "Why, this is much preferable," said he, indicating the German's ticket. "Ah, I thank you," answered the peasant. "I will keep it next my heart." He folded it carefully and put it inside his coat. "As for the other, then," said he, with an air of putting it away from him, as an unworthy thing, "I will leave it here." And he put the Kable ticket in the ballot-box.

There was an artist who sold a landscape to a Boston lady. After a time the lady tired of the painting, saying that it lacked animation. She summoned another artist and said to him, "Will you paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle?" The artist agreed and had soon made the addition. This artist happened to be a friend of the original artist and so he told him what he had done. "I had the nerve to alter a landscape of yours," he said. "It was the one you sold to Mrs. Blank. She

wanted a figure in it, so I painted an old man walking down the road." "Road, what road? I don't remember any road in that picture." "Why the road that runs through the middle." "Fool, fool!" cried the first artist, angrily, "that isn't a road, that's a river."

Thomas Mott Osbourne, one of the leaders of the State Democratic League of New York, was talking about political organization. "Good men," he said, "are rare. They come high. There is a tendency to accept as workers all and sundry who volunteer, but this tendency is as foolish as the logic of the smoker's wife. 'Hereafter,' said a smoker, 'I prefer to buy my own cigars, darling. You are very good to volunteer to do my cigar buying, but really this bag at twelve for a quarter is a little too cheap.' 'I know twelve for a quarter is cheap,' his wife answered, 'but I thought there'd be one or two good ones in the twelve.'"

Back in the days when Wilbur Wright was demonstrating that the art of splitting clouds wide open with an aeroplane was both easy and practical, Victor Murdock, who owns a newspaper in Kansas and occupies a seat in Congress, wrote for his paper a three-column article, praising Wright in glowing, glittering, and dazzling phrases (says the *Popular Magazine*). Shortly after that Murdock, who for political and other reasons says he never writes anything that appears in the paper, attended an aeroplane meet, and was approached by a quiet young man who was evidently a newspaper correspondent. "Mr. Murdock," said this intruder, "I enjoyed immensely your article on aeroplanes, and I was wondering if you would tell me how you—" "No, no! And again, no!" exclaimed Murdock. "I never write anything, and I never give interviews on what appears in my paper." Whereupon the young man subsided into the crowd. That night, at a banquet given in honor of the aeronauts, Murdock was seated opposite Wilbur Wright, and, in a break in the chorus of talk, Murdock leaned across the table and said urhanly: "Mr. Wright, I hope you saw that article I wrote and published in my paper about you, and—" He got no further. Right there was the blow-up, the crestfallen finish. Wilbur gave him a stony stare, and in the flash of a moment Murdock had recognized in Wright the man who had accosted him earlier in the afternoon. "The moral of that," said Murdock, in telling the story, "is: Either never write or never lie about your writings."

## The Triangle in 1999.

One of the cleverest of the amusing playlets given in vaudeville is William C. de Mille's "In 1999," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre (says the critic of the *New York Globe*). It is built on such a simple and obvious formula that one's first impulse on seeing it is to say: "Now, why on earth didn't I think of that?" It lies in the burlesque assumption that in 1999 the domestic relations of men and women will be entirely reversed, the men then being the "fair sex" and the home bodies, while the women will be the breadwinners, and, by the same token, chronic wanderers from the conjugal hearth.

On this plan Mr. de Mille has written a tabloid triangle play, by the simple process of putting into the man's mouth the speeches usually spoken by aggrieved wives and into the women's mouths the blustering bombast of the average husband. When the curtain rises the husband is discovered making panties for the baby. The wife is off stage, dressing to go out. She comes in and husband says: "What! Are you going out? Why, you promised to take me to see Bernhardt in 'Joan of Arc'!" The wife replies: "Well, the fact is, old boy, it's a matter of business; you see I promised some of the girls at the club, besides Bernhardt is getting old!" "O-o-h," wails the husband; "you never spend a quiet evening at home with me now. Have I lost my beauty? Don't I attract you any more," etc.

The wife goes out to the club, and in a few moments another woman enters, the discarded lover of the man's early youth, who learns of his unhappiness and asks him to elope with her. "Come; you have never seen Venice! I will take you there. There I will make you forget all your unhappiness. I will shield you with my life!" Just as they are embracing the wife returns suddenly and makes a tremendous scene, using all the familiar phrases commonly spoken by the injured husband of the eternal triangle drama. "It's the same old story," moans the man. "One law for the woman and another for the man. One of the family must be pure. But why, why must it always be the man?" "Civilization has decreed it and custom demands it," replied the wife. "It is a law that is bigger than you and bigger than me. It is irrevocable, for it is founded on wisdom and logic." She drives the man out and he is led off weeping by the fond lovers. As he departs the wife suddenly spies the infant's panties. "My poor little child!" she exclaims. "What shall I tell him when he asks about his father? How am I to know whether the wretched man really was his father?"

Upon this line the curtain falls.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emily Johnson, to Mr. Edward Lowe of Oregon. Miss Johnson is a sister of Mr. Otis Johnson, whose engagement to Miss Marian Marvin has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bullard have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Bullard, to Mr. James Towne, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Towne.

The wedding of Miss Alexandra Hamilton and Mr. Rudolph Schilling will take place March 6.

The wedding of Miss Ysabel Brewer and Mr. Herbert Jones will be an event of Easter week.

Society was divided Monday evening between the concert at the Hotel St. Francis and the charity performance at the Cort Theatre. Preceding the affairs dinners were given by Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis was host Tuesday evening at a dinner at the Palace Hotel preceding the Mardi Gras ball. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon entertained the same party at supper.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner at their home and entertained their guests at a box party at the Mardi Gras.

Miss Minnie Houghton was also a dinner hostess Tuesday evening, and with her guests occupied a box at the hall.

Miss Dora Winn was hostess Tuesday evening at an informal dance at her home on California Street.

Miss Janet Coleman gave a tea Tuesday in honor of Miss Agnes Tillmann and her guest, Miss Gertrude Power.

Mrs. Orrin Wolfe entertained a number of friends at a tea Tuesday.

Miss Helen Sullivan was hostess at a bridge-tea Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll gave a dinner last Friday at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr. (formerly Miss Marie Louise Elkins).

Mrs. Frederick von Schrader was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of Mrs. J. C. McClure, wife of Captain McClure, U. S. A., who recently arrived at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Harry W. Stephenson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stephenson entertained at a Chinese dinner which preceded the Presidio hop.

Mrs. Thomas M. Olney (formerly Miss Coralie Selby) was hostess last week at a reception at her home in Piedmont in honor of her mother, Mrs. Prestiss Selby, who has returned from an extended visit in the East.

Miss Eleanor Morgan gave a luncheon last Thursday complimentary to Mrs. William B. Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Saba entertained a large number of friends at a luncheon Thursday at their home in El Cerrito Park. The affair was in honor of the English and local polo teams that are playing in the tournament.

Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Mrs. John C. Wilson.

Mr. Baker was the complimented guest at a dinner given by Dr. Alanson Weeks.

Mr. James K. Armsby was host at a luncheon at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mr. Baker, who was also entertained at a dinner given by Mr. John C. Wilson and at a luncheon Saturday by Mr. Charles Green at the Pacific Union Club.

Mrs. John P. Jackson entertained at a Valentine bridge-tea at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends at a dinner and skating party.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin was hostess last week at a garden party at her home in Montecito.

Miss Virginia Walsh gave a tea Sunday at her home in Los Angeles in honor of Miss Arabella Morrow of this city, who is at present her house-guest.

Mrs. William Hough entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea complimentary to Miss Metha McMahon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs gave a dinner last Thursday at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller entertained at a dinner Friday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at the Francisca Club. Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson entertained sixteen friends at a dinner last week at the Hotel Monroe.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali gave a tea recently at her home on Leavenworth Street.

Miss Marcia Fee was hostess last Thursday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Isabelle McLaughlin.

Consul-General Matsui Nagai was host at a luncheon Friday at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary

to Viscount Chinda, the new ambassador, who arrived Thursday from Japan.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Eleonora Sears left Boston yesterday for this city, to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, with whom she will spend the next few weeks in Coronado. Miss Anne Brown of New York has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Gunn and their sons, the Messrs. Dudley, Kenneth, and Russell Gunn, who have been spending the winter in town, are established for the summer in their country home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roos have rented for the summer season the home in Burlingame Park of Mr. and Mrs. George Garritt.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will leave in April for England, where she will spend several months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. Orrin Peck, and Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., were the guests over Sunday of Mrs. Phebe Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Miss Mary Eyre will leave on March 8 for a trip in Europe, accompanying the Misses Louisiana Foster, Sarah Coffin, and Lec Girvin, all of whom will remain abroad during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will sail early in April for Honolulu, where they will spend several weeks in the Irwin home.

Miss Gertrude Power has arrived from the East and is the guest of Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Genevieve King was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop and their little son sailed Wednesday for Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick moved last week into the house on Washington Street which was formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murphy.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have opened their home in Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. Melville Bowman has gone to Panama for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster and their daughters, the Misses Marie, Louise, and Enid Foster, will leave early in March for Ross, where they will open their country home for the summer.

Miss Alysse Warner has recently been the guest of Mrs. Ray, wife of Pay Director Charles M. Ray, at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William Coppee Duncan moved last week to Burlingame, where they are residing in the house which was formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from Riverside.

Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton.

Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke arrived Tuesday from Portland and joined Mrs. Brooke at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy. Mr. and Mrs. Brooke may visit Santa Barbara before returning to their home in Portland.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington sailed on the *Korea* for Honolulu. They were accompanied by Miss Jessie Wright, who has recently recovered from appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers left yesterday for Coronado.

Mrs. Andrew Moreland and Miss Esther Moreland went south Wednesday and will visit Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are contemplating a trip to Europe and expect to sail during the first week in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Baker Lansing have arrived from Honolulu and have joined Mrs. Lansing's aunt, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. John D. Tallant has returned from New York and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright.

Miss Emily Johnson has been spending the past week in Santa Barbara as the guest of Mrs. Lowe, mother of Mr. Edward Lowe, fiancé of Miss Johnson.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe has returned from a six months' visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blumenthal have arrived from New York and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Blumenthal is a sister of Mrs. Sigmund Stern.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton has returned from a visit in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding spent several days last week in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn left last Saturday for Europe. Miss Marjorie Josselyn is established

in Burlingame with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, with whom she will reside during her parents' absence.

Miss Eleanor Davenport has gone East to spend a few months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker spent the week-end with friends in San Mateo.

Mrs. Ohed Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey have returned to their home in Galt after a few days' visit in town.

Mrs. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, returned Wednesday to their home in Stockton.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick has recently been visiting Miss Minnie Houghton at her home on Jackson and Franklin Streets.

Miss Innes Keeney and Miss Augusta Foute spent the week-end in Menlo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and their daughter, Miss Frances Martin, returned Monday from New York, where they have been spending the winter.

They were accompanied home by Mrs. George A. Moore, who has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, in Chicago.

Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss have returned to their home in Los Angeles. They came to town to attend the last festivities of the season.

Mr. Charles Page is slowly recovering from his recent serious illness. Mr. Page is the father of the Messrs Charles Page, Jr., and Stanley Page, and is a brother of Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mrs. John Mailliard, Mrs. Page Smith, and the Messrs. Willard, George, Arthur, and William Page.

Captain Harry S. Howland, U. S. A., has assumed temporary duty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant E. G. McCleave, U. S. A., is here from Vancouver Barracks and is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

Lieutenant A. M. Graham, U. S. A., has been in town from the Presidio, Monterey.

Brigadier-General M. P. Maus, U. S. A., arrived last Sunday from Vancouver Barracks.

## Schumann-Heink's Farewell, This Sunday.

Schumann-Heink's farewell concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, February 25, at the Cort Theatre, and the programme can only be described by the word colossal. What other singer living can give such a programme in one afternoon? Excerpts from her great Wagnerian rôles in "Rienzi," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan and Isolde," "Tannhäuser," and "Rheingold"; Schuher's "Ave Maria," "Die Forelle," and "Die Almacht"; three songs in Hungarian, and half a dozen other gems of song are the offering. To hear this glorious voice sing the old Highland melody, "Turn Ye to Me," will alone be worth the price of a seat.

The box-offices are now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday at the Cort Theatre after ten o'clock.

## The Wagner "Pop" Concert.

The San Francisco Orchestra under Henry Hadley's direction will give a wonderfully attractive programme of Wagnerian music at popular prices next Friday afternoon, March 1, at the Cort Theatre at 3:15. Never before has such an offering been made music lovers at these prices. The complete orchestra of seventy men will render the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the death march of Siegfried from "Die Götterdämmerung," Wotan's farewell and "Fire Magic" from "Die Walküre," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," the Prelude to "Lohengrin," and the Prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde." And you can hear all of this for as little as twenty-five cents, and the highest priced seats are but one dollar. Surely the Musical Association of San Francisco is accomplishing great good. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The last of the symphony concerts will be given just one week later, Friday afternoon, March 8, when Efreim Zimbalist, the great violin virtuoso, will play Tchaikowsky's Concerto in D major, and the orchestra's offerings will be Beethoven's immortal "Eroica" Symphony and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan."

Seats for this event are also on sale at the box-offices.

## Efreim Zimbalist, Violin Virtuoso.

After his début with the symphony orchestra, Efreim Zimbalist will be heard in three recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoon, March 10, and Wednesday evening, March 13, and probably a farewell concert on either the following Saturday or Sunday. This lad, who is just twenty-two, is considered the true successor of Joachim. He is more than a gifted player—he is one of the real geniuses.

## Tetrazzini Concerts.

Luisa Tetrazzini will give three concerts at Dreamland, the dates being Monday and Thursday nights, March 11 and 14, and Sunday afternoon, March 17.

Mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Dreamland will be put in first-class order, and beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and he made thoroughly comfortable.

The home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs. William Dassonville (formerly Miss Gertrude Perry) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The Italian-Swiss Colony wines, although California's choicest product, cost no more than others. For sale everywhere.

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Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has used many of the incidents contained in her "Rebecca" books in preparing them for the stage under the title of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," having in their dramatization the assistance of Charlotte Thompson, an experienced writer for the stage, and she has invented new episodes, new motives, and new situations to give strength and continuity to the story.

In the Klaw & Erlanger production of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which is to have its first hearing, after two years of success in New York and Boston, at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday night, February 26, Mrs. Wiggin and her collaborator, Charlotte Thompson, set a group of five cheery, bright, frolicsome girls against a background of New England austerity and bleakness, showing in the process of growth how these same rays of sunshine upset the staid traditions of their Puritan elders and make life just a bit more livable in the little town of Riverboro, Maine. The comedy has enjoyed probably the greatest success scored by any theatrical offering during the past five years on the American stage. Ursula St. George, who plays the title-role, has the youth to represent Rebecca physically, and the experience to project the characterization completely, for though Miss St. George is only eighteen she has had a training of ten years on the stage and has the technic of acting at her finger tips.

Matinées will be given on Saturdays in addition to a special ladies' matinee on Wednesday.

Louise Dresser, the famous musical-comedy star, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. Miss Dresser recently brought her season in "A Lovely Liar" to an end and while awaiting the completion of her new vehicle accepted Martin Beck's offer to play an engagement over the Orpheum Circuit. The comedienne will be heard in a repertory of old and new successes, using six of the songs that owe their popularity to her ability.

"La Somnambule," George Molasso's sensational French pantomime, will be presented with Mlle. Nina Payne, Signor R. St. Elia, and a company of ten. The curtain rises on Martel's preparations for a small surprise party in honor of his wife's birthday. The guests arrive, among them the Count Antoine, who forces unwelcome attentions upon Mme. Martel. At the conclusion of the party the count induces M. Martel to go out with him. As soon as he departs Mme. Martel retires, but rises in a somnambulist state and performs a dance in which the previous events of the evening are recalled, at the finish of which she returns to her room. The count forces an entrance into Mme. Martel's room. After a struggle she rushes out and slams the door, locking the count in, and falls down stairs in a faint. Her husband returns, discovers the situation, and attempts to revenge himself by shooting the count.

For the last ten years Harry Beresford, who is one of the best of eccentric comedians, has toured this country as the star of his own productions. Now he is playing in vaudeville and will appear next week at the Orpheum in a tabloid comedy, "In Old New York," by Tom Beatty, which is highly praised. It is a reminder of the Harrigan days, and the characters in the little play—six in all—are all typical Harrigan characters. Mr. Beresford, as an old sign-painter, is particularly happy. The supporting company includes Hattie Carmonte, Edith Wylie, John de Weese, Harry Whall, and Fred Hill.

A remarkable gymnastic performance will be given by the Three Farrell Sisters, who are now touring America for the first time, and were imported exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit. The girls are all attractive and symmetrical, and their performance consists of gymnastic feats of strength and daring which possess the merit of originality.

Next week will be the last of Ida O'Day and Company, Julius Tannen, Eunice Burnham and Charlotte Greenwood, and Pouchot's Flying Ballet.

Lulu Glaser's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will open on Sunday night, March 10. It will be the first appearance here in seven years of this star, who is coming with her new Scotch Viennese operetta, "Miss Dudelsack." Miss Glaser's last visit here was in the production of "Dolly Varden," at the old Columbia Theatre on Powell Street.

Elsie Janis will introduce San Franciscans to "The Slim Princess" late in March. Miss Janis has never visited San Francisco, and as she is considered one of America's most prominent comedienne stars, she may look forward to a hearty reception. Joe Cawthorn is Miss Janis's leading comedian. It is said that the two make an inimitable team for the production of merry moments.

Charles Frohman has started Maude Adams on a tour of the West which will include San Francisco. The entire tour will be made by special train, and it is interesting to note that San Francisco will see the 500th performance of "Chantecler."

John McCormack, the Irish Tenor.

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor, who at the age of twenty-six has won a position in the ranks with Caruso, Bonci, Tetrazzini, and Melba, will give his first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday night, February 27, assisted by Marie Narelle, an Irish soprano, and Spencer Clay, pianist, and Manager Greenbaum predicts that by Wednesday morning the town will be McCormack mad. If it isn't it will be the first city in which McCormack has appeared that has not succumbed to his glorious voice and art.

The programme will consist mainly of Irish works, but the singer will also give us a sample of his prowess as an operatic artist in the beautiful aria from "La Bohème."

The second and farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 3, with an entirely new programme.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

McCormack is the greatest tenor an English-speaking race has ever produced, and his appearance here will mark an epoch in our musical history. He is one of those who will come again and again, for he is just at the beginning of his great career.

Harold Bauer, Master Pianist.

Harold Bauer, the greatest living interpreter of the works of Schumann, and a pianist whose abilities have placed him in the front rank of living artists, will give two concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the first being scheduled for next Saturday afternoon, March 2, at 2:30, when his programme will include Mendelssohn's "Prelude and Fugue" in E minor, Mozart's Sonata in F, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Liszt's tremendously difficult "Mephisto Waltz," and numbers by Chopin and Glück-Sgambati.

His second and last concert will be on Tuesday night, March 5, when he will play Schumann's magnificent work, "Kreisleriana," and his glorious "Fantasia," Liszt's only Sonata in B minor, and a splendid group of Chopin works, including the Ballade in F.

There is no other pianist who can get the tone coloring out of the piano that Bauer does, and he is an artist that no student or teacher can afford to miss, nor, for that matter, can any one who really cares for the beautiful in the art.

Seats will be ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

An Interested Reader.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

ASTORIA, OREGON, Feb. 19, 1912.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Some weeks since you published a review of a book by Stephen Graham, author of "A Vagabond in the Caucasus." Since then I have bought and read the latter book, but have forgotten the name of the first mentioned, which also describes travels in Russia. Will you please give it to me, as I wish to buy it. For an expensive book there is rather too much in the "Vagabond" about the author, but when he describes the life of the Russians as he saw them it is intensely graphic and interesting. To those who have absorbed the current newspaper lies representing the Russian peasantry as groaning under the weight of tyranny the stories of carefree hospitality at Christmas time are a revelation. Too much vodka also has its comic side, even though the results are tragic. The figures given of the incredibly low prices of food in the markets of Southern Russia are very tempting and offset the constant iteration of starvation district stories with which we are served.

Your literary reviews are always read by me and invariably lead me to buy something interesting and instructive.

Very truly yours, S. S. GORDON.

A Moderate and Sweet Spirited Critic.

BELLE FOURCHE, S. D., Jan. 1, 1912.

SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT: In all the world of newspaperdom no more egotistical, ignorant, blatant, blatherskite howl has ever been yelled than your ridiculous criticism of the McNamara case and labor in general. Why injure your city, debase humanity, degrade civilization and engender class hatred by such a plutocratic bomb shell? All hired Hessians of a predatory press are slaves of the money power. Your description of the labor conditions in San Francisco, show the nightmare ravings of a disordered brain sodden by servility to your masters.

The McNamaras are the children of the trusts. Their father (the trusts) you deify while the product of your own schools you damn and denounce. The trusts are the breeding pens of anarchists, dynamiters and murderers. You support these institutions but decry and crucify the product. Turn your tigers loose to rend and to tear the producers of wealth at your pleasure. When your dirty work is done labor will still lift its battered bat to arrogant idleness and march on to greater success through unionism and the ballot.

Yours truly, J. H. WILKINSON.

For Law and Order.

GEO. COSGRAVE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

FRESNO, CAL., Jan. 21, 1912.

SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT: Enclosed find \$4 to renew my subscription. By oversight it was not sent when due.

The Argonaut is very highly thought of by those who believe in law, order, and the integrity of our institutions, and by those who

## Cortez Discovered Cocoa During His Conquest of Mexico

The Mexicans had cultivated the trees and used the bean much in the same manner as today.

Cortez found cocoa so good that he introduced it into Spain. Its use spread to Italy, France and England, and the American colonies adopted it from the mother country.

Today millions of people use it every morning and at various hours of the day and night. It is no longer a luxury, and its use is steadily increasing.

The tree flourishes both wild and cultivated in parts of Mexico, Central America, parts of South America and other tropical regions. From each fruit 25 to 40 seeds, which are the cocoa beans of commerce, are obtained. After drying, mixing, sorting and roasting, the contents of the bean is devoted to the production of the greatest food-beverage in the world.

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ART.-BOL, GÖTEBORGS MORGONPOST

GÖTEBORG den 2nd January, 1912.

THE ARGONAUT: We have bought loose numbers of your valued paper for some time past and want now to be entered as regular subscribers for a year. Will you please start right on receipt of this letter to send us your weekly copies. As for payment we do not know your subscription price and beg you to draw on us or otherwise to make any arrangement satisfactory to you. We remain in the meantime, Yours very sincerely, MORGONPOST, KALL ELGGVIST, Second Editor.

Mary Garden made her first appearance as Carmen in New York last week, and her characterization is pronounced one of the finest pieces of work she has ever shown the public. She makes Carmen a calculating coquette, not a spontaneous one, as Calvé's was. In dying from José's knife she faces the audience, and with a look of horror in her face she crumples down to the ground with a wonderful realism, but a realism tempered by strong artistic feeling. Lovers of good singing will regret that Miss Garden's voice frequently leaves much to be desired in point of beauty, but she has the gift of expressive singing and of coloring the voice to suit her mood.

Winthrop Ames announces as the first matinee play to be given at his Little Theatre in New York "The Terrible Meek," a new play by Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter-feast." The piece, which will run for fifty minutes without intermission, may be called a peace play, for it contains a strong plea against the wars of empire building, and deals critically with the whole question comprehended under the term "duty."

Henry Miller is rehearsing a new play by A. E. Thomas, called "The Rainbow," which will be presented in New York within a few weeks. "The Rainbow" is a comedy in three acts with the story laid in New York and the Riviera. Mr. Miller will create the leading rôle.

A centenary celebration production of "Oliver Twist" will be made next week in New York by Liebler & Co. Nat C. Goodwin will play Fagin, and Marie Doro will appear as Oliver.

Herbert Basbford's play, "The Woman He Married," played last season by Virginia Harned, will be presented at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland next week.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Pat—McGuire is dead. Jim—Dead? Was he insured? Pat—No; he's a total loss.—Life.

Examiner—Do you use whisky as a beverage? Applicant—No, sir; merely as an intoxicant.—Boston Transcript.

New Yorker—What did you have in your garden last summer? Suburbanite—Cocbin Chinas, Plymouth Rocks, and Leghorns.—Harper's Bazar.

Guide (as girl offers him a tip)—We are strictly forbidden to receive tips, but I don't like to refuse such a charming woman anything.—Fliegende Blätter.

"De world owes you a livin'," said Uncle Eben; "but you's liable to have to go after de world wif a hoe or an axe to make it give up."—Washington Star.

Wareham Long—Wot's a germicide, anyway? Tuffold Knutt—He's a man wot kills a German. Your blamed ign'erence makes me tired.—Chicago Tribune.

Knicker—What sort of a reformer is he? Bocker—He wants other fellows to abstain from food to make the price go down while he eats it.—New York Sun.

"What is an optimist?" "A man who thinks that if he puts 'Rusb' on a letter it will be delivered sooner than it would be otherwise."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Marks—Why do you allow your wife to run up such big bills? Parks—Because I'd sooner have trouble with my creditors than with her—that's why.—Boston Transcript.

"Heard about the latest insurance scheme?" "No; what is it?" "Why the company agrees to pay alimony to both parties in case the marriage turns out a failure."—Boston Transcript.

"In Chapter I be shoots at ber five times. Aint that grand?" "Yes; but them novels are misleading, Mayme. There aint no earnest love like that in real life."—Kansas City Journal.

"No, Ferdinand, owing to circumstances over which I have no control I can never marry you." "What circumstances, Araminta?" "Your circumstances, Ferdinand."—Bystander.

She—The Rev. Wilkins is something of a faith healer, you know, and I'm thinking of attending his church for my rheumatism. He—I can recommend him for insomnia.—Sydney Bulletin.

"Tribbles said he felt like a millionaire last night." "Did he imbibe freely?" "No. He stood in front of a theatre and inhaled the fumes from sixty automobiles."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"An easy job will suit me, senator." "How about winding the clocks every week?" "I might make that do. But what's the matter with my tearing the leaves off the calendar every month."—Washington Herald.

Patient (feebly)—Doctor, my wife says that you have charged too much for operating on me. The Doctor—But, my dear sir, you don't mean to tell me that you would take your wife's opinion as to your value?—Life.

Miss Tooter—Isn't it a dreadful sensation to run over a man? Mr. Shuffer—Oh, I don't know. Not nearly as dreadful a sensation as running over a cow, and it doesn't injure the machine as much, either.—Milwaukee Daily News.

Mrs. Gotham—Your cousin's legal practice, I suppose, doesn't amount to much yet? Mrs. Lakeside—No, I'm sorry to say. We relatives do all we can; but, of course, we can't be getting divorced all the time.—Boston Transcript.

"The baby likes to play with my hair." "But you don't trust him with it when you are out, do you?" inquired her caller. And thus a coolness arose between two women who had been lifelong friends.—Washington Herald.

"I suppose," observed the envious person, "that when you go to Europe the whole continent tips up." "Not at all," said the experienced traveler; "when I go to Europe I usually have to tip the whole continent."—Chicago Tribune.

"You say your hearers sat through your speech in open-mouthed astonishment?" "I thought so at first," replied Mr. Teejus. "But I have learned that most of those fellows are accustomed to sleep with their mouths open."—Washington Star.

"Eureka!" exclaimed Hiram Hoskins, who, with a lighted candle in his hand, was hunting for a leak in the gaspipe. A moment later Mrs. Hoskins sadly said: "That's just our luck. Now we'll have to pay out more money to get the roof fixed."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"When I was a young man, I was very fond of music," remarked Mr. Cumrox. "My singing laid the foundation of my fortune." "You sang so well?" "No, the captain of industry who started me in life said that anybody who

would get up before folks and sing as I did had marvelous nerve and indomitable will power."—Washington Star.

Fortune-Teller—You wish to know something about your future husband. Customer—No, I don't. I want to know about the past of my present husband.—Boston Transcript.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Nutshell Verse.

Servant lady,  
Rather green;  
Balky fire,  
Gasolene.

Pours the fluid,  
Travels far;  
Floral token;  
"Gates ajar."  
—Washington Herald.

The Third Person.

I know a man (accounted wise)  
Who thinks himself an ancient make  
Of musket. Breakfast food supplies  
His powder, and a hamburger steak  
The bullet, while a flannel-cake  
Acts as the wadding. Then away  
He shoots for all that fighting day;  
Shoots to his car, shoots to his work,  
Shoots here, shoots there,  
Shoots everywhere  
A dollar may be thought to lurk;  
Shoots out to luncheon, shoots to drink,  
Shoots home at night, too tired to think!  
Shoots through the news, and spent, at last,  
Drops, thankful that the day is past.  
For all this stress from dawn to sleep  
He gets his victuals, clothes, and keep.  
Ho! ho! A foolish man is he  
(And very much like you and me).  
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Philadelphia Ledger.

To My First Love.

Little dream love of the long ago,  
Why do you come a-haunting me,  
With your chin tilted high and your hat tipped low,  
And your coral red lips a-taunting me?

Out of the mystical, magical years,  
My very first love in a long, long list!  
I remember the sighs, the quarrels, the tears,  
The way we parted—the way we kissed.

I remember the curve of your primrose face,  
And your form as lithe as a willow tree,  
And the way you danced with a grisette's grace—  
Say! Why do you come a-haunting me?

Ah, well! What matter? This thought, above  
All else, shall console and carry me:  
You were sweet and fickle, oh, Little First Love—  
But, thank heaven, you didn't MARRY me!  
—Helen Rowland, in Chicago Journal.

Possibilities.

Dad has read bow, in Dallas, Texas, there's a meningectus germ

That has made them close the schools up, mebbe, for the winter term.

An' as he read on about it, mother drew me to her chair;

An' she put one arm around me an' she gently stroked my hair;

An' when dad had finished readin' he pulled me between his knees,

An' he looked a long time at me—endin' with a little squeeze.

Say, they both seemed awful sollum, like their bearts 'most weighed a ton;

But I bet the kids in Dallas are a-havin' heaps o' fun!

I don't hardly think I'd live to have a meningectus germ

Git on me. But I would like it if my school closed for the term.

If I'd only git a measle or a mumps germ, that'd be

Mighty fine! A measles germ can come an' have some fun with me

Any time it takes a notion. An' a mumps germ—that's a cinch!

What's a meningectus germ like? Does it bite or does it pinch?

Pa an' ma's so skeered 'f I see one I suppose I'd better run—

But I bet the kids in Dallas are a-havin' heaps o' fun!  
—New York Globe.

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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The "Recall" in Practice.

Two years ago the city of Seattle provided itself with the then newest form of political gimcrack, the "recall." And as a boy with a pair of new red-top boots invariably hunts for a puddle in which to try them out, so Seattle looked about for a victim of the new device. Now Seattle is not without commendable points of character. She is self-reliant, enterprising, and tremendously imbued with the spirit of progress. She has the quality of GO—the kind that is spelled with capital letters. But for all these merits Seattle has her weak points. She is to a greater or less degree morally "keerless." Above all things she likes to do business; and one of her ways of doing business is to make the town attractive for the full-pursed lumbermen from the timbered districts and the likewise full-pursed miner from Alaska. These gentlemen don't care much for the refinements of life, but they do revel in the delights of an open town. And so Seattle has pretty steadily maintained an open-town policy, to her own profit as ten thousand circumstances attest.

But about a year ago the element which opposes the open-town policy took to itself courage from the fact

that the franchise had been bestowed upon women. And there was the fire-new "recall" ready at hand. Measures were taken to recall the mayor, one Hiram C. Gill, a conscienceless supporter of the open-town policy. The moral sensibilities of the new feminine voters were stimulated to fever heat. There was a campaign of especial turmoil and fury. Mayor Gill was duly recalled, and a successor was found in a man who professed a finer morality and more delicate sensibilities. But, despite all this, the town continued to operate on the open policy. Panders in moral abominations, the sellers of merchandise, the owners of renting property, even the morally pretentious newspapers, if the truth may be told, wanted the town to stay open, although many of them for one reason or another had voted to recall Mr. Gill.

The official term of the nice man who succeeded Mr. Gill is approaching its end; and last week there was held a municipal election under the direct primary law, for Seattle has this blessing along with her other political furniture. The recalled Mr. Gill presented himself as a candidate, and behold he who only a year ago was cast down and thrown out for his sins headed the return by a two-to-one vote. Curiously, his chief competitor was none other than the estimable gentleman whose own right hand wrote the law of the state by which the women were enfranchised. More curiously, the chief leader and whipper-in of the feminine vote in last year's recall campaign appeared this year as a fire-eyed champion of the notorious Gill.

All of which affords a fair subject for smiles if not for anything more gratifying. Manifestly neither the recall nor the direct primary nor woman suffrage, nor all three together, are competent to render a community either morally pure or even decently consistent, unless the people of said community be imbued with steadiness of moral purpose and with some indifference to purely financial considerations.

### Mr. Roosevelt's Candidacy.

That Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said when on the evening of his reelection in November, 1904, he promised the American people not again to be a candidate for the presidency there can be no manner of doubt. There is that in the phrases of the voluntary declaration then made which enforces conviction. "On March 4th next," he said, "I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms, regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." In a letter given to the public this week Mr. Roosevelt says: "I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me." The disagreement between these utterances is obvious. Mr. Roosevelt now avows his readiness to do what he said he would not do. Disregarding both the substance and the form of his own pledge, he is again a candidate for a presidential nomination; he will again be a presidential nominee if the game shall turn his way.

In the sphere of public affairs nothing has happened in the years since Mr. Roosevelt's promise was given in 1904, nor since it was repeated and confirmed in 1907, to justify this inconstancy of purpose. There is no crisis in the affairs of the country; there is no universal appeal for a "savior"; there is no condition or situation tending in itself by the force of its own moral logic to nullify a promise given in manifest good faith and in obvious obedience to a conviction of the wisdom of a custom which has prevailed since the earlier years of the republic.

In seeking explanation of the discrepancy between Mr. Roosevelt's promise and his present position as a candidate we are compelled to turn from the sphere of public affairs to the infinitely lower sphere of private and personal interests and passions. Mr. Roosevelt is a candidate either (a) because of his

hunger for the eyes and ears of the multitude, his invincible ambition to be at the centre of things, his lust for power and primacy, or (b) because of a jealous resentment against his successor, once his close and beloved friend.

Looking at the situation quite apart from the supreme self-confidence manifest in his pose, it is not easy to see the foundation of Mr. Roosevelt's hopes—if indeed it be true that he cherishes hopes. All the forces connected with the powers of the national administration are in opposition. The universal sentiment that a President faithful, diligent, and successful, is entitled to a second term will work against Mr. Roosevelt. Sympathy with Mr. Taft on the basis of his abandonment by one under multiplied motives of friendship is likewise against Mr. Roosevelt. Resentment of the ten thousand extravagances, the pretensions, the exposed false practice of Mr. Roosevelt are against him. The quackery and the menace of the "new nationalism"—another name for populism—are against him. Widespread animosities founded in fear and contempt of many phases of his character will assert themselves to his discredit. Then there is the anti-third-term tradition supported by the examples of Washington, Jefferson, and McKinley and the precepts of a multitude of later authorities, plus the weight of his own broken promise. If Mr. Roosevelt shall overcome all these influences he will indeed prove his title to marvelous power in the mastery of political forces.

Mr. Roosevelt's chances of success would appear to stand upon a better foundation if we had not before us the concrete results of his political efforts in the campaign of 1910, immediately following his return from Africa. In his own state of New York, it will be remembered, he espoused the cause of Mr. Stimson, candidate for governor, and put into the campaign the full measure of his energy and influence. Mr. Stimson was beaten by a Democratic candidate who in addition to other handicaps had to bear the weight of a quasi-affiliation with Tammany Hall. In Massachusetts, a state normally Republican, Mr. Roosevelt appeared in opposition to Foss, candidate for governor, and in support of Lodge, candidate for reelection as United States senator. Foss was elected. Lodge barely scratched in, after coming nearer to defeat than any New England senator of established position in half a century. In Connecticut, a Republican state, Mr. Roosevelt made a single speech directed wholly to the purpose of defeating Baldwin, the Democratic candidate for governor. Mr. Baldwin was elected. In Ohio, a Republican state, Mr. Roosevelt spoke in behalf of Governor Herrick, candidate for reelection. He went so far as to attack personally and vindictively the Democratic candidate, Judge Harmon. Harmon was elected by a heavy majority. In Indiana Mr. Roosevelt made special efforts for his friend Beveridge, candidate for reelection to the Senate. The Democrats elected the legislature, thus putting a quietus upon Mr. Beveridge's hopes. Mr. Roosevelt even went out to Iowa to make a speech for his friend Congressman Grilke, in the Second District. Mr. Grilke was defeated, while all other Republican candidates for Congress were elected.

This record is hardly calculated to inspire faith in Mr. Roosevelt's powers with the country. Political authority he had undoubtedly in the period of his presidency. It was manifested in a thousand ways—some of them not the nicest of ways. But Mr. Roosevelt out of office has never been a potent figure in politics, not even in his own state. And it is to be remembered that when governor of New York he did not find the hardihood to match lances with Mr. Platt, and it is further to be remembered that he only accepted the nomination for Vice-President in 1900 when it had become evident that his reelection to the governorship of New York was an impossibility.

Mr. Roosevelt has indeed a very considerable reputation as a politician; but study of the record fails to in



any theory of special political prowess separate and apart from the powers resting upon official authority.

Mr. Roosevelt appears to have entered the contest upon a limited basis of political and personal backing. What his financial resources are can not be known, though it has been plain during the past ninety days that the movement for him has had money in plenty. There have been intimations that the Steel Trust and its affiliated interests, in whose behalf (in the case of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company) Mr. Roosevelt once for a brief but momentous hour nullified the Sherman law, has interested itself in his candidacy. This trust has recently been assaulted in the courts by President Taft's administration, which implies another motive for busying itself in the presidential game. This gossip is interesting, not because it is certain or convincing, but as the only adequate explanation yet presented of the very obvious fact that the Roosevelt campaign chest is abundantly supplied.

On the personal side, Mr. Roosevelt's support, so far as it has been developed, is distinctly weak. Up to this time no strictly first-class figure in the political field has identified himself with the movement for a third term. Mr. Pinchot is a man of moderate calibre and no real political power. He carries no weight in his own state of Pennsylvania, and can not deliver a vote in the convention. Mr. Garfield is another lightweight, not indeed without a certain reputation due to his name and official associations, but of no practical consequence in the politics of his own state of Ohio or any other. The only man of effective character who has yet declared himself is Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who on the score of personal friendship will not oppose Roosevelt, and will therefore stand neutral. At the same time he stands opposed to the constitutional changes proposed in Roosevelt's Columbus speech. The only other first-class name associated with the Roosevelt movement is that of Mr. Oscar Straus, but this only as a matter of inference, since Mr. Straus has not yet spoken for himself.

While Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is under the "progressive" banner, there is no assurance that he will be supported by the united forces of progressivism. Mr. La Follette's comment is an emphatic reassertion of his own candidacy; and while that is obviously hopeless, there is no indication that his support will go to Roosevelt. Senator Cummins of Iowa, although pointedly questioned after Roosevelt's candidacy was declared, declined to commit himself. Various "second-raters," like Governor Stubbs of Kansas, have duly declared for Roosevelt; but there are no assurances that they can take their states with them to the extent of controlling their votes in the Chicago convention. Governor Johnson has indeed pledged California, but we suspect that he may find difficulty in delivering the goods.

And in this connection we are constrained to ask: In times past, before California was politically "regenerated," what would have been thought of any man, with or without official authority, who should have presumed over night at three thousand miles distance from home and by the mere word of his own mouth to nullify one presidential indorsement and pledge California to another? Can anybody recall so flagrant a case of political assumption on the part of any boss as that exhibited by Governor Johnson, presuming to speak for California, in his somersault from La Follette to Roosevelt? Mr. Johnson takes credit to himself for having broken down the boss system in California. It would be interesting to know by what name in his candid moments—if he ever have any—he would call his own system of political direction. And it would be interesting to know by what processes of mind men like Chester Rowell can permit themselves to be traded about between movements and candidates as subservient pawns in the political game. We wonder if these men recall the terms which in the days that preceded our political regeneration they were in the habit of applying to those whose presumed habit it was to take orders blindly and do the bidding of bosses without question. In what respect is Hiram Johnson less of a boss than any man who has ever preceded him in organizing and directing the politics of California? And in what respect are the organized and directed less comparable to dumb driven creatures of the game than the rank and file of the old régime? What has a pretentious and loud-voiced reform given us excepting the same old game with more gross assumptions, sanctimonious pretensions,

and a peculiarly offensive type of moral hypocrisy?

We note evidences that not all the progressives of California are enlisted under the bossship of Governor Johnson. The names of Hale, Mauzy, Murdock, and many other prominent local progressives appear in connection with a movement among California progressives in behalf of President Taft. Not all of our reformers, it appears, are willing, in contempt of their principles and of their manly independence, to be driven against their judgment into a political movement by the authority of Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Roosevelt's platform as declared in his Columbus speech differs in some respects from the new-nationalism of Osawatimie. The latter was a bold attempt to capture the leadership of progressivism out of hand—to take it away from the original sponsors of the movement. The Columbus declaration, after the manner of a famous coon trap, attempts to "ketch 'em" either "a-comin' or a-go'in'." It straddles everything. In Arizona last May Mr. Roosevelt was against the recall of the judiciary on principle; in California, two days later, he was for it as an expedient. Now he has pulled together the two horns of this dilemma. He is against the recall of judges, but he is for the recall of judicial decisions. Here is a device most delicately designed to carry political water on both shoulders. In truth it is neither more nor less than an attempt on the part of a man of no vital and abiding convictions but of a quick and inventive mind to curry favor alike with those who oppose the recall and those who support it. It is of a piece with Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards other issues—an attitude which recalls Mr. Jay Gould's testimony in the famous Erie Railroad case many years ago. "I am," said Mr. Gould, "a Republican in Republican counties, and a Democrat in Democratic counties, but I am an Erie man all the time." So with Mr. Roosevelt. He is for or against this or that—with conditions. He has so stated and annotated his principles that they may be read as progressive by progressives and as conservative by conservatives. But he is for Roosevelt all the time. He has made for himself a platform upon which he hopes to run with the hare and to chase with the hounds. It would be a cheap business for any man of high pretensions. It is cheap to the point of shamelessness in one who assumes the character of moral leadership in the political sphere under the dignities and sanctions attending his position as a one-time President of the republic.

We have had now some seven or eight years of continuous agitation directly affecting our politics and our business. Since the beginning of the insurance investigation, one movement has followed another. The scheme has been a steadily destructive one; the method has been that of detraction, of defamation, of breaking down of the public faith. This movement, whether it be adjudged worthy or unworthy, has put a tremendous strain alike upon the vital powers of our system and the prosperity of our affairs.

The *Argonaut* ventures to say that a time has come when above all other needs the country needs repose, with time to recover its normal poise and to readjust itself to new theories and conditions. We believe that a time has come when a further pursuit in vindictive spirit of men and things will destroy the republic in anything like its old-time integrity. An English essayist (Oliver), remarking upon the sustained vitality of representative government in the United States, declares that its essential principle has been a persistent tradition of faith in the ultimate good outcome of things. With warning finger he declares that if ever this faith shall depart from the minds and hearts of the American people the supreme peril of the republic will be at hand. We submit that the movement has already gone dangerously far. How far those who have eyes and ears may see in the attitude of men and affairs in our own state. We have here a state administration brought into office on the plea of reform. It is an administration pledged by every motive to moderate and fair courses. Yet we find this same administration so exhilarated by success, so inebriated in its possession of power, as to have forgotten every promise and every precept fundamental to its mandate. We pass over its merely political excesses to its more serious aspects. We find it employing its powers, not indeed to reform abuses, but in an implacable and insatiate enmity to particular interests and persons. The inference is plain enough. Reform as we have it in California, organized as a political force and established

in administrative authority, has become as a raving mad dog, more vicious and more dangerous, less answerable to reason or to conscience than any system which has ever preceded it. And to greater or less degree the experience of California is typical of a movement which, beginning some seven or eight years ago, has carried itself beyond the period of its moderation and usefulness and has come now to revel in malevolent passions of its own creation.

Mr. Roosevelt's part in the progressive movement has been a notable one, albeit he did not come into it in the time which tried men's souls. For be it remembered, long after Mr. Hughes, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Cummins, and others had enlisted in the progressive movement, Mr. Roosevelt was toying with his political patrons in New York and elsewhere—none other than the magnates of big business—was commandeering the favors of the great railway companies, and not only accepting, but soliciting under implied threats of the big stick, political contributions from men whom at a later time he characterized as "malefactors." When finally Mr. Roosevelt joined the new movement he gave to it the forces of his great office, for he was then President, with personal powers of especial potency in the work of agitation. For it is in the rôle of agitator that Mr. Roosevelt is most effective. He has a rare facility for effective appeal to the moral impulses of masses of men and women who are eager to be on the right side of things, but who lack the knowledge and insight to see through artful disguises and who are without the sense of responsibility which makes more prudent persons look carefully before leaping. Nobody dares venture to espouse or to condemn upon slighter assurances of fact than Mr. Roosevelt; nobody knows better how to lard impassioned appeals with unctuous phrases calculated to stir the sensibilities and win the approval of the right-minded but light-minded multitude. It would be both graceless and untrue to deny to Mr. Roosevelt a very considerable part in a movement which beyond a doubt has emphasized the value of right as against wrong in the business life of the country. But it must be said that the method and the means of Mr. Roosevelt's appeal have tended through distraction and defamation to confusion. He has been a destroying force, a breaker-down. And his work has not stopped with breaking down evils. In the excess of his passionate enthusiasms he has gone beyond mere abuses to assault the very foundations of our political structure. In no small measure he must bear the blame of the decline of confidence, of the destruction of faith in the ultimate good outcome of things which the critic above quoted has held before us as a point of supreme peril to the career of the republic.

But whatever service Mr. Roosevelt may have done the country in his character of agitator, a time has come when his peculiar gifts are less to be desired than feared. The need of the time is not for more arraignment, more "scoring," more "grilling," for more doubt and for more distrust. It is rather a time for the qualities which recreate and reconstruct, for the building up of a new spirit of confidence, for the revival of patriotic inspiration. The need of the time in the presidential chair is for a man who while conceding nothing to the spirit of reaction can command the poise essential to a calmer atmosphere combined with the solid powers essential to the work of restoring the traditions of public faith and of patriotic hope. Mr. Roosevelt is not such a man.

It is hardly possible that Mr. Roosevelt can hope in face of the many handicaps which beset his candidacy to win the party nomination at Chicago. Bright pictures of the situation and its possibilities have no doubt been drawn for him by his personal satellites—the Pinchots, Garfields, Loebes, *et al.* It is to be remembered that he has always held extravagant estimates of the worth and wisdom of his immediate associates. In even the credulity of friendship plus the credulity of ambition and vanity can hardly have gone so far as to convince a man of long political observation that he can fight his way to success against so many and such formidable forces. Nevertheless Mr. Roosevelt's "hat is in the ring." He is eagerly pleading for a third cup of coffee, though in his heart, we fancy, he knows he will not get it.

What can be the motive which thus leads Mr. Roosevelt to stake his established name upon an impossible attempt, to risk almost certain humiliation in a cause foredoomed? His hunger for the eyes and ears of the



multitude, his invincible ambition to be at the centre of things, his lust for power and primacy—these impulses may have something to do with it. He is like the prizefighter who, even though he knows that all the probabilities are against him, nevertheless is drawn by forces he is powerless to resist to venture once again. These impulses, we repeat, may have something to do with it. But we believe there is a deeper motive—nothing less than his resentment and hatred of his once close and beloved friend Mr. Taft. It is a fact which can not be denied that Roosevelt as President was both the sponsor and creator of Taft as a candidate. In the Cabinet Mr. Taft had been a willingly subordinate and even biddable figure. In his conceit Mr. Roosevelt assumed that Taft as President would be as Taft the Cabinet minister. He was not prepared for the enlargement of character, for the elevation of spirit which a great and personal responsibility often inspires in men of sluggish temperament, and which these forces did in fact inspire in Mr. Taft. Mr. Roosevelt undertook to "run" Mr. Taft, and in this effort he sustained the humiliation of his life—the only profound humiliation which the curious fortunes of his life had ever brought to him. He had not the philosophy, the poise, the self-control to meet the situation as became a man. Resentment, tortured by an all-consuming conceit, grew into a passion to which there has been subordinated every other motive of his being. Now his consuming desire is to beat Taft—to destroy the man whose independence so rebuked his presumption and vanity, whose character in office has won for him a kind of approval which Roosevelt himself was never able to command. Here, we suspect, is the secret of a candidacy which represents not so much the hope of success as a deeply fixed purpose of personal vengeance.

It will be interesting to follow Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. Its beginnings we have seen, for it has really been on a full year or more. It began in deception. Thus far it has been sustained by intrigue, involving a false attitude towards a professed political associate and friend—for Mr. La Follette had the right to be so regarded—and by implied promises, as for example the inspirations of hope employed in the seduction of Governor Johnson. At last the campaign is in the open, though it is launched upon a basis of principles at once fraudulent and cowardly. Assuming the pose of all things to all men, Mr. Roosevelt really commits himself to nothing, for his Columbus speech may be interpreted in any fashion or construed into any meaning.

And here we are reminded of the fact that while Mr. Roosevelt has always professed himself a man of dauntless courage, he has never found the hardihood to take a truly courageous course. From the beginning of his career until now he has persistently moved with the tide. He has been on every side of every issue and of every movement of his time, but he has never for one hour stood boldly for a cause not momentarily in favor or against a cause not momentarily in eclipse. He has never, like Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, or Cleveland, stood firmly for anything because it was right against the clamor of the impetuous hour and the overwhelming multitude. This test, the severest of all trials of moral hardihood—the one test by which truly strong men prove their character—Mr. Roosevelt has always declined. And he will decline it to the end of his career. For all of his pretensions, for all his amazing audacity, he has not in him the manly virtue to sustain an unpopular or declining cause. Theodore Roosevelt is not of the stuff of which true heroes are made.

Mr. Roosevelt's vanity or resentment, or both acting together, have led him to an amazing descent from the moral plane upon which he has assumed to stand and from which his previous appeals to the country and to the world have been addressed. From the lowest point of view it is an indiscretion, for in any event he must now to the end of his life and even in his historical character stand convicted in the minds of morally stable men as a man of insatiate ambition, a creature of infirm purpose, a double-dealer and a breaker of faith.

#### Labor and the Exposition.

Commenting on the *Argonaut's* demand for freedom and a fair field in the work of the exposition, the Fresno *Republican* gravely remarks that "the law of the state \* \* \* already requires that the unpacking and setting up of exhibits shall be done by each exhibitor in his

own way, with whatever labor he chooses." This appears, in the mind of the *Republican*, to be both a final and a happy adjustment. It appears likewise to the same confiding mind to stamp as impertinent any further questionings. The matter has been "settled"; the legislature has settled it. "The condition was understood and agreed to by the labor unions; no further perturbation or agitation therefore is needed"—thus saith the *Republican* in its cocksureness.

Apparently the *Republican* has no consciousness of the fact that organized labor is wholly indifferent to "laws of the state"; that it has laws of its own which in its own view supersede and override not only laws of the state, but all other laws of God and man. There are laws of the state guaranteeing to citizens the rights of life and liberty, unhampered and undisturbed. Does the *Republican* need to be told that organized labor disregards these laws whenever they interfere with its purposes or would curb its passions? Apparently it has failed to observe the boycotts, the intimidations, the maimings, the murderings done by organized labor precisely as if there were no law of state guaranteeing the rights of life and liberty. There are laws of the state assuring to every citizen the right to labor in any lawful occupation of his choice upon his own contract. Does the *Republican* need to be told that these laws are nullified whenever it suits organized labor to do it—even though it must strike with a bloody hand or shoot from the dark at the backs of its victims? There are laws of the state against intimidation, conspiracy, blackmail, arson, murder, and a hundred other crimes. Again, does the *Republican* need to be told that organized labor pays not the least heed to these laws when their violation may serve its uses? By what token does the *Republican* assume that a law of the state which assures to exposition exhibitors the right to do certain legitimate things will have higher respect than other laws which are persistently disobeyed and wantonly trampled upon?

Why, let us ask the *Republican*, was it deemed more necessary or seemly by the late legislature to pass a special law "requiring" that exhibitors shall unpack their goods in their own way than that these same exhibitors shall walk the public streets or attend religious services at their pleasure? What was there in social or legal logic making it necessary or reasonable to pass a special law in reenactment of rights fundamentally fixed in our constitution and already defined on our statute books? The *Republican* knows that the thing was done because organized labor in San Francisco stands as a lawless and menacing force ready to strike down whoever or whatever may stand athwart its purposes or its will. And the *Republican* knows now that if for any reason, or no reason, the mood of organized labor shall change it will disregard this new law precisely as it disregards every other which comes between it and the things it wants to do.

Quite calmly the *Republican* tells us that "this condition was understood and agreed to by the labor unions." Here indeed we have a significant comment upon a legislature assumed to represent all the "progressive" virtues. Not only does this legislature deem it necessary to reenact in a limited interpretation and definition certain simple rights guaranteed by the constitution and the statutes, but before doing so to ask and receive permission from organized labor. For, "this condition was understood and agreed to by the labor unions," says the *Republican*.

In other days, before the passions of politics and the bias of faction had corrupted his judgment, the editor of the *Republican* was a patriot and a man of common sense. If we measure him now by his own utterances, he appears to be neither. For where are the resentments of patriotic spirit against an usurpation which must be consulted and placated by the legislature before it can enact a simple law in assertion of constitutional rights? And where is the common sense of one who assumes that a particular law will be respected by an association which habitually disregards all laws at its sovereign pleasure?

There is only one form of assurance by which exhibitors at the exposition can be secured in their rights of doing their own work in their own way. This can not be done by the enactment of special laws, for organized labor is no respecter of laws. It can not be done by special treaty, for organized labor is no respecter of treaties. It pledges its faith today, but it breaks it tomorrow; this is its rule and its practice. There is but one way and that is to break the back of a system which at its best is a social usurpation and at its worst a criminal conspiracy. In demanding free-

dom and a fair field in the work of the exposition we propose no injustice, no hardship upon union labor. We do propose the only rule under which the exposition enterprise can be carried to success. For if this enterprise be left subject to the arrogance, the selfishness, and the cruel spirit of organized labor as it exists in San Francisco, it will surely end in failure and collapse. If there be not resource and courage enough to carry this enterprise through on lines of legality and legitimacy there will surely not be the means of carrying it through on any other lines. Now as always the right way is the easiest way; and if the easiest way is not possible, then there is no use considering any other way.

#### "Men and Religion."

It is not greatly to the credit of the audience that assembled to hear Mr. Fred B. Smith of the Men and Religion movement that no vigorous protest was entered against the denunciation of San Francisco that was made the text of the address. Perhaps San Francisco has grown accustomed to be gibbeted by perambulating preachers and the like as the shame of the United States. Perhaps she calls to her comfort some of the careless cynicism that has stood her in good stead in past days and so says nothing. But it is time to break the silence. It is time to repudiate the assaults of the many Eastern pietists who hurriedly visit the city, familiarize themselves with its weaknesses by a speedy and doubtless enjoyable visit to the Barbary Coast, and then trumpet it forth to the world that San Francisco is a second Sodom and that divine wrath still takes the form of fire and brimstone. We are all familiar with that kind of piety that describes its own misfortunes as a chastening and the misfortunes of its neighbors as a judgment. Mr. Smith seems to have a liberal supply of it, and in its expression he feels himself to be entirely unhampered by courtesy or the restraints of taste.

There is no need to remind ourselves of what Mr. Smith said. It has been said so often before. Whenever San Francisco is to be "saved" we know in advance that the smash-up of 1906 will be ascribed to a direct retribution for our sins. Mr. Smith said exactly this same brutal thing, and he said it in the most brutal manner. And then, not satisfied with his interpretation of divine intention in the past, he proceeded to predict the divine intention toward the future. San Francisco, he said, would be destroyed again, and for the same reasons, unless it stopped in its present headlong descent toward vice and immorality. We may at least congratulate ourselves that Mr. Smith has thus given us a sort of impressionistic sketch of the God about whom he has come to preach to us. We shall know what to avoid.

But the affront to San Francisco is another matter. Such a speech would be an insult even if it were true, but it is palpably untrue. If Mr. Smith had come to us straight from the Kingdom of Heaven instead of from the city of New York it would be easy to understand his consternation at the sight of the vice that is to be found in every city in the world, and here as well as elsewhere. But he does not come from the Kingdom of Heaven, and unless he corrects his present disposition to bear false witness against his neighbor he is not very likely to go there. So far from San Francisco being among the most wicked of cities it is among the least wicked, for we well know that when the evangelist talks about vice he refers always and exclusively to the gross and crude vices of the appetites. And so it may be said, and as a matter well known to experience, that in no other great city of America is there less temptation to youth than in San Francisco, in no other great city is vice more rigorously banished to its own purlieus and kennels. And for the special benefit of Mr. Smith, who comes from New York, where they erect statues to purity and where the purity crusades are launched at champagne banquets and amid the incense smoke of costly cigars, it may be said that San Francisco would not tolerate for one moment so shameless a parade of tawdry vice as may be found around and about Forty-Second Street in the national metropolis during twenty-four hours of every day. We may be excused if we have our doubts of Mr. Smith's patent God, who inflicts untold miseries upon thousands of innocent people in San Francisco while allowing New York to escape anything more terrible than her climate and her piety.

That there is vice in San Francisco goes without saying, but it is a vice that must be searched for, and there seems to be no such successful search.



evangelist who is able to endure the stench that the average San Franciscan shrinks from and indeed knows little about. The ordinary well-meaning young man, who asks no more than to be free from overwhelming temptation while on the legitimate affairs of life will find no such overwhelming temptation in San Francisco. He can find vice if he look for it, but he will have to look for it intentionally and designedly as the evangelists do. It will not dog his steps, wait for him at the corners, besiege him with its allurements. How many other large cities are there of which so much can be said or where youth is so well guarded against seductions that are stronger than flesh and blood can bear?

Therefore if Mr. Smith of the Men and Religion movement wishes to make an impression upon San Francisco it were well for him to guard his tongue from evil speech. It is true that we are used to this sort of thing, but patience has its limits and even a religious "mission" may not forever be taken as an excuse for revilings of this kind.

### Mexico and America.

The single satisfactory feature of the Mexican situation is the careful and cautious policy displayed by the administration at Washington toward a problem that bristles with dangers and difficulties. Every one agrees that American lives and American interests must be protected and that American cities must not be included in Mexican battlefields. But to avoid existing evils by creating far larger ones is not the part of statesmanship. The spectacle of Mr. Roosevelt at the head of an invading army would not be without its attractions, and especially at the present time, but we may be thankful that the President has that kind of deliberate and reflective mind that relies upon time, moderation, and patience rather than upon force.

To regard a few stray bullets dropped on the American side of the boundary line as a *casus belli* would be a calamity. Intervention by force upon such grounds as that would mean, not a conflict with a band of Mexican rebels, but war with a united Mexican nation. And it would be a war that would go on to the regular termination of such wars, that is to say to complete conquest, control, or annexation. Interfering in Mexican affairs for the purpose of securing Mexican unity we should find ourselves in a life and death struggle with that very unity that we were fighting to promote. This would be no question of merely driving a few guerrillas out of rifle range. It would be a question of war with a great and united nation upon its own territory and aided by climatic and topographical conditions of the most formidable kind. Such an incalculable price seems too much to pay for security against a few unintended rifle bullets and for which diplomacy can find a proper compensation at the right time.

After all, we have to remember that American interests are not confined to a few citizens of frontier towns who can easily protect themselves from injury. Mexico is full of American interests and she is responsible for more American lives than can be found in the whole city of El Paso. To endanger all the American interests and American lives now in Mexico in order that a few citizens of El Paso may safely watch a fight from their housetops would seem to be poor economy.

There need be no doubt as to the result of any kind of forcible intervention in uniting the whole of Mexico against us. We saw what happened a week or so ago when a handful of American soldiers wandered across the bridge and found themselves inadvertently upon Mexican soil. At the first hint of armed interference there would be a cessation of all factional fighting and we should find that Mexico as a nation was acting pretty much as we should act under similar circumstances. Cuba is likely to supply us for some time to come with all those problems peculiar to Latin races. To go to war in order to secure a fresh and a far larger supply would be a mistake into which Mr. Taft, at least, is not likely to lead us.

The interior of Lower California is today nearly blank on our maps and is possibly less well known from a geographical and a geological standpoint than any other region of equal area in North America. The Mexican government has at last begun a thorough exploration of this terra incognita. During the last autumn the Instituto Geologico equipped four parties, comprising two geologists, to explore the northern part of the peninsula. The work will be extended to the southern part this year.

### THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Most of us who have reached middle age can remember the day when scientists began to walk warily as they approached any fact that seemed to indicate for humanity a longer existence than about 4000 years. They cited such facts with diffidence and they apologized for truth. But the facts became too numerous and the truth too aggressive, and at last even the churches began to recognize that truth and religion were not necessarily enemies. Half a century ago Professor Keith, curator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in England, would have been embarrassed to account successfully for the skeleton just discovered in a brickfield near Ipswich. The ecclesiastical sword would have threatened him and the ecclesiastical drum would have drowned his voice. For Professor Keith says that this skeleton has lain in its tomb for at least 300,000 years and that its antiquity is proved by the geological formation of the ground. The professor speaks as one having authority and no one contradicts him, but he has something still more surprising to say. We are accustomed to look upon our early ancestors as immeasurably inferior to ourselves—although it is hard to understand how that could be so—as the brute-like beginning of our own finished perfections. We have imagined evolution as proceeding in a more or less straight line from the ape-like man to man as we now know him, but Professor Keith gives us cause to revise our opinions. He has examined his skull, and especially the third frontal convolution with which speech is connected, and we may conclude, he says, "that our friend belonged to a stage of advanced civilization," that according to the configuration of the skeleton he "is of our own time." He lived before the glacial period, but he was highly civilized and like ourselves. Now what sort of civilization was this, 300,000 years ago? And how did that civilization come to be swept away by barbarism? And how many of such civilizations have there been? To realize that men were as civilized and as intelligent as ourselves 300,000 years ago is a little discouraging to our political and other enthusiasms.

There must have been a mixture of tragedy and of comedy in the recent meeting between Dom Manuel and Dom Miguel of Portugal. Dom Manuel was once King of Portugal. Dom Miguel has always had great expectations, and now they are united by the common bond of disappointment. Each believes that he was created by God for the express purpose of owning the Portuguese nation just as a man owns a dog or a watch. Politically they are rivals and adversaries, but the sweet uses of adversity have brought them together for the purpose of settling a claim that to the average observer seems a little nebulous. It is like settling a claim to the ownership of the moon, although he would indeed be rash who would predict the future of Portugal. The meeting was in a Dover hotel. It was, of course, strictly private, but as soon as the uncrowned kings had left the room the reporters began a search for clues, links, and incriminating evidence. Will it be believed that in spite of the warning of a hundred detective stories the reporters found a tell-tale blotting pad with clear signs that it had been used for some sort of agreement. The body of the document had left no legible traces, but the signatures of the two throneless monarchs were readable, and the Paris *Excelsior* reproduces that of King Manuel in facsimile. Evidently the blotting pad is still as treacherous as ever it was, and even kings, who ought to know better, may fall victims to its wiles.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony is veritably a stormy petrel. Her adventures before, and immediately after, she left the court of Saxony are still fresh in the public memory, and in any case would be unsuited to this chaste column. It will be remembered that she married Signor Toselli, that she wrote a book, and that she and Toselli are making strenuous efforts to be rid of each other. Now it seems that Toselli is bringing a suit for libel against a certain woman in Brussels, the alleged libel being contained in the book supposed to have been written by his wife. Toselli says that the princess did not write the book, that she could not write a book or anything else, and that the volume was concocted by the woman against whom his latest action has been brought. Now probably Toselli knows his own business, and it would be an impertinence to offer counsel, and worse than an impertinence to suggest difficulties in the way of a much-needed divorce. But it is to be remembered that Toselli's action against his wife is based on the confessions contained in the very book that he now says was written by another woman. If the princess did not write the book then she did not make the confessions, but perhaps it would be unwise to intervene in a domestic quarrel like this. Moreover, we could never settle it at this distance, but it would certainly be soothing to think that we had heard the last of Princess Louise of Saxony.

It has been left to Professor Westcott of Columbia University to discover in the British Museum a manuscript containing unpublished poems by James I, although we have a premonitory feeling in our bones that they were actually written by Bacon. Among these effusions is a sonnet on the "Could that was in January, 1616," and it really has some poetic merit:

How cruelly these catiffs doe conspire  
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band,  
Betwixt the cankered Kinge of Creta land  
That melancholy ould and angry syre  
And him who wont to quench debate and ire  
Amongst the Romans when his ports were clos'd  
But now his double face is still dispos'd  
With Saturn's helpe to freeze us at the fire  
The earth o're-covered with a sheete of snow  
Refuses foode to foule to bird and beast  
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow  
And surfeits cattil with a starving feast  
Curst hee that Love and may't continue short  
That kills all creaturs and doth snoule our sport.

The Baconian authorship is clear enough as soon as we analyze the lines. Thus line 3 begins with a B, line 5 with an

A, while line 13—significant number—contains the word "continue," of which the first three letters complete the name of Bacon. Other proofs will leap to the eye, and this is only one sonnet out of many.

What enviable culture is possessed by the people of Metz in Alsace-Lorraine. The population, we are told, is divided into opposing camps, the cause of the quarrel being the correct pronunciation of the Latin "u." What a truly delightful thing to fight about and how pleasant it would be to hear that a few cracked heads had resulted from so scholarly a feud. The older clergy, trained under French influence, pronounce the Latin "u" with the soft sound. The younger generation have adopted the Latin or Italian pronunciation, and so when the choir of St. Maximin's sung the mass in the German way the priest rebuked them and the choir in dudgeon shut their books and left the church. The quarrel has now been adopted by the population, and while the military have not yet intervened the situation is said to be strained. It would certainly be unfortunate if the prayers of the faithful should fail in effectiveness through any avoidable error in pronunciation. Perhaps The Hague tribunal might settle the matter in some way equally acceptable to French, Germans, and—Providence.

We owe to a German professor the momentous discovery that the ordinary human being has a commercial value. It has been supposed that if there is anything on earth entirely valueless it is the ordinary human being, but popular belief is once more shown to be wrong. The professor says that the average man contains fat worth \$2.50, enough iron to make a nail, phosphorus enough for the heads of 2200 matches (the wood could be cut from his head), enough magnesium for some respectable fireworks, albumen equal to a hundred eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Altogether the average man or woman is worth about \$7.50 at current prices, and with advancing rates there is no knowing what he might not go to. Obviously this undeveloped wealth should attract the investor and the speculator, and some way should be found to make available for public use all this phosphorus, fat, magnesium, eggs, sugar, and salt. It has been too long true that "the good is oft interred with our bones."

Kubelik, the famous violinist, announces that he will continue to make money, but not so strenuously as heretofore. He is now about thirty-two years old, and as he has already earned a million dollars he seems to be justified in his resolve to relax. To amass a fortune and to gain fame do not, he says, constitute the whole of life. Never again will he give a hundred concerts in a season. Thirty are as many as any artist ought to undertake, and especially in America, where the distances are so great. He reminds himself that he has a wife and five beautiful children, and so he tells the New York correspondent of the London *Standard* that he will have no more of the strenuous life. The interviewer then asked him if his children were violinists, and Mme. Kubelik answered the question: "Our eldest daughters, who are twins, both play the violin. They are seven years old, and ten years hence you will bear them in New York. They have inherited their father's genius. I do not say this on my own account, but because their teachers told me so." "My children," said Kubelik in his turn, "have an immense advantage which I did not enjoy. In my profession, as in every other, experience is the great factor. I had to begin at the beginning. All I know I have learned myself, but with them it will be different. I can tell them in a day what it cost me years to discover. I can not really teach them violin technic, but I will give them all I possess. They are in our home in Bohemia studying now, and we join them immediately my American tour ends in April."

A book review in a recent issue of the *Argonaut* called attention to the autocratic powers wielded at Panama by Colonel Goethals and to the satisfaction evidently felt by the population at such a relief from the nuisance of democratic institutions. In this connection the New York *Evening Post* tells us of a labor-union dispute that resulted in an intimation to Goethals that unless the demands of the union for the reinstatement of a dismissed official were conceded there would be a strike of engineers that would tie up the railroad and the canal work. The next day, we are told, a representative of the engineers' union called on the colonel, and asked him what his decision was in the matter of pardoning the convicted engineer. "I don't see that there is any decision for me to come to," replied Goethals. "You have informed me that unless the man is pardoned you will go on a strike tomorrow. That is a definite statement of fact which I see no particular reason I should discuss with you. You simply informed me that you were going on a strike, have you not?" "Yes," replied the somewhat perplexed labor leader. "Well," answered Goethals, "what is the use of discussing that?" "That is your answer?" asked the man. "Yes," replied the colonel. And then, as the man started to leave the room, "and by and by," he called after him, "just inform the engineers who sent you that any man who is not promptly at work tomorrow morning at eight o'clock will leave for New York on the steamer sailing Saturday."

Every engineer on the Panama Railroad and in the Canal Zone was promptly at work the next morning at eight o'clock and nothing has been heard about a strike since.

It is an instinct of human nature to recognize the need for authority and to sustain the man who will give a definite and indisputable order. The present ugly phase of civilization has forgotten that the willingness to obey is an essential of human freedom, and because this has been forgotten we are the victims of a general tyranny none the less odious because it is labeled liberty. SIDNEY G. P. CORN.

A device by which a passenger from any point within an automobile can regulate its speed without the knowledge of the chauffeur has been invented in Germany.



## DICKENS WEEK.

## How England Celebrated the Centenary of His Birth.

Three or four seats had been moved aside, disclosing a long slab of bluish slate which bore in inlaid letters of brass the simple words: "Charles Dickens. Born February 7th, 1812. Died 9th June, 1870." At the top and the foot and on either side were laid half a dozen wreaths, and every few minutes a new group of men, women, and children came to gaze silently for a brief space, read the labels on the wreaths, and then move away. Such, all through the past week, was the simple scene enacted hour by hour around the grave of Dickens in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Sunday ushered in the centenary week of the novelist with pulpit tribute in abbey, cathedral, parish church, and chapel. To the transatlantic mind, which is untroubled by the "dissidence of dissent" and knows nothing of the superfine distinction of Established Church and Nonconformity, those pulpit eulogiums may seem of small significance; but really, religious England being what it is, no phase of the Dickens centenary is more eloquent of the novelist's fame than that church and chapel should have seen eye to eye in doing him honor. The greater charity in all that undoubtedly rests with the Nonconformists, for it was in the ranks of their ministry that the novelist found the models of the Reverends Messrs. Stiggins and Chadband. But the dissenters of England have forgiven those portraits just as Americans have forgiven the "American Notes," and hence the Tabernacle wherein Lloyd George recently disported himself to the wrath of the Tories reëchoed on Sunday afternoon to W. Pett Ridge's eulogy of Dickens as a social reformer. At the same hour Canon Henson was delivering from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey the official Church of England tribute to the novelist as a spiritual leader. In Rochester Cathedral, too, not far from Gad's Hill, and in Portsea Church, within a few minutes' walk of the humble birthplace, other preachers were dwelling eloquently upon kindred themes.

Secular England took up the celebration on Monday and continued it throughout the week. Nay, a party of hungry Pickwickians actually anticipated it by a Saturday night supper at the famous Great White Horse Inn at Ipswich, whereat the fare included chops and tomato sauce from Mrs. Bardell's own recipe, the Fat Boy's mince pies, and Welsh rarebits "à la Tom Sawyer." But on Monday the mundane proceedings began in good earnest and each day took some new form. Now it was a Dickens recital, anon an at home by Lord and Lady Darnley at Cobham Hall; here a merry reunion at the Old Leather Bottle, there a fancy dress ball in that Buli Hotel at Rochester where Tracy Tupman and the Widow Budger danced their famous quadrille. Nor was sweet charity forgotten. The Dickens Fellowship at Portsmouth, the novelist's birthtown, covered itself with honor by subscribing a thousand pounds to endow a nurse for the poor, and the London branch of that guild entertained a thousand waifs of the metropolis to a substantial dinner of roast beef and plum pudding in memory of the creator of Tiny Tim.

And of course the writers were busy all through the week. Such of them as are members of the Authors' Club consumed their weekly dinner in memory of Dickens and then, with the comfortable feeling begotten of a full stomach, discussed him for the rest of the evening pro and con. One of the cons was Sir Walter Raleigh, that Oxford professor of literature who is so enamoured of the sun of Shakespeare's glory that other stars in the firmament of letters burn for him with a somewhat dimmish light. Or perhaps his dinner or his wine did not agree with his digestive organs; anyhow, he disclaimed an ability to make an oration about such a "bogus celebration" as the birth of Dickens. The centenary of his death would be a different matter. No doubt that was Professor Raleigh's adroit way of dodging his duty; like many more, he is probably a "Thackeray man" and wants to pass on to a future professor the onus of saying smooth things about Boz. But Louis Tracy was in a genial after-dinner mood; he voted for birth celebrations all along the line on the plea that most English authors of these days are still-born. Then there was the fighting Robert Ross, an ever-ready champion of freedom in letters, who dragged in his own particular King Charles's head by lamenting that both Dickens and Thackeray suffered from the prudishness of the Victorian age.

Andrew Lang, and Hall Caine, and G. K. Chesterton knew better than to attend the Authors' Club dinner. With a shrewd and practical eye to so many guineas a column, they preferred to celebrate Dickens pen in hand and then reap the result in a substantial check. But the first and last found the task little to their taste. The fact is Mr. Chesterton seems to have exhausted all his thoughts about Dickens in his prefaces to the novels and was driven to imitate Carlyle in quoting from himself; while Mr. Lang is a Scot and a "Thackeray man" and discovered how difficult is the task of avoiding the corns of the genuine Dickensian. And so the most pointed thing that "Andrew with the brindled hair" had to say was to remark that "the gratitude of mankind to Dickens has not taken shape in very munificent subscriptions to the fund for the aid of some of his living descendants." Had he dared, he would doubtless have chosen to imitate Sir Arthur W. Pinero, who said outright, "For myself, frankly, I am a Thackeray man."

All this lukewarmness, however, was rectified by the gusto with which Hall Caine championed the cause of Dickens. He did it in two installments, the first being devoted to an account of the earnings of authors set forth for the sake of founding thereon a plea for donations to the centenary fund. That narrative, it need hardly be said, was penned with the Manxman's usual disregard of facts, for it included the amazing statement that Sterne "died in poverty in an inn in London" as "a destitute stranger"! The second chapter acclaimed Dickens "the most popular of all novelists" and nearer the nation's "heart of hearts" than the greatest of its statesmen, warriors, or kings.

Of the literature which the centenary week has produced nothing need be recorded save the appearance of a volume entitled, "Charles Dickens as Editor," which consists of his letters to his sub-editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. The last half-dozen or so were written from America while he was on his famous reading tour, and in one the novelist quoted a Westerner as saying that he, Dickens, might go West unheralded "and damn me if he couldn't draw 'em across the plains if he chiz, till they hit their foreheads 'gain the Rocky Mountens." It seems that more than one of the novelist's friends warned him faithfully as to the danger to his health which he ran in undertaking that American tour, but the money temptation was too great to be resisted. He expected to make a profit of ten thousand pounds; he actually made twenty thousand. The likelihood of securing "a very great addition" to his capital in half a year was the deciding motive; he did not anticipate that the effort would cost him his life.

Remembering the generosity of his transatlantic admirers it was seemly that America should be in evidence during the Dickens week. Thus one of the guests at the Authors' Club was Professor H. W. Rolfe of Stanford University, while of the tributes on the grave in Westminster Abbey the three most conspicuous came from America. They included a chaplet of evergreens and fir cones from the All Round Dickens Club of Boston, a handsome bunch of red geraniums (the novelist's favorite flower) from the Bethlehem Fellowship of Pennsylvania, and an artistic wreath from St. Louis.

And when the wreaths have withered, and dinners and fancy dress balls are but a memory, and literary appreciations are buried in the files of old newspapers, what will remain of Dickens week? A comfortable old age, it seems, for the five granddaughters. For when all the various subscriptions have been gathered in it is probable that a sum of ten thousand pounds will be available for those ladies, sufficient, in fact, to assure each of them an annual income of five hundred dollars for the rest of their lives. Perhaps that would have given the novelist more pleasure than the sermons of church and chapel, or any of the other concomitants of his centenary, for with all his defects none have ever questioned his affectionate and generous nature. He had a horror of statues and like memorials, but he would have rejoiced could he have had a vision of the spirit of "The Christmas Carol" hovering over his grave.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, February 13, 1912.

Bleriot has built for Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe a veritable aerial taxicab. The machine has a body which looks like that of a taxicab body. The passengers enter by a side door and view the landscape below through mica windows. Pneumatic cushions protect the passengers in rough landings. The pilot sits in front of the machine like a true chauffeur, and controls the machine with regular Bleriot cloche and foot tiller. There is even a speaking tube to facilitate communication between the passengers within the taxi and the chauffeur. The elevator has been placed in front instead of in the rear. A 100-horsepower Gnome engine is mounted on top of the cab, and with it the fuel tanks. The spread of wing is forty-three feet from tip to tip, and the over-all length is forty-six feet. Ready for flight, without passengers, the aeroplane weighs 1540 pounds.

India has produced some of the finest big-game hunters in the world. First they kill deer, then tigers, and after that they climb into the hills after the mountain sheep, which are the most difficult of all their kind to follow and kill. But there is one ambition beyond the mountain sheep. That is the snow leopard. This beautiful creature, white as the snows it lives among, is rarely found below a height of 11,000 feet, and is even there extremely rare. It is both wild and savage, and the natives have a superstitious fear of its white coat and deep-green eyes. The man who succeeds in killing a snow leopard steps into the very first rank of big-game hunters.

The Strand, London's Broadway, will be more modern in appearance within a short time. To widen this narrow main artery of traffic many buildings and a parallel street were sacrificed, and while the traffic situation was improved the general aspect of things from the artistic viewpoint was not. Since that improvement was made a great area on the north side of the Strand, surrounded partly by a fence and having erected on it tall advertising signboards rented by the thrifty London County Council, has been an eyesore to most people. Now the way has been paved for the erection of handsome buildings on this valuable piece of property.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Countess Eugenia Hildegard von Boos, who is devoting her time and personal fortune to the spread of the universal peace movement, both here and abroad, is a member of the old German family of Boos zu Waldeck.

Dr. Jean Charcot, to whom the Cullum gold medal was presented recently in Paris, on behalf of the American Geographical Society of New York, is an Antarctic explorer whose work has been of inestimable value to the scientific world.

Dr. Ephraim Whitaker, pastor for forty years and subsequently as pastor emeritus for more than twenty years of the Presbyterian church at Southold, Long Island, recently observed the sixtieth anniversary of his wedding by preaching during the morning service. Congratulatory messages were received from both sides of the Atlantic.

Mrs. George V. Johnston of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, has sung for over sixty-two years in the choir of the Presbyterian Church of that place, which is probably the world's record in that respect. She was only twelve years of age when she entered the choir. Her voice is said to be as clear and sweet today as it was sixty years ago.

Isaac Jones, retired whaler, steamboat man, and soldier, of Somerset, Pennsylvania, teaches what is probably the most unique Sunday-school class in the country. For twenty years he has taught a class in the Somerset county jail. During that time six of his pupils, he is quoted as saying, have been hanged and one other has been convicted of murder.

Walter Hunt, who has been appointed lecturer on sociology for the English university extension course, has earned his living the greater part of his life as a chimney sweep. During all the years he has been following this humble occupation he kept at his studies, and finally succeeded in passing the London university examinations. He is fifty-three years old.

Miss Ella S. Hergesheimer, who has just been elected a member of the International Union of Fine Arts and Letters, founded by Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor, is a native of Allentown, Pennsylvania. She is one of the one hundred new members whom it was recently decided to add to the organization. Her work has won prizes at home and abroad. She is a descendant of Benjamin West.

Theodore Thraser, who will begin his fifty-first year as station agent at Smithville, Indiana, April 1, has been in the employ of the Monon Railroad Company for over sixty years. He is now seventy-six. He laid cross-ties and drove spikes on the road, which was the first built through the country. When the road was completed, he was appointed station agent at Smithville. Thraser is hale and hearty, and has missed but two weeks from duty, owing to sickness, in his long railroad career.

Baron Sandhurst, otherwise Sir William Mansfield, who has just been appointed Lord Chamberlain in succession to Earl Spencer, resigned, has had a long and interesting career. He was in the Punjab campaign in 1848-9, served through the Indian Mutiny, being present at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and in 1860 became commander-in-chief at Bombay. He has been Governor of Bombay, served both Queen Victoria and King Edward as lord-in-waiting, and acted as civil attaché to President Taft's special representative at the coronation of King George.

Mahlon Pitney, who has been nominated for the United States supreme bench by President Taft, is chancellor of the court of chancery of New Jersey. He is known as a tireless worker, with a quiet, unassuming personality. He was born in New Jersey fifty-four years ago, graduated from Princeton in 1879, and in 1882 was admitted to the bar. In 1894 he was elected to Congress and reelected two years later. Then he resigned to become a state senator. His legal bent asserted itself, however, and after serving as associate justice of the New Jersey supreme court, he was elevated to the chancellorship.

Charles G. Kerr, the oldest postal employee in the United States, has just resigned, having been in the service for sixty-two years. Of late years he has been employed in Chicago. The pioneer postal clerk is eighty-four years old. Aside from being the oldest employee in the government postoffice service, he is known as the "model clerk" of the department. He began in the service at Painesville, Ohio, in 1850 and has the record for not having been absent a single day since he began, not even on a holiday. Furthermore, his record shows that he has never received a reprimand during the three-score years in the department.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, author of the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday at his home in North Devon, England. For fifty years he has been a prolific writer, handling with amazing ease theological studies, historical researches, romances, novels, and sermons. In all that time his clerical work has not suffered. The origin of his famous hymn is thus told: Some Sunday-school children were to march from one village to another, and as Mr. Baring-Gould knew of no suitable hymn for them to sing on the way he sat down and wrote one, which he never dreamed would attain such world wide popularity.



## THE WIVES OF BARAK HAGEB.

A Legend of the Ante-Women's Congress Times.

There were three hundred and sixty-five of them! One for every day in the year.

Nevertheless, Barak was not a Sultan; he was *hogeb*—that is, upper chamberlain—at the court of the Sultan Mohammed. He had come to the country as ambassador of the great Mongolian kingdom, and the widow of the late Sultan, yet young and pretty, had given him the management of her household, her son Mohammed being still a child.

Barak's administration was good; the army owed to him, among other reforms, the raising of the pay of the soldiers from three to four aspers. The number three, Hageb claimed, was holy, because there were three prophets.

One day the Grand Vizier, Darfur Ali, visited the upright Hageb, and while the two drank coffee, the guest began:

"Truly, Barak Hageb, it is a folly unworthy of you to keep so many wives. If it was with us as the Franks, the custom to give wives, you might then be as rich as King Sapor; but here you must not only buy your wife, but must pay cash for her. Now you have squandered a great deal of gold for this purpose, and when your money is spent, what have you? For the cost of one wife, you could keep a hundred soldiers."

Barak stroked his beard. "No doubt, but a hundred soldiers would not give me as much pleasure as one pretty wife."

To this Ali inwardly agreed. "But the number."

"One should pick as many flowers as he can from the world's garden," returned Barak.

"True enough, you have blonde and brunette, white and black, blue-eyed and gray-eyed women, yellow Chinese, and brown Malay—yes, and even those women that color their hair red and their teeth black. Now I think that one of each sort should be enough. By Allah! you have so many that you can not remember either their names or their special good qualities."

"Don't you believe it," said Hageb; "I will show you. First, then, there is Jedibah, who can prophesy—we need her to tell the fate of the nation; then Haftem, the medium, who calls up the spirits of the dead; Nourmahal, who understands the language of the birds better than I do yours; Alpaide tells stories that would put a Sultan to sleep; Mahadevi and Assainte are famous for a *pos de deux*. The great thing about Mangora is that she makes a Sultan's bread that is exquisite. Sandabad concocts a wonderful sherbet, after which you wash your beard with regret. Of Bia-Hia, my Chinese better half, I will only say that she translates the expressions of cockscombs, which makes cock-fighting much more amusing. The Indian, Kacka, subdues wild animals, and even hitches lions to her carriage. Roxana is a star-reader, and can foretell to you the day of your death. Ayesha understands the culture of flowers. Kaika is ugly, but she rubs the rheumatism out of my joints. My Tartar, Yarko, is an admirable equestrienne, and teaches my other wives to ride; while the learned Abuzaid writes my letters from dictation. Josa reads to me from the Koran, Rachel sings psalms, and is accompanied by Kadagival and Samuza; for one must have a trio. Jakima is a rope-dancer, while Zibella throws a knife so skillfully that she can split a hair at twelve paces. Borassa knows all about the healing art. Aliben embroiders in gold. Aliciel arranges my turban most becomingly. Bagdad Chatum interprets dreams. Mavola plays the harp, Zebia the tomtom, and Kia the tambourine, and altogether they make heavenly music. Zul—"

"Good, good," interrupted the Grand Vizier. He had kept count, first on his fingers, and when these gave out, on his toes. When the number exceeded thirty he grew alarmed; he feared his friend would keep on all night. "I have heard enough, you need every one of them—each has evidently her famous side. Take care, lest some day you discover an infamous one."

Whether the Grand Vizier was right or not, the following story will show.

The Sultan of Kermau, Sidi Achmed, hearing Mohammed's people were discontented, decided to liberate them from their oppression. To alleviate the sufferings of his neighbors has always been a labor of love to Oriental rulers.

Sidi Achmed commanded an immense army. Some Persian historians say he had ten thousand soldiers; others insist that he had one hundred thousand; the truth probably lay somewhere between the two. Certain it is that he had three hundred cavalymen.

Before declaring war he raised the pay of the troops from four to five aspers. This naturally caused universal enthusiasm.

Sidi Achmed was at the head of the army, himself and his horse loaded with precious stones. The sight of them caused a glow of righteous pride in every barefooted warrior who turned out. The Sultan took with him the most costly delicacies, and the thought that the Sultan fared sumptuously went far to cheer the hungry soldiers.

Mohammed also had an enormous standing army. As to its exact number history is silent; but it is always given at twice as many as the enemy's force. The Grand Vizier Darfur Ali was appointed commander.

The night before the first battle, one of Barak's wives, Jedibah of whom we have already heard, prophesied the neighboring kingdom would be destroyed; and

Roxana, who also dabbled in fortune-telling, predicted that on the next day Sidi Achmed would die.

These predictions were made public in the principal city, and there was in consequence universal enthusiasm.

Barak himself was firmly convinced that both would be fulfilled; and he and his entire following of women occupied, the next day, a hill in the neighborhood of the battlefield, in order to enjoy from that coign of vantage the amusing spectacle of the downfall of the enemy.

The battle began early in the morning, but it did not last long. In describing it the historians again differ widely. The Persian chronicle says the army of Mohammed lost forty-five thousand men, while the enemy lost but three. Another writer states that the army of Mohammed did not lose a man, while the opponent lost thirty-three thousand. Perhaps in this case, also, the real truth lies half-way between the two statements. All agree that the army of Mohammed speedily gave leg-bail and proved that no one could catch them.

The followers of Sidi Achmed, finding themselves victors, made it their first care to plunder the villages in the neighborhood, as being the best way of freeing the people.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" cried Barak Hageb, seeing the flight of his soldiery. "I almost think Jedibah's prophecy is not going to be fulfilled. On the contrary, our own country appears to be lost."

"Have patience," murmured the prophetess, consolingly; "the sun has not yet sunk into the sea."

The observation being just, Barak philosophized no more, but spurred his horse, and with his spouses sought safety in flight.

Sidi Achmed had heard of Barak's wealth and of his wives, and so soon as he was informed of the flight, he hastened in pursuit. Until late in the afternoon two dust-clouds might be seen, one chasing the other; the one beaten up by Barak Hageb and his wives, the other by the troopers of Sidi Achmed.

"By the holy apron of the Prophet's wife," growled Barak, "Roxana's prognostication likewise fails to be fulfilled. I shall be the dead man today and not Sidi Achmed."

"The stars are not yet visible," replied the white Roxana. "There near yonder pond we will take rest. You may take your evening bath and pray; let the rest be our care."

In the meantime, the women were not idle. When Barak returned from his evening devotions, he found, instead of his pious family of wives, an army of bearded troopers. Great at first was his fright, for the warriors were of fearful aspect.

The women had cut off the manes and tails of their horses, and had made themselves false beards. From a neighboring grove they had cut bamboo canes, to the ends of which they attached their dainty daggers, making thereby elegant lances.

Yarko, the Tartar, and Zibella, the Indian, commanded the gentle cavalry. The troops were divided into three divisions.

Sidi Achmed came on in wild haste; as soon, however, as he saw these warriors, whose long beards swept down to their stirrups, his heart sank into his wide breeches. At once a portly hero rode up to him, calling him to come forth to single combat.

This was Zibella, so expert with the knife. The very first throw of her lance killed Sidi Achmed.

Under the guidance of the Tartar, Yarko, the other Amazons now pressed upon the enemy. The troopers of Sidi Achmed were but lukewarm. Five pennies is a nice sum; but it hardly pays for a hole in one's side. Each of these fellows, therefore, took his shield upon his back, and, turning that quarter to the enemy, fled as fast as his feet could carry him; and as they went they roared:

"The Tartars are coming! The barbarians are behind us! Ten thousand—twenty thousand—one hundred thousand horsemen, have come to the relief of Barak Hageb! Save himself who can. The Turks shoot with lightning."

"Now you see the fulfilment of my prediction," said Roxana, turning to Barak Hageb.

"And mine will be fulfilled, too," added Jedibah, "for the kingdom of our enemy will go to pieces. Let us hasten to Kermau."

The head of the Sultan was struck from his body and stuck on the point of a lance. With this token of triumph, the party pressed on to Kermau. Hour by hour their following increased; the runaway soldiers came from their lurking places and joined the expedition, so that at last an immense army passed over the frontier of the country. The city gates were cheerfully opened, for now everybody knew that Sidi Achmed was a tyrant; while Barak Hageb was praised as the liberator of the nation, and was finally asked to be its Sultan.

Barak Hageb assembled his wives and said to them: "Glorious women, I thank you for my life. Yes, I have more to thank you for: my fame and my kingdom. Name, then, the reward you desire; I swear by Allah to grant it."

Then came forward the smooth Zibella, and spoke: "O great Sultan, we do, indeed, deserve a reward, for we have fought for you like men. We ask nothing small, therefore: we ask for freedom, and our desire is that all the women in your kingdom shall be as free as men."

Barak Hageb was touched, very much touched; he shed tears. Then he said:

"You ask for something unheard of—something that has never yet been. Yet it must be, for I have sworn. In Kermau, from this time forth, woman is as free as

man and the wives of Barak Hageb may proclaim that they have gained this freedom by their own personal efforts."

And so the new Sultan won the hearts of his people, and even in the neighboring realms his fame increased.

All the Sultans around claimed his friendship and solicited his kinship.

The makers of marriages besieged his house; even the Sultan Mohammed, at whose court Barak had once been ambassador, offered him sisters and cousins.

To him Barak replied: "I choose neither your sisters, nor yet your cousins, for I want not frivolity, but rather wisdom. If you really desire to be kinsman of mine, give me for wife—your mother."

And so it happened.

After having had three hundred and sixty-five wives, he contented himself with one, and found it enough.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the Hungarian of Maurus Jokai by Isabel S. Robinson.*

The recent death, at the age of eighty-four, of Charles Jean Marie Augustin Hyacinthe Loyson, familiarly known to the end of his life as Père or Father Hyacinthe, calls to mind the prominence to which he rose forty years ago as a conspicuous leader of the still growing movement away from Rome (says the *Outlook*). At that time he was in France what Dr. Döllinger was in Germany, the head of the Old Catholic revolt from the dogma of Papal infallibility promulgated by the Vatican Council in 1870—he as its persuasive orator, Döllinger as its authoritative historical scholar. His break with Rome had come two years before Döllinger's. Having entered the monastic life of the dis-carded Carmelites in 1862, and quickly rising to fame as a popular preacher, his freedom of speech resulted, after ineffectual admonition, in his excommunication in 1869. Three years later, after a visit to this country, where great audiences were moved by his fervid eloquence, an American lady, Mrs. Merriman, became his wife and was his collaborator for the rest of his life. Finding the Old Catholic movement too narrow and rationalistic to satisfy his broad and warm religious spirit, he soon withdrew from it, instituted at Paris a "Catholic Gallican Church," and continued with it till 1884. Residing subsequently at Geneva, he cherished the ideal of a religious fellowship embracing Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, which he advocated in his book, "Who Is Christ?" He and Mme. Loyson, with this ideal in view, held conferences a few years ago with Mohammedans in North Africa and Palestine. His activity as a religious reformer has passed into no permanent distinctive form, but its leavening influence is still at work in the present Modernist revolt from Roman medievalism and ultramontanist. Father Hyacinthe died at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris.

Shark-spearings is a profitable industry in Malaysia, though attended by an element of danger and no end of excitement. The chief value of the fish is its liver, which yields an oil that is refined in Europe and sold as cod-liver oil. In October the ocean sharks come into the lagoon, between the barrier reef and the atolls, to pair. At this time they can be speared in large numbers by people skilled in catching them. There are several species of these sharks and they ordinarily run from seven to fifteen feet in length. The liver of a shark of this size gives about five gallons of oil. The oil brings \$73 a ton. The sharks are found in pairs and the harpooners try to kill the male first, in which case they are able to also spear the female, as it does not desert its mate.

After a decade of agitation the preservation of Niagara Falls as a natural wonder is assured by the waterways treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which became effective in this country March 1. Recent photographs of the cataract, compared with those taken from a similar position fifteen and twenty years ago, show that no damage has been done to the appearance of the Falls, despite the fear at one time that the drawing off of water for power production would destroy the spectacle. The Burton law intervened as a temporary expedient, but will give way to the waterways treaty, which runs indefinitely unless terminated by either nation upon a year's notice.

A sounding-balloon sent aloft at Huron, South Dakota, September 1, 1910, by the acrological staff of the Mt. Weather Observatory, reached an altitude of 18.9 miles above sea-level. This fact is in no way exploited, and the reader is left to find out for himself that never before in the history of science has any human contrivance traveled so far away from Mother Earth. The previous "record," an even eighteen miles, was attained by a balloon sent up at Uccle, Belgium, November 5, 1908.

A device intended to check joy-riding in another man's automobile consists of an arrangement by which two bright red disks automatically appear on the borrowed car. These are intended to notify the police that something is wrong. When the owner or his representative is using the car the red disks do not show, another color being substituted by a simple contrivance controlled by a Yale lock.

More than 30,000 unclaimed war medals are in the ordnance stores at Woolwich, and the British authorities have decided that these shall be melted if application for them is not made soon.



## VAUDEVILLE VALUES AND VOICES.

New York Playwrights and Theatrical Stars Coyly Woo Permanent Prosperity.

Twenty-five years ago dramatic critics announced with some apprehension that the race of theatrical "stars" was about to disappear. Some prominent figures had gone from the stage, of those remaining there were few who could be expected to linger long, and no premonitions of new luminaries were recognized. But, instead of vanishing, the genus actually multiplied. There were August showers of stars in every month of the theatrical calendar, and, reversing all precedents, the meteoric trails led upward in nearly all instances. The managers, prompted more by avarice than art, hastened to burn on the public mind with incandescent signs a host of names that were almost unknown. For a time the plan brought good returns, for even with a bad play a well-boomed star might draw for a short season—and, most obviously, it was much easier to get stars than good plays. Then came the realization that, as with all forced products, the market could be not merely overstocked but actually cloyed. Plays that had become famous as the vehicle for a star of peculiar personality lost their value when deserted by the principal player. Worse yet, the star who had worn out his welcome in one well-fitting part found it difficult to find another that appealed as powerfully to audiences, and odious comparisons flourished. Accordingly, once more the critics are assured that we are to lose our stars.

They are right. We shall lose the stars of the stage, but only as we lose those higher and more distant stars; they will go down to rise on other scenes. They will all be found again, twinkling joyously in vaudeville. The one really satisfying reward of genius and art is to be found abundantly and continuously in the two-a-day houses of novelty, and the player, like the producing manager of yesteryear, is eager for substantial returns. In the field of the legitimate there are a dozen failures to one success in the best of seasons, and this has been a bad season. Hundreds, probably thousands of actors are at liberty, to use the euphemistic phrase of the advertising columns. But the vaudeville houses, and their name is legion, are almost all remarkably prosperous. They have no dull season, no period of enforced idleness. What wonder that the stars, such as Robert Edson, Maclyn Arbuckle, Cecilia Loftus, Amelia Bingham, Blanche Walsh, Andrew Mack, Edmund Breese, and a score as prominent, are turning to vaudeville and receiving with smiling patience bigger salaries for less sustained effort than ever before! Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has made the plunge in England, and the divine Sarah is coming over from Paris soon to conquer in new surroundings.

This evening I saw at Keith & Proctor's two of the latest recruits for vaudeville, formerly co-stars in a play that had much to recommend it, aside from the really good work of the principal figures. "A Gentleman from Mississippi" was not a disastrous failure by any means. It might have been kept going, on tour, indefinitely, so far as distance judgment could determine; but Douglas Fairbanks and Thomas A. Wise, or their manager, saw brighter possibilities. As a consequence, Mr. Wise made his debut this week in vaudeville, presenting a Lambs' Club sketch, "A Chip of the Old Block," by Winchell Smith. At the same house, and on the same evening's bill, Mr. Fairbanks appeared in "A Regular Business Man." Both little plays were well received, and the actors who headed the cast in each case had no occasion for melancholy in the circumstances of their reception.

"A Regular Business Man" is a Robert-Chambers-David-Graham-Phillips romance of business life, too absurd for anything but twenty irresponsible moments on the vaudeville stage, but Mr. Fairbanks makes it go almost convincingly. He plays the part of a young lawyer who regains his stenographer-fiancée by some quick deals transacted over the telephone that net him the required \$50,000. It is humorously audacious, and it wins with the audience. Mr. Wise has more of sentiment mixed with the humor of his sketch, "A Chip of the Old Block." He is presented as an old actor, lamenting in the actors' home the fate which gave him too much girth for anything but comedy parts, but consoled with the belief that his son will succeed as a tragedian, avoiding his weight. The son, played by W. H. St. James, appears, and proves his inherited unfitness for serious rôles, as he is no less Falstaffian than his father. This piece, with its quiet sentimentality, is quite as effective as the more breezy Fairbanks vehicle.

These efforts would not be worth the space I have given them, were they taken for more than a text for an essay; but they are evidences of a real and important deflection of theatrical currents, as well as curiously coincidental experiences in the career of two sterling players. Just what the new movement is to bring to dramatic art or take away I am not able to say. Perhaps there is room enough in vaudeville for all the aforesaid stars of the legitimate, but if provision is made for them there the acrobats, xylophonists, and trained animals will be crowded out. It is certain that the theatres devoted to the serious drama are not holding their own, except in rare instances, against the competing attractions of musical shows that are crowded with brilliant specialties, while the vaudeville houses and the countless moving-picture halls from week to week grow more surprisingly prosperous. Were there anything permanent in amusement tastes,

one might well face with sorrow the inevitable conclusion that farces, songs, and dances would soon monopolize all popular places of entertainment.

Not alone with the actors is the financial influence of vaudeville discovered to be potent. There is hardly a modern dramatist who has not given his time and talent to the production of plays and sketches that may be used as half-hour "turns." Edward Peple, Edgar Allan Wolff, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Paul Armstrong, Cecil B. and William C. De Mille, Channing Pollock, and Paul Potter have all turned out plays suited to vaudeville audiences, and this list is, of course, absurdly incomplete. Once it was said that Will Cressy was the author of two-thirds of the sketches being played on the novelty house circuits, but today he is one of the hundred authors of reputation who are seriously in the field. They are all getting good pay for their work.

There is but one further suggestion: Even in this letter I find I have used the phrase "vaudeville audiences." It should not have been written, unless with a qualification. The audiences in the vaudeville houses are the playgoers of the public. They go regularly to the theatre, and often; to good plays, when they can find them, as well as to see the best things the variety stage can offer. They have made vaudeville respectable and cleanly amusing by the favor of their patronage. There are at least four vaudeville houses of the first rank in the city whose audiences compare most favorably with any, and in quick discrimination of good acting and genuine dramatic force they earn the praise of the judicious critic. We are to have more big vaudeville houses, two are now being prepared for. The flood has not yet reached its high-water mark.

NEW YORK, February 22, 1912.

FLANEUR.

A Washington monument that was never erected occupied the attention of the citizens of New York sixty-five years ago. It was to tower far above any other structure, that it might be seen many miles out at sea. Several thousand dollars were actually raised and the corner-stone was laid with ceremony in Hamilton Square, which covered the blocks now contained between Third and Fifth Avenues, Sixty-Sixth, and Sixty-Ninth Streets. That was six years before Central Park had been outlined. Hamilton Square was a portion of the old common lands of the city. It is not known what became of the Washington monument corner-stone. The monument association gradually ceased to exist. The \$1,000,000 monument was forgotten, and when the ground once known as Hamilton Square was cut up and the streets run through no record remains as to what was done with the corner-stone and its leaden box filled with memorials of the city in 1847.

Next month the much-advertised Tobermory Galleon Salvage Company, of which the Duke of Argyll is the president, is to begin its quest for the famous galleon *Florencia*, of the Spanish armada, sunk in Tobermory Bay, it is believed, with vast treasures, including "thirty millions of cash." What the denomination is no one knows certainly, but the total is in any case large. Thus far, however, it is the novelists who have drawn most profit from the legend; Stevenson turned it to good account in "The Merry Men."

The faculty of the University of Washington at Seattle have been guilty of insubordination, but thought better of their folly before it was too late. All but two of them protested against paying the football coach a salary of \$1000 a month, or twice as much for a three months' term of service as they were receiving for a whole year. They were made to see their relative unimportance, however, and decided that it would be presumptuous in them to seek a rating equal to that of the football coach.

The twenty-one sons of a Lincolnshire, England, woman gathered from all parts of the world on their mother's birthday, and made one of the most interesting family parties of which there is a record. Some of them had left home before the others were born, and the mother had to introduce the brothers to each other. They all attended the pantomime at Kensington Theatre, and the audience, who learned of their presence, helped to make the evening a jolly one.

There was a time when prejudice was carried so far in Holland that the sale of oranges and carrots was forbidden. Orange was the color of the stadtholder's family, and when the democratic feeling against this family was at its height the fruit which gave the color to nature, and even the harmless carrot, which more or less resembles it in hue, were placed under the ban. Of course there were persons of moderate temper who thought that this was going too far.

On Saturday afternoons in the Port Antonio market, on the island of Jamaica, a dozen or more negroes may be seen selling "rope" tobacco by the yard. It is smoked by the natives, and derives its name from the fact that it is twisted and put up in coils like rope, 200 yards to the coil.

The battleship *Espana*, the first ship of Spain's new navy, has been launched at Ferrol with elaborate ceremonies, in which the king and queen took part. Spain is making a new start on the sea with a moderate and modest programme.

## OLD FAVORITES.

My Cavalier—A. D. 1662.

Come, tune my lute for a happy song,  
And clash the chords full loud and clear,  
For a paean of right our canting wrong,  
And a merry lay for my cavalier.

The poor, dumb thing has said never a word  
Since the day when my hero went bold down  
To shout his cry and to flash his sword,  
And rally for England's laws and crown.

'Neath the white-plumed hat his love-locks danced  
With the summer sigh as he rode in gear  
Or glinting mail, and the sunlight glanced  
On the Spanish blade of my cavalier.

My love-knots, twined in his charger's mane,  
Fluttered and waved in the sighing breeze,  
As I saw them trample the hosed campaign,  
And shimmer among the linden-trees.

At Cromwell's breach he led the way,  
And the rebel roundheads ran like deer,  
Nor cared to bide or strive to stay  
The lightning charge of my cavalier.

On Stafford Hill the Spanish steel  
Ensanguined, gapped fell treason's brood,  
And by his stout right arm and leal  
The sword with rebel corpses strewed.

At Roundaway Down he charged away,  
And scythed their ranks with a ringing cheer;  
Rushing where hottest waged the fray,  
"For my king and love," saith my cavalier.

"Marry! small sorrow have I for their dead;  
Could all his enemies perish so";  
As the praying warriors darkly fled,  
And the psalm-tune died in a shriek of woe.

So I tune my lute for a happy song,  
And I clash the chords full loud and clear,  
And I sit for a summer's whole day long  
Harping my peerless cavalier. —H. A. Harfcoat.

The Jacothie on Tower Hill.

He tripped up the steps with a bow and a smile,  
Offering snuff to the chaplain the while;  
A rose at his button-hole, that afternoon;  
'Twas the tenth of the month, and the month it was June.

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he looked at the man  
With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran  
Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to see  
The jailer kneel down and receive his fee.

He looked at the mob, as they roared, with a stare,  
And took snuff again with a cynical air.  
"I'm happy to give hut a moment's delight  
To the flower of my country agog for a sight."

Then he looked at the block, and, with scented cravat,  
Dusted room for his neck, gayly doffing his hat,  
Kissed his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,  
Then, smiling, turned round to the headsman and bowed.

"God save King James!" he cried, bravely and shrill,  
And the cry reached the houses at foot of the hill.  
"My friend with the axe, à votre service," he said,  
And ran his white thumb long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hissed he stood firm as a rock;  
Then, kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block.  
He kissed a white rose—in a moment 'twas red.  
With the life of the bravest of any that bled.

—Walter Tharnbury.

Off Crozon.

The spire of old St. Malo makes a beacon true and brave,  
Where round the granite islets foams the angry Breton wave;  
Fair over lovely Dinan is St. Sauveur's shadow cast,  
Where Du Guesclin's fiery heart is laid in peaceful rest at last.

At Coutances, and at quiet Dol, the great cathedral towers  
Speak still, in solemn beauty, of a holier age than ours;  
And, wonder for all time and tide, the glory of the land,  
St. Michael's shrine still crowns the rock that reigns o'er sea and sand.

Yet where the huts of Crozon couch upon the rock-girt coast,  
A nobler temple than them all it is for her to boast,  
When with silenced rite and darkened lamp, each threatened  
altar stood,

And from Loire to Rance the "Terror" drowned all fair  
Bretagne in blood.  
Through whispering woods, by wild cliff paths, from town and  
château came

Proscribed "suspect" and fugitive, priest, noble, peasant,  
dame;  
Silent on Crozon's rocks and beach, gazing where, like a star,  
O'er the dim heaving leagues of sea a light gleamed faint and far.

With lowered sails and muffled oars, upon the rising tide,  
The boats went gliding from the shore, that light their steady  
guide;

Where, driven from desecrated shrines, at midnight's solemn  
hour,  
For her true children Holy Church could still put forth her  
power.

Calm on the calm sea lay the bark; calm rose the altar there;  
For votive lamp, the crescent moon; for music, through the  
air

Thrilled ever ocean's ceaseless chime; while, rustling shroud  
and sheet,  
The soft winds to the chanted prayer made answer low and  
sweet.

There came the babe for baptism; there knelt the bride to  
wed;

There over the uncoffined corpse the funeral rite was said;  
And the soul of fearless faith arose in the imploring cry,  
As 'neath the dome no man had built the Host was raised on  
high.

Lingering where up the glittering bay sweeps the long creaming  
swell.

The pious Breton willingly will stay this tale to tell.  
And grander Temple of the Cross on earth will never be,  
Than the ship that through the "Terror" lay off Crozon on  
the sea. —Anan.

The kiosks of Paris, as the street news-stands are called, are to be sacrificed to the need of widening streets. They are not to be abolished for the present, but are to be permitted only within restricted areas. Some time ago the new prefect of the Seine cleared the city of advertising handbills.



## IN CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

General Funston Recalls Some Stirring Events on Both Sides of the Continent.

General Frederick Funston in the preface to his "Memories of Two Wars" clearly outlines the intention of his work. It is not a part of his plan to discuss military strategy or tactics nor to present his personal views upon world politics. He who begins to read the book with any such expectation had better "return the volume to the neighbor from whom he borrowed it." It is intended to be no more than a contribution to the literature of adventure. Nor is the author under any misapprehension as to the importance of the military events that he chronicles as compared with other military events on a larger stage. He is quite aware that the battle of Guiguinto, for example, was less important and far smaller than that of Gettysburg and the siege of Cascorra was on a lesser scale than that of Sebastopol. But the element of personal adventure may be quite as great in a small fight as in a big one, and it is adventure with which General Funston is dealing. Finally he apologizes for the use of the personal pronoun—quite unnecessarily—and admits frankly that he was by no means the only person present in either Cuba or Luzon.

General Funston, as all the world knows, went to Cuba as a filibuster, and therefore he had some little difficulty in escaping from his own his native land under the eyes of United States officials whose immediate mission in life was to prevent filibustering. He participated in the first Cuban siege, that of Cascorra, and after the end of that campaign his force was united with that of General Garcia, of whom we have a personal description:

He was a man of most striking appearance, being over six feet tall and rather heavy, and his hair and large mustache were snow-white. What at once attracted attention was the hole in his forehead, a souvenir of the Ten Years' War. On September 3, 1874, being about to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, and believing his execution to be a certainty, he had fired a large-calibre revolver upward from beneath his lower jaw, the bullet making its exit almost in the centre of his forehead. It is safe to say that not one man in ten thousand would have survived so terrible an injury. He was taken prisoner, and owed his life to the skill of a Spanish surgeon, though he remained in prison until the end of the war, four years later. To the day of his death, nearly twenty-four years later, the wound never entirely healed, and he always carried a small wad of cotton in the hole in his skull. General Garcia was a man of the most undoubted personal courage, and was a courteous and kindly gentleman.

The capture of Guaimaro blockhouse was a vigorous piece of fighting, the value of success being all the greater for the store of food and water found in the place. A box of biscuits was found with its upper half saturated with blood, but it was no time to be fastidious, so the damaged layers were removed and the uninjured contents thrown to the hungry men outside:

In the meantime several officers of General Garcia's staff had reached us, and called attention to the fact that the Spanish flag was still floating from the pole on the blockhouse. This would never do, and it must come down. But it could not be lowered, being nailed to the staff. One of these officers, Lieutenant Luis Rodolfo Miranda, said he would bring down the flag, and several of us went out and from the safe side of the structure watched the operation. With assistance Miranda reached the roof, and slowly and painfully began drawing himself up the pole, which was about eighteen feet high and four inches in diameter. Every Spaniard in Guaimaro could see him, and I believe to a man tried to bring the gallant fellow down. Bullets hissed and crackled all about, and heat a constant tattoo on the blockhouse. The pole above or below him was hit several times. For a few moments that seemed endless we looked on in an agony of suspense, expecting every moment to see him come crashing down on the tiled roof. We begged him to give it up and wait for night, but he kept on, reached the flag, cut it loose with his pocket-knife, slid down the pole with it, ran to the eaves, and leaped to the ground fifteen feet below. It would be difficult to imagine a feat of more reckless daring, and yet I have heard some of my own countrymen damn the whole Cuban people as a race of cowards.

The Guaimaro blockhouse was the scene of another gallant deed probably unrecorded except in these pages. Devine, belonging to the American volunteers, saw a magnificent saddle horse tethered between the Spanish and the Cuban positions, and as the animal seemed to suit his style of beauty he started off to secure it:

He reached the rope, untied it, and tried to lead the animal, but the terrified beast declined to follow, and was soon brought down. Devine, having no use for a dead horse, started back up the hill. Osgood and I were breathlessly watching him from adjoining portholes, when we saw him pitch forward into the grass. Osgood cried out, "My God, he is hit! I am going after him," and started down the ladder to the lower story, the only way to get out. I followed with no very definite idea as to what I was going to do, but in my haste slipped on the top round of the ladder and fell into the lower story, taking Osgood with me. Both of us were well bruised but not disabled. Reaching the outside, we found that Janney was running down the hill, racing like mad. The enemy now concentrated their fire on him, as they had on Devine. Janney was a powerful man, and half carried and half dragged the wounded man up that slope under a fire that it would seem impossible that a man could live through, it being especially severe after he had got half-way up, and was exposed to nearly all the Spanish positions. Several of us assisted him to lower Devine into the shelter of the trench. He was shot in the hip, a very severe wound from which he did not recover during the war, though he returned to duty after a couple of months. In our service Janney's act would have brought him the Medal of Honor, or in the British army the Victoria Cross, but the Cubans had not yet reached the stage of distributing decorations for gallantry.

The taking of Victoria de las Tunas gives occasion for an excellent piece of descriptive writing. The Cubans used a dynamite gun lately received from America, and they began to have used it with extraordinary frequency although there was no disposition to stand close to it when it was first fired. It was during the attack on Victoria that the author nearly lost his

life and was so unfortunate as to receive the personal ministrations of General Garcia himself:

Immediately after sighting Cayo Hueso I had been climbing part way up on the parapet to the windward of the smoke to observe the effects of my own shots. Whenever in this position I saw the flash of the enemy's gun I would yell "Down!" and would drop into one of the short ditches with the others. Finally I took a foolish notion that this getting down with such haste looked undignified, and that I would do no more of it. So when the next flash came I gave the warning cry and stood my ground. A couple of seconds later I was literally hurled backward through the air for fifteen or twenty feet, landing on my head and shoulders and being half buried under earth and poles, and at almost the same instant heard the explosion of the shell. I heard Menocal cry, "My God, he is cut in two!" and a second or so later was half drowned under a deluge of filthy water. Colonel Garcia had picked up a bucket containing the water in which the sponge used in swabbing out one of the guns from time to time had been dipped, and had poured it over me. About a year ago I inquired of him as to the object of this well-meant attention, and was informed that it had been the only thing handy, and that water is always good for people. This having been the color and something like the consistency of printers' ink, I certainly was not a very inspiring object when helped to my feet, and was not fit to appear in polite society without a change of raiment and a bath. The shell had pierced the parapet about two feet from me, and had hurst some twenty feet beyond. But my revenge was coming, and in about two shots more the offending gun was dismounted and the enemy left without artillery.

Upon the outbreak of the Philippine troubles the author's regiment was ordered to San Francisco and its headquarters were Camp Merritt. In due time came the Fourth of July and the Independent Division was expected to do its share in the parade. The officers were still unsupplied with horses, and while the livery stables did their best it was not always a good best. General Funston's horse was a handsome beast, but with a defective moral nature and a dislike for fireworks:

The hoodlum men and big boys had unrestrained license. They were well supplied with firecrackers and the helpless officers on their horses were from their standpoint fair game. The police were useless, and might as well have been so many cigar-store Indians. The clucking of these miscreants would have been a positive pleasure to any right-minded man. The whole thing was a disgrace to the city. My horse, probably the worst in the lot, became wild with terror after half a dozen "cannon" crackers had been exploded under him, and charged and reared from one side of the street to the other, often endangering the lives of people on the sidewalks. One big ruffian, having made a bad throw, lit another large cracker, and under the very nose of a policeman ran out into the street and tried to throw it under my horse. Right then and there murder came into my heart, and I made a hard and conscientious effort to kill him. Of course, I was carrying my sahré, and at the proper instant cut at him with all my strength. Only a quick jump backward saved him from death or a severe injury, as the point of the blade passed within six inches of his throat. I deeply regretted my failure, and would have been willing to take my chances with any American jury as to the outcome. I have seen too many good men go down to death to have had any more compunctions about killing a hoodlum of that type than over despatching a savage dog. Before the parade had ended my left arm had become so exhausted from efforts to control the mad brute that I was riding that I was compelled to sheathe my sahré in order to take the reins in my right hand. Finally the ordeal was over. I have been in but few battles in which I would not rather take my chances than to repeat the performance.

The active military life is never very pleasant, but to be accused of looting, especially when one was not looting, seems hardly to come fairly within the legitimate vicissitudes of war. At Caloocan the author interfered with an American woman, "one of those self-appointed, so-called nurses," who was engaged in robbing the church. Needless to say the woman was highly indignant and endeavored subsequently to make things hot for the male tyrant:

The rapidly moving incidents of the campaign made me all but forget this affair, but on my return to the United States this woman, having preceded me to San Francisco, made and furnished to the newspapers an affidavit to the effect that she had entered the Caloocan church immediately after the battle and had seen me kick open a glass case containing a statue of the Virgin, from which I had stripped a gold-embroidered robe worth more than a thousand dollars, sending it to my wife in Manila. I made indignant denial, but a day later a man named Fitzgerald came out with another affidavit stating that he had been a witness to the occurrence. That, of course, settled it. This man was a fireman who had deserted from one of the transports, weeks after the taking of Caloocan, and had followed the army as a hanger-on during the campaign that had ended in the taking of Malolos, nearly two months later. One day shortly after the taking of Malolos I had caught him coming out of an abandoned residence with his arms full of clothing, and had sent him before the provost-marshal, who had punished him severely.

While at Caloocan the American forces were visited by the officers of the English warship *Powerful* and the author became friendly with Captain Lambton, who was presently to distinguish himself in the Boer War, and with Commander Ethelston, who lost his life in the same struggle. Here is a curious incident which the author is probably correct in calling unique:

On this night occurred a very unique incident. Company L was firing a few volleys, and one of the men having just discharged his piece felt a second blow against his shoulder, it being almost as hard as the kick of the gun. Upon trying to reload it was found that the breech of the piece could not be opened, and it was laid aside to be examined by daylight, which was done in the presence of a number of us officers. Upon forcing the breech open it was found that the base of the copper shell of the cartridge that had been fired just before the weapon had been disabled had been shot away, while mixed all up in the breech mechanism we found the remains of the steel jacket and the lead filling of a Mauser bullet. There was a very pronounced dent on the muzzle of the piece. What had happened was that while the man had the gun extended in the firing position a bullet had gone down the muzzle. A man will go through many wars before he will encounter another such case. This weapon is now in the Army Ordnance Museum in Washington.

The volume abounds in what may be called the curiosities of war. During the fighting that accompanied the advance to Malolos we are told of a wound so peculiar that the victim would certainly have been justified in feeling "positively peevish":

During this advance by rushes a man in Company D received

a most peculiar wound. He had just thrown himself prone when he felt a severe blow on his right shoulder, being completely prostrated. The Hospital Corps men who accompanied the firing line applied the first-aid bandage and sent him back to the dressing station at La Loma church. Here an examination disclosed the wound of entrance in his right shoulder, and also the supposed exit of the bullet in the form of a hole in his right side just where his cartridge belt had been. Sent into the First Reserve Hospital in Manila, he was treated under the very natural supposition that he was rid of his bullet, but eleven days after his admission one of the nurses in bathing the man noticed what appeared to be a swelling just above his right knee. Calling the attention of the surgeon to the matter, that individual went after the object with his instruments, and extracted a Mauser bullet. The missile, traversing his body lengthwise close to the surface, had struck the tight and unyielding belt where it would have made its exit, but, being foiled, and having considerable energy left, had continued its journey through the unfortunate man's anatomy until its force was expended just above his knee. It is disturbing to be shot through the body in the orthodox manner, but it is enough to make one positively peevish to have a hole drilled through him lengthwise. Astonishing to relate, the man recovered in a short time.

The crossing of the Rio Chico by means of the broken bridge and in face of a heavy fire is well described. Two volunteers undertook to swim across with a rope and so construct a ferry for the transport of the main force:

As a melodrama the whole scene was a howling, or rather a roaring, success. The greatest lover of the sensational could not have wished for anything more thrilling. The two men hatting slowly across the current, with the snake-like rope dragging after them; the grim and silent men firing with top speed over their heads into the trenches on the other bank; the continuous popping of the revolving cannon, a gun of the pompom type; the steady drumming of Gatlings and the constant succession of crashes from the big field-pieces, their shells flying harmlessly from the armored trenches on the other bank, or hurling steel rails and wagon loads of earth into the air; the thin film of smoke rising along both banks of the river, and the air filled with dust thrown up by striding shells and bullets, made a scene that could not fade from one's memory in many a lifetime. There was now being carried out one of the most difficult of military operations, forcing the passage of an unforgivable river in the face of an entrenched enemy. The Rio Grande was, in fact, a vast moat for the defenses of the north bank.

Finally the two swimmers, panting and all but exhausted, dragged themselves out on the other bank at the base of the work that had been so mercilessly hattered. The fire of the artillery and the machine guns on that particular trench had, of course, now ceased for fear of hitting the two men, and only a few of the detail of infantrymen were allowed to fire, and they under strict supervision, as their bullets must clear White and Tremhly by only a few feet if the latter stood up. There was, however, no cessation of the fire on the works between them and the north end of the bridge.

The situation of the two naked and unarmed men was, of course, precarious, as they were separated from all the rest of the division by a deep and swift river that had taken all their strength to cross, while all around them were hundreds of the enemy, who, however, were prevented from molesting them by the fire still sweeping the adjacent trenches. We could see the two men groping about on all fours trying to find something to which they could tie the end of the rope. In order to see whether there were any of the enemy still alive in the trench nearest them they made mud balls and pitched them over the parapet. Several men dashed out toward the rear, but the most of them were brought down by our men on the south bank. Finally, White and Tremhly made a noose in the end of the rope, gathered in several feet of slack, and, astonishing to relate, made a dash for the trench and slipped it over one of the bamboo uprights of the work, returning then to the river bank, while we opened fire again directly over them to prevent the occupants of the trench from cutting the rope.

The story of the capture of Aguinaldo has been told so often that it hardly needs repetition. The author repudiates the charge that his force solicited Aguinaldo for food and then violated his hospitality by capturing him. On the contrary "we had simply fooled him into supplying us, as he thought he was rationing his own troops." The final incident is described in the following passage:

Aguinaldo, hearing the firing, and thinking that the men of his escort had broken loose to celebrate the arrival of the reinforcements, stepped to the window and called out, "Stop that foolishness. Don't waste your ammunition." Before he could turn around Hilario had grasped him about the waist and thrown him under a table, where he literally sat on him, and Hilario was a fat man. I had given the most positive orders to the effect that under no circumstances should Aguinaldo be killed, and that no lives should be taken unless it was absolutely necessary. But as Segovia dashed back into the room several of the officers started to draw their revolvers, and he opened fire on them, hitting Villa three times, who was tugging to get a Mauser automatic pistol out of his holster, and also wounding Major Alhamhra. Villa surrendered, as did Santiago Barcelona, treasurer of the so-called republic. Alhamhra and the other officers leaped from one of the windows into the river, the house standing on the bank, and escaped by swimming. As Hilario grasped Aguinaldo, he had said, "You are a prisoner of the Americans," so that the fallen "Dictator," as he now called himself, had some sort of a vague idea of what had happened to him.

Here we must leave a book that is all that it professes to be, a narrative of personal adventure well and vigorously told and without divergence into the contentious paths of politics or policies. There are thirty-four capital illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

MEMORIES OF TWO WARS. By Frederick Funston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3 net.

The project for an international highway between Miami, Florida, and Quebec, Canada, has received a decided impetus from the recent action of the Canadian government, which has joined the movement for good roads and will assist the provinces in building and maintaining a countrywide system of highways. In an address by the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, at the opening of the twelfth Parliament in Ottawa recently the promise of government aid for the provincial highways was made. The governor-general stated that the importance of providing the country with better roads was manifest and that measures would be introduced for the purpose of enabling the Dominion to coöperate with the provinces in the accomplishment of this desired object.



THE LATEST BOOKS.

Tante.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick has written many good stories, but none so perfect or so brilliant as this. "Tante" is one of those few novels that show a human character nearly in its entirety and that can make its appeal not by its incidents, but by its analysis of an extraordinary mind.

Mme. Okraska, domestically known as Tante, is a professional pianist, and we are introduced to her at a time when her playing is subtly described as the recollection and the simulation of genius rather than genius itself. She has all those petty selfishnesses usually aggregated in the "artistic temperament," while she has lived so long in the atmosphere of fulsome adulation that she resents its momentary withdrawal as an insult to herself. But although Tante is the dominant figure of the story she is hardly its heroine. The heroine is Karen Woodruff, a simple-minded but characterful girl whom the pianist adopted years ago for reasons of her own and who now worships her with the hypnotic devotion that good and simple characters so often pay to bad and complex ones.

The real narrative of the story begins to unfold itself when Karen falls in love with and marries Gregory Jardine, a shrewd young lawyer who has never moved in artistic circles and who therefore fails to render to Mme. Okraska the adoring homage that she demands. It is a severe blow to Karen herself when she finds that her husband will not grovel at the feet of her worshiped guardian, and the breach thus begun is widened by the venomous diplomacy of Tante herself, who is determined to destroy an affection in which she can no longer fully share. Finally she succeeds. Karen leaves her husband, returns to her guardian, and then discovers to her misery that her idol has feet of clay and that she is no more than a monster of egotism and of a suave but relentless brutality. The final foiling and unmasking of Tante by her old American servant, Mrs. Talcott, gives the author another opportunity for those fine characterizations in which the story abounds.

If the reader feels any perplexity at all it is one that the author has a right to inflict. She has a right to make Tante as bad as she wishes, and almost in her first pages she cleverly creates the reluctant suspicion that Tante is very bad indeed. But we are hardly prepared for the devilish malignity with which she pursues the unfortunate Karen and her determination to make impossible her reconciliation with her husband. She seems too clever a woman for such an hysteria of hate, and the mask, once thrown off, discloses almost an excess of moral ugliness. But that, after all, is a matter of feminine psychology, which is not yet one of the exact sciences. It does not touch the indisputable fact that "Tante" is one of the few fine novels of the year.

TANTE. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company.

The Navy.

Captain George R. Clark explains that this substantial volume owed its origin to the need of a work suitable for the midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy. Its aim is to present facts without sentiment, to regard naval events from the professional rather than the picturesque point of view, and to suppress the trivial and bring out the important. Wherever possible the narrative is sustained by the citation of the official documents not only of friends, but also of foes. The result is a straightforward and dispassionate history that should be of service to those who need facts and are willing to supply their own sentiments. There are over fifty satisfactory illustrations.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By Captain George R. Clark, U. S. N., Professor William O. Stevens, Ph. D., Instructor Carroll S. Alden, Ph. D., and Instructor Herman F. Krafft, LL. B. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3 net.

The Purple Sage.

The scene of Zane Grey's latest romance is placed in the early Mormon settlement of Cottonwood in southern Utah. Jane Withersteen, a loyal Mormon, has inherited her father's ranch and manages it successfully until her unwillingness to marry and her benevolent toleration of Gentiles brings her into conflict with the church authorities. The breach thus begun is widened by her association with Lassiter, whose sister had been decoyed away by the Mormons and who now wages a relentless vendetta against the men who wronged her. The story is practically a narrative of the gradual crushing of Jane Withersteen by the merciless wretches who found in their religion an excuse for every abomination and to whom murder was a commonplace of their fanatical crusade. Jane's friends are driven off by rustlers, her men are seduced from their duty, and she finds herself ringed round by a fate from which there seems no possibility of escape.

The story is as good as anything that the author has done. The picture of Mormon life in Utah is well nigh perfect, a life in which the revolver is the final arbiter, and in which a pitiless religious zeal is more to be dreaded than the relatively tolerable crimes of the robber and the desperado. Sometimes

the author approaches rather too closely to the melodramatic, but it is a small fault in a novel that will play a worthy part in a depiction of early frontier days that the more conventional history can never adequately portray.

ROBBER OF THE PURPLE SAGE. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Good Old Siwash.

Mr. Fitch's stories of college life are too well known to need either introduction or recommendation. But he clears up at least one point for us in his introduction. He tells us that these yarns do not relate to any particular college. Siwash is not a disguise for any particular institution for imparting grace and wisdom to the youth of our land. In fact, "I huilt it myself with a typewriter out of memories, legends, and contributed tales from a score of colleges." Siwash is therefore a composite portrait, if it be a portrait at all, which we may doubt. But at least we shall agree about most of the good things related of it. They may never have happened, but they ought to have happened.

AT GOOD OLD SIWASH. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

The Changing Chinese.

This new hook by Professor E. A. Ross suggests the question of what constitutes an authority upon China. There have been many hooks by those whose experience of the country has been a long one, but who are untrained either in the history of other nations or in the general laws of sociology to which all nations are subject. Now comes Professor Ross, who has spent only six months in China but who directs upon his problem a knowledge both of history and of sociology. Apart from the book itself it would seem that his equipment is theoretically better than that of the mere observer who has no knowledge of history or science to furnish him with a scale of comparative values.

And the hook itself confirms this view. Its author finds no difficulty in looking upon the Chinese as just men and women whose conditions and characteristics are the result of well observed laws that have operated in the same way but to varying degrees at all periods of human history. "There is no reason," he says, "to believe that there is anything in the psychology or history or circumstances of the Chinese to cut them off from the general movement of world thought. Their destiny is that of the white race." Elsewhere he tells us that "China is the European Middle Ages made visible." In other words there are no essential differences between the Chinese mind and our own nor reasons why they should not meet sympathetically. China is what she is because of her isolation, the density of her population, and the ascendancy of scholars.

These conclusions are advanced with a wealth of evidence that speaks much for the author's industry. Specially interesting is his description of the woman's insurrection and of the excesses to which the Chinese "liberty girls" have been carried by the new sex evangel. Other sections are devoted to religion, education, industrialism, and population. But the method of discussion is always the same. China, like every other country, is obeying sociological law. And, what is still more important and of prophetic value, she will continue to do so.

THE CHANGING CHINESE. By Edward Alsworth Ross. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company; \$2.40 net.

When No Man Pursueth.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes tells a sensational story, but without particularly sensational incidents. The chief figure is a doctor in a country town who has reason to believe that one of his patients is being poisoned for the sake of her money. One of the poisoners is represented as not only a singularly attractive, but also a lovable young woman, and we are hardly able to reconcile her diabolical and cruel crime with a disposition that is otherwise excellent. But then there may always be a fly even in the best ointment. The victim is ultimately rescued, or rather she rescues herself, and the criminals quietly disappear and "no man pursueth."

WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net.

The Celtic Race.

Mr. T. W. Rolleston has rendered a service both to history and to folk lore by his "Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race." It is no easy task to reconcile the accounts of Herodotus, Aristotle, Hellanicus, Plato, and so many others who doubtless allowed their own national prejudices to color their descriptions of the powerful people who lived in mid-Europe, who were good friends and bad enemies, who overthrew Rome and were in turn overthrown by Rome. But the Roman legions never penetrated into Ireland, and so until the close of the fifteenth century Ireland remained as a Celtic civilization, with the Celtic language and literature. Ireland is distinctive today because she is Celtic.

Mr. Rolleston has probably given us as much consecutive Celtic history as is obtainable. It is a part of a wonderful fabric of myth, fable, and magic, the mighty deeds of heroes who fought equally readily with giants,

gods, demons, or Romans, and who stocked the world with a romance that must owe something of its vitality to a certain mystic truth. A definite connection between the Celts and the Egyptians seems hardly to be established by a similarity of symbols. Primitive minds everywhere have recognized a certain correspondence between ideas and geometrical forms, and probably the imitative factor is not so prominent as has been supposed.

A consecutive narrative of Celtic history will probably be forever out of reach, but Mr. Rolleston's patient research has at least given us a large stock of material, legendary and otherwise, from which much reconstructive work can be done. Certainly there is nothing more complete or better designed, nor shall we find anything with more of that vigor of enthusiasm that conduces so much to dramatic vivid writing. There are over sixty artistic illustrations.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE CELTIC RACE. By T. W. Rolleston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50 net.

Essays.

To say that Mr. Monahan is the best essayist in America would be to fall into the heinous sin of the superlative and therefore it must not be said. But of these fifty essays about hooks and people there is not one that does not make us think a little better of the world, there is not one that fathers a fad or even the mildest of the impostures with which modernity plagues us. Even the sacred microphone is waved upon one side with kindly mockery, and if we are warned that the individual fight against death is always a losing one we are comforted with the reflection that the road to health is the careless and the fearless road and that, after all, it is so much easier to die than to live. Where so much is good it is hard to select the better, but "My Religion" seems particularly good. So, paradoxically enough, is "The Devil." But all of them are sane, hopeful, humorous, and debonair.

ADVENTURES IN LIFE AND LETTERS. By Michael Monahan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

Among successful stories of college life must be placed when "Margaret Was a Freshman," by Elizabeth Hollister Hunt (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25). The style is vigorous, the dialogue fresh and crisp, and the moral all that it should be.

"Our Common Friends and Foes," by Edwin A. Turner (American Book Company; 30 cents), is a collection of original stories relating to the toad, quail, humbly, chickadee, ant, etc. It is intended for third and fourth years of school.

The latest addition to the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays is "The Navigable Rhine," by Edwin J. Clapp (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). The author considers the development of the Rhine shipping, the basis of the prosperity of its commerce, and its traffic in 1907.

"The Sixth Sense," by Bishop Charles H. Brent (B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net), appears in the Art of Life series. The sixth sense, according to the author, is the power of creative faith and creative imagination and as such a supplement and a synthesis of the five bodily senses.

The popularity and value of the "Farm and Garden Rule-Book," by L. H. Bailey (the Macmillan Company; \$2 net), is sufficiently shown by the fact that it has just been reprinted for the thirteenth time. Its nearly six hundred pages are devoted, as before, to recipes, precepts, formulas, and tabular information for the use of general farmers, gardeners, fruit-

growers, stockmen, dairymen, poultrymen, foresters, rural teachers, and others in the United States and Canada.

"A Study in State Rights," by the Rev. J. H. Moore (Neale Publishing Company; \$1 net), is a history of the attitude of the states toward their rights. For their educational value the author includes in his work Madison's Report on the Constitution and the speech delivered by Robert Toombs in the United States Senate on January 7, 1861.

"Stories of India's Gods and Heroes," by W. D. Munro, M. A. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net) is a collection of religious myths drawn from the Vedas, the Ramayana, and the Mahabharata. There are seven of these stories paraphrased and retold for the benefit of young people. The volume contains sixteen colored illustrations by Evelyn Paul.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Richard Wagner.

If William Ashton Ellis continues his already voluminous production of Wagneriana we may presently find that we know more about Wagner than we want to. There are very few great men that can bear microscopic examination, and sometimes our admiration for genius is endangered by too close an inspection of the personality that frames or sustains it.

The latest volume in the series given to us by Mr. Ellis is devoted to Wagner's family letters, and perhaps in no better way can we see a man as he actually is rather than as he would have himself appear. The conscious pose is usually absent from domestic correspondence, and these particular letters are no exception to the rule.

Certainly Wagner was not posing when he wrote most of these letters, although his egotism is as apparent here as elsewhere. Perhaps egotism is almost a necessary part of creative genius, as certainly it is rarely absent from it. Wagner usually talks about himself, and he is either at the highest heights or the lowest depths. His nerves are always strained to the breaking point and either with ecstasy or despair. At one time he can only work for two hours a day and must sleep at once after. The uncertainty of a restless night constantly plagues him and bedtime is a matter for concern and anxious preparation. He is always on the rack and agonizingly conscious of himself. From the biographical point of view these letters do not tell us very much, but as a curious study of the mind of a genius they have both a value and an interest.

FAMILY LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

## Life After Death.

In this little volume Charles Edward Jefferson furnishes a useful survey of the reasons for and against a belief in life after death. We may doubt if belief either way is usually produced by logical processes. It is more often an affair of education, intuition, and temperament, but for those who prefer the methods of reasons Mr. Jefferson's book may be recommended as thoughtful, impartial, and cautious. Perhaps his most striking plea for a continuance of life is nature's evident intention to educate the individual and the imperfect stage to which that education has reached. Just as we may assume the intentions of a builder from the appearance of the half-finished house so we may believe that the human mind, imperfect at death, must have further educative processes in store for it.

WHY WE MAY BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER DEATH. By Charles Edward Jefferson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

## The Gates of the Past.

Thomas Hunter Vaughan has essayed one of those stories in which ancient occultism and modern life are brought into combination. The combination is rarely a happy one. Lytton produced it to perfection in "Zanoni," Marion Crawford in "Mr. Isaacs," while Marie Corelli has attempted the same feat with less success. Mr. Vaughan has by no means failed. Cafara, with his ancient Egyptian affiliations and his weird powers, has a certain impressiveness, but the story as a whole has not quite the atmosphere of mysticism that would have increased its strength. The author seems to have horrified his color from the modern charlatan rather than from the ancient initiate.

THE GATES OF THE PAST. By Thomas Hunter Vaughan. New York: Brentano's.

## The Rugged Way.

Mr. Harold Morton Kramer tells a somewhat conventional story of people none of whom win our great respect or liking. Dan Bevis is a banker who is betrothed to the daughter of a magnate. He is found to have robbed the bank, is sent to prison, and on his release goes West and supports himself by gambling. He gets mixed up with Mexican revolutionists, and when a girl whom he knew in his early days appears upon the scene he falls in love with her and, we may suppose, reforms his life. But we are not enthusiastic about Dan Bevis. In fact none of the characters are very convincing.

THE RUGGED WAY. By Harold Morton Kramer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

## Human Efficiency.

Dr. Dresser is best known as a speculator in those little known realms of human consciousness usually relegated to the psychic researcher. But Dr. Dresser is always sane and his feet are always on the ground. He never allows his conclusions to fly away from his facts or his judgment to be unseated by his mysticism.

But in this volume we have mysticism upon one side, or nearly so, and deals with an applied psychology that keeps well within the range of normal mental faculties. He would have us seek efficiency through the training and development of the will, the economy of our lives, mental coordination and so on. Without a recognition of psychology and its classification there can be

no diagnosis of social evils nor effective remedy for them. Economic law is correlated with the psychological and only by a comprehension of the mind, and by its systematized training can we reach the efficiency that produces the highest practical values. Dr. Dresser's book is well worth reading not so much for its facts as for its introduction to mental possibilities and to a field that has been imperfectly cultivated.

HUMAN EFFICIENCY. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

## Home Life in Norway.

Mr. H. K. Daniels covers his topic thoroughly and in a light and conventional way. He deals with social occasions, flat life, children, women, food, servants, restaurants, the city, and the town. Norway he describes as a democratic country where there is neither aristocracy nor nobility, where a cabinet minister receives \$3350 a year, a bishop and a general \$2500, and a servant girl \$50. A merchant with \$5000 takes first rank among the affluent and a man with half that income is "comfortably off."

HOME LIFE IN NORWAY. By H. K. Daniels. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Ernest A. Savage in "Old English Libraries," which has just been issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., gives readers a discursive consideration of "The Making, Collection, and Use of Books During the Middle Ages."

Cartoons showing that the late Sidney Porter—O. Henry—caricatured practically every person of prominence in Austin, Texas, when he was writing, illustrating, and editing his little magazine, *The Rolling Stone*, have been brought to light by the recent investigations of this humorist's literary executor.

The William R. Jenkins Company has issued a catalogue of its publications in French and other languages.

The fifth and completing volume of Petrus Johannes Blok's "History of the People of the Netherlands," translated into English by Oscar A. Bierstadt of the Boston Public Library, will appear under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons early this month.

Some forty years ago a small side-wheeled gunboat belonging to the United States Navy was wrecked on a coral reef in the Pacific, but the crew escaped with some of the ship's stores, and lived for several months upon the coral island. Finally five of the men sailed in the gig for Honolulu. They made the voyage of fifteen hundred miles in safety, but in attempting to land, their boat was capsized, and all but one man was lost. The survivor, however, carried the news, and a vessel was sent by the King of the Sandwich Islands to the rescue of the marooned mariners. This thrilling story is briefly and simply told in the diary kept at the time by the paymaster, George H. Read. It has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in a book entitled "The Last Cruise of the *Saginaw*," illustrated from pencil sketches made by the captain of the vessel and from contemporary photographs.

Wallace Irwin, in "Florizel and Fortunatus," contributes a humorous sketch to the March *Century Magazine* on the tendency of the facile artist to make pictures which confer unintentional fun on the stories they are supposed to, but do not, illustrate.

Frank Danby's new novel, "Joseph in Jeopardy," was brought out this week by the Macmillan Company.

One of the latest accessions to the ranks of the English novelists is a young woman of twenty. She is Miss Rose Schuster, daughter of Sir Felix Schuster, a well-known financier.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, wife of ex-Justice Roger A. Pryor, who was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, died last week at her home in New York City. Few women probably led so eventful a life as Mrs. Pryor. From comfort, amounting to luxury, in an old-fashioned Southern home, she passed through poverty after the war to a position of social and literary distinction in what she once charmingly termed "the arms of the enemy," in the great Northern city. Besides her several volumes of reminiscences, Mrs. Pryor finished her first novel, "The Colonel's Story," when she was eighty-one, not long after she and her husband had celebrated their diamond, or sixtieth, wedding anniversary.

Louis Heilprin, the author and scholar, who was associated with Charles A. Dana when the latter was Assistant Secretary of War, died at the home of his sister in New York a few days ago.

Apocryphal of the successful dramatization of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" it is stated that over 3,000,000 copies of Miss Alcott's books have been sold in the United States alone and that the sale of "Little Women" throughout the English-speaking world exceeds 1,000,000.

Not long ago Harper & Brothers published a book called "In After Days," in which

well-known men and women, most of whom had reached their threescore and ten years, wrote their personal convictions in regard to the future existence. Since its publication four of the nine authors have died, namely Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and John Bigelow.

Joseph Conrad's volume of reminiscence and self-revelation, just published by Harper & Brothers, is said to be a fascinating autobiography.

Ex-President Sun Yat-Sen of China has written reminiscences of his career for the *Strand Magazine*.

## New Books Received.

YOUNG BECK. By McDonnell Bodkin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A detective story.

LONESOME LAND. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A story of ranch life in Montana.

NIETZSCHE. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.  
A critical and biographical study.

SADDLE AND CAMP IN THE ROCKIES. By Dillon Wallace. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.75 net.  
An expert's picture of game conditions in the heart of the hunting country.

THE SABLE LORCHA. By Horace Hazeltime. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A new novel in which Chinamen figure largely.

FROM THE CAR BEHIND. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.  
An automobile story.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY. By G. L. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.  
A new novel.

THE RELENTLESS CURRENT. By M. E. Charlesworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.  
A new novel.

IN DESERT AND WILDERNESS. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
Translated from the original Polish by Max A. Drezmal.

ALL THE CHILDREN OF ALL THE PEOPLE. By William Hawley Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.  
A study of the attempt to educate everybody.

FREE WILL AND HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY. By Herman Harrell Horne, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.  
A philosophical argument.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "SAGINAW." By George H. Read. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.  
The story of a wreck.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By Walter E. Weyl, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.  
An essay on certain political and economic tendencies in the United States.

SHAKESPEARE'S "CORIOLANUS." New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.  
Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

CHATEAUBRIAND. By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.  
A new novel.

THE GREAT GAY ROAD. By Tom Gallon. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.  
A new novel.

A ROLLING STONE. By B. M. Croker. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.  
A new novel.

THE WOMAN FROM WOLVERTON. By Isabel Gordon Curtis. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.  
A story of Washington life.

THE HEART OF LIFE. By Pierre de Coulevain. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A new novel translated from the French by Alys Hallard.

THE TOLL BAR. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.  
A new novel by the author of "Down Our Street."

THE SAINTSBURY AFFAIR. By Roman Douhlay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A new novel.

DISCORDS. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.  
A volume of verse.

JACQUELINE OF THE HUT. By E. Gallienne Robin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.  
A romance of the Channel Islands.

THE WATERS OF BITTERNESS. By S. M. Fox. New York: Duffield & Co.  
Issued in Plays of Today and Tomorrow.

No explorer before or since has approached the harvest that Henry M. Stanley reaped (says a writer in the *New York Sun*), and no man of letters, soldier, or scholar has had such a single lecture tour as Stanley's greatest. In something like ten big cities he received \$2000 for his first appearance. For the first night in another group of cities he received \$1000 and in still another group \$500. Traveling in a special car upon which he lived in most places, and accompanied by four or five guests, he ended the tour with \$68,000 clear of all expenses. For that first night in New York a charity paid Stanley's agent \$5000 and the receipts from the lecture were \$14,763. On the other hand Alexander Graham Bell used to lecture for \$25 a night in schoolhouses and the struggling inventor was glad enough of the fee.

## Liverpool's Street-Car System.

English Paper Compares It with That of San Francisco.

There is an old saying that one has to go away from home to learn the news. Away over in Liverpool they have been comparing their street-car system with some of the street railways operating in the larger cities of the United States. The comparison seems rather one-sided, for the Liverpool *Echo*, in a recent frank and outspoken editorial, pays the American system a compliment and regrets the service given the public in Liverpool.

San Francisco, as might be supposed, from its position in the world at present, is cited by way of comparison, and the conclusion reached by the *Echo* is that this city has an excellent street-car system. One feature, installed here at an expenditure of over \$500,000, pleases the *Echo*, which, referring to it, remarks, "They have the pay-as-you-enter cars, which save much worry; but in Liverpool it is evident we have much to learn before we can claim that the Corporation tramway system is in any respect a model for other cities to copy."

It has been claimed by some that in Liverpool especially there is no crowding, and that every passenger is given a seat, which seemed an ideal arrangement, leading close students of street railways to wonder just how such perfection had been brought about. But it is not all that it seems, and under existing conditions the hurrying American can see nothing in the Liverpool system which makes him wish to exchange that of his home city for it.

"In Liverpool," says the *Echo*, after referring to the hurrying over here and crowding of American cars, "on at least the top deck of a tramcar standing is not allowed, and every passenger is supposed to be provided with a seat. Downstairs, however, the same rule is not applied, and in the evening, usually, every one who can find standing-room on the ground floor of the car is admitted, a practice which renders the conductor's task of collecting fares anything but easy."

The large number of pay-as-you-enter cars introduced into San Francisco have not only made the work of conductors easier, but have proven their superiority over the older styles from the standpoint of the operating company and the general public as well. It is evident that they are an advantage over the Liverpool cars.

Service here also compares very favorably with that given in the hustling English city. The *Globe* also discusses that phase of the question, saying: "Most of these complaints have had reference to the irregular nature of the service on certain routes, and the long delays to which passengers are subjected. It is evident from the grievances that have been ventilated that their time-table is capable of considerable improvement."

Of course no city in the world has ever solved the transportation problem to the satisfaction of everybody. Every operating street-car concern in the United States is constantly laboring to improve its service, and here in San Francisco, where building and extension are striding forward, every effort has been made to arrange a time-table to accommodate the greatest number of people at all hours. And this, it is earnestly believed, has been accomplished.

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A WINSOME STAGE REBECCA.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" in play form is distinctly a product for juvenile tastes. Grown-ups can enjoy it, but they must have some leaning toward child literature.

Ursula St. George is a dear little Rebecca, just about the right age for the sweet girl graduate of the last act, a little too sweet-sixteenish for the twelve-year-old Rebecca of the earlier scenes. But natural and simple; something of the type of the docile, trainable schoolgirl, who, in spite of her sunny nature, is all conscience and commendable ambition.

Little Miss St. George preceded the performance by reading a letter from Kate Douglas Wiggin, to which the audience listened with profound attention, and which succeeded in reestablishing things on something of a personal basis. Mrs. Wiggin's letter has a pleasant tone of affectionate retrospect, and it brought back to the memory of some of the maturer members of the audience recollections of the young kindergartner who, to please her tiny charges, used to go to her daily task dressed in the daintiest of colors and garments. In those days Kate Douglas Smith, as she was then, began putting the stories she told the children into shape for publication. That was really the beginning of her fame. Besides her instinctive knowledge of what pleased young children, she had an irrepressible sense of humor that bubbled out even in those stories for childhood. Grown people read them with pleasure, and chuckled over little eddies of fun that the children took literally.

Then she wrote "The Bird's Christmas Carol," which has since become almost a classic. Quantities of hooks followed, and always the sense of humor gave them the leaven that won adult readers. It is that, largely, that has made her fame. Take "Marm Lisa," for instance. The characters of the terrible twins are handled with a keen appreciation of their amusing side and without false sentimentality, and that of their vague-minded, club-organizing mother is really quite a creation. It is very apparent that it is founded on fact; which recalls Mrs. Wiggin's statement in the letter already referred to that she learned all she knew about human nature in the old Silver Street Kindergarten.

Added to her happy knack of understanding child nature and making grown-up children laugh, Mrs. Wiggin had a natural talent for getting ahead. Wherever she went she was a marked figure. She had flattering social attentions in England, which enabled her to put interesting and wittily narrated experiences in the Penelope hooks which the ordinary American sojourner in England failed to undergo.

Remembering all these things, it is rather disappointing to miss the familiar leaven in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The humor in this child-play does not pan out as well as we hoped. The play is a nice little child-drama. I could not help thinking what a welcome addition it will be some time in the future to the repertory of the educational commission in New York that is doing such a magnificent work in philanthropy by furnishing dramatic child-performances for the children in tenement districts. They will have to wait, of course, until the play has exhausted all lucrative possibilities, but the children whose horizon is bounded by decayed tenements and who only know farms by hearsay will love it. There ought, by the way, to be a boy or so in it.

At present money is being spent on it, as the play is expensively appointed in the matter of scenery. It will draw, for a time, a certain proportion of the adult public, on account of its rural atmosphere and the ever-popular New England background. There are traditional characters there that always win a hearing, as Mary Wilkins Freeman found, to her great financial profit.

There is the hustling, hard-headed, capable, economical old maid, who runs the farm and all living creatures on it. This is stern Aunt Miranda, whose granite foundations of character are sometimes rather disconcerting to her kith and kin. Maud Ream Stover looked the part and played it in a manner that gave it realism, if not charm.

Mrs. Perkins, the village gossip, is also placed in competent hands. Fannie McCollin has a good-natured smile that is an asset, and an untiring tongue. Fortunately the play in her scenes relieved us of the necessity of assimilating her vast stores of village gossip.

Sam Reed made the old stage-driver rustic

and kindly and lovable in his simple, shrewd diplomacy with runaway Rebecca.

The rest of the company was so-so. The games and quarrels of the children were uninteresting and unamusing. We have seen so many child phenomena on the stage that these youngsters seemed raw in comparison. Their acting smacked of the "school exhibition." Probably it was because they represented children at a less winning age than the tots in, for instance, "Helena Ritchie" or "A Fool There Was."

But in spite of the attractions of Rebecca herself holding firm, her youthful allies were rather daunting to the tastes of the adult theatre-goer.

Of course we must pause to remember that there is not really a play in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." But the hook proved very popular, and it is a characteristic of the present-day theatrical annals that all popular fictional characters must eventually find their way to the stage. There's money in it, and who is going to turn his back on "a sure thing"? Not you, or I, or the next one.

Hence Rebecca has been transported to the stage, and hence the drama halts a little, and has to be padded out with the uninteresting affairs of the passionately uninteresting Simpsons.

There is a young man flitting vaguely around in the play that I seem to remember dimly in the hook. I believe the intention is that this young man is to be regarded as Rebecca's future profitable acquisition, as there is a smell of money about Mr. Aladdin. The clothes of this resplendent youth, on his first appearance, are really dazzling to the hucolic mind; the crease of his trousers is all but artistic. Mr. Aladdin (Rebecca's nickname) hasn't much of anything to do except provide jabs for the disgruntled Mr. Simpson, and huy soap. So the unfortunate actor that played the part was obliged to pass the entire evening in laughing dutifully at humorous ruralisms. He probably hates the part with a deadly hatred. He has, however, a small love scene, or tentative love scene, with Rebecca, who, "standing with reluctant feet," etc., upon receiving his proposal hegged for time. So, upon this hint of a future romance, the curtain falls.

But I realized, in this scene, that little Miss St. George, through sheer childishness, struck just the right note. Her young soul, like Rebecca's, is unawakened, and in this scene in which she instinctively postpones the emotions and responsibilities of womanhood, she was just as much Rebecca as she was Ursula St. George.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is not a good case upon which to hang verdicts concerning the work of our Californian Charlotte Thompson. As has been already intimated, there is not a play in the hook or hooks. The play, therefore, can only be an arrangement of necessarily tame passages in the life of little Rebecca. As such, it will please Rebecca's particular friends, who were at the Columbia Theatre in tolerable numbers on Monday night, and who found the little maiden in stage guise as winsome as they had hoped she would be.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

De Leon's New Musical Comedy.

Walter De Leon, who is George M. Cohan's Pacific Coast rival, has scored as unequivocal a success with his second professional offering, "The Girl and the Boy," as he did with his first, "The Campus." The new musical comedy was produced last week at the Grand Opera House in Los Angeles, and will be continued at least through this week. All of the work is De Leon's, hook, lyrics, and music, and in addition he plays one of the two star parts. It is not a great production, in any sense of the word, but it is unique in some particulars. First, it is a comedy of real life, with its main theme and prominent incidents in keeping with its situation. It has no hurlesque potentate, no platoon of military guards, no chorus of comic-opera singers stranded on a tropical isle. The girl and the boy are a newly married couple, who have telegraphed the glad news home to the youthful groom's papa and received in reply a stern dismissal. How the boy, aided by the girl, avoids temporary financial embarrassment, is told with cleverness. The songs are excellent, without exception, and the music even better than that of "The Campus." De Leon is good in his rôle, and Muggins Davies, as the Girl, is as attractive as ever and sings with a new force and clearer enunciation. Ferris Hartman is a comic detective, with a very bad Scottish dialect. The piece is more than creditable to the young author and composer, and an earnest of much better work to come.

Following is a news dispatch from Philadelphia to the Chicago Tribune. It is certainly advance news: "Andreas Dippel, general manager of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, announces that he has signed an agreement with W. H. Leahy to take the entire organization to the Pacific Coast in the spring of 1913. Leahy expects to have the new Tivoli opera house in San Francisco ready by January, 1913, and it is contemplated to open the theatre on March 11 with a gala performance by the opera company."

CURRENT VERSE.

Sequence.

The bird will choose to build its nest,  
Lo! anywhere it seemeth best—  
On heeling crag, or dizzy height,  
Such as will claim the utmost flight;  
On limb, or hush, or ragged wall,  
To it it matters not at all;  
On hill, or plain, in valley's hollow,  
Since well it knows its mate will follow!

With gracious heart, the sunlight fair  
Will seek its place, lo! anywhere,  
To lend a charm that never thought  
Can well express, or can he taught.  
It knows that where it softly lies  
From out its brightness joy will rise.  
'Twill grace hill, plain, or valley's hollow,  
Since well it knows the rose will follow!

And so it is with you and me!  
And so forever it will be!  
Where'er you go it will be home,  
No matter, Dear, where you may roam—  
Afar, as near, on mountain's crest,  
In wilderness, if it seem best;  
On plain, or in the valley's hollow,  
No matter where—true love will follow!  
—George Newell Lovejoy, in Boston Transcript.

The Old Trapper Speaks.

You are clever, they're telling me, youngster.  
With your traps and your poisoned bait;  
You travel the plains in a wagon—  
We hooped it with cautious gait;  
You sleep every night under canvas,  
You've comforts galore when you halt—  
But could you take traps and your rifle  
And live for a year without salt?

You have kettles and pans—and your wagon  
Resembles a grocery store;  
We had to depend on our powder  
For grub and the clothes that we wore;  
You set up your tent in the open—  
To us every shadow cried "Halt!"  
Could you half roast your kill; like an Injun,  
And live for a year without salt?

You are skillful, they tell me, oh youngster,  
But would your skill answer their test?  
Would you hazard your life on one bullet  
With a savage's knife at your breast?  
Those were giants—those hunters of heaven  
Whose bravery rose to a fault.  
Could you turn to a land that was pathless  
And live, as they lived, without salt?  
—Denver Republican.

Tschalkovsky.

I have heard music, and I can not sleep.  
I have been in some sad and distant land  
Where silent steppes to dim horizons creep,  
And long slow rivers wind through choking sand.

I have heard winds tempestuous in the night,  
I have heard waters wailing far away.  
I have heard forests trumpet in their might,  
And moan together at the break of day.

I have heard voices sobbing in the dark  
Because of love and loneliness and pain.  
I have heard singing when I seemed to hark  
To twilight fields and low skies gray with rain.

I have heard marching and the roll of drums  
Across those steppes, within those forests dim;  
And I have felt the sudden thrill that comes  
Upon the chanting of a mighty hymn.

I have heard music, and I can not sleep.  
My heart shall know no peace nor pity yet;  
For in me whirl, like clouds across a deep,  
Things I can neither utter nor forget.  
—H. G. Dwight, in Century Magazine.

Recently the first comic opera was described by Sir Frederick Bridge in a lecture at the City of London School. The opera, "L'Amphiparnasso," was by Orazio Vecchi, a well-known madrigal writer, and was published in 1597 as a musical comedy. There was a prologue, and the characters numbered a dozen. A curious feature of the music was that though the characters were supposed to sing their parts the score was for four or five voices, who practically provided the accompaniment instead of an orchestra. His view was that each character sang his words in front of an audience, the other voices behind the screen singing them at the same time. The comedy had a vivid story, in which Lucio and Isabella were the principals, and there was true dramatic feeling in the musical form.

Adolphus Busch, the wealthy St. Louis brewer, has a winter home in Pasadena, and telegraphed from there a few days ago his offer to subscribe \$50,000 toward the erection of an opera house in the Missouri city where his business is established. The only condition attached to his offer was that \$500,000 in subscriptions be secured in the next six months. St. Louis needs an opera house, and this is a definite beginning of the effort to make its attainment speedily certain.

Margaret Anglin has withdrawn "Lydia Gilmore," with the consent of the author, Henry Arthur Jones, who will remodel the weak third act in time for presentation during the fall season. In the meantime Miss Anglin will play "Green Stockings."

Mrs. Fiske appeared in a new play in New York last Monday night.

The Italian-Swiss Colony's choice Chablis, Riesling and Sauterne are excellent white wines to serve with fish while Tiro and Burgundy go well with the roast. Ask your grocer for them.

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Second and Last Week begins Monday, March 4  
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**Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm**  
All Sunshine and Joy  
Sunday, March 10, LULU GLASER in "Miss Dudelsack."

At  
**SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM**  
Van Ness at Sutter



**JOHN McCORMACK**  
The Irish Tenor  
This Sunday aft, March 3, at 2:30  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.  
Steinway Piano used.



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A Master Pianist  
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and  
Next Tuesday night, March 5, at 8:15  
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Violin Virtuoso Extraordinary  
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Wednesday eve, March 13, at 8:15  
and  
Saturday aft, March 16, at 2:30  
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Last Symphony Concert  
**CORT THEATRE**  
Next Friday, March 8, at 3:15  
Soloist - ZIMBALIST  
The Russian Violinist  
Beethoven's Symphony, "Eroica"  
Strauss's Tone Poem, "Don Juan"  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75c.  
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## VANITY FAIR.

Since it is now recognized that we can be truly fashionable only by imitating the demimondaine and the thug, we may suppose that the participants in the recent Apache party in New York were very fashionable indeed. The imitation of criminal life was so strikingly true that the guests must have had the very bluest of blue blood. Their disgusting behavior was so very disgusting as to establish their claim to social distinction without any other credential.

The reports tell us that this particular Apache party was held under the auspices of Mr. Edmund Russell and Mr. Allen Sommer. A well-known Chinese restaurant was the scene of the festivity. The refreshments were of the Chinese kind and Chinese waiters were employed. There being a reasonable fear that the waiters might be excited and troublesome, some special policemen were employed, but the precaution was unnecessary. The Chinamen were not excited. They were stunned. They wondered if Apache parties were a feature of republican institutions, and doubtless they mourned for the future of their own dear land.

The ball began with one of those happy, innocent little frolics which gave it the spice of the unexpected. One of the guests in costume approached Mrs. Sommer and kissed her hand. Another guest with playful abandon struck him in the face, as though to avenge the insult. Instantly there was pandemonium and the guests crowded around the combatants, who had drawn daggers and were engaged in an apparently bloodthirsty duel. The imitation of Black Hand or Mafia methods was so startlingly correct that one could have died with laughter. Only the highest social position could have produced such talent. Then the lights suddenly went out. Many of the ladies present were unaware that the whole thing was a joke, and the darkness added most charmingly to their pretty dismay. Then the lights were switched on again and one of the men was seen to be lying on the floor apparently stabbed. It was quite a chaste and delicate conceit, so simple and primitive, so suggestive of the winning little ways of our emotional fellow-citizens from sunny Italy. Just as some of the ladies were about to faint the victim rose up, bowed gracefully, and the band began to play "Everybody's Doing It."

This humorous little scene was followed by the usual dances so much favored by high society. The Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug, and the Grizzly Bear were interspersed with other merry dances said to be peculiarly Oriental. And as a matter of fact a lady from India favored the company with some of her national dances, but it must be noted with regret that this same lady introduced the only note of discord during the evening. She declined to participate in the Apache waltz because she considered it vulgar. Coming from a country whose women have not yet won for themselves emancipation we can well afford to be lenient. The day will doubtless come when India will abandon the purdah and decency and when her women will launch themselves fearlessly upon the full flood of Christian civilization. But these things take time and example. We must be patient and tolerant.

After many years' retirement the Hope diamond has once more made its appearance in public. It was worn at the reception given to the Russian ambassador by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McLean of New York. Mrs. McLean wore the gem as a pendant and so bade defiance to the geni of ill luck that are supposed to haunt the historic stone.

And yet it can hardly be said that the McLeans have escaped the curse altogether. They bought the diamond from Cartier, the Parisian jeweler, and they are said to have exacted a promise from him to take it back if any bad luck should befall them within six months. And it will be in the public memory that bad luck did befall them. They were unable to pay for their purchase, Cartier threatened a lawsuit, and there was quite an ugly little scandal about it. The matter was eventually compromised in some way and about \$220,000 was paid for the jewel. Personally we should think it bad luck to pay away so much money for anything short of a good conscience.

The McLeans, by the way, are the parents of the "billion-dollar baby," whose residence is pointed out with so much zest by the Washington guides. This wretched infant is likely to inherit the wealth of its multi-millionaire grandparents, John R. McLean and Thomas F. Walsh. Poor little devil. One would think from its bad luck that the baby owned the Hope diamond.

A special tax, or in other words a special punishment, for bachelors is becoming a favored topic for discussion in feminist circles. Every now and then the plan is broached in some freak state or municipality, and then we hear a ripple of falsetto applause from the women's clubs and newspapers. Undoubtedly they like the idea. They like any idea that tends to the humiliation of men.

Now we have an article by Anna Garlin in the current *Forum*. She tells us of the things used to be managed in

Sparta, where bachelors were disfranchised, excluded from public processions, and subjected to various other disabilities. Perhaps we could view such a prospect with equanimity and remain in a state of benighted bachelorhood, but there was worse to come. The impenitent bachelor was further compelled to march naked around the marketplace and to sing a song testifying to his disgrace which thus "justly suffered punishment." Whether Anna Garlin Spencer wishes to revive these penalties there is no means of knowing. Personally we believe that a procession of naked and singing bachelors would arouse some comment nowadays and that the women's clubs would probably appoint a committee of inspection to investigate and report in the interests of public virtue. A bachelor with his clothes on is rarely a beautiful spectacle, but a naked bachelor!

But the real point of these horrid stories ought not to be overlooked. It is evident that no amount of severity could wholly crush the dauntless spirit of the Spartan bachelor. They could make him go naked and they could make him sing, but they could not make him marry. Probably he laughed at their puny tortures and his free soul exulted within him at the thought that his was the better choice, that even death would be preferable to marriage, and that the tomb at least was silent. And so the essential moral of the whole business is that in spite of all penalties there were still bachelors in Sparta, men who were willing to go naked and to sing, but who would not renounce their sacred heritage of freedom.

But why does the modern woman discuss this matter with such undisguised relish? Her own chief grievance is the supposed fact that conditions have made matrimony compulsory for her. Her own song of triumph over her emancipation is based upon the idea that now she need no longer marry and that at last she can gratify her well-known preference for the single life and for the typewriter instead of the sewing machine. With the same breath she assures us that now she will never marry and also that marriage ought to be compulsory for men. In heaven's name what is it that she does want? Of what avail to bludgeon the wretched male into acquiescence if she is determined to have nothing to do with him? Why bully him into a reluctant compliance and then mock him with her song of liberty while she hammers away on her typewriter for eight hours a day in a downtown office? Certainly there is a discrepancy somewhere, and we are half inclined to believe that the women who most loudly denounce the social conditions that compel them to marry for a living would very much like to see those conditions a little more coercive than they actually are.

Earl Nelson of England probably regrets his refusal to contribute to a charitable fund upon the ground that he had been impoverished by recent legislation. That sort of plea has been quite a favorite one among English aristocrats who resent the unjustifiable inclusion of their names in the tax lists. If they must actually pay their share of the national expenses it is obvious that they can not afford to give away a few half-pounds of tea to the old women of the neighborhood, or to subscribe to the athletic club, or to do any of the other pseudo charitable things traditional with their class.

So Earl Nelson made the new customary excuse when he was asked for his check, and now he has been favored with a pointed reminder of his own status as a mendicant. A prominent newspaper has asked, Who is Earl Nelson, and how, and why, does he obtain the income that makes him a rich man? To quote the answer that this newspaper gives to its own questions it seems that Earl Nelson "is the son of his father Thomas, the second earl, who was the nephew of the first earl, who was the brother of the man who did the work at Trafalgar." For this extraordinary national service the present earl has received a pension of \$25,000 a year since 1835, and also the rent of a \$450,000 estate, the whole revenue amounting to \$2,850,000, which seems a very liberal reward for being the son of the son of the nephew of a brother of a great admiral.

The president of the Chicago board of education is evidently one of those daring and radical innovators who are always ready to lay the axe of reform at the root of precedent and tradition. This autocratic official has just issued an order to the effect that boys in the public schools shall no longer be required to learn fancy work, sewing, or darning. If dollies and the like must be embroidered with pretty floral designs the work must be done by some one else.

Now there ought to be some public protest in this matter. The interests of the boys themselves ought to take precedence of the arbitrary ambitions of an official. In a few years' time, when it will be too late, we shall realize the evil of this thing. We shall find that boys are being turned out to grapple with the cold and cruel world without a knowledge of fancy sewing and wholly unable to embroider a doily. No matter how urgently they may need an embroidered doily

they will be unable to supply that need, and then we shall rue the day that we allowed this sort of educational autocracy to run riot in our midst.

And what, we should like to know, is to take the place of the fancy sewing and the doily making? There would be some compensation in knowing that the time would be usefully employed, as, for example, in a course of lectures on "The Baby in Health and Sickness," or "Advice to an Expecting Father." But it is too much to expect that one branch of useful knowledge will be succeeded by another. And so let Chicago keep its eye upon its board of education. Unless the public is prepared to be vigilant in such matters it will wake up some fine day and find that the children are being taught to read and write. And how will it like that?

"To not a few people," says the *Lancet*, "there is a fascination about walnuts and wine. Walnuts, in fact, are seldom discussed without reference to port, but the association is physiologically unsound, especially as the invariable custom is to eat walnuts and drink the port after dinner. The food value of walnuts is very high, it having been calculated that thirty large walnut kernels contain

as much fat as two and three-quarter pounds of lean beef, and yet the walnut is used as a supplement to a square meal. Added to this, the glass of port, say two fluid ounces, contains, besides one hundred and eighty grains of alcohol, seventy grains of grape sugar. In the combination, therefore, we have all the elements which make for a complete diet, viz., fat, protein, carbohydrate, to which may be added mineral salts. Port and walnuts after a meal are, therefore, from a nutritive point of view, 'ridiculous excess.' It should be added that both walnuts and port wine contain tannin, which is unsuited to some constitutions."

In certain watering places of Europe men make fortunes in ham shops. There is said to be such a shop in Carlsbad, where a man, in white garments, slices the lean Prague ham, or the fatter Westphalian, for the people who are at the springs. It is said that none there are really judges of ham until they can argue, every morning outside the shop, for a quarter of an hour as to what breed of pig gives the most appetizing slice. At Marienbad the representatives of the most exclusive circles of society in the world lunch on lean ham.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

William H. Crane was twitted because his lines in "The Senator Keeps House," his new play, are not witty. "I had the matter up with the authoress," retorted Crane, "and after I had aired my views at length she blandly replied: 'You can't expect a senator to be witty in his own house!'"

The late Admiral Evans was once taken through the Vanderbilt stables in New York. The stable manager showed him walls and floors of pale translucent tiling, marble drinking troughs, mangers of Circassian walnut, solid silver fittings, and so forth. "Do you find anything lacking, admiral?" said the manager, proudly, at the end. "Nothing," the admiral replied, "nothing except a leather-upholstered sofa for each horse."

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion: "The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wa'n't there, but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."

A blank crop report was sent out by a Cleveland paper for the farmers to fill out, and the other day one of them came back with the following written on the blank side in pencil: "All we've got in this neighborhood is three widders, two school-ma'ams, a patch of wheat, the hog cholera, too much rain, about fifty acres of 'taters, and a durn fool who married a cross-eyed gal because she owns eighty sheep and a mule, whilst the same is me, and no more at present."

Two dear old ladies were discussing husbands. Said the first: "I have been married three times. Each of my husbands is dead, though. They were all cremated." Her friend was a dear old maiden lady. She listened attentively to her friend, and when she had concluded the sad story of her life she said: "How wonderful are the ways of Providence. Here I've lived all these years, and have never been able to get one husband, and you've had husbands to burn."

A gentleman who had acquired riches rather quickly purchased an estate on the banks of the River Clyde which adjoins those of Lord Blantyre and Sir Charles Bine-Renshaw. Strolling through his place one day he chanced to go too far and was accosted by a burly Scotch gamekeeper, who in language more forcible than polite ordered him off the grounds. Remonstrance only produced more language from the remonstrant. "Sir," said the pompous one, "do you know who I am? I am the Faulds of Ardgeriff!" "I don't care if you are the Falls of Niagara," said the gamekeeper, "ye're gaun oot o' this."

Hire Sistem, the furniture king, having made his pile, settled down to the pursuits of a country gentleman. He invited his friend, Plane Figger, to make a stay with him. One day, armed with the latest appliances for dealing out sudden death, he and his friend trudged over the brown furrows, but at the end of three hours they were still looking for something to start the bag with. Suddenly a hare got up. Bang! came from Hire Sistem. Bang! came from Plane Figger, and over went the four-footed one. "My hare!" shouted the former furniture king. "My hare!" cried his friend. They argued as to whose weapon had worked the mischief. Then the keeper was called up to adjudicate. "You'd take your oath it's your 'are, would you?" he turned to Hire Sistem, fiercely. "If necessary, certainly." "And you'd swear 'twas your 'are?" truculently to Plane Figger. "I would." "Then think yourself lucky you're escapin' seven years apiece for perjury, 'cos it 'appens to be my dog!"

There is a very prominent Chicago business man who always wears a very demure expression of countenance, although he is fond of a joke. One day he walked into Barnes's hat store and soberly inquired whether the house made discounts to pastors. Mr. Barnes himself was on hand to assure him that they did, and would allow him the usual 20 per cent off. The solemn man then said he would like a becoming hat. Several were shown him, and after a good deal of thought and inquiry he finally selected one marked \$5, which Mr. Barnes said he would sell him for \$4. The solemn man put it on and contemplated himself for some time in the mirror. Was the hat becoming to a man in his profession? Mr. Barnes was confident it was. Would his congregation be likely to take any exceptions to it? Mr. Barnes was confident they could not. Then the solemn man looked at himself some more, and, after making another inquiry as to whether it would be sure to please his congregation, produced his \$4. Then he started out. At the door he paused and inquired again: "If I don't find a fault with it, can they?"

"Most certainly not," said Mr. Barnes, confidently. "Because if they do," said the solemn man, as his hand was upon the door-latch, "they can go to h—l."

A BLOODHOUND'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I am a poor Siberian bloodhound, of American descent. I am an old actor in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, and I am very much in the sere and yellow leaf.

I am an actor of the old school, and it pains me to see people come in out of the cornfield and gag a part as they do nowadays. I have been taught to study a part carefully and bring out everything in it. That is the way I learned to act. To be true to nature is my hobby. In my enthusiasm I have several times fed myself with fragments of Eliza's baby, and got myself disliked for that reason; but that is better than to fall short of the part and to underplay it.

That is where I disagree with the gentleman who plays the jackass in our company. He believes in a calm, dignified stage presence, and counts on that almost solely; while I am in favor of an enthusiastic interpretation of my part, regardless of dignity and postures.

I belong to a family of actors. We extend back as far as the eye can reach. We love the generous approval of the public, and we thrive on applause. To bound upon the stage with a deep-chested bark, and eat a portion of Eliza's borrowed child, is meat and drink to me. For twenty years I have been on the stage, playing one-night stands and watching little Eva as she passes gently up the flume. Twenty years I have seen Mr. St. Clair climb into a \$2 deathbed with his boots on, and die a painless death on a small salary.

Life is indeed but a span. How short a time it seems since I joined the company—a mere pup. Then I was full of hope. I also had a full set of teeth. Now my front teeth are artificial, and I can not read fine print.

I have seen the world, and I have found out also how hollow it is. I have been levied on by the sheriff, and I have walked many a weary mile with my long, red, Siberian tongue hanging out in the gentle air of spring. I have learned to distrust mankind, and to rely upon nothing mundane.

One thing I desire to say in this little diary so that in case I should die suddenly in a railroad accident the public, and my generous patrons especially, may know the truth. It is this: I am not what I seem! I live a dual life! My stage appearance and my true home life are entirely and distinctly separate and dissimilar in every way.

At heart I am not fierce. I do not care for warm blood three times a day. If I could be assured one rectangular meal of cold corn-beef, with mashed potatoes on the side, I would enter into a recognition never to kill and eat another human being.

I have been constantly misunderstood and misapprehended by the public because my stage manner has been haughty and hungry. This effect has been heightened, also, by the fact that the manager has compelled me to wear a muzzle during the day. I do not wear a muzzle at all when I am at home. I do not need it. I can get along for weeks without a muzzle.

I shall soon leave the stage, however; my voice is failing me, and I can not walk ten miles to a one-night stand in time for rehearsal as I once could. When my voice is gone it will be all up with me. No one wants a bloodhound with a cracked voice.

I can see the gentleman who plays the jackass in our company is going to hold out much longer than I can, because he has saved himself. He has taken life easily and thrown less fervor and enthusiasm into his part than I have. For a while he wanted to play St. Clair, so that he could have a bed to retire into during one act.

I never saw a gentleman who took so much dramatic ease as he does. He has more repose than any other person in the profession with whom I am acquainted.

I have done much for the play, but that I did not intend to speak of. People who have carefully compared "Uncle Tom" as it is written with my interpretation and presentation of it will hardly recognize it as the same piece.

In my own conception, the bloodhound is made to do many pleasantly ferocious things which the author did not introduce. These improvements are due solely to me. Among others I might point to the feature of bringing out the ferocious brute on an encore with fragments of a colored child in his mouth. This never fails to arouse in the audience a wild tumult of refined horror.

Somchow I am impressed with the idea that I have made my last appearance on the stage. We have just terminated a highly successful trip through the West, and got home last evening footsore but proud and happy.

Our manager wants us to go with him to Europe next season, but I shall not make the journey. I shall send a water-spaniel in my place. He has a good voice, and he is a better salt-water pedestrian than I am.—Bill Nye.

Heck—Does your wife get angry if she is interrupted while talking? Peck—How should I know?—Boston Transcript.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Schultze have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elyse Schultze, to Mr. Samuel Hopkins. Miss Schultze is a sister of Mrs. Harold Law, who was formerly Miss Genevieve Schultze. Mr. Hopkins is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and a brother of Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Miss Florence Hopkins.

The announcement has been made in the East of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Winslow of Portland, Maine, to Lieutenant Franklin Babcock, U. S. A. Lieutenant Babcock is the son of Mrs. Babcock and the late General John Breckenridge Babcock, U. S. A., and a brother of Captain Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., who married Miss Marion Eells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells of this city.

From Norfolk, Virginia, comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Lucille Cook to Dr. Robert Hoyt, U. S. N. Miss Cook is the daughter of Mrs. Lincoln Karmany, and a niece of Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray of Piedmont.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Teresa Thompson to Mr. William Benet, son of Colonel Walker Benet, U. S. A., and Mrs. Benet, who were formerly at the Benicia Barracks. Miss Thompson is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson, and a sister of Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris of New York, Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan of Annapolis, and the Messrs. Joseph, Frank, and James Thompson of this city.

Mrs. Ralph Harrison was hostess last week at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. Raphael Weill will give a dinner this evening at the Bohemian Club in honor of Admiral Reginald Fairfax Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson, who will sail shortly for the Orient.

Mr. Peter Martin was host last Sunday at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent gave an informal dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr., was hostess at a tea Monday complimentary to her mother, Mrs. Christian Brevoort Zahriske of New York.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a large number of friends at a tea at her home on Laguna Street Friday, when Miss McElroy gave an interesting lecture on girls' work.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar was hostess at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. M. A. Huntington and her daughter, Miss Marion Huntington, who sailed last week for Honolulu.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a children's party recently at the Fairmont Hotel to celebrate the birthday anniversary of her little daughter, Marie Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall was hostess at a tea Thursday at her home on Franklin Street.

Mr. A. Cheshrough entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club in honor of Mr. George Barr Baker of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall gave a dinner last week at their home on Green Street.

Miss Anna Olney was hostess at a tea Tuesday at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Arthur D. Fennimore.

Mrs. Harry Weihe gave a bridge-tea Tuesday at her home in Alameda.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Frederick Moody, who is en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. McNutt Potter was hostess at a dinner Monday evening complimentary to Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick was host at a stag dinner in honor of Mr. Frederick Moody.

A hop was given Wednesday evening at the Presidio in honor of the officers of the Seventieth Coast Artillery, who will sail next Wednesday for the Philippines.

The navy set gave a ball at Mare Island Tuesday evening, when the officers entertained a large number of guests, among whom were many friends from town.

Mrs. C. B. T. Moore, wife of Rear-Admiral

Moore, U. S. N., was hostess at a bridge-tea at her home on Yerba Buena.

Mrs. J. P. O'Neill, wife of Major O'Neill, U. S. A., entertained the members of the Presidio Card Club at her home in the Presidio.

Founders' Day was celebrated Tuesday by the Spinners at the home of Mrs. Jesse W. Lillenthal. Mr. Walter Anthony gave an address on "The Modern Tendency of the Drama," after which a reception was given in honor of Mrs. Rose Hooper Lyon.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells left today for New York, en route to Europe, where they will join their daughters, Mrs. Conrad Babcock and Mrs. John Franklin Babcock, who have been abroad for the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Eells were accompanied by Miss Helen Cheshrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody and their son, Mr. Frederick Moody, Jr., left last Saturday for Europe. They will be joined during the summer by the Messrs. Corbett and Joseph Moody, who will travel with their parents until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Miller have returned to their home in Sacramento after having spent several days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Metcalf Symmes (formerly Miss Dorothy Boericke) are established in their home in New York.

Miss Lillian Whitney is in New York visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillman.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart of San Jose spent last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels left Thursday for New York after a visit of four months in this city. They were accompanied by Mrs. Spreckels's nieces, Miss Ory Wooster, who will return to her home in Yonkers, and Miss Ruby Bond of this city. Mrs. Spreckels will sail March 16 for Europe, taking with her Miss Bond and Miss Edith Wooster, who will spend a year in school in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos left last week for a brief visit to Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker will leave next week for Santa Barbara en route to their home in New York.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, have returned to their home in Stockton after having spent the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Berge B. Beckett (formerly Miss Lottie Collier) are established in their new home in Seattle, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. J. W. Whittier is visiting her father, Mr. W. F. Whittier, with whom she will remain until she takes possession of her home in San Mateo, which is rented for a few weeks to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis.

The Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan will return shortly to their home in San Mateo. They have been spending a few weeks at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mrs. C. C. Clay has returned to her home in Fruitvale after a visit of several weeks in New York with her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton left Monday for Coronado to remain until after the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker have rented a house in San Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. Harris Hammond, son of Mr. John Hays Hammond, has been spending the past week in this city and Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague have arrived from their plantation in Louisiana and have opened their country home in Menlo. Miss Isabel Sprague has gone to Bermuda with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs are contemplating a trip to Europe, where they will motor during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Marian Crocker, and Miss Helen Bertheau spent the week-end in Cloverdale.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. MacMonagle, and their son, Mr. Douglas MacMonagle, will not return from Europe until September.

Miss Alice Owen has returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman will spend the summer at their country home, Skyacres, in Ross.

Miss Ruth Casey will leave next week for San Rafael, where she will open her cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Miss Eleonora Sears left Thursday for Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Fennimore have returned from their wedding trip and are at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Fennimore was formerly Miss Ruth Gardner of Waco, Texas.

Mr. Downey Harvey is rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness.

Mr. William Piggott has arrived from the East and is visiting his brother, Mr. John Piggott.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown returned Monday from a brief visit in Santa Barbara.

Miss Eleanor Morgan has recently been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis, at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Felton Elkins has returned from San Mateo, where he was the guest of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Christian De Guigne, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers are at Coronado, where they will remain until the end of next week. They were joined Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker.

Mr. Peter Martin will sail for Europe March 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cooper Johnson have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a visit with Mrs. Frank E. Brigham in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins of Mill Valley have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard are en route to their home in San Mateo after an absence of several years in Europe and the East. They will later return to Virginia, where their son, Mr. Joseph Howard, is attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray are established in their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Harold Sewell (formerly Miss Millie Ashe) will arrive shortly from her home in Maine

and will spend several weeks with her sisters, Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Elizabeth Ashe.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown arrived last week from Colorado to visit Mrs. Brown's parents, Dr. W. F. McNutt and Mrs. McNutt.

Mrs. B. F. Norris is contemplating a trip to New York, where she will visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris. Mr. Prescott Scott has gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean have returned from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Mrs. Andrew Moreland, Miss Doyle, and Miss Esther Moreland left Tuesday for Coronado. Mrs. Moreland and Miss Esther Moreland will make a brief visit in the south en route to their home in Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Dorn spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Captain Claude E. Brigham, U. S. A., has recently been appointed instructor in electrical engineering at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Captain Brigham is the son of Mrs. Charles B. Brigham and a brother of Mrs. Clarence Kempf and Miss Kate Brigham. Mrs. Brigham, who was formerly Miss Elsie Dorr, is the daughter of Dr. L. L. Dorr and Mrs. Dorr of this city.

Major Haldimand Putnam Young, U. S. A., and Mrs. Young left yesterday for Washington, D. C., where they will reside indefinitely.

Captain Frederick Kellond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kellond have gone to Salt Lake City, where they will reside indefinitely.

Admiral Louis Kempf, U. S. N., and Miss Cordelia Kempf have returned from Washington, D. C., where they have been spending the winter.

## Tetrazzini Concerts Unrivaled in Attraction.

Luisa Tetrazzini, our own diva, fresh from new and greater triumphs in New York and Boston, not to forget the special coronation performances in London, is again making a transcontinental concert tour, and with the same results—crowded houses everywhere, and hundreds unable to gain admission in even the largest auditoriums.

Under the direction of the Tivoli Opera Company, of which the genial "Doc" Leahy is manager, she will give three concerts in this city, with Will Greenbaum as local representative, and of course the only place that will begin to hold the crowds is Dreamland Rink, which will be put into splendid condition and nicely decorated for these events, which are scheduled for Monday and Thursday nights, March 11 and 14, and Sunday afternoon, March 17.

Three splendid programmes are promised, and the singer will be accompanied in the operatic arias by a full grand opera orchestra of forty, and in the songs with a piano accompaniment played by M. Yves Nat, who is said to be a remarkable accompanist. M. E. Puyenz, a French flute virtuoso, will be one of the assisting artists.

The seats will range in price from \$3 down to \$1, and there will be room for fifteen hundred music lovers at the lowest rate. This would be impossible at any place but Dreamland Rink. The box-offices will open next Wednesday morning, March 6, at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, with money order enclosed. Do not forget to enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope if you desire your tickets returned by mail.

Tetrazzini still holds sway as the Queen of Brilliant Song, and all San Francisco and vicinity will turn out to do her homage, for no person living has done more to advertise this city than this prima donna.

## Pictures by C. R. Peters.

In the Tapestry Room of the Hotel St. Francis will be found a collection of twenty paintings by Charles Rollo Peters that should not be overlooked by lovers of California art. Mr. Peters was born in California and studied at the San Francisco Art School and later under Gerome in Paris. He returned to Monterey in 1895 and has since then devoted himself almost exclusively to night effects, although many of the canvases now on exhibition are a departure from this course. Of the twenty pictures displayed seven are Californian, most of the remainder being of English scenes. Notable among the California canvases are "Mission San Buena Ventura" and "Moonlight at Casa Sargent."

Golf has become so popular in this country that it is estimated that the players spend not thousands but millions every year at their favorite game. Added to these figures are costs for erection of buildings, laying out of grounds, upkeep, etc., and the figures are increased in arithmetical progression to such an extent that the total is practically inestimable. It was estimated recently that there were 180 golf clubs in the United States, outside of some 760 summer and winter resort clubs. The Lake Shore Country Club of Chicago has spent about \$750,000 on its course, clubhouse, and lockers, thus indicating how quickly golf runs into money.

"What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery. "Yes," replied the aviation enthusiast; "but between you and me, those wings aren't practical."—*Washington Star*.

People desirous of speaking French and Spanish in shortest time, should see Prof. De Filippie, located at 1712 Bush Street.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," now at the Columbia Theatre, is the first and only stage offering from Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's books, "The New Chronicles of Rebecca" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Mrs. Wiggin made the dramatization, assisted by Charlotte Thompson, and the two have given a most delightful figure to dramatic art in the young heroine. An extended review of the play and company appears on another page of this issue. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have made a fine production of the piece, with careful and costly attention to every detail. The second and last week of the San Francisco engagement will begin Sunday night. There will be a matinee on Saturday, and on Wednesday next will be given the only special price afternoon performance.

Valerie Bergere, one of the greatest of vaudeville favorites, will appear next week at the Orpheum in the one-act play, "Judgment," written especially for her by Victor Smalley. In the rôle of May Slocum great demands are made upon Miss Bergere's histrionic ability. The story of "Judgment" is full of thrill and interest, and the dénouement is startling. Miss Bergere will have the support of Herbert Warren, Katherine Kavanaugh, Myrtle Smith, and Harry Smith. James B. Donovan and Charles M. McDonald, two real Irishmen, will present a clever skit, entitled "My Good Friend," which enables them to sing several good Irish songs, including "Old Plaid Shawl" and "Mrs. O'Flaherty."

Cole de Losse will introduce what he calls "The Different Wire Act." It includes such feats as riding to and from on a bicycle and executing extraordinary gymnastic feats on a slack wire.

Harry Fidler and Byron Shelton, two versatile colored entertainers, come to the Orpheum next week. Shelton is a very capable pianist. Fidler excels as a mimic, and is particularly happy in his Chinese impersonations. Both men sing and dance well and are genuine comedians.

Next week closes the engagements of G. Molasso's sensational French pantomime "La Somnambule"; Harry Beresford and company in "In Old New York," and the Five Farrell Sisters. It will also be the last week of Louise Dresser, the famous musical-comedy star, who will be heard in an entirely new programme of songs.

The management of the Columbia Theatre announces the engagement of Lulu Glaser in "Miss Dudesack" for two weeks, beginning Sunday evening, March 10. Miss Glaser, who has not been here in six years, comes with the promise that her organization numbers sixty people, a special orchestra, and an exquisite production. Her new opera is Highland in scene and story, and came from Berlin, where its tuneful score made it one of the pronounced successes of Europe last season. The supporting company will include Thomas Richards, David Torrence, Arthur Hyde, Baldy Strang, Rosetta Nier, Berenice Whittier, and others. Seats go on sale next Thursday.

Martin Beck continues to divest the "legitimate theatre" of its most scintillating lights. Mabel Taliaferro, star of a dozen brilliant successes, has signed a contract to appear exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit in a one-act play by Edmund Peple. Miss Taliaferro's delightful personality and genuine artistic ability is known throughout the English-speaking world.

Now there are Irish players in vaudeville. Seumas MacManus, the Irish patriot, has consented to the presentation over the Orpheum Circuit of probably his most brilliant comedy, "The Lad from Lurganmore." The presenting company is to be known as the Seumas MacManus Players.

Zimbalist, the Russian Violinist.

Every few years a true genius of the violin is discovered and at once becomes world-famous. Six years ago Mischa Elman startled the world by his marvelous talent, and just two years later another Russian lad, Efrem Zimbalist, won recognition as a truly great genius. Both were pupils of Leopold Auer at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, and yet they are players of quite a different type. Zimbalist is now making his first tour of America, and is meeting with the greatest triumphs wherever he plays, and his engagement for forty concerts in this country has been stretched to over eighty.

Manager Greenbaum will present this artist in three recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoon, March 10, Wednesday night, March 13, and Saturday matinee, March 16. The programmes will be very fine, and will include many novelties. A "Suite Antique" by the young artist himself will be one of the offerings, and the concertos will include Bruch's in G minor, Viëtuemps's in D, 4, Saint-Saëns's and Bruch's "Scottish Fantasy."

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Koh-

ler & Chase's. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

In Oakland, Zimbalist will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, March 19, at 3:15, offering a programme entirely different from those at his public concerts in San Francisco. Seats will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office Thursday, March 14.

In addition to his recitals Zimbalist will be the special soloist at the last symphony concert, and will give special recitals for the St. Francis Musical Art Society and Berkeley Musical Association. Greenbaum says he has never had such a demand for the services of any artist visiting us for the first time.

McCormack Concert this Sunday Afternoon.

John McCormack, the remarkable young Irish tenor, will give his farewell concert this Sunday afternoon, March 3, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, when he will sing, by special request, the beautiful tenor solo, "Una Furiva Lagrima," from Donizetti's "Elixir of Love," and the beautiful old Irish melody, "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," besides a dozen other beautiful songs and Irish melodies.

Miss Marie Narelle, the Irish-Australian soprano, will sing some charming numbers, and altogether the programme promises to be a rare treat to all who care for the beautiful singing of beautiful songs.

The box-offices are now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The Harold Bauer Concerts.

Harold Bauer, the great piano virtuoso, will give his first recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon, March 2, at 2:30, presenting a very beautiful programme, which will include Mozart's Sonata in F major, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," and works by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Glück-Sgambati.

His second and positively last concert will be given next Tuesday night, March 5, with one of the greatest programmes ever offered in this or any other city. The list of works will include Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and "Fantasia" (and no one living plays Schumann like Harold Bauer), Liszt's Sonata in B minor, and a group of Chopin works, including the difficult Ballade in F.

Seats are on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Last Symphony Concert Next Friday Afternoon.

The last of the first series of symphony concerts by the San Francisco Orchestra of seventy players, under the direction of the eminent composer-conductor, Henry Hadley, will be given next Friday afternoon, March 8, at 3:15 sharp at the Cort Theatre.

A truly great programme has been arranged for this occasion, the special feature of which will be the début in this city of Efrem Zimbalist, a violin virtuoso who, at the age of twenty-two, has already won the right to be considered in the front rank of players with Ysaye, Elman, and Kreisler. His offering will be the Concerto in D major, by Tchaikowsky.

The symphony will be Beethoven's immortal "Eroica," which the composer was inspired to write by the early career of Napoleon Bonaparte, and which is considered by many authorities to be the very greatest symphonic work ever given to the world.

Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," suggested by the poem of Lenau, will complete the offering, which no music lover can afford to miss.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Preparations for the season of 1912-13 will be commenced immediately by the board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco. The success of the first season has warranted the continuance of the good work in bigger style than ever.

A Parisian gourmet thinks he has discovered an infallible method for getting at a woman's age. Watch her at dinner. If she goes through every course, chatting all the time, and is equal to an ice after dessert, not to mention chocolates and crystallized fruits, she is still in her teens. If she makes a good start with the hors d'oeuvres, does well with the caviare, salmon, and such delicacies, but shows no interest in the rest of the meal, she is between twenty and thirty, and married. When she declines every other kind of game, but takes some pheasant, she has passed thirty, but has not yet reached thirty-five. After thirty-five she dotes on every kind of game, the more highly flavored the better. If at the end of dinner she takes cheese, showing special partiality for the odorous Camembert, then, says the Parisian observer, there can be no manner of doubt about it, she is a lady of uncertain age.

She—You are fond of realism, are you not? He—In books and on the stage; but in everyday life it's a bit depressing.—Boston Transcript.

The choicest of all confections—Milk Chocolates. They have a variety of Cream, Chewing and Nut Centres dipped in rich milk chocolate. 80c a pound. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

Cortez Discovered Cocoa During His Conquest of Mexico

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At the Kaiser's Opera.

Ignorance of German opera regulations got a party of American visitors into trouble at the gala performance before the Kaiser in Berlin on New Year's night. One of the party was a girl of seventeen, who wore a high-necked dress, as became her age.

The regulations have for some five or six years past required all ladies at gala performances to wear décolleté dresses, and all gentlemen white, not black, ties. The gendarme at the door of the opera stopped the party, and after a short discussion produced a pair of scissors and was evidently about to effect the necessary change in the girl's robe himself.

The matter was finally settled by the woman in charge of the cloak room, who turned in the neck of the girl's dress all round so as to give an appearance of conformity with the décolleté rule. The gendarme explained that when the Kaiser looked round the house he liked to see all the ladies with bare necks.

The largest spider's web in the world was spun, not by a spider, but by human hands. It stands on the lawn of a Chicago man's country home, and is of such tremendous size as to startle the passer-by when he first sees it. The creator of this interesting oddity conceived the idea of attempting to see how nearly an actual spider's web could be reproduced with rope. Selecting two large trees on the lawn of his home, he spun between them his spider's web, forty feet by sixty, which is so strong that a man may easily climb to the centre or top of it. The web faces the main thoroughfare passing the house, and is one of the most fascinating country ground decorations ever seen. The spinner could not attain the minuteness of the actual spider's web, but came so near to it that the illusion is almost perfect.

Fully 2000 letters and packages found their way to the Dead Letter Office shortly after Christmas, and the news causes the good people of Washington to roll their eyes in prophetic ecstasy. "Two thousand parcels! Ah, can we wait till we get a chance at them?" For you see the national package morgue has its ghouls, its gloating resurrectionists. Only they have to curb their unholy cravings till another Christmas time is near. Then the Postoffice Department, foreseeing a fresh slaughter to come, clears out the Dead Letter Office by force. A mighty auction sweeps off the whole year's accumulation, and all the bargain hunters in the city attend.

Herbert Bashford's play, "The Woman He Married," played last season by Virginia Harried, will be presented at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland next week, the production having been postponed after previous announcements.

Hans Richter on one occasion called out at a rehearsal: "A fine lot of orchestral musicians you are; you play exactly like married men. Lovers are what we need here—lovers of music."

George M. Cohan's play, "The Little Millionaire," is in its seventh month in New York.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Whatever is the matter with Fido?" "Ob, isn't it horrid? I gave him to the laundress to wash, and she starched him."—*Tit-Bits*.

Maude—I've something to tell you. I'm engaged to Jack. Ethel—I am not surprised. Jack never could say "No."—*Boston Transcript*.

Howard—Do you know any one who is satisfied with his present position? Coward—Yep—our hired man—at any rate, he never moves.—*Life*.

"By George, old chap, when I look at one of your paintings I stand and wonder—" "How I do it?" "No—why you do it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"That new boarder is acting in a rather peculiar manner." "Yes," said the landlady. "He is either going to pay up or propose."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Is your husband sticking to his resolution to give up smoking?" "Mercy, no! Haven't you noticed how good-natured he is?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

She—And would you really put yourself out for my sake? He—Indeed, I would. She—Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy.—*Williams Purple Caw*.

"He has a grudge against the plain people." "On what score?" "Says they wear so many rubbers that it forces up the price of tires."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"They get along beautifully together, don't they?" "Yes, indeed. She never makes fun of his carving and he never jests about her cooking."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Caddie (to golfer badly bunkered and opponent well on the green)—Don't give up the hole, sir. You never know, the other gentleman might have a fit.—*Black and White*.

Rantaway—I'm going to leave the stage. Friend—You'll be missed if you do, old man. Rantaway—That's just the reason I'm going to retire. I'm tired of being hit.—*Boston Transcript*.

Sunday-School Teacher—Yes, Job was sadly afflicted, but his patience was rewarded. In what condition do we find him at the end of his life? Bright Scholar—Dead.—*Denver Republican*.

Reggy Deswelle (to his tailor)—Weally, I think I have been very patient with you. I promised again and again to pay you, but if you keep on bothering me I simply won't promise any more.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Redd—Saw you out with your wife's dog yesterday. Greene—How did you know it was my wife's dog? Redd—By the growling. Greene—But the dog didn't growl. Redd—No; but you did.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso, as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadful with insomnia." "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso, as he rolled over and began to snore again.—*Pathfinder*.

"A war is a fearful thing," said Mr. Dolan. "It is," replied Mr. Rafferty. "When you see the fierceness of members of the army toward one another, the fate of a common enemy must be horrible."—*Washington Star*.

"I simply can't stand the toot of an automobile horn." "How's that?" "A fellow eloped with my wife in an automobile, and every time I hear a horn toot I think he's bringing her back."—*Minnesota Minnehaha*.

"My wife says women ought to vote," said Mr. Meekton. "Well, bave you any objection?" "No. But there's going to be a terrible row if the women of our community get the vote and then try to vote for anybody except her."—*Washington Star*.

"Bridget, didn't I hear you quarreling with the milkman this morning?" "Sure not. His hired girl's sick, an' I was inquiren' after her. But he's an impolite divil." "How's that?" "Says I, 'How's your milkmaid?' An' he looked mad an' says, 'That's a thrade secret.'"—*Kansas City Journal*.

"No," said the haughty Boola-Boola, daughter of the King of the Cannibal Islands, as she arrayed herself in her necklace of missionary's teeth, and a nice, fresh smile, "these dress-makers of London, Paris, and New York have nothing on me!" And with her eyes beaming with happiness she swept regally into the ballroom.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"My husband has given me a checking account." "Isn't that lovely? Now you can buy anything you want, and just write out a check for it." "Yes. I'm rather sorry on one account, though. It seems such a lot of trouble to have to write out a check for one's carfare, especially when the cars are crowded, or when you have to pay as you enter."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I won't defend a man whom I believe to be guilty." "Now, my boy," said the older lawyer, "you mustn't set your judgment up against that of the majority. I have defended plenty of men whom I believed to be guilty,

but the jury decided otherwise."—*Washington Herald*.

Uncle Ezra—Do you think the money young Eph Hoskins made down in New York will last him long? Uncle Eben—You bet it won't! He's going at an awful pace. I was down in the general store last night, and young Eph was writing hundred-dollar checks and lighting his cigars with them.—*Puck*.

### THE MERRY MUSE.

In Line at Election.

"Let me see the tickets,"  
Said she in dainty tone;  
"I've really been too hussy  
To fix one of my own;  
I fear the decorations  
Are not in proper taste,  
But I'll stop and look them over  
Since I have the time to waste."

Hey, you fellers, tip your hats  
And each put on your coat.  
Stand aside, O'Hoolihan,  
An' let the lady vote!

"Who are all those people  
Standing back in line?  
They must stop their voting  
Till I finish mine.  
Let me have a pencil!  
My purse! I've let it fall!  
What a dreadful lot of names!  
I'll have to read them all!"

Hey, you fellers, quit yer row!  
Kelly, save yer throat!  
Stop yer cussin', Flannigan,  
An' let the lady vote!  
—*Washington Star*.

A La La Follette.

I saw from the heach, when the morning was shining,  
A hark o'er the waves move vociferously on;  
I came when the sun o'er that heach was declining,  
The hark was still there, hut the hite was all gone.

And such is the luck of this life's early promise,  
So vanish the chances of good things to get;  
Each chance, that looked hopeful at morning, slips from us  
And leaves us at evening, à la La Follette.  
—*W. J. Lampton*.

The Call of the Child.

He haunted the opera house, he'd heard every singer of note,  
Could hum all the trills and cadenzas that swelled from each silvery throat.  
But when he came to his fireside and Flossie climbed up on his knee  
And said: "Oh, do sing to me, daddy," this jingle he'd warble with glee:  
"Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon,  
The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

He entered the Marathon races, he'd met every man of renown,  
Was in with the runners and boxers the length and the breadth of the town:  
But when little Jim would invite him to play horse or hull in the ring,  
The science of sport was forgotten and he'd join and merrily sing:  
"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross  
To see an old woman ride on a white horse,  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

He knew the political leaders, had met the wise men of finance,  
He watched the men pulling the wires that caused all the puppets to dance;  
But he'd leave a board meeting or dinner if Johnny were sick in his bed,  
And murmur a song to the laddie as softly about he would tread:  
"Rockabye baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
And down will come baby, cradle and all."

He delved into the occult and abstract, to science devoted his mind,  
Would hold very learned discussions with all the wise men of his kind,  
But he'd slyly tell Jenny and Tommy that the moon was made of green cheese,  
And say that the roll of the thunder was the storm king trying to sneeze.  
"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses, all the king's men,  
Couldn't put Humpty together again."

In the workaday world or in science,  
Or when men are by pleasure heguled,  
There come times when our hearts are awakened,  
And we hark to the call of the child.  
—*Cecil Burleigh, in New York Sun*.

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## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### There Are Other Progressives.

For a man who reiterates his unwillingness to "enter into competition" for the presidential nomination, and who in the spirit of modest reluctance is merely waiting for the call of the people, Mr. Roosevelt exhibits a surprising interest in the details of the pre-convention campaign. The "challenge" of Mr. Roosevelt's manager, Senator Dixon, to President Taft's manager, Congressman McKinley, is rather too illustrative of eagerness to be consistent with the pretensions of the situation. Mr. Dixon asks for a referendum vote between Taft and Roosevelt throughout the country, which for several reasons is impertinent and absurd. It is impertinent because it is not for one or for two candidates to say how the Republicans of the United States shall constitute their nominating convention. This is a matter of party usage under local regulation, in no sense subject to modification at the instance of candidates for office. The proposition is absurd because the machinery for a primary under the referen-

dum principle exists only in some half-dozen states which have established the direct primary system.

There is a consideration still more important. Mr. Roosevelt's position, as yet, is only that of a self-nominated candidate. His candidacy lacks the formal justification of even a single party endorsement. It even lacks the endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's own faction. Mr. Roosevelt claims character as a progressive; he names himself as the candidate of the progressives. But behind all this there is nothing more substantial than assumption and presumption. Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy has not been endorsed by the national leaders of the progressive faction; and most certainly it has not been endorsed by the rank and file. If we accredit candidacies by official status, then Mr. La Follette is the candidate of progressivism.

Before Mr. Roosevelt assumes character as the representative of his faction—before his "challenges" are entitled to be regarded as other than impertinent—it is due that he should come reasonably accredited either under the referendum principle or some other as the choice of his own faction. Let Mr. Roosevelt try out the issue between himself and Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cummins—yes, and Mr. Taft, who is somewhat of a progressive himself—before he gives himself airs as the champion of progressivism. Wisconsin and Iowa are the centres of the progressive movement. Suppose by way of experiment Mr. Roosevelt enter the lists in those states along with all comers, including La Follette, Cummins, and Taft. California has some repute as a "progressive" state. We should like to see the same experiment tried here under the referendum principle.

As always, Mr. Roosevelt's attitude as illustrated in his challenge is that of sheer presumption and of unblushing arrogance. In the magnitude of his conceit and vanity he wipes all others from every situation into which he intrudes himself.

### The Coal Strike.

The main facts of the strike in the English coal fields are so few and simple that they can be expressed in a sentence or two. The trade paralysis is now complete. About one million miners have laid down their tools, and the number of workmen in dependent trades that have been thrown out of work is said to be about the same. Coal is as much a necessity of life as bread. At this time of the year there is not a man, woman, or child in Great Britain that can live without coal, hardly an industry that can exist for many weeks without it, and the whole supply has been cut off as with the blow of an axe. To speak of such a strike as a quarrel between employers and men is absurd. It is an issue upon which the life of the nation depends.

There are usually two sides to such a dispute as this, and it is fortunate that both sides have been fully displayed during the initial discussions. The English miners are paid according to their output, and when the coal seam is accessible and the conditions normal a living wage can be earned. But it often happens that the conditions are not normal. The seam may be small, the roof may be rotten, the geological formations may be adverse. When any or all of these things happen the miner may work just as hard as before, probably harder, but he can not produce the coal, and so his Saturday pay is meagre. In such cases it is the custom of the owners—but a custom not always followed—to make an arbitrary allowance based upon the facts. But an arbitrary allowance is distasteful to the men, and naturally so. It places the worker at the mercy of the owner and it is the cause of endless dispute. The remedy demanded by the men is the establishment of a minimum wage based upon living necessities and that can be supplemented when natural conditions permit of an abnormal output.

The objections urged by the owners can not be said to be very weighty. They object to any impairment

of a system which places wages under the control of personal effort. The work of the miner, they say, can not be supervised, and a minimum wage that is sure to be paid in any ease would breed laziness and malingering. Moreover, they maintain that a minimum wage could compel them to reject all but the most able-bodied men, who, at least, are physically able to earn it. This may be called the argument from benevolence, but as benevolence can hardly be described as a feature of the labor market it may as well be left out of consideration.

A complication that must not be overlooked is the operation of the recent eight-hour law. This law requires that no man shall be "under ground" for more than eight hours a day. Now a workman is under ground from the moment he leaves the surface. Descend into a deep mine is slow and he may have to walk for a mile in darkness and over obstructions before he can raise his pick. All this lost time necessarily lessens his output and therefore his wages, and it may therefore be said with accuracy that the eight-hour law has had the instant effect of reducing wages. It must be so where such a law is imposed upon a system of payment by results. The two are incompatible. One or the other must go.

Now payment by results may be a good thing, and an eight-hour law may be a good thing. But there is another consideration that dwarfs them both. Every man who works hard and honestly has a right to a living, and to a living that leaves some little margin over and above the stern hard necessities of existence. The work of the coal miner is peculiarly hard and peculiarly dangerous, and to urge any economic conditions whatsoever as a reason why he should be deprived of the decencies of life is an insult to human nature. If there is any system that requires a coal miner to live like a beast, and a hungry beast at that, such a system has to go. It is not even a disputable point.

Consider for a moment what these men demand as a minimum wage for a full eight-hour day. It varies slightly according to locality, but we find that the men of North Wales ask for \$1.44 per day, the men of Somerset for \$1.18 a day, and the men of Durham for \$1.46 a day. When we remember that coal mining is often interrupted by vicissitudes of trade and by accidents, and after we have allowed for the low cost of living, it is still evident enough that coal mining in England is practically slavery, and worse than slavery, since the owner has no proprietary interest in his victims.

Therefore it is evident that this is not a case for the usual disquisitions on economics, competition, and the markets. It is a case not of economic law, but of plain, elemental right and wrong, to the inalienable rights of men to some sort of life that is not a degradation. That these million men have been living in degradation and would continue to live in it but for their own refusal seems to point to something radically wrong in the government of Great Britain, and something so radically wrong that it can not be mended by old age pensions, gratuitous medicine, state insurance, or any of the gifts and doles that are supposed to take the place of justice and to postpone the day of reckoning.

### Unstable and Faithless.

Writing from the White House on March 15, 1906, to Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt said:

My belief is that of all the men that have appeared so far, you are the man who is most likely to receive the Republican nomination and who is, I think, the best man to receive it.

Speaking of Mr. Taft June 18, 1908, immediately after the convention by which Mr. Taft was nominated for the presidency, Mr. Roosevelt said:

I do not believe there can be found in the whole country a man so well fitted to be President. He is not, absolutely fearless, absolutely disinterested and upright. He



has the widest acquaintance with the nation's needs, without and within, and the broadest sympathies with all our citizens.

He would be as emphatically a President of the plain people as Lincoln, yet not Lincoln himself would be freer from the least taint of demagoguery, the least tendency to arouse, to appeal to class hatred of any kind.

Writing to Conrad Kohrs September 9, 1908, Mr. Roosevelt said:

In Mr. Taft we have a clean man who combines all these qualities to a degree which no other man in our public life since the Civil War has surpassed. \* \* \* To permit the direction of our public affairs to fall alternately into the hands of revolutionaries and reactionaries, of extreme radicals of unrest and of bigoted conservatives who recognize no wrong to remedy, would merely mean that the nation had embarked on a feverish course of violent oscillation which would be fraught with great temporary trouble and would produce no adequate good in the end.

The true friend of reform, the true foe of abuses, is the man who steadily perseveres in righting wrongs, in warring against abuses, but whose character and training are such that he never promises what he can not perform, that he always a little more than makes good what he does promise, and that, while steadily advancing, he never permits himself to be led into foolish excesses which would damage the very cause he champions. In Mr. Taft we have the man who combines all of these qualities to a degree which no other man in our public life since the Civil War has surpassed.

The man to trust is the man who, like Judge Taft, does not promise too much, but who could not be swayed from the path of duty by any argument, by any consideration; who will wage a relentless war on successful wrongdoers.

In an interview September 18, 1908, published in *Success Magazine*, Mr. Roosevelt said:

Taft invariably does do the ordinary things, and he does them exceptionally well. That is why I say he will make one of our greatest Presidents.

September 20, 1908, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to William B. McKinley:

It is urgently necessary from the standpoint of the public interest to elect Mr. Taft and a Republican Congress which will support him.

On September 21, 1908, Mr. Roosevelt gave out a statement to the public in which he said of Mr. Taft:

His attitude on this question, as well as on countless other questions, convinced me that of all the men in this Union he was the man preëminently fit in point of uprightness and character, of fearless and aggressive honesty, and of fitness for championing the rights of the people as a whole to be President.

Above are presented a few of many encomiums passed by Mr. Roosevelt upon Mr. Taft. All of these expressions related to Mr. Taft's candidacy for the presidential office. He is again a candidate, and what was said in 1908 appears as applicable now as then. Nothing has happened to alter the mental or moral character of Mr. Taft; much has happened to confirm the commendations of those (including Mr. Roosevelt) who urged his election in 1908. But Mr. Roosevelt, who was then so positive in behalf of Mr. Taft, now opposes him. He assumes to regard the prospect of Mr. Taft's reelection as a matter so serious as to lead him to disregard his own plighted word.

Mr. Taft has not changed in the period since Mr. Roosevelt spoke of him as above quoted. He is precisely the man he was then, plus a record of distinguished achievement in the presidential office, plus increased reputation and prestige. It is Mr. Roosevelt who has changed. Four years ago Mr. Roosevelt was not for all the "isms." He was not for the initiative and the referendum; above all he was not for the recall. Mr. Roosevelt's last message as President dealt specifically with this last-named subject. He said:

The courts hold a place of peculiar and deserved sanctity under our form of government. Respect for the law is essential to the permanence of our institutions, and respect for the law is largely conditioned upon respect for the courts. It is an offense against the republic to say anything which can weaken this respect, save for the gravest reason and in the most carefully guarded manner. Our judges should be held in peculiar honor, and the duty of respectful and truthful comment and criticism, which should be binding when we speak of anybody, should be especially binding when we speak of them. \* \* \* With a judge who, being human, is also likely to err, but whose tenure is for life, there is no similar way of holding him to responsibility. Under ordinary conditions the only forms of pressure to which he is in any way amenable are public opinion and the action of his fellow judges. It is the last which is most immediately effective, and to which we should look for the reform of abuses. Any remedy applied from without is fraught with risk. *It is far better, from every standpoint, that the remedy should come from within.*

So, we see, respecting the most emphasized plank of the new platform, Mr. Roosevelt has turned a somersault as complete as a somersault, which he

has turned from an ardent supporter of Mr. Taft to be his embittered and malevolent enemy.

In the face of these contrasts is there a need to apologize for characterizing Mr. Roosevelt, as the *Argonaut* has done now since it saw the weaknesses of his mental and moral make-up more than five years ago, as a man unstable and faithless—a man animated by no vital and abiding principle, but willing to employ exceptional talents for public persuasion to ends temporary, selfish, malevolent?

The change in Mr. Roosevelt towards Mr. Taft, out of which various other changes have developed, is essentially a personal one. It proceeds from no worthy public motive, but wholly from private resentment. If from the hour of his election to the presidency Mr. Taft had submitted himself to the direction of Mr. Roosevelt, if, disregarding his own high mandate, he had taken Mr. Roosevelt's orders and carried forward his purposes, if, in short, he had been what Mr. Roosevelt wished him to be, namely, a mere agent and servant in the presidential office, we should have heard nothing of these changes. Mr. Roosevelt would have been glad enough if mastery had been in his own hands to have proceeded along moderately conservative lines to reasonably conservative ends. What he wanted was to be the central figure in the play, the big injun of the game, the master and the boss of the government of the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt can not possibly expect to win the Republican nomination in the face of his manifold changes, his floppings, his abandonments. Great as is his vanity, it is not possible that he can hope to do more than to defeat Taft. And this, we are convinced, is his real purpose. With him today it is anything to beat Taft. His is the type of mind which becomes possessed of an idea or a motive to the exclusion of all other ideas and motives. Now the bitterness of his resentment towards Mr. Taft has made him indifferent even to all the hazards of a third candidacy.

#### The Crisis in Mexico.

The American attitude toward Mexico has so far been one of a vigilant inaction, but this must give place to something much more definite unless the horizon clears very quickly. It is evident that the situation is going fast from bad to worse. It can hardly be said yet that Madero has his back to the wall, but at least his enemies seem to be in very much the same position that he himself occupied when he attacked Diaz. Into the rights and wrongs of the domestic quarrel there is no need to enter. Latin-American revolutions are matters of temperament and not of grievances, and just now we are likely to have something other to do than to hold the scales between different camps of firebrands.

We have to remember that the Monroe Doctrine implies obligations as well as prerogatives. If American lives are in danger—and there seems to be no doubt of it—the lives of other foreigners are equally in peril and they have just as good a right to demand protection from their own governments as Americans have to appeal to Washington. The Monroe Doctrine may be said to imply that the life of every European in Mexico is an American charge, and if that charge is neglected we have no right to complain of European interference. That European warships are already moving in the direction of Mexico is a reminder that the work of protection must be done by some one and that if we do not observe the responsibilities of the Monroe Doctrine we can hardly continue to claim its advantages. Intervention in protest against a few stray bullets in El Paso is one thing, but intervention in defense of human lives, of vast interests, and of a great political principle is quite another.

The necessity, if it should arise, will be a stern one, but it will be the lesser of two evils. It will mean the acquisition of another problem like that of Cuba, but upon a vastly greater scale. It will mean a long and arduous war and at a time when wars are peculiarly obnoxious to the conscience of humanity. But it may indeed prove to be the lesser of two evils. European intervention might in itself be the mother of all possible troubles, but there is another and more immediate danger within sight, and one quite apart from the actual disasters of war and the wreck of lives and interests. Mexico lies directly between ourselves and the great hostage to fortune that we have given at Panama. We can not afford to allow the creation of a constantly boiling caldron of civil war between our own frontier and the canal and therefore no price is to

great to be paid for peace. If Mexicans are incapable of governing themselves—and it seems that they are incapable—they will have to submit to control in just the same way that Egypt has had to submit to control for the protection of the Suez Canal. There is no disposition on the part of America to interfere with the sovereign rights of other nations, but all sovereign rights are abrogated unless they can be sustained by orderly government.

#### Mr. Johnson Still Confident.

When Governor Johnson started for New York he was "confident" that Mr. La Follette would be the Republican nominee for the presidency. He said so, loudly and often. He was also "confident" that the State of California would rise as one man in support of whomsoever he might nominate. The governor had conversed with Mr. Lissner, Mr. Chester Rowell, and Mr. Pillsbury and was therefore well acquainted with the intentions of a sovereign people. He had a blank check in his pocket and he hastened away to lay it at the feet of the anointed one.

There is no need to comment further upon Mr. Johnson's change of heart. Mr. La Follette is still in the field, but Mr. Johnson no longer marches by his side. The senator from Wisconsin is just as willing to save the country as ever he was. His opinions are unchanged, and if for the moment he felt himself to be short of breath he would willingly double the length of his speeches and the acrimony of his scolding by way of compensation. But a great light had come to Governor Johnson. If Mr. La Follette should by any chance fail of nomination or of election how in the name of goodness would he be able to pay his political debts or to reward the faithful? Convictions are all very well in their way, and so are pledges and loyalty and decency, but business is business, says Governor Johnson.

And so we find our worthy governor as the guest of honor at a dinner given by the "Insurgent Club" of New York. He was still as "confident" as ever. The vote of California was still in his pocket, but it was now as certain to be delivered to Mr. Roosevelt as last week it was certain to be handed to Mr. La Follette. The dinner was described by the New York *Herald* as "the launching of Johnson's vice-presidential boom," and although there was no direct reference to the boom it was easy to see that the great idea lay trembling close to the lips and the hearts of the diners. Some things are too sacred to be spoken of, and sometimes the overcharged heart can find no relief except in food and drink.

Of course Mr. Johnson was the speaker of the evening if we except Mr. Norman Hapgood, who, with a startling burst of originality, said that we are now facing a crisis in the life of the nation. Mr. Johnson addressed himself more particularly to the question of the judiciary recall and defended it warmly, although by this time he has probably changed the mind of California and favors the recall of judicial decisions instead of the recall of the judges themselves. It would be unfortunate if there should be a rift in the Johnson-Roosevelt lute or if any momentary lack of agility in altering his opinions should estrange the governor from his exalted chief.

The recall, said Mr. Johnson, affected only those jurists who are corrupt. Honest and upright judges had nothing to fear. We in California, he added, have so far recalled no judges, "but we are infinitely better satisfied with their decisions now." And so it seems that the governor of California informs a New York audience that the judges of his own state, taken collectively, are corrupt. The syllogism is plain. The recall, we are told, affects only corrupt judges. The judges of California are affected by the recall, since "we are infinitely better satisfied with their decisions now." Therefore the judges of California are corrupt. Doubtless this was gratifying to a New York audience, but so far as California is concerned she seems to be unfortunate in her exponent.

Let us hope that we shall soon hear something more of the Johnson vice-presidential boom. We should like to collect our thoughts in good time. Let us hope, moreover, that the lesser fry will not be forgotten when the governor draws his pay and when Mr. La Follette has become no more than a reproachful ghost. Some little trifle like a senatorship can surely be found for Mr. Chester Rowell and Mr. Lissner, and as for Mr. Pillsbury, how would it do to fit him out with a picture machine instead of a magic lantern?



There would be something delicately emblematic of the governor himself in a moving-picture machine.

### A Cause Without Followers.

It is now some months since it became manifest that Mr. Roosevelt was arranging his plans for the presidential candidacy. And it has been two weeks since his formal announcement was given to the public. If it were part of Mr. Roosevelt's plan to "stampede" the country, the result must be disappointing enough. The public, including the newspapers, have indeed given to the matter a world of interested attention. But from hardly any source of political or other consequence has there come words of approval. No one of the great newspapers of the country has taken a positive stand for Mr. Roosevelt. No man of distinction in the national sphere has declared himself in Mr. Roosevelt's behalf. Not even the leaders of progressivism have announced themselves for Roosevelt. Up to date the one man who has been turned away from a former allegiance to espouse the cause of Roosevelt is Governor Johnson of California, who is already demanding pay for his apostasy in the form of a vice-presidential nomination. Unless it be necessary to except California, there is no state in which the dominating forces of politics—the forces potent in the selection of delegates to the national convention—are favorable to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy.

If the national leaders of progressivism were in the mood to get behind Mr. Roosevelt something surely would have been heard from them before now. But Mr. La Follette sternly reasserts his own candidacy, while Senator Cummins sits tight and says nothing. Plainly Mr. Roosevelt has not the friendship and will not have the support of these leading personal forces in the progressive movement.

So far as may be judged from present indications, Mr. Roosevelt appears to be a candidate without a following. He refers constantly in his public utterances to the list of governors to whom his former letter was addressed, as if unmindful of the fact that governors neither elect delegations to conventions or choose presidential electors. But even assuming that the seven governors who have arrayed themselves for Mr. Roosevelt control the action of their states, they would still make a small figure at the point of the final show-down. In the Electoral College of 1912 there will be 531 members. The seven states represented by Mr. Roosevelt's seven governors will have sixty-six members—a little more than one-eighth of the whole. It would appear, in view of the figures, that Mr. Roosevelt's seven governors had gone rather beyond their mandate in declaring that "a large majority of the Republican voters of the country favor your nomination, and a large majority of the people favor your election as the next President of the United States." It would seem that the seven governors would be going quite as far as they might be justified in speaking for their own states.

Mr. Roosevelt's failure to command the support even of his personal friends in the public life of the country is an interesting phase of his candidacy. Here in California his brother-in-law, Colonel Charles M. Hammond, while entirely friendly to the ex-President in a personal way, opposes his candidacy and is exerting himself conspicuously in behalf of Mr. Taft.

Even Mr. Roosevelt's own son-in-law, Hon. Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, declines to take part in the campaign for his father-in-law. The young man has his own political fences to look after, and he has discovered that he can not oppose Mr. Taft in his own state without hazarding his private political fortunes. Another personal friend in public life who has declared that he can not support Mr. Roosevelt, is Representative Gardner of Massachusetts, a son-in-law of Senator Lodge. Referring to the matter a few days ago Mr. Gardner said:

I had intended to support Roosevelt until I read his Columbus speech. With very real regrets I find that his fundamental views are so different from my own that I can not support him. I am very strongly opposed to the initiative, the recall, and the review of judicial decisions. If the Republican national platform shall declare for the initiative, referendum, and recall, I shall refuse to stand on that platform in my candidacy for Congress.

But perhaps the most serious personal blow to Mr. Roosevelt's hopes has been inflicted by Senator Lodge, who announces that while he will not for personal reasons take any part against Mr. Roosevelt in the coming campaign, he can not follow him in his demand for constitutional changes, and therefore will not support him. There is still another reason why Senator

Lodge can not support Mr. Roosevelt even if he would, for he it remembered Mr. Lodge was the permanent chairman of the last Republican National Convention; and among his remarks upon assuming the chair were the following:

Mr. Roosevelt's refusal of a renomination, dictated by the loftiest motives and by a noble loyalty to American traditions, is final and irrevocable. (Applause.) Any one who attempts to use his name as a candidate for the presidency impugns both his sincerity and his good faith, two of the President's greatest and most conspicuous qualities upon which no shadow has ever been cast. (Applause.) That man is no friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and does not cherish his name and fame, who now from any motive seeks to urge him for the great office which he has finally declined.

### Disease and the School.

A few days ago the mayor of San Francisco took occasion to utter a mild but timely protest against the teaching of so-called hygiene in our public schools. He was duly deferential to the educational crank, but he suggested that to surround children with an atmosphere of terror was neither good sense nor good hygiene. That the children in our public schools are being saturated with a causeless dread of germs and disease is a matter of common knowledge. Parents have complained of it, and there have been protests from some few with good sense enough to know that fear of anything is the greatest curse that can enter the child mind, constitutionally incapable as it is of discrimination between rational precaution and blind, nerve-destroying terror.

Kansas seems to be the happy hunting ground of the hygienic quack. The Kansas state board of health has just ordered that one day in each school week shall be devoted to instruction in some particular disease, such instruction presumably to be aided by loathsome pictures of microbes and human corruption. Boards of health nowadays seem to have powers that would be envied by a Russian chief of police, including powers of arbitrary taxation and imprisonment so long as their victims are too poor to resist. To our cost we know something of this in San Francisco, and we know also that the board of health has been one of the worst plague spots of corruption and that it has done more to injure the moral health of the city than it will ever do to improve its physical health. But it is time to stop this hygienic nonsense in the schools. It is bad enough that our children at graduation time should be innocent of reading, writing, and arithmetic, not to speak of manners. That they should be carefully educated into hypochondriacs should be enough to make the worm turn.

### The Schmitz Case.

No one really supposed that Schmitz would be convicted of anything, and therefore his acquittal is not a surprise. The result would have been just about the same even had Ruef testified against him, but as Ruef refused to do so, and was certain to refuse to do so, the result was still more of a foregone conclusion.

But there seems to be no cause in this for any access of sympathy for Ruef. Both Judge Lawlor and Judge Dunne may have been actuated by creditable human sentiments when they expressed their compassion for the prisoner who must now return to San Quentin, but they evidently spoke as men and not as judges. It is evident enough that if the ruling that has been the salvation of Schmitz had been in operation at the Ruef trial it might have had the same fortunate effect upon him, but judicial decisions in criminal cases are not usually retrospective, and it is not uncommon that changes in the interpretation of the law work seeming hardship upon some one.

But in this case the hardship is not a real one. When Judge Dunne says that the incarceration of Ruef is a "judicial outrage" he surely has more regard for technicalities than for justice. Certainly he would not maintain that Ruef is suffering innocently, or that there has been a practical miscarriage of justice. No one does or could maintain such a thing. What he means is that a notorious and self-confessed criminal might have escaped punishment if a newly created technicality had only been created a little earlier. Now the escape through technicalities of notorious criminals is one of the legal scandals of the day, and it is hardly a matter for regret that sometimes such an escape is frustrated. Nor is it easy to see how Ruef's fate would be in any way mitigated even though the whole of San Quentin were filled with his fellow malefactors, as certainly it ought to be. By all means let us show mercy wherever we can and without public injury, but

to speak of Ruef as an innocent victim of judicial error is mere hysteria.

### Editorial Notes.

Our educational ideals are well exemplified by a news item from the Annapolis Naval Academy. Continued membership of the academy has been conditional upon the successful passage of an examination in which the student must reach 2.50 out of a possible 4. At the conclusion of the last scholastic term it was found that forty students had failed to reach the requisite standard. It would be supposed by rational educationists that these forty students would be required to pay the penalty for their indolence or incapacity. Not a bit of it. That would be "undemocratic," so the standard was temporarily lowered so as to enable the inefficient to step over it and then promptly raised again to its former place. When we read of the "democracy" of some educational institution it always means the same thing. It means that the standards are lowered until there is no student so lazy or such a fool that he can not get over them.

The whole nation seems to be interested in the Brandt case that is now agitating New York. This unfortunate man has now been in prison for three years, but it seems that not until now has the public awakened to the enormity of a sentence of thirty years for the offense of stealing a couple of stickpins. Indeed Brandt's case might never have been heard of at all but for some of the disclosures that have attended his application for a pardon. It seems that one of the policemen who swore to the prisoner's bad record has confessed to the grand jury that he knew nothing at all about his record and that his evidence was supplied to him ready made by his superior officers. From the fact that he fainted as he made this confession we may suppose that at last he was speaking the truth, prompted by a somewhat sluggish conscience. Now Brandt may be innocent or he may be guilty, but there can be no two opinions about such a savage sentence as thirty years' imprisonment or about the abominable means adopted to aggravate his offense. It is to be feared that police evidence of this kind is often a matter of routine and that when testimony is needed for the conviction of friendless prisoners it can usually be secured. But when police perjury of this kind can be proved as in the present case it should be followed by a retribution severe enough to act as a deterrent.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### Note From the Mill-Owners' Association.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1912.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: On reading an editorial appearing in your valuable paper of January 27, entitled "City Trusts and California," also one of February 3, in which the suggestion is made that the San Francisco Planing Mill Owners' Association is a "trust" which prescribes the prices of finishing lumber, etc., and holds them at figures considerably in advance of those of neighboring communities, and that the labor trust and our association work together to the common end of exploiting the builder and the investor, and that a certain contractor was asked to cancel an order for mill work for a building in this city that he had placed with a mill firm distant from San Francisco about forty miles and give it to a city mill at a much higher figure, through pressure brought to bear by the Building Trades Council and the above-named association.

In the first place, the San Francisco Planing Mill Owners' Association is not a trust. We have no agreed price or price-list for any of our products, nor any established base upon which to establish a cost or selling price.

All mill work used in this city is subjected to the keenest competition, not only by the members of our association, but by all manufacturers in surrounding counties, and the lowest bidder gets the work. Today a large percentage of the house finish used in San Francisco comes from out of town.

The facts surrounding the specific case, which called forth the articles referred to above, are as follows: In the specifications for the proposed work by a San Francisco architect was the clause: "In this contract the mill work is included at the Pacific Manufacturing Company's figure of \$3860. In case the cost of this mill work is reduced, or done by another mill at a lesser cost, the difference shall be deducted from the contract price."

The general contractor took no other figure until he had signed the contract, after which the architect called for but one bid from a city mill, and secured a price of \$3284, thereby enabling the owner to complete his investment for \$576 less than he would have paid had the material been purchased from the mill company out of town. These facts were obtained at a conference between the general contractor, the two mill-men, and the writer.

Our association, which invites to membership all manufacturers in our line in California, is formed for mutual benefits accruing from business and social acquaintance, ever bearing in mind that in "union there is strength." To be ready to act as a unit when unjust demands are made by those who would be our masters, and we assure you, Mr. Editor, that we, as employers and manufacturers, want only fair play, and need our combined strength and the support of every citizen who desires to make San Francisco a manufacturing centre.

Trusting that you will put the above facts before our readers,

Yours respectfully,  
SAN FRANCISCO PLANING MILL OWNERS' ASSOCIATION.  
By R. B. MOORE, President.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Bonar Law, the new Conservative leader in England, seems to have the habit of generalization that has so often proved fatal to orators. Speaking recently in the House of Commons, he said that revolutionary governments are always corrupt, and now the critics are descending upon him like a wolf on the fold. If Mr. Law had said that revolutionary governments are always cruel, always tyrannical, always contemptuous of the human liberties that they profess to defend, he might have escaped any severe comment. But revolutionary governments have seldom been corrupt. Oliver Cromwell was not corrupt, Washington was not corrupt, Robespierre was not corrupt. Indeed Robespierre was called the "sea-green incorruptible," and the French terrorists in general were noted for the Spartan rigor of their lives and their contempt for luxury. Mr. Bonar Law should either read history or refrain from historical arguments.

The Honorable Miles Staniforth Smith, administrator of the Territory of Papua, has a word to say for our brother cannibal, who is usually chosen to illustrate the utmost depravities of human nature. Mr. Smith recently undertook a journey into the interior, and owing to adverse conditions his party was reduced to the extremes of want. Eventually the explorers were rescued by cannibal savages, who treated them with the utmost kindness, fed them at their own expense, and sent them on their way rejoicing. Mr. Smith says "the great care we had exercised in seeing that those we had previously met had been justly treated and not robbed by our carriers now stood us in good stead, and instead of killing my small and exhausted party they gave us all the food they had, although we had nothing to give in return." Stories of dangerous savages are usually moonshine. The only dangerous savage is the cheated or insulted savage. The missionary Livingston lived for many years among the lowest savages of Africa and he never fired a shot in anger, and Henry M. Stanley tells us that he usually selected cannibals for his carriers because of their superior intelligence and loyalty. These remarks are not intended in any way as a plea for dietetic reform and no letters from indignant vegetarians will be printed. But even the misunderstood cannibal is entitled to justice.

Among recent arrivals in New York was Dr. F. S. Archenhold, the eminent German astronomer. With that thirst for knowledge that distinguishes the New York reporter and that he absorbs so thoroughly as to leave no trace behind, Dr. Archenhold was asked to state his views on the inhabitation of Mars. For the moment the distinguished visitor supposed that the question was some educational test imposed by the immigration authorities, but he recovered himself after a moment and avowed his confidence in the blushing planet as a residential district. He said that if there were 10,000,000 houses all fitted more or less alike and one was known to be occupied it would be reasonable to suppose that tenants had been found for the others also. And so the professor escaped while the reporter was still trying to ascertain his impressions of the American woman and a third term.

Cardinal Bourne is firmly persuaded that Catholicism is making great strides in England and that the increase would be proved by a religious census if the government would only permit such a census, which it will not. But surely there can be no disposition to dispute the statement. England and America are today the great Catholic strongholds of the world. The centre of Catholic gravity has shifted from the south to the north. And the spread of Catholicism need excite no surprise. The religious world demands that its faith be a mystic one. However lamentable that fact may be, it still remains a fact, and Catholicism is the only Christian system that satisfies the mystic sense. Protestantism has been becoming steadily more materialistic and utilitarian, and Protestantism is receding all along the line. Catholicism has retained its mysticism and is advancing. Curiously enough, Protestantism seems to think that it can make a successful appeal upon the very grounds that are destroying it. It abolishes superhumanism and it shapes itself in graceful genuflections to the world, the flesh, and the devil. It may be very commonsensible, but it does not happen to be what people want. They want superhumanism, spiritual hierarchies, ceremonial, and mysticism, and they go where they can get them. Protestantism is in the position of the man who tries to sell soap on the ground that it won't wash anything, or breakfast food on the plea that it contains no nourishment. It may be very sad that religious sentiment should demand a measure of mysticism. It may be a mark of ignorance, of superstition, or of anything else that we like to call it. But it is none the less a fact.

Mr. Justice Riddell of the Ontario High Court of Justice has just visited New York and had some compliments to pay to the New York Supreme Court. It was a constant marvel to him how the elective system for judges could produce such high-class men, whose opinions were received in Canada, not as actually binding, but as highly authoritative. Incidentally Justice Riddell made a comparison between the American and the Canadian systems in criminal cases. All criminal cases are prosecuted by the crown officers and private attorneys have no standing except for the defense. Insanity, or irresistible impulse, was no defense in Canada, but medical pleas would be fully considered by the executive after the verdict and sentence. The prospect of the rope added the judge shrewdly, was found to have a great effect in increasing a criminal's power to resist a murderous impulse. Mr. Riddell added the further remarkable fact that thirty years of Canadian experience he had never spent more than half an hour to be consumed in getting a

jury, and only once had he known a prospective jurymen to be asked a question. What, then, constitutes the difference between the Canadian and the American jurymen? Surely nothing but the attitude of the court and the attorneys. In America the jurymen is assumed to be a thief, a liar, and a wretch devoid of moral instincts who finds himself in the jury box instead of the dock only by the grace of God and who ought to be in a dark cell and a strait waistcoat. In Canada he is assumed to be just a man, and in each case there is a tendency for him to become what he is expected to be. Most of us act pretty much in the way we are expected to act.

It is commonly said that science has no frontiers, but the New York Sun helps to disabuse our minds of that pleasing fiction. For example, Ehrlich, who discovered the famous "606," is a German, and so we find Dr. Gaucher presenting to the Paris Academy of Medicine a report to the effect that the remedy has already caused many casualties, which have been suppressed, and that it is "deadly and of small therapeutic efficacy." Diphtheria antitoxin was discovered by another German, Behring, but he gets no better luck than Ehrlich, and the antitoxin was shunned by French doctors, whose maxim seems to be, "Be a good Frenchman and die of diphtheria," as well as less polite diseases. Then again we find a number of Russian physicians who refuse to touch the discoveries of either Wasserman or Ehrlich, simply because those distinguished men happen to be Jews. On the other hand Germans will not pasteurize their milk because Pasteur was a Frenchman, and after the Franco-Prussian War even the gentle Pasteur himself tried to procure the exclusion from France of German beer and wine upon some scientific ground connected with fermentation. All this is very sad reading. We had supposed that doctors all over the world were a happy and united family, but it seems that they "hate each other for the love of God" just like the unscientific mob.

And speaking of disease, here is another deplorable confession from no less an authority than the *Medical Record*. In spite of the army of physicians, their discoveries, and their hecatombs of vivisectioned guinea pigs, we may doubt, says the *Medical Record*, whether the sum total of diseases is any less than it was before the medical profession reached its present high standing. Preventive medicine has made "little headway," and "in the opinion of some medical men diseases are on the increase." In the deeper recesses of our consciousness we had suspected something of the kind ourselves, but such heterodoxy on the part of a layman would have exposed him to excommunication with hell, hook, and candle, or at least with bacteria, serums, and antitoxins. But with the *Medical Record* behind us we can afford to creep out into the open.

Mr. M. L. Spielmann, the art critic and Shakespearean authority, has distinguished himself by demanding that the tomb of Shakespeare be opened in order to ascertain the authenticity of the various portraits of the poet. Mr. Spielmann says that there would really be no harm in doing this, since the graves of Schiller, Burns, Rafael, Edward I, and Henry VIII were all desecrated for a similar purpose. Mr. Spielmann's reasoning is peculiar. If a burglar broke into Mr. Spielmann's house he would hardly exonerate him on the ground that he had similarly broken into the houses of half a dozen of his neighbors. It is safe to say that this particular outrage will not be perpetrated even for the sake of verifying a portrait. In this case superstition will be able to prevent what a waning sense of decency might permit, and even the unimaginative stone mason might shrink from laying his hands upon the graven words—

Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Neither the Chinese themselves, nor the rest of the world, know much of Mongolia or Tibet. Most of those two countries belong to the desert, and although they have been inhabited since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the outside world is to them a sealed book, and they to the world an unguessed riddle. The great desert of Gobi that is partly in China, partly in Manchuria, partly in Mongolia, and partly in Siberia, is traversed by the oldest transportation lines in existence. It has a caravan route over which tea and silk-laden camels have traveled toward Europe for these 3000 years, and yet from the time when Kublai Khan macadamized the road until the time when the Russian railroad paralyzed it by the competition of steam, no one of the merchants who traveled over it turned either to the right or to the left to tell Europe and the Occident of the wonders or the terrors of that unknown land.

Joking is blamed for causing a reduction in reenlistments in the French army. This charge is made not in a light vein, but in a serious study of the army appearing in the *Journal des Sciences Militaires* of Paris, based on the report to the French chamber by M. Clementel on the condition of the army in 1911 and the reforms necessary for 1912. The number of the non-commissioned officers is maintained, and the recruiting of this branch is assured, but the reenlistment of corporals and privates shows a falling off. Among the causes given for this falling off the French magazine places the stale joke of which the reenlisted men are the butt in each regiment. As soon as a man reenlists the jokers of the regiment hurl at him the question, "You have nothing to eat at home, eh?" and the man's self-respect is hurt.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Royal Ahhess.

In the Ahhey stall, with his vestments old,  
And raveled and rent through stress of time,  
The haughty bishop, St. Ethelwold,  
Sat, waiting the vesper chime.

As he turned the page of his service-book,  
Beside him he heard a soft, low tread,  
And, ceasing his *Aves* with a look  
Of arrogant scorn, he said:

"Ah, Edith of Wilton! So, they tell,  
Thou hast not heeded me. Knowest thou  
My staff is a mace that can compel  
The stateliest head to howl!

"I have hidden thee once, and now again,  
As thy ghostly father, I come to urge  
That, putting aside thy royal train,  
Thou clothe thee in simple serge.

"King Edgar's daughter although thou be,  
I charge thee remember the Church allows  
No choice for lofty or low degree  
To such as assume her vows.

"And yet in thy hair the diamond glows,  
Thy golden cross hath a chain of pearls;  
And see, at thy throat a fresh-blown rose  
As rare as a gay court girl's.

"And under thy veil of costly lace  
Is little, I ween, of penance done;  
What right to heighten a beauty's grace  
Belongs to a Wilton nun?

"My robe, with its reaved and ragged fray,  
And its knotted girdle of hempen string,  
I would not give in exchange today  
For the ermine that clothes the king!"

The fair young ahhess had stood before  
The priest as he spake, with lowly guise;  
But there shone, when the sharp rehuke was o'er,  
A fire in her saintly eyes.

"God gave me the beauty that thou dost hid  
Me cowardly lessen, or meanly dim.  
Nay! rather than under the rough serge hid,  
I keep it supreme for Him!

"My father, the king, to the court still calls;  
But even his summons have not sufficed  
To lure away from her convent walls  
The virgin espoused to Christ.

"And I, for my holy service' sake,  
As a daughter of princes, choose that He  
Who winneth me from the world should take  
My dowry along with me.

"He loved the lilies; He made them fair:  
And sweet as the sweetest incense flows  
The stream of its fragrance when I wear  
For Him, on my heart, a rose.

"And, father, I doubt not, there may hide  
Beneath the tatters thou hid'st me view  
As much of arrogance, scorn, and pride  
As ever the ermine knew."—Margaret J. Preston.

## Brother Bartholomew.

Brother Bartholomew, working-time,  
Would fall into musing and drop his tools;  
Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme  
More than for theses of the schools;  
And sighed, and took up his burden so,  
Vowed to the Muses, for weal or woe.

At matins he sat, the hook on his knees,  
But his thoughts were wandering far away;  
And chanted the evening litanies  
Watching the roseate skies grow gray,  
Watching the brightening starry host  
Flame like the tongues at Pentecost.

"A foolish dreamer, and nothing more;  
The idlest fellow a cell could hold";  
So murmured the worthy Isidor,  
Prior of ancient Nithiswold;  
Yet pitiful, with dispraise content,  
Signed never the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way  
And patiently wrote in his sunny cell;  
His pen fast traveled from day to day;  
His hooks were covered, the walls as well.  
"But O for the monk that I miss, instead  
Of this listless rhymers!" the Prior said.

Bartholomew dying, as mortals must,  
Not unhelped of the cowed throng,  
Thereafter, they took from the dark and dust  
Of shelves and of corners, many a song  
That cried loud, loud to the farthest day,  
How a hard had arisen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses; fair and fine,  
Rich in the old Greek loveliness;  
The seer-like vision, half divine;  
Pathos and merriment in excess.  
And every perfect stanza told  
Of love and of labor manifold.

The King came out and stood beside  
Bartholomew's taper-lighted hier,  
And, turning to his lords, he sighed:  
"How worn and wearied doth he appear—  
Our noble poet—now he is dead!"  
"O tireless worker!" the Prior said.

—Louise I. Guiney.

There are traces of resemblance in the Republican situation to that in the spring of 1892 (observes the *Springfield Republican*). Secretary Blaine's friends were urgent that he should compete with President Harrison for the Republican nomination, but the "plumed knight" did not actually resign his Cabinet position until three days before the convention was convened. Then he became an active candidate. Blaine in that period was the popular hero of the Republican masses. In consenting to make the race against even an unpopular President, he gave the final tragic touch to his career.



## PINERO'S NEW PLAY.

## A Doubtful Experiment by the London Dramatist.

With a sumptuous house in the West End, and secure against the possibility of want by the income of twenty thousand pounds a year assured him by the royalties of his thirty odd plays, Sir Arthur Pinero, unlike less successful dramatists, can afford the luxury of experiments. Financially, then, he is doubtless indifferent as to the ultimate fate of his latest play, "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," which Charles Frohman "presented" at the Duke of York's Theatre on Saturday night. It was not a triumphant first night. The stalls and dress-circle were certainly enthusiastic, but the gallery was disappointed and noisy. And as the gallery has a more robust manner of expressing its feelings than the stalls and dress-circle, the condemnation of the former swamped the approval of the latter.

In common with such of the audience who remembered something of the history of the revival of the theatre in London, the dramatist must have been conscious of the irony of the situation. For in the 'seventies and 'eighties he bore his full share in those efforts which brought back to the half-guinea stalls the cynics and sensualists of society. And now that he had dared to write a play largely at the expense of those cynics and sensualists the stalls applauded and the gallery turned down its thumbs! Well, Pinero can afford the experiment, especially as he does not seem to have endangered the patronage of his richest patrons.

And, after all, "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is quite in harmony with its author's conviction that this is preëminently an age of sentiment, and that the playwright is compelled to secure his humor by the exaggeration of sentiment. Once more he gives us probable types in possible circumstances, even if he does overstrain their sentiments and magnify their weaknesses. Perhaps that accounted for the annoyance of the gallery. As members of the class to which the heroine and her mother and her fellow musical comedy girls belonged, the galleryites may have resented that enlarged portrait of themselves, much as the lean-visaged cockney sees no humor in that plump reflection of his own cadaverous face which is shown him in the distorting mirror outside the cheap dining-rooms of London.

As may be inferred from the above, the new Pinero play is theatrical in its theme. That is to say, the heroine is a musical comedy star. Lily Parradell, born and reared in one of the mean streets of London, the daughter of a mother unacquainted with the letter "h," became famous by a song, one stanza of which explains the title of the play:

I'm possessed of all the graces,  
Oh, a perfect dream my face is!  
(It may owe to Art a trifle or it mayn't!  
H'm, it mayn't.)  
And I'll cry out for assistance  
Should you fail to keep your distance,  
Goodness gracious, mind the paint!  
Mind the paint!

That graceful lyric, which is quite on a par with the type of song with which fame is won in London, gives the key to Lily's character. She is common in her intellect, genuine cockney in fact, but not vicious. She is kindly, too, a generous daughter and a liberal friend. To her "ma" she makes presents of fifteen-guinea dresses; to colleagues down on their luck she hands blank checks. But she is not a sinner because she is not a saint. If one of her admirers, Captain Jeyes, does possess a latch key of her flat, it is not for other than honorable purposes. He is in the habit of seeing her home from the theatre and needs the key in case she has forgotten her own. That's all. In fact, Sir Arthur is charitable to Lily and all the "girls" of the Pandora Theatre; we do, it is true, see them adjusting their corsets or manipulating their garters, but "Honi soi qui mal y pense." Even when the "girls" go to supper with the "boys"—the latter including the usual proportion of bald-heads—it is still a case of "mind the paint." Fun and frolic and champagne, of course, and floral offerings and trifles of diamonds and gold, but nothing more.

Until the third act, indeed, it looked as though the dramatist had been content with constructing the life of a musical comedy star from the posters of the theatre and the pages of penny novelettes. There was an atmosphere of unlimited wardrobes and expensive automobiles and costly suppers and richly furnished apartments—a crowded canvas, in short, of off-the-stage life in all its traditional glory. But the third act gathered up the threads. Apart from Captain Jeyes, Lily has another admirer, Viscount Farncombe-to-vit, the heir of an earldom. And it is between these she has to make her choice. The captain has developed into a "waster," an idle loafer round the theatre and Soho cafés. But in the hour of climax he protests that his love has made him what he is; that it was to follow Lily he threw up his commission in the army, etc. And Lily believed it; and being virtuous and generous and self-sacrificing she declined the prospect of a coronet and elected the task of reforming the "waster."

So far the third act. The fourth can be imagined. The captain recovers his manhood; rejects Lily's sacrifice; and announces his departure for the colonies to make a new start in life. And so Lily regains her lord, but weeps to think she must leave the stage. "Ush, dearie, 'ush!" enjoins her consoling mother. "Think—think wot a lot o' good you're all doin' to the aris-

tocracy." That, indeed, appears to be the moral of the play. "It's my belief," ejaculates another of the characters, "that the Pandora girls 'll be the salvation of the aristocracy of this country in the long run! Keen-witted young women, full of the joy of life, with strong frames, beautiful hair, and fine eyes, and healthy pink gums and big white teeth." And yet the stalls applauded and the gallery hooted! One wondered whether the result would have been the same had Sir Arthur substituted American heiresses for the Pandora girls.

But perhaps the hostility of the gallery was not prompted by eugenics after all. It may have been that the turbulence of Saturday night was merely a vigorous protest against the seeming slowness and triviality of the play. And on that score some excuse might be urged, as well as on the plea that the theme was not less adequately treated many years ago in Robertson's "Caste." For not the most enthusiastic Pineroite can possibly claim a high place for "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl." In its stagecraft it is, of course, a fine piece of work. No one save a master of his art could manipulate so adroitly a huge cast of more than thirty characters. But, save for its eugenic philosophy, the play in its contents can not rank with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the like. That is the dramatist's way. Capricious versatility has always been characteristic of his work. Even while he was writing his earliest farces he was planning comedies of sentiment and serious drama. And he has always varied his theatrical fare with the ingenuity of an accomplished chef. After "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he served up "The Amazons," and just as "The Princess and the Butterfly" followed hard upon "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," so "The Wife Without a Smile" came in the wake of "Iris" and "Letty."

Wherein the play is an experiment for Pinero is that for once he seems to have abandoned his constructive romanticism. The psychology is still of the realistic school, but unhappily realism has been allowed to control construction as well. For, somehow, the proffered sacrifice of Lily did not ring true; it may have been that Marie Lohr, to whom the rôle was committed, was unequal to portray the character as her creator conceived her; at any rate, her sudden changes of mood were too insufficiently prepared for to make them acceptable. Besides, granting that it is the higher prize to be a peeress rather than a captain's wife, there is no sacrifice in the case at all. And in such minor matters as background and incident the comedy is of unrelieved realism, down to corsets and garters. For once, indeed, Pinero seems to have carried into the build of a play that meticulous attention to mechanism which he always devotes to his stage directions. Perhaps, then, he has made it actor-proof in more senses than one.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, February 20, 1912.

Probably the largest stones ever used in any building are seen in the western wall of the great temple of Baalbek in Syria, and the problem is still unsolved as to the methods used in conveying them from the quarries and of placing them in position. The quarries from which these blocks were undoubtedly cut can be seen about half a mile to the southwest of the temple. The three stones lie horizontally and form part of the outer wall of the building. They are not on the lowest part of the masonry, but are twenty-three feet above the first row of stones. Each stone is over sixty feet long, thirteen feet high, and ten feet thick. The most wonderful block of all still lies in the quarries, for something must have occurred to stop the work of separating it completely from the rock, and the great stone has lain there for centuries awaiting completion. This stone is seventy feet long, fourteen feet high, and thirteen feet wide. The three sides and part of the fourth have been beautifully chiseled, and are smooth and even.

In olden times the armorers' work was not of a rough and ready description, but generally bore the signs of highly wrought workmanship. The various pieces of a suit fit into their positions to a nicety, there are no rough edges, and as a rule very little that is merely careless decorative work. Fashion and reputation have left their hall mark on the armor of each period, and like most other industries it had its distinguished masters. The name of Jacob Topf is, for example, still famous in England, and such names as those of Lorenzo Colman of Augsburg, a German armorers of the sixteenth century, Lucio Pincinino, a Milanese, and the Wolfs of Landshut, a family of armorers that are supposed to have worked for Philip II of Spain, are celebrated in their own countries.

Irish tobacco and Irish cigars and cigarettes are bought in Dublin with patriotic pride and smoked with enjoyment, and it may be only a matter of time when Irish cigarettes will be known the smoking world over. The raising of tobacco in Ireland is one of the new industries which are being undertaken, and the quality is pronounced good.

Six telephone cables have been laid in the English Channel to connect Paris with London and other British cities, and another is about to be laid. The charge for three minutes' conversation between Yorkshire towns and Paris, about 450 miles, by way of London, is \$1.95.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Mary Yates, recognized as the greatest living authority on table poultry, lives at Toronto, Canada, where she is on the government's lecturing staff. She was at one time a poultry lecturer at the Studley Agricultural College, England.

Fraulein Gertrude Wocker, a Swiss, aged thirty-three, is the youngest accredited professor in all the German universities, it is said. She has just taken her post as professor of natural philosophy at the University of Leipsic, having been appointed by the German government.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, now in his eighty-third year, has just been honored by Johns Hopkins University, which has bestowed on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. Dr. Mitchell delivered the address on Washington's Birthday at the university, his voice reaching every quarter of McCoy Hall.

Count Luetzow, chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, has come to this country to give lectures in English at leading American universities, and is now touring the East. He is a prominent author of historical and literary works on Bohemia. Recently he spoke on "Bohemia, Past and Present," at the University of Wisconsin.

George Byrnes, son of the vice-president of the Boston and Maine Railroad, is working in the shops as a mechanic to learn the practical side of railroading. He wears blouse and overalls, puts in the same hours as other employees and receives no favors. He graduated from Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, and has taken two years in the Harvard Law School.

Peter Henry Carpenter, inventor of the toy balloon, which amassed fortunes for others, recently entered on his seventy-seventh year, on the meagre wage of \$8 a week. He sold his patent for \$500. Carpenter lives in New Jersey. He is a unique character, believing that fifty cents a day is enough for any to live on, and it is claimed he saves half his weekly wage.

General Harrison Gray Otis, proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. General Otis was born in Marietta, Ohio, and is a grandson and namesake of General Harrison Gray Otis of revolutionary fame. He served through the Civil War in an Ohio regiment and was a brigade commander in the war with Spain in 1898 and in the war against the Filipino insurgents the following year.

Miss Virginia Pope, known all over New York as the "bird doctor," owns and manages the only bird hotel and sanitarium in America. From caring for her own pets to offering to cure those of a friend was but a step, and led to the work being taken up as a business. She is surgeon, nurse, caretaker, and trainer, and many wealthy people make a practice of leaving their feathered pets with her when they go abroad or close their homes for the summer.

Sir Leslie Rundle, who, as governor and commander-in-chief of Malta, received the King and Queen of England on their return voyage to England recently, has, perhaps, seen more active service than any other British officer of his age. He served in the Zulu war in 1879, took part in the first Boer war, and served in the Egyptian campaign thirty years ago. He was also with Lord Kitchener in the Dongola expeditionary force. His last experience of active campaigning was in South Africa, ten years ago.

Ellen Spencer Mussey, who for a quarter of a century has held the position of attorney for the Swedish and Norwegian legations in Washington, has been an active and successful lawyer for thirty-five years. In 1896 she established the Woman's Law Class, which has since developed into the Washington College of Law, with its founder as dean. She took up the practice of law at a time when her husband's health was failing, and, as she states, "we had our children to raise, and the legal work had to be done. It therefore fell to my lot to share the burden."

Obadiah Gardner, who was appointed to the seat made vacant by the death of United States Senator Frye of Maine, began the battle of life for himself at the age of twelve, both his parents having died. He worked for a limekiln concern, went to school at odd times, and, when he had finally saved a little money, went to New York and took a bookkeeping course, which obtained for him a steady position. He worked, saved his money and bought forest land, which turned out to be a splendid investment. For ten years he was master of the State Grange. Few men are better judges of fine cattle than Senator Gardner, whose blooded stock have won a number of medals and prizes.

Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, now singing in the East, and acclaimed the successor of Lehmann, Nordica, and other great Wagnerian interpreters, was a clerk in a Bloomington, Illinois, department store a few years ago. She showed no unusual promise and found it difficult to get a position in a local church choir. Then she became known as "the best funeral singer in Bloomington." With unwavering faith in her ability she finally went abroad and haunted Jean de Reszke until he gave her a hearing. He thought her voice worth while and took her as a pupil. Her finances gave out, but he had faith, and she remained. At Covent Garden stamped her with its seal of approval. The last obstacle was overcome.



## THE POISON OF ASPES.

Why Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh Was Immune.

The place, Portarlington, famous as the home town of Kipling's Terence Mulvaney, is the Eton, Harrow, rather, of Ireland. There, in Arlington House, Young Erin is "ploughed," and otherwise—not to go into harrowing details—deeply cultivated. This seat of learning, upon which no other is a patch, is, or was in my day, populous with shabby gentility, strictly human beings, doubting Thomas cats, and credulous Tabbies. In the town proper, as I learned in the school, if you wished to solve anything vexatious anent your business, you simply asked your neighbor. His wife was sure to know more about it than did you.

The time, which is neither here nor there; the heyday of my youth, shortly after I was graduated from Trinity College Medical; and was very much set up over the one apothecary shop in the place, to which I had fallen heir.

The person, a cross-section of whose life this story in very truth is, called herself—and so I call her—Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh.

She called herself Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh, that person, and her name was written on those most delicate of shells: the ears of good society. Between the "Mrs." and the "Featherstone-Haugh," undoubted ladies were at pains to put the question-mark of eyebrows well brought up. Did a butler have occasion to announce her name to a drawing-room—a charity ball, say, being on the *topis*—he invariably mumbled the "Miss's," leaving it in doubt whether the title were single or double syllabled. And as invariably the announcement was met with a concerted shrugging of immaculate shoulders, preparatory to shrinking into their bodices; and the exchange of no insignificant glances. The woman, in a word, was ostracized.

Let people say what they liked—which they did—Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh's manners at least were perfect enough to parry, without dangerously wounding the feelings, all questions relative to her private affairs, past, present, or to come. Now and then, to be sure, a cruelly pointed remark would draw blood. As it appeared to me, however, the color-blind despite, her blush was the pink of propriety, not the scarlet of shame. I took especial note of her. She lived modestly. With money to burn, she showed no desire to shine. Well able to afford it, she did not entertain. Her neighbors did, and that whether they could afford it or not; extravagant doubts of her being ever-welcome guests. They sugared their tea, the godspis, with tattle of her, two or three lumps to a cup, the sickly sweet counteracted by goodly slices of lemon—Tartar fashion.

A sly dig from the magnetic and sympathetic Miss O'Leary, most skilled of foilswomen, had at Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh one day when off her guard, had elicited from that expert parrier the illuminating because eliminating information that she was neither widow nor divorcée. The "sanctity of the person present" withdrawn, questioning tongue at once took the place of interrogatory eyebrow.

If—fair inference from "Mrs."—she had a husband, who on earth was he? where? Why did he not show up once in a while?—at least, write? Undeniably rich, wherefore did she, if irrefragable, choose to renounce the world? shut herself up in "The Willows," with its garden-close walled like a convent? do her own work? Who renounces the world, him—especially her—it denounces.

Hosts of admirers, however, had Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh, to outnumber her hostesses of detractors; being, as you may well imagine, the daintiest morsel ever rolled upon a tongue with the poison of asps thereunder. Her look, as if love were her whole existence, seemed designed of Heaven not merely to awake in man's heart that lightly sleeping passion which is of man's life a thing apart, but to lead him and it together in safety over the *pons asinorum* of possession.

Paradoxically enough, not to say naturally, the less Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh was open to question, the more so seemed her life. Who, what, were her antecedents? Whence had she come? Why had she come, like a thief, in the night, robbing honest people of their recreation? The eye of day had seen her installed, no less—no more. Not a tabby had kept tab on that installation. Long before dawn the empty furniture vans were met the other side of Monasterevan, on the once rocky road to Dublin, the drivers liquorless and unloquacious, soberly watering themselves and their horses. Why had she hired for all "help" a six-foot-in-her-stocking-feet virago, exasperatingly mindful of her own business, masculinely mute? Thus she ran—nay, worse, walked—the gantlet of who? what? why?

From the point of view of Portarlington, everything about Mrs. (?) Featherstone-Haugh (?) seemed to heget iniquitous querv. Even the malady this questionable person suffered from was a mystery. Her doctor, my uncle and predecessor, the doctor of the place, was a gentleman of the old school, with his own ideas of professional ethics, as of *materia medica*. Priest of his high calling after the order of Henri Amiel, his consulting-room was a confessional. With a cheery smile he met disease rather than with medicine of the knife; and—though my preachment be not my practice—there is many a worse way of doing it than was his. When that venerable old man, a sick-room, Death politely withdrew; or if it

did remain, behaved like an angel. To his smile as a man was due in no small measure his success as a physician. Under the magic of his fingers, the fevered pulse resumed its normal beat. Before he left the room, the sick man sat up in bed to say: "Isn't it wonderful, doctor, I feel better already!" adding, if a stranger: "The moment I set eyes on you, I felt sure you could make me well!" His fame was widespread.

My uncle, however, has little to do with this story, except negatively and in so far as his good angel—and mine—saw fit to make me his more or less successful successor. As his nephew, I fell heir, by a pardonable nepotism, to Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh for patient.

At first invited everywhere to tea and tattle, she was by then invited nowhere. What are you to think of a woman that at once accepts the invitation to tea and declines the invitation to tattle? The worst! At best, you have your opinion of her. Strange it is how opinionous unfit for polite society are lavishly entertained by the most fastidious of its members! Else, why, when she went out, did the street whisper, draw its skirts close?

This much Portarlington knew of Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh: For some doubtless very good reason, she spoke no evil of any one, this unsocial creature! Then, she had a love of children that needed looking into, an ungodly love that gave and forgave them everything. Again, suspicious circumstance! no beggar was known to go penniless from The Willows, so called because of two noble specimens of the *Salix Babylonica* that almost completely hid the cottage from the road (here hardly street). Moreover, if what she gave to endow orphan homes, hospitals, and the like, was but a tithe of what she possessed, she must be enviably, if not scandalously, rich. No wonder poor Portarlington wondered what multitude of sins such unheard-of charity covered!

Man though I am, total abstainer from tea and tattle, I must confess to quite a fever of curiosity the first time I received from Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh an invitation, no, a summons, to luncheon. "Come to lunch!" was her doctor-call; that much I knew. The why I did not know: perhaps, to let him see for himself her lack of appetite; or, it might be, pure hospitality. What I did know, too, was this: that for days after my uncle had been her guest, Mrs. and Miss Portarlington were so glad to see him that they shook his hand as if it were the pump-handle it wasn't. But to our luncheon.

The virago ushered me at once into the dining-room. It was empty—my hostess, I mean, was not there. Scarcely, however, had I time to notice, not without surprise, that the table was set for three, when in she came, white and noiseless as an angel, her slender arm round a toddling giant in a hideous Oriental dressing-gown. This great helpless creature she fixed in a chair, as if he were a child. He glanced at her and then at me, with the same expression, or lack of expression. The vacuity was such as you see at times in the eyes of statues. For the rest, the man looked not unlike a draped Greek god, magnificent stone.

Smiling a grave welcome, my hostess motioned me to sit down.

"Your uncle told you?" she began.

I shook my head.

"God bless him! My husband is—not very well, you see! It happened ten years ago today—the accident. There's nothing to be done! Pray be seated. You won't mind if I treat you as one of the family."

I sat down.

"Nothing to be done! Are you sure? Who said so—uncle?"

"London, Paris, Berlin, Edinburgh, Dublin. It's on, if not in, the brain—the bullet."

"Yet he lives—and looks fairly well. His appetite is good?"

"As a child's."

The virago came in with the dishes. Mother-fashion, Mrs. Featherstone-Haugh put a napkin, as it were a bib, round her husband's neck, and began to feed him. "You won't mind, will you, if I attend to him first? Trout, fried this way in butter, is his pet dish. He's simply ravenous. The smell, you see, goes over the whole house." She looked up.

To save the situation needed but an answering commonplace, say, "Yes, indeed: nothing is more penetrating than the odor of fish frying!" None was forthcoming. Had I a tongue in my head? It seemed not. In default of words, what would I not have given for my uncle's smile! During that awful silence, broken only by the noises of childish eating, a confused idea of "London, Paris, Berlin, Edinburgh, Dublin!" kept running through my helpless pate. My hostess came to the rescue.

"Don't let your fish get cold, doctor. You mustn't think of waiting for me. Your uncle never did. You've no idea how I miss him. He was a father to me."

"That makes us first cousins!" I muttered idiotically. "More, I trust: very dear friends that share a—"

"Thank you. My God! how I hate Portarlington!"

"That will never do. I like it. Why, doctor, you're not eating a bite!"

Then, setting me an example, she smiled and ate. We chatted of indifferent things, paying her husband no more attention than if he had been a baby. When he showed signs of restlessness, she took his bib off, wiped his mouth with it, and led him away.

I gulped a glass of wine.

She returned.

"Can't I coax you to have a little more of something?"

"Nothing more, thanks. I—"

"He's worse—weaker! I simply had to send for you! I'm afraid something— Oh, doctor, you won't let him—!"

She sprang up, thrusting back her chair so that it fell, striking the thick-carpeted floor with a thud, like a clod on a coffin, and held out her hands to me.

"I will not!" I promised her. How those little hands hurt! Poor soul! Did she not realize that her husband had been dead these ten years, that she was virtually a widow, that the best thing that could happen—? She did not. A fool could see that. She had unmasked. Her face was terrible. I closed my eyes. But so frantic with appeal were her fingers that I was ready to promise her anything—even to bring back the dead.

That promise, thus wrung, I more than kept, succeeded where simple love had failed. Love needs knowledge to make it efficient. Where nothing was to be done, something had to be done, and that quickly. But if the case was desperate, the time was opportune. In surgery, as elsewhere, the impossible of ten years ago is the performed of today. If I hadn't the smile of the old school, I did have the scalpel of the new.

Her wound, as it happened, was an even more delicate matter to probe than his—the more so as my wound had to be kept hidden the while. I could hardly trust my voice, much less my hand. Though a woman have eyes for nothing but her husband, how can she but see what wounds she chances to inflict? Delicately I probed. Incidentally I learned that in spite of her insisting on referring to it as "the accident," murder to all intents and purposes had been done, and that, on their wedding day, by the best man. Her husband had "lived" long enough only to scribble "Accident!" and sign his soul away for friendship's sake. Now, he would die on my hands—mine of all persons'!—unless—

The operation was in every sense of the word a capital one. Besides adding many guineas to mine, it was performed in Dublin, on the patient's head, and was eminently successful. At the time, however, it was no laughing-matter. Not that I wasn't fully alive to the grim humor of the situation. Together with my knife, I took my sanity in my hand, to say nothing of her sanity and his. I dare not let him die.

They went to live in Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. When I left home for The States, "The Willows" was still vacant. Portarlington to this day and writing remains unenlightened.

He is now dead. So is she: with nothing to protect her good name but an inadequate Latin proverb. Hence, however contrary to the ethics of the profession, this bit of biography, by way of obituary.

Portarlington papers, please copy.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1912.

The Russian has not applied his names without reason. In 1858, when he founded the capital of the Amoor province, he named it Blagoveschensk. This means "Good News"—to all save the proofreaders in newspaper offices. Three years later he founded the capital of Primorskaya, and gave it a name that plainly showed what it was intended to be—Vladivostok, "Ruler of the East." Near the end of his great trans-continental railway he made a brand new city and called it Dalny, "Farthest," a very appropriate name for a place 5800 miles from the starting point of the road. A petty clan of the Suchan family, springing from the narrow, beautiful, but savage glens southwest of Changbalshan, founded the Manchu dynasty, which for more than 200 years has ruled China. They took the dynastic name of Manju or Manchu, in their own language meaning "Clear." To this the Europeans have added a termination, and we have Manchuria, the "Country of the Manchus."

There are more ducks in China than in all the world outside it. They are kept on every farm, on the private roads, and on all the lakes, rivers, and smaller streams. There are many boats in which as many as two thousand are kept. Their eggs constitute one of the most important articles of food. They are hatched in establishments fitted up for the purpose. Some of these establishments turn out as many as fifty thousand young ducks every year. Salted and smoked ducks are sold in all the towns, and many of them are exported to countries where Chinamen reside.

The public rooms of the Hamburg Bourse, subject to very mild rules conducive to good order, are open to all, with very few exceptions. Their use is definitely forbidden "to all female persons," to individuals who have been deprived of their civic rights, who are under some form of judicial restraint, who have been adjudged guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, persons adjudged to be in simple bankruptcy, those unable to meet their obligations, and such as are forbidden the use of the Bourse through the decision of the Court of Honor.

Alexis Soyer, inventor of the latest fad, the paper bag for cooking purposes, is said to have suddenly risen to the position of a wealthy man, the result of his simple idea.



## A CENTURY OF PUBLISHING.

J. Henry Harper Tells the Story of a Representative American Institution.

The house of Harper & Brothers is nearly a hundred years old, and the centenary could hardly be celebrated in a more worthy way than by this fine historical volume. American literature probably owes more to the Harpers than to any other existing organization. No other organization has done more to foster good reading, to encourage good writing, or to bring the masterpieces of the literary world within the reach of all who care to have them.

Mr. J. Henry Harper has been connected with the firm for more than forty years, and yet he belongs to the third generation. James Harper came to New York after the Revolutionary War and made for himself a competence as a grocer in Maiden Lane. His son, Joseph, was a carpenter, and he must have been a man of some strength of character, since he refused to share in the nearly universal drinking habits of his day and vowed himself to a life of total abstinence and to the encouragement of the same life in others, a vow to which he adhered even at pecuniary loss to himself.

The following incident will serve to illustrate Father Harper's strength of character. One day he was remonstrating kindly with a neighbor who was given to the over-indulgence of strong waters, when the latter, looking him full in the face, interrupted him with: "Neighbor Harper, you don't like the taste of liquor, but you are as much a slave to tobacco as I am to rum, and you couldn't break off that habit any more than I could break off drinking." Joseph Harper made no immediate reply, but the retort made a deep impression upon him, and he thought the matter over and determined that no self-indulgence on his part should serve as an excuse for his neighbor. That very day he put his pipe and tobacco away on the topmost shelf of the closet above the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace, and from that time to the day of his death, nearly thirty years after, he eschewed the use of tobacco.

Joseph Harper had four sons whose inclination toward the printing business seems to have been due less to a literary tendency than to a disinclination for the life of a farmer. The first book that they printed was "Seneca's Morals," and at that time the two elder brothers were fully fledged printers, while the two younger were still serving time as compositors. We are told that James Harper, being an exceptionally good pressman, would often earn as much as \$14 a week. When all four brothers had finished their apprenticeship the firm of Harper & Brothers came into existence, apparently upon equal terms, since when James was asked the natural question, "Which of you is the Harper and which are the Brothers?" the reply was, "Either one is the Harper and the rest are the Brothers." Certainly the fullest confidence existed between them, and so free was the firm from all individual selfishness that for a long time no accounts were kept between the brothers, but "each one took from the cashier's drawer what he required for his own needs, and the rest remained a common fund." Many years later we read of their unwilling adoption of the system of double entry bookkeeping:

For a great many years their bookkeeping was conducted on the principle of single entry, but about 1857 William H. Demarest, who had been their cashier for a number of years, and who continued to hold this position until the break in his health twenty years later, prevailed upon them to adopt the system of double entry, which they were rather reluctant to do, but finally yielded to his persuasion. He used to relate with a great deal of gusto that one morning after John Harper had opened his mail and passed out the cash from the letters for record the money was found twenty-five cents short. He reported the matter to John Harper, who in a laughing way turned to his brothers and said: "Demarest is making a great ado because I took twenty-five cents from the mail and gave it to a beggar." Demarest thought this was quite a tribute to the usefulness of the new system.

The Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* was the result of the regular Monday dinners at which such raconteurs as Dr. Milburn, Dr. Durbin, Dr. McClintock, and Dr. Crooks were the guests. When a specially good story was told the narrator was asked to write it out and put it into the editor's drawer and at the end of the month the department was worked up from this material:

One day Dr. Prime, during a call at Franklin Square, observed, "This Drawer in your magazine contains a good many objectionable anecdotes; you sometimes admit a profane word, and I occasionally find matter that I do not think is in the highest degree delicate." James Harper interrupted him. "Do you think you could make it any better?" he asked. "Certainly I do," replied Dr. Prime. Then Fletcher spoke up. "Will you take an order?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said Fletcher, "we would like to have twenty pages for that department." Dr. Prime went home and in the course of a few days brought in the twenty pages. From that time he assumed charge of the department, and Fletcher subsequently told him that they were satisfied that the Drawer, under his management, sold more copies than any other one feature in the magazine. Some time after Dr. Prime's appointment James T. Fields asked Fletcher Harper, "Who makes up your Drawer?" The latter replied, "That is a profound secret." "Yes," said Fields, "but I don't ask the question from any idle curiosity; I should like to know who the man is who can get up such a mélange every month." Fletcher replied, "If you will keep it a profound secret I will tell you." He promised to do so, and Fletcher told him it was made up by the Rev. S. Inaenus Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*. "Then," said Fields with surprise, "that is the greatest joke that has ever been in the Drawer."

When the Harpers began to print books there was no such thing as copyright. The first publisher to get his wares on the market reaped whatever harvest there was, and so messengers were sent to the ships to get copies of the new novels and rush them to the hands of the printers. Mr. Harper says that "Peveril of the

Peak" was on the bookstalls within twenty-four hours of its arrival, a feat that would be creditable enough even with the aid of the linotype.

Mr. Fletcher Harper, the real editor of the magazine, had a rare critical judgment and an unerring sense for the popular taste, although he always described himself as a printer. This critical instinct seems to have been inherited by those who came after him:

I remember when a youngster that my grandfather was in the habit of bringing manuscripts and galley-proofs of articles home with him from the office for my mother to read aloud to the assembled family in the evening after dinner. My mother was a remarkably fluent reader, so the task always fell to her. Some of the articles we children enjoyed, but others bored us excessively, and we were not in the least backward in expressing our opinions. This reminds me of an incident many years later, when I was crossing the Atlantic with my family. The late Roswell Smith, at that time president of the Century Company, came to me one morning and remarked that the Harpers began as literary critics at a very early age. I asked him how he came to size us up so skillfully, and he replied that he had just been conversing with my little daughter of six summers, who was reclining in the deck-chair. He had stopped to ask how she liked the book she was reading, and May turned to him with one of her winning smiles and said that it was a good story, but "not well writ."

*Harper's Magazine* was preëminently intended for family reading, and therefore the short story was always a characteristic feature. Conspicuous among its writers were the Howells, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wister, Margaret Deland, and Octave Thanet. Miss Constance Fennimore Woolson stands out, we are told, as the pioneer of the new art that has come into full possession of the field:

It is a singular fact that after the conclusion of the Civil War the edition of *Harper's Magazine* for some reason fell off. This shrinkage was so great that Fletcher Harper seriously considered the advisability of terminating its publication. But in June, 1864, Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" began as a serial, and in December "Armada," by Wilkie Collins, and with the issue containing the first instalment of "Armada" the demand rapidly increased, until before the story was completed the magazine had reached its former circulation. This is interesting as showing the influence of popular serials upon the circulation of a periodical.

Perhaps the revival was due not so much to the fact of the serial as to its nature. Dickens and Wilkie Collins might be trusted to raise a magazine not only from a sick bed, but from the grave itself:

"Ben-Hur" was published by the Harpers, although the verdict of their staff of readers was by no means enthusiastic. We are told that General Wallace and his heirs have already received a fortune in royalties from the book and stage representations:

When General Wallace first brought his manuscript to Franklin Square he laid it on my desk and told me that it was a tale of the time when Christ appeared on earth. I asked him if our Saviour figured as a character in the story, and he replied "yes." I intimated to him that this was of necessity a very delicate situation to handle, and he agreed with me, and assured me that he would rather lose his right hand than publish anything that would seriously offend a genuine Christian. "If it actually has that tendency, I must know it," he continued, "and I should then promptly suppress the work."

We have much curious information as to the peculiarities of authors. A typewritten manuscript, we are told, is not necessarily superior to a handwritten one, especially if the ink-ribbon is worn out. Moreover, a handwritten manuscript contains some indication of an author's character:

Although the French have a proverb that it is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad, many amateurs think themselves unfairly used if their manuscript is not read from the first to the last word. It is a favorite device to lay traps to catch the reader, and so prove that he has not done his duty by the manuscript. The commonest of these is to reverse certain pages in loose-sheet manuscript. If these are not turned to their proper position it follows that they have not been read. Other would-be authors will lightly gum together the corners of two pages, or lay pressed leaves or bits of bright-colored worsted between the sheets, which, if undisturbed on the return of the manuscript, are convincing evidence to them that the story has not been examined. Manuscripts are frequently sent to publishers which have already been declined more than once by them. The title may possibly be changed, but even that precaution is not always taken; these authors evidently assuming that publishers have neither memory nor system.

Crank manuscripts are numerous. There was one of two hundred and fifty thousand words exquisitely written in a microscopic hand of perfect form but agonizing to read:

The most extraordinary example of literary imposture that ever came to Franklin Square was a manuscript written in longhand, with numerous erasures and interlineations—all the earmarks of a genuine piece of work. The subject-matter seemed oddly reminiscent, although the names and localities were strange. Another page or two settled the question; the book was nothing else than Mary Shelley's famous "Frankenstein." Evidently the ambitious author had found an old copy of the book tucked away in a dusty corner of some neglected library, and had been impressed by the sombre power and horror of the tale. The book was an old one, and the impostor evidently concluded that it had long since been forgotten. So, with infinite labor, the whole thing had been copied in longhand, with the substitution of American names of persons and places for the originals.

The majority of rejected manuscripts are trashy, but now and then some book comes along that is really powerful, and yet impossible to print, because its subject-matter lies beyond the pale of what is justifiable in literature:

The most notable specimen of this class came in several years ago from a small Massachusetts manufacturing city, a "shoe town," as the natives call it. It was a most remarkable piece of literary workmanship; there was vital power in every line. But the subject! The story purported to be a narrative of the last week in the lives of two human derelicts—an immoral woman and a "black sheep" English younger son, who had met by chance at the edge of the abyss. That man could write! He himself must have been the "black sheep" to have plumbed as he did the utmost depths of despair

and degradation. The pictures of horror were too terrible for a normal mind to gaze upon; one instinctively revolted at this glimpse into an actual hell. There was but one thing to do—to skim it over rapidly, and get the dreadful thing out of the place. But it was literature, and great literature, too. It was the kind of book that the devil himself might have written, and it came in the ordinary way by express from a dull and decorous New England town.

Of the many thousands of manuscripts submitted to Harper & Brothers not one has been lost through any fault of theirs, although attempts have been made to victimize them by pretended losses. And here, by the way, is a curious story that seems to point to a successful attempt:

The manuscript of a story written many years ago by a very prominent author of the day long since dead, which had been accepted and paid for by Harper & Brothers, disappeared mysteriously from the editor's desk, and some time later appeared in another periodical. It subsequently became one of the most popular short stories in American literature. Its disappearance was not due to accident or carelessness, and was never satisfactorily accounted for. The magazine which printed the story with the author's real name probably had no knowledge of his previous transaction with us, and the house did not care to pursue the investigation in view of the known peculiarities of the author.

The author was very friendly with Edwin A. Abbey, and when he visited London, where Abbey was living at the time, the artist acted as his guide to the local celebrities:

One time Abbey was good enough to act as a cicerone for Mrs. Harper and myself in a tour of the principal London studios. We first visited Sir Frederic Leighton, and were shown in through a gorgeous Arabian hall decorated with iridescent tiles and soothed by the murmur of a fountain which played in the centre. Abbey told us that it was not unusual at a large reception to hear a splash and learn that some innocent stranger had unfortunately backed into the fountain, which was flush with the floor, and had no projection to warn the unsuspecting visitor. In his studio Sir Frederic had a large canvas just started, and he showed us how he first made his composition and then painted nude studies of each figure in the position it was to assume in the finished picture; and these he kept before him while painting the complete work, so that in draping the models he should not lose the correct anatomical drawing of the figure. His method required an enormous amount of care and extra detail work, for the nude sketches were beautifully finished in themselves, and I wondered if he did not tire of his picture before it was finished. Sir Frederic was then president of the Royal Academy, a courtier by nature, and a prince in appearance, who carried his dignity with an easy grace.

Among the author's general reminiscences is his accidental meeting with Richard Watson Gilder, then the editor of the *Century*:

The first time I met Gilder, the late editor of the *Century*, was on a Fourth Avenue car on my way home from business one afternoon. A drunken man had boarded the car and was making himself very obnoxious, when I called on the conductor to put him off. The intoxicated rowdy then turned his attention exclusively to me, and during the fracas a gentleman handed me his card and said he was obliged to get off the car, but that if I should need the services of a witness, he should be pleased to accommodate me at any time. He was the only passenger who offered any assistance, and yet he was of slight build, a poet in appearance as well as in fact. I recalled the incident at our dinner-table that evening, and then bethought me of the card which was handed to me and which I had not as yet read. I had it brought from my overcoat pocket, where I had carefully deposited it, and read aloud the name Richard Watson Gilder. I have never forgotten that chivalric act on his part.

Another general reminiscence relates to Helen Keller and Henry Irving. They met at Laurence Hutton's house and the blind girl seemed to be so conversant with "Hamlet" that Irving invited her to "witness" his performance and she readily accepted:

After the second act Irving sent word to her that he should like to have her come on the stage if she was so inclined, and when she arrived he showed her around and explained the stage-setting. She ran her hands gently over his costume and seemed to be much pleased with his make-up. As she was leaving to return to her box, Irving thought that he ought to give her some little memento of the occasion. He realized that in his costume as Hamlet there was nothing he could readily spare, but as it was his custom to put on his eye-glasses as soon as the curtain went down, he took them off and handed them to her. In the middle of the next act he suddenly recalled the fact that Miss Keller was blind, and he told me that it almost broke him up when he thought of the *faux pas* he had made.

And here is another incident concerning Irving and Whistler and one that hardly represents Whistler in his most favorable light:

Irving told me that Whistler once asked him if he would sit to him for his portrait, and he was so complimented by the request that he promised to give him all the time he required. When Irving went to Whistler for his last sitting, he informed the artist that he was delighted with the portrait, but that, being a man of moderate means, he probably would not be able to pay him his price for the painting. He added that he was so eager to possess it that if Whistler would name a moderate amount he would make an effort to meet his views. When, at Whistler's request, Irving mentioned the sum he was prepared to pay, Whistler promptly declined it. Some years afterward Irving was in an antique shop in London, and while awaiting his chance for some purchase he had made, he carelessly ran over a stack of unframed canvasses which were piled against the wall. To his surprise, he found Whistler's portrait, and succeeded in acquiring it from the shoemaker at a price considerably less than that which he had originally offered Whistler.

Not without cause does the author refer to Harper & Brothers as a representative American institution that has preserved its original ideals of honorable purpose, sturdy integrity, inflexible courage, and hard work. And the working out of these ideals has been well set forth in a thoroughly well told story.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER. By J. Henry Harper. With portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3 net.

Quinine depots have been established at every post-office in the island of Jamaica, enabling the public to procure five-grain doses for half a cent. The inference is that malaria is common.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## America of To-Morrow.

This is the third volume on American topics that has come from the pen of the Abbé Klein and it is the result of his second visit to America. Upon the first occasion he confined himself to the East, and in this connection he tells of a lady who asked an American who had been presented to her, "You are from the United States; do you live in New York or the country?" It is with "the country" that the author now deals, and he comes as far west as San Francisco and as far north as Calgary in Canada.

Naturally enough, it is with religious America that the author is most concerned, and while he is certainly not vulnerable to a charge of narrowness, religion for him usually means Catholicism. Evidently he regards America as the hope of the Catholic world, and he is not without justification. He devotes a chapter to Archbishop Ireland. He preached at the University of Chicago. He exults in the springing up of churches at Peoria and Omaha. He is always tolerant, kindly, and humorous, but we all look at the world through tinted glasses, and the author's glasses are tinted with ecclesiasticism.

The real problem for America he regards as the Japanese question, and to it he devotes a long chapter. He considers that both nations are preparing for war that may come not necessarily through the conflict of interests, but through one of those untoward events that act as a spark among explosives. The abbé's opinion is, of course, interesting. All intelligent opinions are interesting, and yet we need not be unduly perturbed by the political forecasts of a French clergyman who makes no claim to special information or to special study.

Sometimes we are inclined to question the author's facts. He tells us, for example, that the social prejudice against Jews is stronger in the United States than in western Europe and that they are "excluded from most clubs, and are looked at askance at schools and even at hotels." In speaking of San Francisco he allows his readers to infer that the prosecution of Schmitz and Ruef was due to the initiative of President Roosevelt and that it was a Federal suit. We are surprised to learn that "fines and years of imprisonment fell, as thick as hail, on the corrupt officials." These facts have so far escaped our attention. We were under the impression that no one was punished except incidentally and accidentally, so to speak. Possibly the author intended to say that contracts of immunity "fell, as thick as hail, on the corrupt officials." To another remark that catches the casual eye we can give our hearty assent in view of recent proceedings in New York. Speaking of the laying of the foundation stone of the cathedral at St. Paul, the author says: "It is incredible what an influence the Roman purple has over the imagination of Americans."

The author has a charming style that reflects alike his benevolence and his intelligence. But his opinions on things purely American are those of a rapid traveler and are sometimes distinguished by their naïveté rather than by their depth. Thus referring to the speeches delivered at the above-mentioned ceremony in St. Paul, he reminds himself that the governor, the judge, the senator, and the mayor were all elected by the people, "so there can be no doubt that they gave expression to the common public opinion."

AMERICA OF TOMORROW. By Abbé Félix Klein. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

## The Mystery of Mary.

Tryon Dunham takes a short cut from his train to the street by means of the railroad track and a grassy embankment. Under such circumstances he is naturally surprised by an appeal for help from a young lady without a hat who admits that she is escaping from some one and who further confesses to being friendless and penniless, although she has every mark of birth and distinction. But Dunham is a gentleman and he rises to the occasion. He asks no avoidable questions, he furnishes his protégée with money and a ticket to a distant city, and then prays to the gods for a continuation of an adventure in which he has already lost his heart. And when the agent of Providence is a novelist we may be sure that such prayers are answered.

The author has told a short story and a clever one, with its incidents well knit together and that manages to be striking without trespassing across the frontiers of possibility.

THE MYSTERY OF MARY. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

## Women in Government.

This book is intended to introduce women not only to the powers conferred upon them by the vote, but also to the far greater powers that they now possess. Indeed the author seems to think that the vote itself is so easy to exercise and so entirely fruitless that women will soon get tired of it, preferring some other form of activity that is not quite a waste of time.

Woman's work, clever and suggestive as it is, is by no means faultless. He covers

so much ground that inadequate treatment is inevitable, and sometimes he aims at a smartness that is amusing but unconvincing. One of his sections, for example, is headed "Are Women Corruptible?" and he replies, "Rarely when people are looking. People can arrange to be looking most of the time." Then, too, he sometimes propounds a political question and then proceeds to answer it according to his own opinions, which is hardly the avowed object of his book. Thus he asks, "Will the recall help?" and he says, "Yes, a great deal if not applied to judges." Why not also tell women how they must vote on the tariff and, in short, whether they should be Republicans or Democrats?

None the less the book is a useful one. It surveys the whole field of woman's activities and it shows her the powers she already possesses and the extent to which she neglects them in her pursuit of the franchise that will not add appreciably to her influence.

WOMAN'S PART IN GOVERNMENT. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Peter Ruff.

Mr. Oppenheim has written so many fascinating romances that we hope he will not acquire the short-story habit or allow himself to be beguiled into the conventional detective narrative. His latest volume contains some twenty incidents in the life of Peter Ruff, who in his youth narrowly escapes an arrest for fraud and then devotes himself to the somewhat more reputable career of the detective. Each incident is complete in itself, but the personality of Ruff provides a connecting thread and some of the other characters reappear from time to time. Everything that Mr. Oppenheim writes is excellent in its way, but of the many excellences of which he is a master we prefer the continuous story. And if a further preference may be expressed it is for the romances that deal entirely with the hidden side of international politics.

PETER RUFF AND THE DOUBLE FOUR. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

## Dramatists of To-Day.

When this work was first published—the present edition is its sixth—it was received with a chorus of approval as well deserved for its modesty as for its competence. It was a fine example of literary criticism into which the personality of the critic was nowhere obtruded. In other words Mr. Hale was more anxious to present the dramatists than to present himself.

The new issue contains some useful additions. We have a discussion of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," "The Blue Bird," and "Marie Magdalene," of Rostand's "Chantecler," and Píner's "Mid Chandel" and "The Thunderbolt," as well as some of the later plays of Bernard Shaw and Stephen Phillips. It is enough to say that these are marked by the same cautious and careful judgments as the earlier work. Mr. Shaw's later plays, "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Getting Married," and "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," are "only plays by courtesy." Granted that Mr. Shaw has a mission and ideas, is so great an egotist likely to be a good guide in the pursuit of truth? Can he persuade us that he believes in his own mission? Can any good work be accomplished under the suspicion of insincerity? In reading Mr. Shaw the author gets the feeling "of one who writes chiefly for the joy of contest."

But in Maeterlinck we have a dramatist of a different complexion. Maeterlinck is essentially a mystic, and a mystic is "a person who believes in the acquirement of truth by intuition rather than by any process of reason or argument." The definition is not a very satisfactory one since we need also a definition of intuition, but it will do for the purpose. Maeterlinck seems to know of a different kind of life from the normal, a transcendental life, which he tries to present to us and so successfully that we wish to know it for ourselves. This is well shown in "Marie Magdalene" and perhaps even better in "The Blue Bird," where the mysteries of life and death are presented almost as revelations rather than as phantasies. Maeterlinck makes us sometimes forget the human body and think only of the human soul. He has had the sublime audacity to make a drama of unembodied existences, and, what is still more surprising, to make such a drama acceptable to a doubting world.

DRAMATISTS OF TODAY. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Insect Life and Love.

The translator tells us that J. H. Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques" form ten volumes containing two or three hundred essays. The present volume is a translation of a selection from these and contains eighteen chapters descriptive of insect life. M. Fabre's style is far removed from that of the ordinary scientific handbook. He writes with an enthusiasm and a dramatic energy wholly admirable and that invest his narrative with the fascination of romance. It was of J. H. Fabre that Maurice Maeterlinck wrote: "Fame is often neglectful of his band, and unjust; and the world is always ignorant of

the name of J. H. Fabre, who is one of the most profound and inventive scholars and also one of the purest writers and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets of the century that is just passed."

THE LIFE AND LOVE OF THE INSECT. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

## The Sable Lorch.

Mr. Hazeltine tells one of those sensational stories that are so well designed as to hide their improbability. Robert Cameron, a wealthy company magnate but with a somewhat misty past, receives a number of mysterious threatening letters that apparently emanate from a Chinese source. The persecution continues until at last its victim puts to sea in his yacht in order to secure himself against some specified date upon which a final catastrophe is threatened. When the day arrives Cameron miraculously disappears from the yacht and then we have a vivid description of the search for the missing man, which carries us from the purlieus of Chinatown in New York all the way to Port Said. It would be hardly fair to disclose the reasons for this strange abduction, but those who want to read a capitally told story without too critical an eye for the probabilities can hardly do better than beg, borrow, or steal "The Sable Lorch."

THE SABLE LORCHA. By Horace Hazeltine. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Woman's Rights.

The second German edition of this historical survey by Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher has found a translator in the person of Dr. Carl Conrad Eckhardt of the University of Colorado. As a history of the woman's movement it is without a rival, as nearly every country in the world is included. The table of contents and a good index enable us to find the precise status of women everywhere with an outline of the steps by which it was attained. Some of the information is certainly novel. Thus we are told that some Englishwomen had the right to vote in both national and municipal elections until the years 1832 and 1835, when the right was taken from them as "for two hundred years the women had made no use worth mentioning of the right to vote."

The book is frankly partisan, and sometimes there is a suspicion of special pleading. For example, we are allowed to suppose that the numerous arrests of women in London have been due solely to the unwillingness of the prime minister to receive deputations according to law, and no mention is made of the illegality of an assembly in immediate proximity to Parliament. Nor does the author mention among the "means" by which the propaganda is to be carried on the deliberate adoption of a policy of violence. To resist the police is a recognized offense in every civilized country. If the police unlawfully interfere with the rights of the citizen a remedy must be found in the courts and not by means of a blow. The women arrested in England were charged with resisting the police, with the wanton destruction of private property, and with assaults upon individuals. But one might suppose from this book that they were imprisoned for trying to interview the prime minister. Nor does there seem any reason why a woman who bites a policeman, or who thrusts flaming newspapers into a letter-box, or who deliberately breaks the windows of a shopkeeper should not be consigned to "the ordinary prisons."

But in spite of a certain one-sidedness the author has produced a work of great value and one indispensable to the student who wishes to think largely rather than sectionally and that is formidable and world-wide.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT. By Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Poems by F. O. Ticknor.

The poet's granddaughter, Michelle Cutliff Ticknor, has done a work that should have been done long ago. A small collection of Ticknor's poems was published in 1879, but very many other compositions have been buried in old newspapers and magazines and no doubt would have been permanently lost but for the energy to which we owe the present volume. Miss Ticknor has collected some two hundred of her grandfather's poems and these are now published in suitable form, with a biographical sketch, a critical appreciation by Paul Hamilton Hayne, and a bibliography of the works pertaining to the poet. It is a book not to be overlooked by admirers of Southern sentiment.

THE POEMS OF FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR. Edited by Michelle Cutliff Ticknor. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net.

## Human Confessions.

Mr. Frank Crane writes a volume of essays, some of them only one page in length, none of them more than a page and a half. It is surprising how much can be said in a page when one has something to say, which is seldom. But Mr. Crane's essays have a sort of velocity that always carries them somewhere, and usually to the convictions of

his readers. For example, he says that "you will miss the whole meaning of life if you do not learn that the true aim is not at all to escape pain, to be 'saved' from this or that, but it is simply not to be afraid." Elsewhere he speaks of "The Waste of Hate," and he says: "As a matter of fact we never hate men. The human soul, any soul, is so intrinsically lovely that to get acquainted is to fall in love." Decidedly these little writings are worth while.

HUMAN CONFESSIONS. By Frank Crane. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.

## The Lady from Oklahoma.

Elizabeth Jordan has written an amusing comedy of life and manners. The plot centres around the efforts of the wife of an Oklahoma senator to polish herself so that she may shine adequately in the new society to which it has pleased Providence to call her. Why Oklahoma should be chosen as likely to furnish a type of the unpolished it is hard to say. Oklahoma is said to be a nice town and with a culture all its own. A certain zest is added to the drama by the fact that the senator has met certain political ladies in Washington whose graces he compares with those of his own wife to that lady's disadvantage. But men were ever so.

THE LADY FROM OKLAHOMA. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

Theodore Dreiser evidently struck a popular note with his "Sister Carrie," since a fresh edition has just been issued by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.35 net.

The American Book Company have published a "Golden Treasury Third Reader," by Charles M. Stebbins (48 cents). The volume includes language lessons and a pronouncing vocabulary.

A good story for girls and one containing plenty of outdoor life is "Captain Polly: An Annapolis Co-ed," by Gabrielle E. Jackson (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50). The author is already well known by her earlier works for girls.

"The Horse, Its Breeding, Care, and Use," by David Buffum (Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents), is a little volume intended to answer some of the questions usually put to the expert. It is simply written and evidently of practical value.

The Macmillan Company have added "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice" to the Tudor Shakespeare. These tastefully prepared little volumes will make a handsome shelf when the edition is completed. Price, 35 cents net per volume.

"The Likable Chap," by Henry McHarg Davenport (Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.20 net), is a portrayal of boy life as it is in boarding schools of the best type today. Sports, school work, and social affairs all find a place in an energetic and readable story.

Under the title of "A Revision of Form" George W. Harrington gives us nine short stories of horses. He writes as a horse lover and as one who knows the soul of the horse and therefore his stories should find an audience. The volume is published by Sherman French & Co. Price, \$1.20 net.

General Marcus J. Wright has compiled a list with life notes of the "General Officers of the Confederate Army, Officers of the Executive Departments of the Confederate States, Members of the Confederate Congress by States." It is published by the Neale Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

"The New England Cook-Book," by Helen S. Wright (Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net), is described as "a complete collection of recipes, some modern and some direct legacies from Puritan ancestors." We are further assured—and we doubt it not—that "the directions for preserves and pickles of every kind will prove of especial value to thrifty housekeepers."

"Control of the Market," by Bruce Wyman, A. M., LL. B. (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net), is described by the author as a legal solution of the trust problem. He sees no reason why the law should stop with the control of public service and should be unwilling to include all businesses which have substantial control of their market. He warns us that nothing but state regulation of private enterprises can save us from state ownership of all important industries.

Houghton Mifflin Company have published a new edition of "American Political Ideas: The Story of a New England Town," by John Fiske, with an introduction by John Spencer Clark. The volume is composed of the three addresses delivered by Dr. Fiske in England and the United States thirty years ago. They made a profound impression upon the public mind of both countries by reason of their lucid presentation of the genesis and development of the principles of local self-government and of federation. The volume also contains the last of Dr. Fiske's addresses, "The Story of a New England Town," delivered at the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Middletown, Connecticut. Price, \$1.50.



THE LATEST BOOKS.

The New Testament.

The latest addition to the International Theological Library is this substantial "Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament." Although there is no longer a disposition even among laymen to regard the New Testament as a single and homogeneous work, a sort of water-tight compartment for the conveyance of a religious system, there is still a vast amount of ignorance as to the origin and history of its various parts and the alternative versions from which selection must be made. For the student there could be no better work than that furnished by Dr. James Moffatt. In addition to historical tables of unusual value we have chapters on the Pauline epistles, the historical literature, the homilies and pastorals, and the apocalypse of John. Dr. Moffatt reminds students of the first commandment of research, "Thou shalt work at the sources," and of the second, "Thou shalt acquaint thyself with work done before thee and beside thee." That his work is imbued with the spirit of these precepts is the highest praise that can be given to it.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James Moffatt, B. D., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

The Sailor Who Has Sailed.

Mr. Benjamin R. C. Low gives us some forty selections of his verse in a little volume well worth publishing. Mr. Low's favorite and certainly his strongest note is that of a young man whose heart is filled with the ideals of youth and who sees the world stocked with the possibilities of a grand experience: "Lest priestly pardoners still shrive the world, White and aloof; Mine be the battle flame, the fear unfurled,— The storming hoof; Let me be mingled with a maze of blows; Hard pressed to live, heart mad, hest with foes, Or, lance in rest, ride down the lists' enclose To peril's proof.

Without detecting any compelling inspiration in Mr. Low's work, it is effervescent and enthusiastic, and free from morbid introspection.

THE SAILOR WHO HAS SAILED. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Psychical Research.

This interesting little volume finds a place in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. It is an epitome of phenomena investigated and accepted by the Society for Psychical Research, and however much that society may have laid itself open to a charge of an intellectual Brahminism we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that when it certifies the accuracy of a narrative of abnormal happenings it places that accuracy almost beyond question. The present volume, although of small size, deals concisely with the experimentation in thought transference, mesmerism, telepathy, hallucinations, phantasms, hauntings, phenomenal spiritualism, and automatic writing.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

The Grip of Fear.

The plot of this story is not quite new, but it is well elaborated and told with much intensity. A newspaper reporter is sent to investigate a murder. It occurs to him that a hunted criminal could supply better copy than an investigator, so he removes the traces of the real murderers and leaves in their place a few slight clues that might implicate himself. But he finds that he has worked better than he intended and that he has enmeshed himself in a net of circumstantial evidence that he can not escape from. The idea is worked out with ingenuity, imagination, and force, and the story will please those who are attracted by detective fiction.

THE GRIP OF FEAR. By Maurice Level. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.20 net.

An American Suffragette.

The author has given us a large dose of modernity in a story evidently intended as a suffragette plea. We have a physician who uses hypnotism to produce anaesthesia, suffragette processions, a rather absurd murder, and a woman lawyer who defends the accused, as well as a dash of clairvoyance and a slight flavor of Christian Science. The characters talk to each other as though they were at public meetings and the whole story impresses the reader as artificial and stilted.

AN AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTE. By Isaac N. Stevens. New York: William Rickey & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

John La Farge's posthumous work, "One Hundred Masterpieces," will be among the spring publications. The book, which contains many handsome reproductions of the great masters, is a series of papers on Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Durer, and Mokusai.

That the principles governing copyright are by no means so recent as one might assume he judged from a story told by Ernest A.

Savage in his book, "Old English Libraries," just issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. St. Columba, who was one of the foremost Irish ecclesiastics of the fifth century, horrified a Psalter from Finian of Moville, and made a copy of it, working secretly at night. Finian heard of the "piracy" and, as owner of the original, claimed the copy. Columba refused to let him have it. Then Diarmid, King of Meath, was asked to arbitrate—which indicates that another modern social necessity was not unappreciated by our forefathers. Arguing that as every calf belonged to its cow so every copy of a book belonged to the owner of the original, he decided in Finian's favor. It is only in line with what we should judge from modern instances that Columba should be dissatisfied with the award, and according to the tradition his dissatisfaction culminated in a pitched battle between his partisans and the judicially minded king. While Columba was victorious, the affair led, in some way which history does not make clear, to his voluntary exile from Ireland. He settled in Ionia and gave it subsequent fame as the great missionary centre of the North.

Reports from England state that Jeffery Farnol has nearly completed his new novel, "The History of an Amateur Gentleman"—the only one he has written since the publication of "The Broad Highway," and that he is preparing to sail for America to join Mrs. Farnol, who came to this country to visit her parents some time since.

At a recent meeting of the academic committee of the Royal Society of Literature, Viscount Haldane announced that "The Return," by Walter de la Mare, published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the first work to be awarded the prize of £100 offered by the Princess de Polignac.

One of the most interesting items in the great Hoe library sale, the second part of which was disposed of in New York City last month, was a curious little book, which went for \$175, John Stubbes' "The Discoverie of a Gaping Gulf whereinto England is like to be swallowed by an other French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banes, by letting her Majestic see the sin and punishment thereof." The reference was to the proposed marriage of Queen Elizabeth to the Duke of Anjou. For writing the book the author had his right hand cut off in the market-place in Westminster. Page, the publisher, also lost his right hand, but the printer, Singleton, was pardoned. The Hoe copy was a first edition and was printed in 1579.

"The Story of Burnt Njal," by Sir George Webbe Dasent, is a new edition of this author's sympathetic translation of the ancient Icelandic saga.

"Love in a Mask," a hitherto unpublished manuscript by Balzac, has been brought out by Rand, McNally & Co. Written at the height of his career, the manuscript was a gift from the author to the Duchesse de Dino over a half-century ago. All these years it has lain in the ducal library, preserved in the very case in which Balzac placed it. Recently, passing in a direct line from Maurice de Tallyrand Perigord, the present Duc de Dino—and son of the duchesse—to the French publisher, it first appeared in print in Paris, the spring of 1911. In this edition it is seen for the first time in America.

Sir Gilbert Parker has just returned to New York enthusiastic over the Arizona climate and scenery. He found the air of Prescott even more bracing than that of St. Moritz and other Alpine resorts, where he has frequently been for his health.

Harper's Weekly for March 2 has an article dealing with San Francisco, "the Phoenix City," as the author calls it. "More than \$375,000,000—a sum approximating the cost of the Panama Canal—has already been spent in rebuilding the city," he writes, "and now, like a man who has spent his last dollar on a final, substantial meal, the Western metropolis calls for cake and scrapes up an additional \$18,000,000 for a world's fair 'to beat everything that has gone before.'"

Ward's "Life of Cardinal Newman," in two sumptuous volumes, has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co.

"The Macmillan Standard Library," the first volumes of which were published last week, is to be all that its name implies. It will cover all the fields of knowledge—literature, religion, biography, history, politics, art, economics, sports, sociology, and belles lettres. The volumes so far published are "The United States as a World Power," by A. C. Coolidge; "What Is Shakespeare," by L. A. Sherman; "Socialists at Work," by Robert Hunter; and "Rational Living," by Henry Churchill King.

Plays by August Strindberg, whose sixty-third birthday has just been celebrated with national rejoicing in his native country, have now and then appeared in this country in translations. But the collection which Charles Scribner's Sons are about to publish forms the first which has had Mr. Strindberg's authorization and whose selection has been approved by him. The volume is called "Plays by August Strindberg," and includes

"The Dream Play," "The Link," "The Dance of Death," Part I, and "The Dance of Death," Part II.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell was chosen to deliver the Harvard Noble Lectures for 1911, and they are now published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company under the title of "The Adventure of Life." They are based upon Dr. Grenfell's interesting experiences in Labrador and upon his application of his theories of life in general.

Among the publications of the early spring from the press of Moffat, Yard & Co. will be a travel romance by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Wilby of New York City. This novel, entitled "On the Trail to Sunset," will have for its central feature the journey of an automobile across the United States.

New Books Received.

AMATEUR GARDENING. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net. A book for the home maker and garden lover.

RAYTON. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.25 net. A new novel.

THE RATIONAL MEMORY. By W. H. Groves. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.35 net. A study of memory.

THE LIGHT OF THE GODS. By Grace Granger. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1. A volume of verse.

MAYA. By William Dudley Foulke. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.25 net. A drama.

VAGRANT VERSES. By Modeste Hannis Jordan. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER. By J. Henry Harper. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3 net. A century of publishing in Franklin Square.

DEMOCRATIC ENGLAND. By Percy Alden, M. P. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net. Intended for those who wish to get a general idea of the latest developments in social legislation.

SIDNEY. By Modeste Hannis Jordan. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

THE STUDIO BABY. By Modeste Hannis Jordan. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.25 net. Some stories of children.

HOME HYGIENE AND PREVENTION OF DISEASE. By Norman E. Dittman, M. D. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net. A medical handbook containing all the information required for ordinary purposes.

DEATH. By Maurice Macterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1. A study of death and immortality.

THE LIVING CORPSE. By Leo N. Tolstoi. Fifth and Pine Streets, Philadelphia: Brown Brothers; \$1 net. A posthumous work supposed to be autobiographical.

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY VIII. New York: The Macmillan Company; 30 cents net. Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

YANKEE FANTASIES. By Percy MacKaye. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net. A book of one-act plays dealing with New England subjects.

ZULEIKA DOBSON. By Max Beerhohn. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. An Oxford love story.

THE POSITION OF PEGGY. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.20 net. A new novel.

IN FABLELAND. By Emma Serl. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 45 cents. Aesop's Fables retold.

THE COMING GENERATION. By William Byron Forbush. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net. An account of the forces working for the betterment of the young.

THE DRUNKARD. By Guy Thorne. New York: Sturgis & Walton; \$1.35 net. A problem story.

THE MAN WHO REAPS. By Katharine Jones. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.20 net. A novel.

LAFABIO HEARN. By Nina H. Kennard. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50 net. A biography and a study.

GOLDEN TREASURY, THIRD READER. By Charles M. Stebbins. New York: American Book Company; 48 cents.

CONSTRUCTIVE CARPENTRY. By Charles A. King. New York: American Book Company; 70 cents. The third volume of a series on woodwork and carpentry.

TRADING AND EXPLORING. By Agnes Vinton Luther. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents. For third and fourth-year reading.

THE COMPLETE NONSENSE BOOK. By Edward Lear. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net. Edited by Lady Strachey. With an introduction by the Earl of Cromer. Containing all the original pictures and verse with new material.

VIGILANTE DAYS AND WAYS. By Nathaniel Pitt Langford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net. An account of the long struggle against organized lawlessness in Montana and Idaho during the days of the early gold discoveries.

CICERO: TEN ORATIONS AND SELECTED LETTERS. Edited by J. Remsen Bishop, Ph. D., Frederick

Alwin King, Ph. D., and Nathan Wilbur Helm, A. M. New York: American Book Company; \$1.25.

With illustrations, plans, notes, and references. SIMPLE ITALIAN COOKERY. By Antonia Isola. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net. Italian recipes.

SISTER CARRIE. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net. A new edition.

OLD ENGLISH LIBRARIES. By Ernest A. Savage. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. The making, collection, and use of books during the middle ages.

IN THE HEART OF THE VOICES. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. "And other sketches by 'A Devious Traveler.'"

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By Frederic J. Haskin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net. A comprehensive review of the actual work of the Federal government of the United States.

THE SEVEN SONS OF BALLYHACK. By Thomas Sawyer Spivey. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1. A story with a political application.

HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN. By Ivan Trepoff. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.50. A story of modern New York.

DOROTHY DAY. By William Dudley Foulke. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.25 net. A new novel.

GREYFRIARS BOBBY. By Eleanor Atkinson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net. The true story of a dog.

THE TROOPER POLICE OF AUSTRALIA. By A. L. Haydon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. A record of mounted police work in the commonwealth from the earliest days of settlement to the present time.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FAITH AND FEAR. By William S. Sadler, M. D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net. The third of Dr. Sadler's series of medical books for the layman.

THE STORY OF SAM TAG. By S. J. Kennerley. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1. The adventures of a small boy during the Civil War.

Watson's Poem to Dickens. [The lines read by the English poet at the meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the anniversary of Dickens's birthday, February 7.]

When Nature first designed  
In all her procreant mind  
The man whom here tonight we are met to  
honor—  
When first the idea of Dickens flashed upon  
earth—  
"Where, where," she said, "upon my populous  
earth  
Shall this prodigious child be brought to birth?  
Where shall he have his earliest wondering look  
Into my magic book?  
Shall he be born where life runs like a brook,  
Pleasant and placid as of old it ran,  
Far from the sound and shock of mighty deeds,  
Among soft English meads  
Or shall he first my pictured volume scan  
Where London lifts its hot and fevered brow  
For cooling night to fan?  
Nay, nay," she said, "I have a happier plan!  
For where at Portsmouth, on the embattered tides  
The ships of war step out with thundering prow  
And shake their stormy sides—  
In yonder place of arms, whose gaunt sea wall  
Flings to the clouds the far heard bugle call.  
He shall be born amid the drums and guns.  
He shall be born among my fighting sons,  
Perhaps the greatest warrior of them all."  
So there, where frown the forts and battle-gear  
And all the proud sea babbles Nelson's name,  
Into the world this later hero came,  
He, too, a man that knew all moods but fear,  
He, too a fighter. Yet not his the strife  
That leaves dark scars on the fair face of life.  
He did not fight to rend the world apart,  
He fought to make it one in mind and heart;  
Building a broad and noble bridge to span  
The icy chasm that sunders man from man.  
Wherever wrong has fixed its bastions deep,  
There did his fierce yet gay assault surprise  
Some fortress girt with lure or with lies.  
There his light battery stormed some ponderous  
keep;  
There charged he up the steep;  
A knight on whom no palsy torpor fell,  
Keen to the last to break a lance with hell.  
And still undimmed his conquering weapons shine,  
On his bright sword no spot of rust appears;  
And still, across the years  
His soul goes forth to battle, and in the face  
Of whatsoever is false, or cruel, or base,  
He hurls his gaze, and leaps among the spears.  
Being armed with pity and love, and scorn divine,  
Immortal laughter and immortal tears."

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**VAUDEVILLE ART AND EFFORT.**

In the good old days even the villain in melodrama died to music, it being set down in veracious chronicles that one Richard the Third insisted on passing over to the strenuously breathed melody of a clarinet solo, and played it himself. George Wilson and his "Waltz Me Again" is remembered as another instance where the orchestra assisted materially in removing the vaudevillian from the centre of the stage. Few even of the sophisticated Orpheumites know that the most difficult part of a "turn" is its close. To get on the stage requires some cleverness, but to get off creditably makes a staggering demand on the ability of the performer, and often commandeers the aid of a fortissimo passage from brass and strings.

Else, why do Donovan and McDonald revive that oldest of stage farces as a finish for their act? They are two Irish song and dance comedians of much more than sea-level technic. McDonald (or is it Donovan?) can sing an old reel tune without words so that it makes the ordinary fiddler's rag-time seem like the exhaust of a crippled motorcycle. And Donovan (or is it McDonald?) can dance to that tripping melody with the agility and precision and the dignity and coat-tail tossing of a Kerry champion. The reminiscent teatable talk that wedges apart their songs and dances is richly Hibernian, and there is no moment of hesitancy or fumbling in their team-work anywhere until it is time for them to say good-night. But how are they to get off? Tradition and convention and several sections of the unwritten law bar the use of an exhibition how at the end of a comic specialty. They would lose their union card if they did not finish with a crash. So they fall back on a practical joke which has been handed down from the days of Stone Hatcher the original side splitter. They will sing "The Hat My Father Wore" if some gentleman in the audience will extend the favor of a high hat or even a Darby. Several hundred gentlemen in the audience hasten to express their reluctance and a completely unjustified want of confidence in stage comedy by keeping silent. One young man, however, hands up a hat with a frayed edge. Everybody knows that he has been "fixed"—that is, bribed—and that he has no interest whatever in the fate of that head covering, yet the same everybody waits with a deep inhalation of atmosphere for the smashing that is coming to the supposedly borrowed article of wear. And when it has arrived according to schedule, and the ensuing cyclone of irresistible merriment has passed, and the young man in the balcony takes a hand in the explanations and recriminations and promises of settlement, the same everybody obtains a crick in the neck and a view of the meddler, also "fixed," who becomes the butt of the last shaft of Irish humor, and the curtain shuts in the two comedians falling on each other's neck with the joy of him who gets from an absent-minded cigar clerk forty-five cents in change and a nickel perfecto for a quarter of a dollar.

That is what conscientious and well rewarded effort in vaudeville means. And there is more or less art mixed with it, too.

Art of the finished, self-possessed sort is not wanting in Louise Dresser's singing, nor in her introduction to her audience. Miss Dresser is a comic opera favorite of worthily won reputation, for had her personal attractiveness been even less notable she would have achieved distinction by genuine dramatic ability. There are not more than a half-dozen feminine stars who possess with her so keen a sense of humorous interpretation. Her songs are not much so far as words and melody go, but the serio-comic spirit with which she offers them would carry even in a foreign tongue. Her blonde style of beauty is worn simply and unpretentiously, as is the white gown in which she appears, though a mere man might err in referring to the costume as simple, for its lace or chiffon or embroidery, though not frilly or frivolous, subtly suggests something spacious in the way of salary.

There is a good deal of Mr. Kelly, who plays Miss Dresser's piano accompaniments, but it would not be dignified to say that he is some player or that he is a great little accompanist. However, he doesn't make you forget the song or the singer while he catches the very keys, and that is an art in itself.

Beresford presents "In Old New York," a humorous sketch of East Side life,

and one can easily say good things about it. Mr. Beresford himself is leanly dry and cheerful, and his efforts are on legitimate lines. His playlet, written by Tom Barry, has a melodramatic motive with low comedy trimmings, and it attempts more than can be done in fifteen minutes. If it were less hurried it would gain in art, though it might then win no more applause.

Two colored comedians, Fiddler and Shelton, give small but entertaining samples of versatility. One plays the piano, one does a Chinese imitation so much like the real thing that it is not funny, and both sing. Their voices and their mimicry are natural gifts that are accepted without discount by the audience.

Valerie Bergere comes again with a new melodramatic sketch, "Judgment," which is an unskillful staging of an implausible incident. Miss Bergere is not at her best in the effort, which is a resounding whack at "cir-cum-stan-tial ev-i-dence." The judge will not agree to turn a thief husband loose, and the night visitor in his library accordingly throws her arms about the judge's neck and shouts for help. Of course this would convict the judge, and he swears off all allegiance to the convincing power of evidence so easily manufactured. They have that kind of judge on the stage frequently.

The French pantomime, "La Sonnambule," is another version of G. Molasso's dancing sensation seen here some time ago, with a similar stage-setting. Mlle. Nina Payne is the principal dancer, and her art is undoubtedly the result of training and practice.

The five Parrell Sisters, trapezists, and Cole de Losse, slack wire performer, furnish the seemingly necessary athletic courses of this week's Orpheum programme.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

**"Oliver Twist" Revived.**

The producers of "Oliver Twist" at the New Amsterdam Theatre are justified in describing their play as an event of the Dickens centenary celebration (says the New York Evening Post critic). The admirable night's entertainment they have supplied constitutes a real tribute to the memory of the creator of little Oliver, Fagin, Bill Sikes, and Nancy. Striking acting, reinforced by thoroughly effective management, background, and costume, succeeds in making one overlook the fact, or, rather, accept the fact, that the story of "Oliver Twist" in the Comyns Carr version that was used last night, is melodrama, and early Victorian melodrama at that. It was a case of sincerity and skill on the part of the actors creating the intended illusion, whether the emotion was of a high or low kind being beside the question. In the Carr version we have comparatively little of the Dickens dialogue, chiefly in the mouths of the non-tragic characters, of whom Fuller Mellich as Mr. Grimwig ate his head repeatedly and with unction. Oliver is first shown in the Brownlow home; the next scene is Fagin's den, whither Oliver, sent out on his errand by Mr. Brownlow, and recaptured by Nancy, is brought. Thereafter the story moves forward in straightforward manner, with the attempted burglary at Chertsey, a small scene in Fagin's den, an interior scene in a hotel, where Nancy warns Rose of Oliver's danger; London Bridge—a wonderfully effective setting—where Nancy meets Mr. Brownlow and Rose; Bill Sikes's garret, and Fagin's cell.

Mr. Nat Goodwin's Fagin was an almost unqualified success, with the scene in the condemned cell perhaps less effective than elsewhere. He represents the Jew as incarnate evil without making the mistake of attempting either the Shylock effect or the huffoon. Mr. Goodwin does not make up as a lean and long-bearded vampire. He gives Fagin a red wig and heard, and a snarling humor which raises laughter that is quite in keeping with the character and the situation. He was at his best in Sikes's garret, where he incites the ruffian to the murder of Nancy. The murder takes place off stage, but Fagin, with a candle to his face, listens to the dreadful sounds of Sikes's club and Nancy's shrieks. When silence falls in the adjoining room he slinks out of the garret, a vivid figure of evil. If his madness in the last scene is somewhat less effective, it is because the situation is both artificial and hackneyed.

The best bit of acting then in the play was Constance Collier's scene with Rose in the hotel. Miss Collier's Nancy was played with restraint throughout, but her quiet tears at Rose's feet were thrilling, and when she ran out of the room at the end of the interview, she was rewarded with the most spontaneous outburst of applause from an audience that was warmly responsive to every bit of good work in the play. When Sikes orders Nancy into her room, to meet the fate which he knows awaits her, she hardly protests; but the stoop of her shoulders, and her heavy-footed shuffle are more expressive than words. The Sikes of Lyn Harding was physically superb. The elemental brutality of the man does not come out so potentially in the earlier scenes; but there is all the necessary effectiveness towards the end, and there is really no need to have the murder done before the footlights, once Sikes has picked up his club and stalked off after Nancy.

Marie Doro as Oliver was winsome, pathetic, and quite convincing. Her rôle in the Comyns Carr play is comparatively slight, but Oliver does stand out as the lonely little figure about which the drama of violence and sin revolves; and to that extent the play is really as true to the book as any dramatization could expect to be. There should he praise, almost without exception, for the rest of the cast.

**CURRENT VERSE.**

**The Beggars.**

Sordid stroller of the street,  
Eyes of hunger, shuffling feet,  
What have I to do with thee  
And thy trailing misery?

Take this pittance, turn away,  
Go thy aimless, angry way,  
Dull resentment in thy mind  
Smouldering against mankind,

Why, within my secret room,  
Through the softly-scented gloom,  
By the fireside's glint and glow,  
Steals the vision of thy woe?

Say what wrong did I do thee  
To endure thy misery?  
—From "Poems of Revolt and Satan Unbound," by  
Constant Lounsbury.

**The Portrait and the Artist.**

"A Grandee—1652";  
And that is all we know of you,  
Save you looked thus in your pride  
When the humble painter tried  
To lend a gracious, kindly air  
To your cold, repellent stare.

But fruitlessly. That hawk-beak grim  
Shows the truth in spite of him;  
And the keen, predaceous eyes  
Burn their greed through pigment lies;  
In vain the artist's flattering task—  
The soul escapes the painted mask.

The sins men do their sons forgive;  
Good work and true shall ever live.  
A scullion's portrait or a king's  
Alike may be most precious things:  
The artist counts—a fig for you,  
O "Grandee—1652!"  
—Tudor Jenks, in the Outlook.

**The Penitent.**

I will come back and be a child,  
And put away from me  
The daring and the dancing wild,  
The dreams that troubled thee.

I will come back and softer sing  
And tell thee stories true,  
And make thee many a lovely thing  
From out our drought and dew.

But when thou sleepest, I will run  
And dance upon the sword,  
And tell the moon how I have won  
Thy praise for my reward:

And tell the moon how I must stay  
A child, and dream no more  
Such dreams as I have sought to say,  
That tempted me so sore:

And tell the moon and tell the night  
How I have put from me  
All day—until the dim twilight—  
The dreams that troubled thee!  
—Grace Fallow Norton, in Atlantic Monthly.

**Which?**

Rich and fat was the altar-feast  
For the holy flame that day;  
But there in the pool from the slain lamb's throat  
A slender body lay.

While the Horror stiffened each lovely limb  
And kissed the red lips gray.

Far o'er the desert a shadow flees  
In the glare of the angry sun;  
Is it man or ghost or hunted beast,  
Or sand by the whirlwind spun,  
And why does it run and look behind,  
And look behind and run?

The yellow hair of the white boy-priest  
Is damp with a ghastly dye;  
Can he not raise those perfect hands  
From his bosom where they lie,  
And why does he stare at the noon-day sun  
With such a fearless eye?

He does not smile, he does not stir,  
But still the shadow flees;  
It can not be that sound is born  
On such wan lips as these,  
Yet surely shadows never sobbed  
In such strange agonies.

Across the desert of the world  
Still stumbles in his pain  
The Man who killed; and yet, which is  
The slayer, which the slain,  
The delicate-fingered Abel, or  
The shamed and branded Cain?  
—Willard A. Wattles, in the Independent.

At an art sale last week in New York David Warfield was the highest bidder at \$500 for a gorgeous set of seventeenth-century Italian vestments embroidered with gold thread and bound with gold lace, and he paid \$650 for a pair of red silk plush portières with tapestry borders. The vestments might come in handy for costume purposes, but surely Mr. Warfield will never appear decked out in red silk plush portières.

Gaby Deslys is to return next fall to the Winter Garden in New York and will thereafter make a transcontinental tour to the Pacific Coast.

**London Considering the P-A-Y-E.**

Rome was not built in a day. Radical changes in the manner of conducting the affairs of large corporations are never made suddenly. Special effort is made to make the public fully acquainted with any change which will affect the people at large.

Having critically observed the operation of various kinds of street-cars in the large Eastern cities, the United Railroads decided on the car which gave the best satisfaction in New York, where the "get-there" spirit has been reduced to an exact science, and ordered eighty of the newest type at a cost of \$500,000 for San Francisco. Gradually they were put into commission here, and proving an advantage over other types, more pay-as-you-enter cars were added, until now the number is about double the initial consignment.

Now comes London, the greatest city in the world, with a kindly eye toward the pay-as-you-enter car, having come to the conclusion that a newer system than exists there is necessary for quick and convenient passenger transportation. This is the London opinion, as it recently appeared in print:

"The pay-as-you-enter system has been tried in several of the big cities of the world and has often proved to be a success. The old-fashioned method of collecting fares after entering a vehicle will be superseded and each passenger as he passes the conductor will present him with his fare, or with a coupon ticket as an equivalent.

"The disadvantage of this form of payment appears to be the time it will take for the conductor to give the proper change to the passengers as they enter." It is recognized that something must be done with a view "to loading and unloading the carriages and omnibuses in a shorter time."

By careful tests it has been proved that the new cars in use in San Francisco not only do not operate to the "disadvantage of this form of payment," but they load and unload quicker than other types of cars, thus enabling better time to be made, while the arrangement of the interior provides more room and more convenience to the passengers than are possible where the all-cross seat arrangement is in operation. The difference is especially noticeable during the rush-hour periods of the day.

There is no possibility of a passenger on the inner end of a seat crowding over one or more other occupants of the seat in making an exit; the conductor is not forced to elbow and crowd his way through an already crowded car many times on a run of any distance to collect fares, and in alighting the passengers are assured of a clear exit, just as those getting aboard are assured of an unobstructed entrance. Some little gain is also made in space.

It is only human nature that people should cling to the things to which they have been accustomed. So even with street-cars. At first the new system here failed to occupy the tender spot in the heart so long held by the old, but as the improvement over the old became apparent, the army of street-car passengers realized with satisfaction that the P-A-Y-E was a necessary outgrowth of progress.

And now London is considering action along these lines. Comparison is interesting.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Romance and melodies of the Viennese type, in a Scotch setting, are said to characterize "Miss Dudsack," the newest importation in musical successes, in which Lulu Glaser will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Sunday night, March 10. "Miss Dudsack" comes with the promise that its presentation will be one of the most ambitious light opera performances of the season. In Europe it enjoyed such vogue that it has been presented in every large continental city. "Miss Dudsack" is an operetta, unusual in story and melodious to a degree. Its scenes are laid in Scotland, and a strong vein of Scottish sentiment is always in evidence. It is asserted that the music has all the lilting beauty of the Viennese style.

Miss Glaser has, we are told, the most ambitious rôle that has fallen to her lot since "Dolly Varden," the part demanding not only vocal ability, but marked dramatic talent. Dressed in the picturesque Scottish costumes, and surrounded by a cast which includes Thomas Richards, David Torrence, Baldy Strang, Arthur Hyde, Mathew Hanley, Berenice Whittier, and Rosetta Nier, the magnetic comedienne has delighted audiences in every city where "Miss Dudsack" has been played. The Scotch locale of the operetta also gives opportunity for stage-settings of unusual elaborateness. A cast of twenty, a chorus of thirty, and a special orchestra are promised with "Miss Dudsack."

"Miss Dudsack's" song hits are "Oh, You Darling," "Pluck Not the Rose," "Beauty, Wealth, and Power," "Sandy," and "The Bashful Butterfly." A collection of old Scotch melodies adds contrast to the Viennese airs. Saturday matinees only are announced.

Miss Mary Norman, who comes to the Orpheum next week, requires no introduction to the patrons of vaudeville. Her monologue, "Women I Have Met," has been brought up to date and several novelties have been introduced in it. Miss Norman is immensely entertaining. Her characterizations are accompanied by songs, and nothing more amusing has been presented than her satire on the styles of hats and the women who wear them. Miss Ida Fuller, assisted by a corps of dancers, will appear in her elaborate new spectacular terpsichorean production, "If," the feature of which are "Love's Awakening," "Nymphs of Niagara by Night," and "Imps of the Inferno." Miss Fuller has but recently returned from Europe. Sammy Watson's Farnyard Circus, which will appear next week at the Orpheum, includes a trained donkey, dogs, cats, roosters, and a pink pig. It is an act for all children from six to sixty. Percy Waram, supported by a capable little company, will be seen in W. W. Jacobs and H. N. Sargent's humorous farce, "The Bosun's Mate," which is a little romance of the bounding deep. Mr. Waram, before going into vaudeville, was a prominent member of Charles Frohman's company. Kranz and White, who sing and give a number of clever imitations, will also contribute to the new bill. Next week will be the last of Donovan and McDonald, and Cole de Losse. It will also conclude the engagement of that clever and fascinating actress, Miss Valerie Berge, who will present for the first time here Edgar Allen Wolf's one-act comedy entitled "She Wanted Affection."

Fresh from a long sojourn in Europe, Miss Elsie Janis, the youngest of the important feminine stars of the theatrical firmament, comes to the Columbia Theatre the latter part of this month. Miss Janis will introduce "The Slim Princess," a musical comedy which combines the best efforts of George Ade, Henry Blossom, and Leslie Stuart. Supporting Miss Janis is Mr. Joseph Cawthorn and an unusually large company.

Alice Lloyd, the dainty singing comedienne, who is known in this country only as one of the biggest drawing cards in vaudeville, will make her first appearance in San Francisco in "Little Miss Fix-It," and in which she is said to have the kind of a rôle in which she achieved her greatest success in London and the British provinces.

Klaw & Erlanger will present the much talked of musical comedy success, "The Pink Lady," at the Columbia Theatre next month. It is recalled that "The Pink Lady" was the sensational musical comedy success of the past two seasons in New York. It was written by C. M. S. McLellan, the author of "The Belle of New York" and Mrs. Fiske's play, "Leah Kleschna," while its music was composed by Ivan Caryll, musical director of the Gaiety Theatre, London, who also has made great success with previous efforts.

A concert which promises to be one of the events of the season directly after Easter, will be given at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, April 9, by Emilie Blankenburg, assisted by Reinhold Essbach, tenor, from the Royal Opera, Dresden and Leipzig, Dr. H. J. Stewart, accompanist, and Louis Newbauer, flutist. Mrs. Blankenburg is a soprano of distinctive charm, and has been heard with pleasure on the concert stage.

Tetrazzini Concerts.

Every one who loves the sound of the human voice in the superlativeness of its beauty, every one who wants to live in the memories of having heard the most wonderful soprano of his day, will try to get into Dreamland Rink during the coming week to listen to the voice of Luisa Tetrazzini.

The recognized "queen of song," Tetrazzini, acknowledges with the deepest feeling her love for San Francisco, the city which made her known to the English-speaking world, and when she sings for us she gives us the very best in her, so the events scheduled for next Monday and Thursday nights, March 11 and 14, and Sunday afternoon, March 17, will be musical events that will live in the memory and hearts of all who attend.

Assisted by a full grand opera orchestra under the baton of Paul Steindorff, and M. Mascal, the glorious baritone who made such a success with the French Opera Company, and with M. Emilio Puyanz of Paris as flutist, and M. Yves Nat, pianist, the diva will offer programmes of the greatest beauty and interest.

On the opening concert, Monday night, her offerings will include the aria "Ritorna Vincitor," from "Aida," which she has never before sung in this city; a brilliant valse by Vanzano; "Swallows," by Frederick Cowen; Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin obligato, and of course no Tetrazzini opening would be accepted without the mad scene from "Lucia."

The programmes for the subsequent concerts will be announced in the daily papers. Some of the big things promised are the aria from Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," with obligato for two flutes; the grand aria from "Il Trovatore"; "Bell Song" from "Lakme"; "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," etc.

Seats for all three concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The Zimbalist Concerts.

Efrem Zimbalist, who is considered by the world's greatest authorities to be one of the genuine geniuses of modern times and a violinist of real importance, will give his first recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, March 10, at 2:30, and Manager Greenbaum is absolutely confident that after this event the name of Zimbalist will be enrolled on the list of artists who will always be welcomed to this city.

The programme will contain two absolute novelties—a suite by York-Bowen, and a Valse Caprice by Nandor Zsold. Of the standard works we are promised the Bruch Concerto in G minor, and "Prelude and Gavotte" by Bach.

On Wednesday night, March 13, the second concert will be given, when Zimbalist will play his own Suite in Old Style; a Haendel Sonata, and works by Fritz Kreisler, Vieuxtemps, Cui, and Hubay.

The farewell concert will be given Saturday afternoon, March 16, with another entirely different programme, a feature of which will be Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia."

Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where seats for all the concerts are on sale. Zimbalist will play a special programme which will include the Saint-Saëns Concerto and Bach Chaconne at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, March 19, at 3:15, for which seats may be obtained at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Thursday.

On Tuesday night this wonderful artist will give the programme of the fifth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

The Wonderful Emma Calvé.

Without any publicity Emma Calvé, the greatest Carmen the world has ever known, and in many ways the most unique of all the great singers, slipped quietly into this country a few weeks ago and suddenly appeared as Carmen with the Boston Opera Company, the mere announcement of her coming serving to secure an audience of Tetrazzini size. As a result she has been engaged for three more special performances. The critics pronounce her more wonderful than ever. She is not going to tour the country, but having promised Manager Will Greenbaum to give a few operatic costume concerts for him early this season, and being compelled by illness to cancel them, she has wired our local manager saying she would come here for a visit and would sing a few times if he wished her to do so. We may accordingly look forward to an announcement of some costume concerts by Emma Calvé and her young tenor husband, Signor Gaileo Gaspari. Calvé is always welcome.

The Beel Quartet.

The fourth concert of the Beel Quartet will be given in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel next Friday night, March 15, at 8:15. The programme will consist of Boccherini's Quartet, Op. 33, No. 6; Beethoven's A major, Op. 18, and the trio for two violins and viola by Dvorak. Tickets are on sale at usual box-offices of the Greenbaum attractions.

The fifth concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 24.

MRS. FISKE AS A LANGUISHING LILY.

New York Sees the First American Production of Besier's "Lady Patricia."

I know of no actress who can be at once so interesting and so colorless, so keen and yet so indirect, so delightful and so disappointing, as Mrs. Fiske. It is impossible to take her otherwise than seriously, whether she essays comedy or tragedy, for she has infused with a spirit unique and individual the characterization of many of our best remembered stage heroines, and her work is distinguished as much by daring freedom of choice as by skilled technic. If she is not a genius of the modern stage, we have none. Perhaps, in later years, she has won our admiration by intellectual force oftener than she has stirred our deeper emotions, but that may have come of our jaded sympathies. In the play which she has just put on at the Empire Theatre, however, I believe she has, for almost the first time, attempted something which is imperfectly adapted to her moods and methods, or has failed to seize the inspiration of the playwright. It is a depressing thing on the whole, though it has some highly amusing moments.

In London, Mrs. Patrick Campbell played the leading part when this so-called satirical comedy of Rudolf Besier was produced, and its name, "Lady Patricia," may have had something to do with the idea, frequently expressed, that it pictured that personage with delicate art. Mrs. Campbell's familiar poses are certainly better suited to its eccentricities than are Mrs. Fiske's forthright attitudes and incisive speech. It is really a serious burlesque of middle-aged sentimentality, for its satire is in the situations. With a little license of treatment it would become a farce, and lose completely the justification of its plan. Poetic though platonic affection, lavished on two young, exuberant creatures of healthy impulses by much older persons of the opposite sex, is a slender suspension for three acts of modern comedy, and only at the end is there a view of anything more substantial. In spite of its serious satire, however, many of the lines are witty, if not subtly so.

Lady Patricia is a languishing lily of sentiment in a prosaic plot of middle-aged married life. Her husband is an amateur scientist, who duly and densely cherishes her blonde beauty and poetic aspirations. It is a chaste, correct, and unconvincing mating. Only a playwright could match such a pair and keep them safely in bonds. And he proceeds to demonstrate the difficulty in real life, though with the most obvious regard of theatrical uses. Lady Patricia's cousin, Bill O'Farrell, comes back to England from America, and brings a mild glow to the scene which has been so pale. He is a robust young fellow, made for prose and action, but he is amazed and somewhat charmed by the ethereal graces of his relative. Lady Patricia is, of course, not a passive object of regard. She welcomes this vigorous specimen of manhood, endures his breezy, unconventional talk, and gently leads him into romantic paths by reading poetry to him, and teaching him to recite it. They progress rather rapidly, at least to the mark of a fond embrace and soulful kiss. In the meantime the husband has not been wasting all his time in abstruse study. There is a young woman about the place, daughter of the dean, who is of the full-blooded and free sort, ready for almost any kind of moral excursion, from smoking a cigarette to climbing a tree. She is not so easily captured by the mature scientist, but lacking more attractive pursuers she permits his approach.

Having thus pushed two boats out into the rapids, the playwright expeditiously organizes a life-saving expedition. Neither Lady Patricia nor Michael, her husband, knows or cares which way the current runs, but there are other interested parties. The dean wants to marry Mrs. O'Farrell, and the elderly lady, in his interest, has had an eye on the daughter's association with Michael, while the son's goings on with Lady Patricia have attracted the attention of the disinterested cleric. The parents exchange accusations, and an explosion is imminent. Lady Patricia and her equally culpable husband are awakened and recalled to neglected responsibilities. This diversion might not be permanently efficacious but for the sudden discovery by Bill and the hoyden daughter of the dean that youth runs best with youth, and that they can join hands joyfully.

Mrs. Fiske's opportunities are not wanting in the early scenes of the play, though there is a monotony of effect in the aesthetic posing, but she gives most of her strength to the episode in the last act which clears up the murky atmosphere. Lady Patricia has been too much absorbed in her own fantastic flirtation to note her husband's corresponding course, and when she makes tentative approach to a confession the alarmed Michael is urged to recognition of his own lapse and immediate repentance. In this confusion and misapprehension the whole truth comes out. The situation is deftly contrived, if not startlingly original, and it is made very funny by Mrs. Fiske, though her tone is that of almost unstrained burlesque. She is apparently well aware of the figure she cuts, and her rhapsodies are self-conscious. All along the progress of the play there is an incongruous mingling of twentieth century sophistication with a mediæval romanticism that blurs the impression. To the seasoned playgoer it unfailingly suggests a desire to see the comedy played with the intense seriousness which was so potent in Gilbert's "Engaged" and in several of his operettas.

It is more than probable that Mrs. Fiske's vogue, and the one scene which some of the theatrical reporters will call "a scream," will carry the play triumphantly through a New York season, but for touring purposes it will not do so well even as "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." There is no lack of care and cost in the setting of the play. The scene of the first two acts is a platform and summer-house built in the branches of a big oak tree, and this is a model of beauty and ingenuity. Bringing to this ærie the several characters of the comedy, and providing for their goings and comings, has been a severe draft on the practical technic of the playwright, but he has evaded gracefully the appearance of concessions to stage necessities.

Of the company supporting Mrs. Fiske a mere paragraph will suffice. Ernest Stallard, as a rustic gardener with a homely wit, is by far the best of the lot. Maud Gilbert is a little too keen and shrewish to be attractive as the dean's daughter. Leslie Faber plays the pseudo-scientific, philandering husband with a fair regard for the playwright's purpose, but his light is dim in the illuminating presence of the star. Henry Stephenson is stiff and mealy mouthed as the dean. Shelley Hull, cast as the slangy young lover, is more or less at sea with the befoolments of his situation. A week later I shall see the piece again, with the hope that the intent of the playwright has become more fully apparent in the production.

FLANEUR.  
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Next Sunday aft. March 10, at 2:30  
Next Wednesday night, March 13,  
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Tickets \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

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Steinway Piano.

Beel Quartet

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL BALLROOM  
Next Friday night, March 15, at 8:15

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5th Beel Concert, Sunday aft. March 24

TETRAZZINI

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## VANITY FAIR.

Let us hope that the Vatican has not been so indiscreet as to interfere with feminine fashions. There may be no truth in the report from Paris that an edict has been issued forbidding priests to attend gatherings where ladies are likely to be wearing décolleté gowns. Certainly one would suppose that the church authorities would be wary in approaching a problem so hristling with difficulties and so lacking in precise definitions. In the first place how is a priest to know whether the ladies at any particular gathering are "likely" to veil their charms or to display them? The only thing that a lady is likely to do, indeed certain to do, is to obey the whim of the moment. And what course should a priest pursue who finds at the door of the drawing-room that his forecast of probabilities was incorrect and that he is confronted with visions that remind him of the days before he was weaned? Should he retire in good order to the rear, or should he advance boldly and dare to be a Daniel? Then again we must ask what constitute a décolleté gown? This is a point upon which opinions differ. Are the church authorities prepared to draw a line, so to speak, to furnish specifications and measurements for the benefit of its priesthood? Are they ready to regulate the precise proportions that must be observed between the things that may be seen and those that must remain unseen? Laws should be precise, and if this law is to be precise then we shall have to invoke the aid of callipers and tape measure.

The clergy of Westminster Cathedral say that no such edict has been received by them, but they admit that the invitations to the forthcoming reception to Cardinal Bourne have included some kind of sumptuary regulation for women. Ladies, says the invitation card, "must wear high-necked dresses," and for these dresses "black is the most suitable." Now why is black the most suitable? What is the connection between black and religion? May we suppose that black is most pleasing to God or that it is most pleasing to the cardinal? If the former, then we can only wonder at the wantonness of nature, which delights to deck herself with such a bewildering display of tints. If the latter, we can only wonder that the cardinal himself should wear a scarlet cap as the insignia of his status and that his own robes should be by no means of a sombre kind. But perhaps it is only feminine piety that should display itself in black. Doubtless we shall find the explanation of the matter in the sex problem.

And in this same connection it is time that we revised our ideas of feminine modesty. What a lot we have written about it and how much we have enthused over it. Some of us have even tried to find in it an inspiration, and women have listened to our praises and our ecstasies for all these years and never once have they divulged the secret that they had not the slightest idea what we were talking about. They have known that we were crediting them with some virtue that they did not possess, but the only way in which they could learn of that virtue was by an observation of ourselves. For modesty is a male, not a female, virtue, and if men do not get the credit due to them it is only because they have lost the power to blush. What is called feminine modesty is no more than an artificial protective device, something that is assumed for a purpose, like a revolver. It has no basis in consciousness. But male modesty has a basis in consciousness and is unassumed. No power on earth could persuade a man to enter a drawing-room stripped to the sixtieth degree of latitude. He would be quite shy about it if only men were present, but women will do this in the presence of both sexes, and many of them would go lower still but for the conventions. Now a woman who had to walk down the street in décolleté dress would probably blush. She would say that her modesty was offended, but actually it is her sense of the appropriate that would be offended, for she has not the least objection to hatching in public—that is to say, playing about on the sands—in a costume far more expose than the décolleté gown. In short a woman's sense of modesty is one-half a protective pose and one-half a sense of the appropriate. If you want a natural and unspoiled modesty you have to go to men for it.

We have often wondered why Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., should call his peculiar institution a Bible class. Public knowledge of the proceedings at these interesting gatherings is not extensive, but every now and then something breaks out and is lapped up by the public with as much avidity as though it came from the twelve apostles instead of from a few wealthy young men who are trying to persuade themselves that they are religious. Among recent subjects for discussion was the minimum amount upon which a couple ought to marry. After a profound cogitation in which we are told Mr. Rockefeller actually decided it was decided that the plunge ought to be made on less than \$102.50 a month. By the calculation was a close one, if

we may judge from the 50 cents, but why not add another half a dollar and so provide for a few habies? Babies will happen occasionally even in New York and it is just as well to provide for eventualities. The estimate provides \$4 a month for medicine and only \$2 a month for amusements and church. Now \$2 a month seems a slim allowance for amusements, and by the time the church had a whack at it there would be hardly enough left for a moving-picture show. And why \$4 a month for medicine, or 50 cents each per week? If the young people of today can not curb their unholy craving for medicine it would surely be better to remain unmarried.

Of course Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., had to make his little joke, and it is an understood thing that any member of Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class who fails to laugh at his jokes will get no preferential rates to heaven. And so every one laughed a great deal when Mr. Rockefeller recommended his disciples to have a good look at the girl's mother before marrying the girl and also to see what kind of a showing the girl herself made before breakfast. These outbursts of a scintillating wit were hugely enjoyed.

But what has all this to do with the Bible? For the life of us we can not imagine. Our own knowledge of Holy Writ is not exactly like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar—but we fail to see the connection.

The English suffragettes are turning their serious attention to the marriage service in the Christian church. They feel that it must either be reformed or base man will continue to take his stand upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture and claim superiority upon the ground of the marriage oath.

So we find a Miss M. A. R. Tucker throwing her hat into the ring—to use the current phrase—and demanding an immediate revision. Of course Miss Tucker would not actually throw her hat anywhere. No self-respecting suffragette would. It might damage the ring.

She says that there can be no doubt whatever that the primitive idea of Christian marriage was the equality of the spouses. It is evident that Miss Tucker is a born controversialist. All women are. Note carefully her initial phrase "there can be no doubt." By beginning thusly you spike your enemy's guns in advance. He feels that any attempt at refutation would be a confession of ignorance, an admission that he was in some way outside the pale of universal knowledge. Any statement of the kind made definitely enough, positively enough, and perhaps with the voice slightly raised, is sure to win a sort of bewildered assent and then you pass on quickly to your main contention. The plan may fail with the trained disputant, but it can be relied upon with the ordinary human being.

Now we don't know very much about the "primitive ideal of Christian marriage," but we may suppose that it was in some way founded upon the Christian religion, and the only way we can learn much about the Christian religion is from the New Testament. Naturally we go to that part of the New Testament that scholars tell us is the oldest, that is to say to the writings of Paul that antedate the Gospels by about forty years, and in the writings of Paul we find the following: "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man." And again, "For neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." And again, "Let the women keep silence in the churches. . . . Let them be in subjection. . . . And if they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." And yet again, "Let the wives be subject to their own husbands in everything."

Now we are not defending these exhortations. We hold no brief for Paul. Our own particular brand of piety is quite unconcerned with primitive precedents and but for a most useful concordance we might not have been able to find these texts at all. But in face of these texts it is merely frivolous to maintain that suffragetism can find any comfort in primitive Christianity. By all means let women vote at every regular election and at all the recall elections which will henceforth be held every Tuesday and Friday for their special benefit. But let them leave religion alone. In this particular respect it has cold comfort for them, frigid comfort, arctic comfort. So when Miss Tucker says that "there can be no doubt that the primitive ideal of Christian marriage was the equality of the spouses" we are forced to reply that "there can be no doubt" that the primitive ideal of Christian marriage was nothing of the sort, that it was the inequality of the spouses, the subjection of women and the superiority of men. We are sorry to have to say these things, but truth is a perfect passion with us. Always has been.

It is surprising that the fashion maker has only just aroused himself to the value of the woman's shoe as a lever, so to speak, with which to extract money from the woman or rather from her long-suffering, patient camel

of a husband. It is true that there are fashions in shoes, but they have never been very aggressive or very enterprising. Heels have varied somewhat in height and shape, the texture of the shoe has changed from leather to velvet, and the leather has been sometimes black, sometimes brown, and sometimes gun metal. But there has been no real originality, no flashing of genius. With every desire in the world to make themselves hideous women have neglected the opportunities offered by the shoe. And yet not wholly. The velvet shoe is a feeble effort at ugliness just now much in vogue. We could never bring ourselves to marry a woman who wore velvet shoes in the street.

But Mrs. Longworth has now turned her attention to the shoe. She has recognized its value for self-display, and so she appeared recently with heels made of cut glass. But it was a bad move. It excited a spirit of rivalry on the part of some other ladies who had money enough to make their rivalry effective. Within a few days Mrs. C. W. Anthony, the wife of a millionaire from Muncie, Indiana, appeared on the scene with shoes studded with diamonds. And this particular pair was only one of six. She had another that was covered with turquoises and still another covered with heads of solid gold. When Mrs. Anthony went to bed at night the last thing she did before saying her little "Now I lay me" was to send her shoes to the safe deposit vault, and the first thing she did in the morning was to decide on her footwear for the coming day and procure them from the same receptacle.

Mrs. Anthony of Muncie, Indiana, is said to have a passion for jewels. In addition to the gorgeous shoes she wears anklets encrusted with gems, while every finger on both hands is covered with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, and her arms are said to be almost invisible for their load of costly bangles. "Do not think I am vain or silly," she is quoted as saying. "I just love beautiful things; that's all. I am proud of the fact that my decorations are along original lines. The gospel of clothes is important for every woman. More can be accomplished by a beautiful appearance than by brains, and if wives wish to keep their husbands' loyalty they should dress as prettily as their incomes allow. Many negligent husbands have been won back by a new gown, or even by a novel and attractive way of doing the hair."

We shall not think of Mrs. Anthony as being vain or silly. We shall try not to think of her at all. It will be difficult, but the effort shall be made.

After the death of Sir George Lewis, the famous London lawyer, there was some anxiety among his distinguished clients as to the disposition of his papers. Sir George Lewis knew every society secret in London and for many years there have been very few sensational cases in which he has not borne a part. Now the anxieties have been laid at rest by the reading of his will, in which he gives the assurance that he has left no material for the writing of his reminiscences, that he never kept a diary, and that all papers containing confidences had been carefully destroyed.

The society lawyer who allowed it to be known that he kept a diary would probably give the death blow to his own practice. He could hardly hope for anything else, and prob-

ably there are very few who do such a thing. In fact the keeping of diaries has deservedly gone out of fashion. And yet a faithfully kept diary would make good reading, if indeed it is possible to keep a faithful diary. Some one said once that a diary was of no value unless faithfully kept and that if a diary was so kept there would be no place on earth safe enough to keep it in.

The London *Standard* says that the painful thing about books on etiquette is that they do not deal at all with the etiquette for the occasions that really matter. The Countess of Desborough has just endeavored to repair one of the most glaring deficiencies by compiling a list of rules for parents visiting their sons at Eton. The result of her labor is valuable and illuminating, but some one really ought to write a book on this most important matter. There is no condition of feeling so exquisitely sensitive as that of the boy receiving his parents at school. Boys are very rarely ashamed of their parents. Often they are so good as to be proud of them. But almost always they are ashamed of their parents' manners, or, if not quite that, on perpetual tenterhooks in expectation of some breach of correct form.

A young man introducing his proposed wife to his family circle is pachydermatous compared with the schoolboy at these times. It is almost impossible for a parent to do right. Many of us must still remember our own emotions when father and mother visited the school. We writhed in spirit with fear that they would show affection, that they would be too stiff or too gushing with our friends, that they would almost certainly not use precisely the right intonation in addressing our particular friend Smith, of whom we had written in letters, but whom they had not previously met; that they would try to put our friends at their ease, or that they would not try to put them at their ease; that they would frown at our particular slang, or that they would use some of it themselves; that they would misunderstand a thousand subtleties, and cause themselves to be misunderstood over a thousand others.

Lady Desborough, who writes with apparent feeling, says that fathers should study the *Tailor and Cutter* before they go. Mothers should measure not less than forty-eight inches round the waist, and should wear bonnets. Another of her rules is that parents should not stay more than twenty minutes; also they must not be sprightly, knowing, hearty, youthful, slangy, arch, sporting, or witty. "Humility," she concludes, "is the only wear for parents, who should apologize for their existence and explain it where possible."

The Japanese are great admirers of epigrams and apt phrases. Their love of such things is carried so far that when a guest says something unusually brilliant the host or hostess will beg him to write down his remark in large ornamental script. The sentence is then mounted and hung on the wall as a permanent addition to its ornaments, much as in England we should hang up a text or motto. Naturally the author of a *bon mot* treated in this way feels himself highly honored to be thus placed on record. But the sentences are selected more for their wisdom than their humor; so that the funny man is not much in evidence.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Little Eva observed a flock of noisy, chattering birds. "Mamma," she said, "I guess they are having a sewing society."

At the trial of Horne Tooke, Lord Eldon, speaking of his own reputation, said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the attorney-general, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied: "He is crying to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

Mayor Crump of Memphis was talking about two opposing factions in a nearby town. "They are as bitter," he said, "as the two Browns. The two Browns spelled their names differently—one used an 'e'—and they were dreadful rivals socially. They met one evening at a banquet, and Brown said, with a sneer: 'A fool asked me today if I was any relation to you. I told him that if you had a single drop of my blood in your veins I'd cut it out of you.' 'And if I had,' said Browne, 'I'd let you.'"

Representative Sulzer, in an interview in Washington, compared Russia's silence on the passport question to an unusually silent, uncommunicative man. "This man," he said, "hated to talk as Russia hates all passport talk. He went into a harrier shop the other day to be shaved, and before seating himself in the chair, he handed the barber a dime. 'Oh, thank you, sir,' said the harrier. 'I don't often get my tip before I begin. Thank you, sir, very much.' 'That isn't a tip,' said the silent man sternly. 'It's 'hush' money.'"

The late Judge Garey of Baltimore, who, in his younger days, was a member of the state legislature, was noted for his quickness at repartee. On one occasion he had introduced a bill that proved very onnoxious to several members of the opposing faction. After adjournment one of the discontented came rushing up to him in a great state of excitement. "Look here, Garey," he exclaimed, "I'd rather hlow my brains out than advocate such a measure!" "My dear sir," replied Garey, with a twinkle in his eye, "you flatter yourself on your marksmanship."

Senator Dixon, of Montana, says that he saved a soldier a walk to Fort Myer the other night, and, incidentally, learned a new lesson in economy. "Very evidently the soldier had been celebrating pay day, for he was good-naturedly intoxicated as well as 'broke.' Not having his fare when the conductor called for it, I granted his request for the accommodating nickel. Then I asked him what he had done with his \$16.50. He answered frankly enough: 'Ten dollars went for a champagne supper with the boys—and I bought drinks with five.' I asked him what he had done with the other \$1.50. After a moment's thought he hesitatingly answered: 'Well, I guess I just spent it foolishly.'"

Willie Collier sat regarding Lillian Russell and De Wolf Hopper sadly one day. The two were chatting together with animation. Hopper was apparently in his merriest mood. Miss Russell was blooming and blossoming in her luxuriant beauty. "Strange," said Mr. Collier, shaking his head. "'Tis passing strange." "What's strange?" asked a friend. "Incredible!" said Collier. "Had I not seen it with my own eyes, I would never have believed that Mr. Hopper and Miss Russell had patched up their long-standing feud." "Never knew they had one," said the other. "What was it all about?" "You never heard?" asked Collier, in accents of exquisite melancholy. "Remarkable! They have hated each other for years. You see, neither one of them has ever invited the other to a single one of their marriages."

It is related that Peter the Great, strolling incognito through the camp, came upon a party of non-commissioned officers and grenadiers enacting a comedy. All at once his brow became clouded. In the piece a soldier, in the uniform of his guard, commits, at a certain moment, a robbery. Nevertheless, he allowed the play to proceed; the court-martial is summoned on the stage, and the thief is sentenced to death. The spectators, composed of officers and men, showed the most lively concern in the performance, and laughed at the grotesque contortions of the condemned culprit. The amateur actor played his part very well. Here came the squad that is to execute him. "Fire," orders the lieutenant, and the amateur dropped down dead, his heart pierced by seven bullets. No make-believe, but dead indeed. Whereupon the emperor dropped his incognito, and addressed those assembled: "A soldier of my guard who committed a robbery must die. If he did not steal, why did he boast of it, and soil his uniform? It is I who ordered the

loaded rifles given to the men. I henceforth forbid my soldiers to ply the trade of mummerns."

TOBACCO AND MISSIONARIES.

I am glad to notice a strong effort on the part of the friends of humanity to encourage those who wish to quit the use of tobacco. To quit the use of the weed is one of the most agreeable methods of relaxation. I have tried it many times, and I can safely say that it has afforded me much solid felicity.

To violently reform and cast away the weed, and at the end of a week to find a good cigar unexpectedly in the quiet, unostentatious pocket of an old vest, affords the most intense and delicious delight.

Scientists tell us that a single drop of the concentrated oil of tobacco on the tongue of an adult dog is fatal. I have no doubt about the truth or cohesive power of this statement, and for that reason I have always been opposed to the use of tobacco among dogs. Dogs should shun the concentrated oil of tobacco, especially if longevity be any object to them. Neither would I advise a man who has canine tendencies or a strain of that blood in his veins to use the concentrated oil of tobacco as a sozodent. To those who may feel that way about tobacco I would say, shun it by all means. Shun it as you would the deadly upas tree or the still more deadly whipple-tree of the tropics.

In what I may say under this head please hear in mind that I do not speak of the cigarette. I am now confining my remarks entirely to the subject of tobacco.

Scientists, who have been unable to successfully use tobacco, and who therefore have given their whole lives and the use of their microscopes to the investigation of its horrors, say that cannihals will not eat the flesh of tobacco-using human beings. And yet we say to our missionaries: "No man can be a Christian and use tobacco."

I say, and I say it, too, with all that depth of feeling which has always characterized my earnest nature, that in this we are committing a great error.

What have the cannihals ever done for us as a people that we should avoid the use of tobacco in order to fit our flesh for their tables? In what way have they sought to ameliorate our condition in life that we should strive in death to tickle their palates?

Look at the history of the cannihals for past ages. Read carefully his record, and you will see that it has been hut the history of a selfish race. Cast your eye back over your shoulder for a century, and what do you find to be the condition of the cannihalists? A new missionary has landed a few weeks previously perhaps. A little group is gathered about on the heach beneath a tropical tree. Representative cannihals from adjoining islands are present. The odor of sanctity pervades the air.

The chief sits beneath a new umbrella, looking at the pictures in a large concordance. A new plug hat is hanging in a tree near by.

Anon the leading citizens gather about on the ground, and we hear the chief ask his attorney-general whether he will take some of the light or some of the dark meat.

That is all. Far away in England a paper contains the following personal:

WANTED—A young man to go as missionary to supply a vacancy in one of the Cannihal Islands. He must fully understand the appetites and tastes of the cannihals, must be able to reach their inner natures at once, and must not use tobacco. Applicants may communicate in person or by letter.

Is it strange that under these circumstances those who frequented the Cannihal Islands during the last century should have quietly accustomed themselves to the use of a peculiarly pernicious, violent, and all-pervading brand of tobacco? I think not.

To me the statement that tobacco-tainted human flesh is offensive to the cannihals does not come home with crushing power.

Perhaps I do not love my fellow-man so well as the cannihals does. I know that I am selfish in this way, and if my cannihal brother desires to polish my wishbone he must take me as he finds me. I can not abstain wholly from the use of tobacco in order to gratify the pampered tastes of one who has never gone out of his way to do me a favor.

Do I ask the cannihal to break off the pernicious use of tobacco because I dislike the flavor of it in his brisket? I will defy any respectable resident of the Cannihal Islands today to place his finger on a solitary instance where I have ever, by word or deed, intimated that he should make the slightest change in his habits on my account, unless it be that I may have suggested that a diet consisting of more anarchists and less human beings would be more productive of general and lasting good.

My own idea would be to send a class of men to these islands so thoroughly imhued with their great object and the oil of tobacco that the great Caucasian chowder of those regions would be followed by such weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and such remorse, and repentance, and gastric upheavals that it would be as unsafe to eat a missionary in the Cannihal Islands as it is to eat ice-cream in the United States today.—Bill Nye.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

At a tea given in Oakland by Miss Hazel Palmanteer the engagement of Miss Gladys Brigham and Mr. Horace Burns Rector was announced. Miss Brigham is the daughter of Mrs. Frank E. Brigham and a sister of Mrs. Eugene Cooper Johnson of Los Angeles.

The engagement has been announced in Washington, D. C., of Miss Sally Garlington to Lieutenant Harry D. Chamberlain, U. S. A. Miss Garlington is the daughter of General Ernest A. Garlington, U. S. A., and Mrs. Garlington, who are residing in Washington. General Garlington being inspector of the army. Lieutenant Chamberlain is an officer in the Seventh Cavalry, stationed at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I.

On Wednesday at high noon Mrs. Emily Chase Craig and Mr. John Weinland Killinger were married, the Rev. Mr. Leavitt of the First Unitarian Church performing the ceremony. Mrs. Craig, the widow of the late Harold Craig, is the youngest daughter of the late E. S. Tibbey, and a niece of Mrs. William B. Bourn. Mr. Killinger, a new resident of San Francisco, is a son of the late Hon. J. W. Killinger, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and a nephew of Mr. Theo. H. Hittell of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Killinger will make their home in Berkeley on their return from the South, where they are spending their honeymoon.

The wedding of Miss Alexandra Hamilton and Mr. Rudolph Schilling took place Wednesday noon at the home on Fillmore Street of the bride's mother, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. The bride's only attendant was her niece, little Florence Martin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Adams Martin of San Rafael. Mr. Arthur Foster was Mr. Schilling's best man. Mrs. Schilling is a sister of Mrs. George A. Martin, the Misses Laura and Edna Hamilton, and the Messrs. J. Ralston, William H., and Fletcher Hamilton. Mr. Schilling is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling and a brother of Miss Elsa and Carl Schilling.

The wedding of Miss Frances Martin and Mr. Duval Moore will take place April 10 at the home in Ross of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin.

Mr. George Willcutt was host at a dinner last week at his home on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Fennimore, who have recently returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Fennimore were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken.

Miss Lurline Matson has issued invitations to a bridge-tee, March 14, in honor of Mrs. Fennimore.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, Mrs. Norman Livermore, and Miss Elizabeth Livermore were hostesses at a tea Monday in honor of Miss Ursula St. George and her mother, Mrs. Charles Mackarness.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding have issued invitations to a soirée musicale, March 12, at the Bohemian Club.

Miss Helen Carlisle was hostess Saturday at a tea at the Town and Country Club complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack.

Mrs. George Edward Crothers entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Lucy Stebbins.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pavot gave a dinner recently in honor of Mr. Raphael Weill.

Baroness von Schroder and Miss Janet von Schroder entertained a number of friends at an informal tea.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn was hostess last Thursday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Webster Street.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow gave a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York.

Miss Franc Pierce entertained a number of young people at a dinner-dance at her home on Chestnut Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Marie Louise Tyson and Miss Metha McMahon.

Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen was hostess at a bridge-tee last Friday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Charles L. Weller was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayre, Jr., entertained a large number of guests at a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hohart gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. John McCormack and Mrs. McCormack.

Mr. Jack Neville will be host this evening at a dance at the Claremont Country Club complimentary to the Misses Harriet and Marion Stone.

Mrs. Andrew S. Rowan was hostess at a tea at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Haldimand Putnam Young.

Captain Henry T. Marye, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayo entertained a number of friends at a dinner complimentary to Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Los Angeles in honor of Mrs. Charles McKinstry.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker left today for Southern California, where they will spend a week en route to their home in New York.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters, the Misses Marguerite and Evelyn Barron, will return shortly to their country home in Mayfield.

Mr. Melville Bowman has returned from a trip to Panama.

Mrs. McNutt Potter has recently been the guest of Mrs. Osgood Hooker at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt left Thursday for New York en route to Europe, where they will spend four months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, who have been spending the past week in Coronado, will return home Monday.

Mr. Robert Oxnard has returned from a visit in Southern California.

Miss Emily Johnson has returned from Santa Barbara, where she spent two weeks with Mrs. Lowe, mother of her fiancé, Mr. Edward Lowe.

Mrs. Harry McFarlane of Honolulu has recently been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro will spend the summer in Mill Valley, where they have rented the Bunker house for the season.

Dr. Charles Miner Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Goodall, who have been spending the winter at the Fairmont Hotel, will return April 1 to their home in Oakland.

Dr. Millicent Cosgrave has returned from a visit in Coronado.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has been spending the past month in Coronado as the guest of Mrs. J. D. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and their daughter, Miss Agnes Tillmann, left this morning for New York, and will sail March 15 for Europe.

Mr. Charles B. Alexander and his daughters, the Misses Harriet and Janetta Alexander, arrived last Saturday from New York. The Misses Alexander are the guests of Miss Edith Chesbrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., arrived from New York last Saturday to arrange their affairs preparatory to returning to New York, which is to be their home.

Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke have returned to their home in Berkeley, after having spent the winter in town.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ash is established at the Hotel Monroe.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, will return shortly from Europe and will spend the summer in the East.

Mr. Lawrence W. Harris has returned to his home from the sanitarium where for six weeks he was seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Dr. Clark Burnham and family of Berkeley, who have been spending the winter in Switzerland, are now in Florence. Dr. Burnham will return to Berkeley early in May. Mrs. Burnham and family will remain in Europe until October. Colonel and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne will join their daughter, Mrs. Burnham, in Italy, and together they will tour through Germany, Austria, Belgium, France, and England.

Dr. de Marville, who has just been called to Florence, took with him his daughter for a short trip to Italy, including a visit to Venice, Rome, Naples, and Genoa. On their return they will be at their home in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel and the Misses Inez and Sepha Pischel arrived in New York March 5. Dr. Pischel will come home immediately, while Mrs. Pischel and the Misses Pischel will visit friends in New York, Boston, and Washington, and will arrive in San Francisco by way of Los Angeles for Easter.

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen, who has been visiting in Los Angeles for three weeks, left there on Saturday, March 2, to go East with Mrs. S. Goeftig, who left San Francisco the previous evening. Mrs. Paulsen and Miss Bertha Boye will leave New York for Europe on March 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson (formerly Miss Carmen Selby) will spend the summer in San Diego.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Milner Kidcutt are visiting relatives in Boston after having spent the winter in Canada.

Mrs. Harold Sewell has arrived in Santa Barbara from her home in Maine, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sewell.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker spent the week-end in Menlo with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Miss Arabella Morrow has returned from a visit in Los Angeles, where she was the guest of Miss Virginia Walsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sabla, have been spending the past week in Coronado.

Among others who went south for the polo tournament are Vicomte Philippe de Tristan, Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan, Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Miss Amy Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr.

and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Florence Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Duval.

The Reverend Henry Ames Mizner of St. Louis has been spending the past two weeks with his mother, Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner, and will return in a few days to his home in the East.

Mrs. Armshy and her daughter, Miss Cornelia Armshy, left Monday for Southern California, where they will spend several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Gertrude Tower, who since her arrival from the East, has been the guest of Miss Agnes Tillmann. The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armshy are in St. Moritz, where they have been joined by Mr. Harry Simpkins.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick, Mrs. McKittrick, and Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton spent the week-end at the ranch near San Jose of Mr. Thomas Kuhn and left Monday for Bakersfield, where Miss Houghton will remain three weeks at the McKittrick home.

Mrs. Mary A. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, and Miss Jessie Wright have arrived in Yokohama and will tour the Orient, visiting Honolulu on their return trip.

Miss Emma Grimwood has recovered from her recent illness in this city and has returned to her home in Fruitvale.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, are contemplating leaving in April for Europe.

Miss Violet Buckley has returned from a visit with friends in Berkeley.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has been seriously ill for the past two weeks at his home on Pacific Avenue.

The Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan have returned to their home in San Mateo after a visit of several weeks at the Hotel Bellevue.

Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Sarah Coffin, and Miss Lee Girvin left yesterday for New York, whence they will sail next week for Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke returned to town Monday after a few days' visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse has returned from a brief visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frank Denny and her daughter, Miss Esther Denny, spent the week-end with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis Davis have returned from a visit in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden (formerly Miss Florence Pullman) with their four children and Mrs. George M. Pullman are established in Pasadena, where they have been since the first week in February.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker has returned from a few days' visit in the San Joaquin Valley.

Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., commandant of the naval training station on Yerba Buena, has received orders detaching him from duty at Goat Island and ordering him to take charge of the naval station at Cavite and Olongapo. It is hoped that Rear-Admiral Moore's successor will be Captain Charles A. Gore, U. S. N., who is well known in this city. Captain Gore is on temporary duty in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith have purchased the home on California Street of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson will have a country home built on her property in Burlingame.

Lieutenant Louis Bash, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bash are established at the Hotel Stewart for an indefinite period.

Admiral Reginald Fairfax Nicholson, U. S. N., Mrs. Nicholson, Miss May Nicholson, and Mrs. Frederick Barbour of Washington, D. C., sailed Tuesday for Shanghai.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins are established in quarters at the Presidio.

Captain P. A. Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy have returned to the Presidio from their wedding trip. They have recently been visiting the relatives in Vancouver of Captain Murphy.

Major W. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from a visit to the Yosemite National Park.

Captain J. A. Worthington, U. S. A., and Mrs. Worthington have arrived at the Presidio.

In New Guinea it is always leap year, for in that island the men consider it beneath their dignity to notice women, much less to make overtures of marriage. Consequently, the proposing is left to the women to do. When the ehony helle falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother, or another of his lady relatives. Then the lady who receives the string tells the dusky masher that the particular damsel is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for it is considered beneath a New Guinea gentleman's dignity to waste time in such a pursuit. If the man thinks he would like to wed the lady, he meets her alone, and they decide straight away whether to marry or drop the idea.

Irishmen all over the world are familiar with Tom Moore's poem, "Meeting of the Waters." The poet derived his inspiration from a spot in County Wicklow, with Avondale, the home of the Parnells, on the one hand, and Castle Howard on the other, where the Avoca, Avonbeg, and Avenmore rivers meet. For ages a tree has marked the spot and has come to be called "Moore's tree." Partly from age and partly from the attentions of souvenir hunters the tree fell last autumn. It has now been treated by forestry experts and replanted in its old place. It is surrounded by a railing, and a commemorative stone monument has been placed near it.

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IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

MRS. WINKFIELD (*taking some toast*)—She is not the sort of girl who gets lost by accident. I don't think either of them will turn up here again.

KITTY NEVILLE (*punctuating her spoonfuls of porridge and cream*)—Oh, yes, they will—can't have run away—unless to get married—perhaps.

LADY SETON—Perhaps. But Clytie Ferrers gives herself out as a non-marrying girl, doesn't she? She likes to have friendships with men—that's all.

MRS. WINK.—Does she? I've watched one or two of her friendships, and it seemed to me that her intentions were strictly honorable. [*A silence ensues*]

[*Claude Ransome enters, red, breathless, agitated.*]

KITTY—Any news, Mr. Ransome?

CLAUDE—Not a speck. The colonel and the others are heating the wood now. I've done the plantation, and it's obvious they've not been there; the snow is six feet deep.

KITTY—Have some breakfast. I must go and see if I can organize another search party. [*Exit.*]

CLAUDE (*helping himself at the side-table*)—It seems heartily callous to think of food.

LADY SETON—Starving ourselves won't bring Major West and Miss Ferrers back.

MRS. WINK.—I think we shall have news of them during the day.

CLAUDE (*glancing at the clock*)—Ten-fifteen! Lots of time for a wire to have come, if they were safe somewhere.

MRS. WINK.—Oceans! That's why I feel no doubt as to what has really happened to them.

CLAUDE—You don't think— (*Lays down his knife and fork.*) Great Scott! you're right. It must be something serious. (*Pushes away his plate.*) Takes away one's appetite.

MRS. WINK. (*smiling*)—I wouldn't let it. You surely don't picture them like the babes in the wood, lying under the snow with the robins writing their epitaph in dead leaves? I fancy they are probably having a better breakfast than you are.

CLAUDE—You mean it's a practical joke. Clytie is not that sort. She would never stop out all night and hither the Nevilles like this for a lark.

MRS. WINK.—No? Well, you seem to know "Clytie" better than I do. I should have said she would stick at nothing for amusement, and Major West has obviously provided her with that every one of the three days since she came. [*Claude flushes angrily.*]

LADY SETON (*interposing*)—The absent are always in the wrong. Suppose we stop discussing Miss Ferrers until she returns.

CLAUDE—You're quite right in the main, Lady Seton. But I must just say this: Mrs. Winkfield is mistake in her estimate of Miss Ferrers's character. She's as straight as a die, and whatever the reason of her being lost may be, it's not her fault, I'm positive.

MRS. WINK.—She has an eloquent champion, anyway. I didn't know you were seriously *épais*, Mr. Ransome, or I might have concealed my opinion of her. But you must confess it's a little—well—unusual to start for a walk with a man at five o'clock one day, and not to have returned at half-past ten next morning.

CLAUDE (*gloomily*)—The colonel says they have fallen into a snowdrift.

MRS. WINK.—The colonel is always charitable. The fact remains that several of us left the shooting-hut at the same time, and we all got in before the snow came on heavily.

LADY SETON.—They may have taken a cross-country route.

MRS. WINK.—They must have.

CLAUDE (*rising*)—Well, whatever way they took, I'm certain it was the best one, or the only one. If ever there was a girl who did—

[*The door opens and Clytie Ferrers appears on the threshold, smiling.*]

CLYTIE (*gayly*)—Is there a shred left?

MRS. WINK. (*unabashed*)—A shred of what? Character?

CLYTIE—Rolls, or bacon, or anything to eat. I'm famished. So is Major West. But he won't come till he's shaved.

KITTY (*running in and pulling Clytie to the table*)—You poor things! To think of your being in that miserable summer-house all the time! If we had only known!

CHORUS OF EVERYONE.—The summer-house? MRS. WINK. (*leaning her face down on her hands and staring coolly at Clytie*)—What a curious place to choose!

CLYTIE—It chose itself. Any port in a storm, you know. You can't think how glad I was to be out of the blinding snow. I was so sleepy with struggling through it.

MRS. WINK.—And Major West—was he sleepy?

CLYTIE—Not he. He wouldn't let me sit down and rest when I wanted to. He said we should never get up again if we did.

LADY SETON—But having got so far, why not have come a little farther? What made you stay in the summer-house on such an awful night?

MAJOR WEST (*who has just entered, followed by Colonel Neville*)—I'll tell you all

about it. You see, we took the wrong turning, somewhere by the Loch Ferry. It must have been there, eh, sir?

COLONEL NEVILLE—That's the corner you describe, certainly; but don't hither with explanations, West. Have your chotahazri. You must need it badly.

MRS. WINK.—It's like hearing the answer to a riddle. Don't keep us in suspense longer than you can help, Major West. Remember we've had about eighteen hours of it already.

MAJOR—I confess I lost my bearings after that corner. It got darker and snowier, and about eight o'clock Miss Ferrers turned faint with fatigue. I never knew we had such desolate hits of moorland in Ross-shire. It might have been the backwoods of Australia. We were hushed—that's the fact—walking in a circle. When we got to the summer-house we thought we were miles from home.

MRS. WINK.—Didn't you recognize it?

MAJOR—We hadn't ever seen it, either of us. It wasn't until daybreak that Miss Ferrers said, "I believe those are the gables of Braeside." And sure enough they were—a few hundred yards off.

LADY SETON—But why didn't you return then?

CLYTIE—Because we were snowed up. We had to cut our way through eight feet of snow, and only a broken spade and a hoe to do it with.

MAJOR—It's a little hollow, you see, and the snow had drifted that way.

MRS. WINK.—A little hollow? Yes, quite so.

[*An uncomfortable pause. Clytie suddenly realizes that no one but Kitty has shown any concern about her, and that the others are holding aloof.*]

CLYTIE (*rising*)—I had better go and furbish up. One does not feel very tidy after such an adventure.

[*Kitty joins her and they go to the door together.*]

CLAUDE (*as he opens the door and they pass out*)—I'm so jolly glad you're all right.

MRS. WINK.—I've been wondering how you got into the summer-house, Major West. It was locked up for the winter the last time I passed it.

MAJOR (*looking at her with an odd smile*)—We knocked.

MRS. WINK. (*iscreastically*)—Of course; and said "Open Sesame," I suppose?

COLONEL (*dubiously*)—Knocked?

MAJOR—Yes. We saw firelight shining through the chinks, so we knew there was some one inside.

COLONEL—By Jove! And was there?

MAJOR—A couple of tramps. They weren't over pleased to see us, but I gave them some hacy and a shilling or two, and that softened them. But I didn't care to leave Miss Ferrers alone with them while I explored farther. They said they were strangers and had been given a job in the garden.

COLONEL—A lie! We never give outside work here.

MAJOR—They had a roaring fire going with an old ladder the gardener had given them.

COLONEL—The deuce they had! The rascals! It's the vine-ladder—we keep it in the summer-house.

MAJOR—We were uncommon glad to get warm and dry. They were rather entertaining chaps, too—told us yarns all night, till the wood gave out and we fell asleep.

MRS. WINK. (*crossing room to Claude*)—Apocryphal!

LADY SETON (*whispering to him*)—What does she mean?

CLAUDE (*in a low voice*)—She means "Skittles," but she's wrong. (*Louder*)—Well, I'm jolly glad, as I said before, you brought her back all right. I feel sort of responsible for her till my cousin comes back.

MRS. WINK.—Your cousin?

CLAUDE (*with deliberate ingenuousness*)—Yes. Didn't you know she was engaged to Ransome, of the Gunners—the V. C. man? He is coming home to get married next month.

MAJOR—He's one of the best, and my greatest pal—lucky dog!

[*They both look at Mrs. Winkfield.*]

MRS. WINK. (*with a forced smile, going towards the door*)—Quite a pretty romance. (*To Claude, under her breath as he opens the door*)—You've won—hands down.—Beatrice Hecron-Maxwell, in *London World*.

The theatrical journal *Comadia*, discussing the production of Humperdinck's opera, "Koenigskinder," in Milan, says that at rehearsals the geese which play such an important rôle in the work were far from being as tractable as those employed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The moment they appeared on the stage they set up a din which drowned the voices of the singers and caused the stage manager to tear his hair. The difficulty was eventually overcome by a veterinary, who, before the rising of the curtain, inserted in the bill of each goose a chloroformed plug, causing temporary paralysis of the vocal cords. There is a suggestion in this of great value to suffering listeners of various experiences.

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Royalties for Composers.

While Puccini can command very big fees—the precise figure is an official secret—other operas by living composers are small gold-mines. The Italian house of Sonzogno is second only to Ricordi's, and there are big Paris publishers who do a considerable business on behalf of men like MM. Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Charpentier, and Debussy, though none of these composers can vie with Puccini in the matter of returns, for his operas are sometimes given in one week by more than one hundred opera-houses, large and small, in Europe and America. It is by reason of the varying resources and patronage of the houses that the royalties are determined by a percentage on the gross receipts.

But the largest royalties in the world are not taken by Italians or Frenchmen; they fall to that great composer and wonderful business man, Dr. Richard Strauss. It becomes necessary to raise prices all round for the privilege of presenting "Salomé," "Elektra," or "Der Rosenkavalier," and nobody has been bold or wealthy enough to buy the sole English performing rights of these masterpieces. The rights are not based upon anything as uncertain as percentage: they run holdly into four figures for each performance, and stay there. If the receipts won't pay for production and royalty, the impresario may console himself with the thought that he is working not for profit but for art.

Cape Colony is now as regular a source of London's fruit supply as Kent or Middlesex. In 1895 the first consignment of Cape fruit arrived at Covent Garden. This consisted of a few boxes of pears, which landed in good condition. That was just over twenty-five years ago, and now the average weekly arrivals of Cape fruit in London number from 20,000 to 23,000 packages. Apricots are the first of the Cape Colony fruits to arrive in England. In December these are in evidence in London, and for the past several years have formed a welcome addition to the list of dessert fruit available at Christmas. Just now the peach season is in full swing, and the Cape Colony fruit arrives at a most opportune time. There are no other fresh peaches available. Closely associated with the peach and equally acceptable in luxurious circles is the nectarine, and in addition to apples, plums, and pears Cape Colony sends grapes and melons, both of which will arrive a little later in the season.

Dr. Duncan, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, after conducting researches with six other oil experts, says that petroleum is just the ingredient American cooks have been looking for to bring the national cuisine to the heights reached in Paris.

Granville Barker, the English producing manager and author, has signed a contract to come to this country to stage Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" and "Major Barbara," and later, plays by Galsworthy and himself.

St. Patrick's Day comes March 17th. Green satin boxes filled with candies and appropriately decorated with Shamrocks or Harp of Erin at all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores.

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"Do you and your wife ever have words?"  
"She has. I never do."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Is she of a religious turn of mind?"  
"Very. She never misses a church supper."  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What a lot of style the Browns are putting on!" "Yes, and what a lot of creditors they are putting off."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mistress—Jane, I rang for you to tell you that, if I catch my husband kissing you again, one of you will have to go!—*London Opinion.*

"Is she really an expert stenographer?"  
"Well, no. But she's as expert as you could expect a girl of her beauty to be."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Nipp (flippantly)—What pleasure are you going to give up during Lent? Shipp (savagely)—Lending my friends money.—*Baltimore American.*

Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband read the paper at breakfast? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, and I don't know why; everybody has a seat.—*New York Sun.*

"Does your cook ever answer you back?"  
"Oh, dear no," replied young Mrs. Torkins; "I never think of presuming to address her in the first place."—*Washington Star.*

Scribbler—It took me nearly ten years to learn that I couldn't write poetry. Friend—Gave it up then, did you? Scribbler—Oh, no. By that time I had a reputation.—*Puck.*

"You must not talk all the time, Ethel," said the mother who had been interrupted.  
"When will I be old enough to, mamma?" asked the little girl.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Customer (after experiencing some difficulty getting in)—Great Scott! Isn't there any front door to this drug store? Druggist—No, sir. This is a Christian Science drug store.—*Life.*

She—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-read man. Did you notice his knowledge of Aristotle? He—I did, and if you want my candid opinion, I don't believe he's ever been there.—*Sketch.*

"Things might be worse," said the man who tries to be cheerful. "I thoroughly agree with you," replied Mr. Growcher. "And what's more, I think they are going to be."—*Washington Star.*

"You say you can get me into society?"  
"Yes; but we must plan a campaign. Now which crowd do you want to get in with, the bridge set or the gasoline set?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

McGorry—I'll huy yez no new hat, d'yez moind that? Ye are vain enough alhriddy. Mrs. McGorry—Me vain? Oi'm not! Sure. Oi don't t'ink meself half as good lookin' as Oi am.—*Christian Register.*

Mrs. Kowler—So your daughter is in Paris having her voice cultivated. Does she intend to enter professional life? Mrs. Blunderby—Oh, yes, indeed. She is studying to be a hella-donna.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Why do they call Washington the city of magnificent distances?" "Because," answered the disappointed office-seeker, "it is such a long way between what you go after and what you get."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I thought you had a trained nurse to wait on your wife?" "So I have." "And now you're looking for more help." "Yes, I find I have to have three or four maids to wait on the trained nurse."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to— Young Lawyer—No; but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Pa, was Washington a hoy scout?" "No, my son; the organization was not in existence in his time." "Well, I don't see how he could do all he did if he lacked the training that we get every week."—*Buffalo Express.*

Aged Suitor—It is true that I am considerably older than you, but a man is as young as he feels, you know, and— Miss Pert—Oh, that doesn't matter. What I want to know is if you are as rich as you look.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did your son learn anything in college?" "Oh, yes," answered the magnate addressed. "He learned to operate an automobile so well that we have put him in charge of one of our big electric trucks."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wife—How about the tickets, dear? I understand the theatre is packed at every performance. Hub—It is, but I managed to get seats for two weeks from tonight—and, by the way! Wife—Well? Hub—You might begin to get ready now.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mrs. Bacon—My husband threw his alarm clock at a cat in the back yard last night. Mrs. Egbert—But he never hit the cat, I'll bet. Mrs. Bacon—No, but he says he got rid

of one nuisance, anyway.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Your wife must keep out of all excitement." "Impossible, doctor. She carries it around with her."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Which political party do you belong to?"  
"I doesn't actually belong to no party," replied Uncle Rasherry, "hut 'casionally I hires out to ary one of 'em."—*Washington Star.*

Dodds—As one grows older there are certain things in which it is difficult to keep up one's interest. Don't you find it so? Hobbs—Er—yes—there's the mortgage on my house, for example.—*Exchange.*

**THE MERRY MUSE.****Chanson du Printemps.**

Kiss me, Celeste,  
A kiss is best.  
Our tears are vain.  
When love is dead,  
When love is fled,  
We love again!

For love is fleet,  
As love is sweet,  
And knows no rest.  
So let's today  
Love while we may,  
Kiss me, Celeste.

—Life.

**That "Houn' Dawg" Tunc.**

Every time I come to town,  
The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg around;  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

**CHORUS—**

"Chaw de meat and save de bone;  
Ol' Blue Neck lives on Tallyhoun.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
You got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Sambo, lay that hanjo down.  
You good for nothin' triflin' houn';  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
You got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Every time I go to school  
The teacher lams me with a rule;  
Makes no difference if I am a fool,  
She's got a-quit lamm'n' me with a rule.

Sift the meal an' save the bran;  
You can't grow taters in sandy lan'.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
You got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

My dawg Drum is a good ol' houn';  
Trails the possum on the driest groun'.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
You got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

—Ozark Clark Boomer.

**Up Against the Bars.**

Old King Cole was a merry old soul;  
A merry old soul was he!  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
But only two of the fiddlers came;  
The third, they said, was barred  
From earning his living thenceforth, because  
He carried no union card.  
Nor came the pipe with its fragrant weed,  
Nor the bowl with its golden brew;  
For all such things had been driven from court  
By the W. C. T. U.

—New York Evening Post.

When the Armenian massacres were commanding the interest and sympathy of the civilized world a newspaper correspondent rushed excitedly one day into the office of Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Ade with the question: "Mr. Secretary, will you tell me definitely whether or not the United States government will send any battleships to Armenia?" "No ships will be sent there," replied Ade, with great gravity. "Navigation, I am informed, has not been good in the vicinity of Ararat since the time of Noah's ark."

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# The Argonaut.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Death Penalty.

The movement for the abolition of capital punishment is one that naturally appeals to the humanitarian instinct, but it is one that ought not to be settled by the humanitarian instinct. Nor, on the other hand, ought it to be settled on the "serves him right" principle that is rather a favorite with careless people. The principle underlying all punishment ought to be the good of the community as a whole, and neither sentiment on the one hand nor revenge upon the other.

If capital punishment diminishes the crime of murder, by all means let it continue. But if it does not, then let it stop. Capital punishment is generally in force throughout America, but in 1911 there were ten thousand murders and only fifty executions. A single jail in Chicago now holds two hundred murderers, all under death sentence. It may be argued that if murderers were usually discovered and expeditiously hanged the crime would soon become one of the lost arts. But it may be urged with equal plausibility that the uncertainties and delays in the punishment of mur-

derers are due to an extreme reluctance to inflict the capital penalty. England abolished capital punishment for lesser offenses not so much because of its inhumanity as because juries refused to convict at all when the penalty was death. It is not so much penal theories that we have to deal with as a human nature that is creditably, if illogically, determined to be lenient. Release the jurymen from his execrated duty of signing a death warrant and we might find that we had greased the wheels of justice. Moreover, we have to remember that California is one of the few communities in civilization that imposes the death penalty for crimes other than murder.

### The Monroe Doctrine.

There is a rumor going about the world that Imperial Germany is bargaining with the South American state of Colombia for certain harbors and territories. That back of this rumor there is any foundation of fact is most unlikely. The possession by Germany of Colombian ports and territories would do her little or no good; the sale is from any standpoint on the part of Colombia improbable. Almost certainly the story is one of those vagrant reports which get invented God knows how and which get circulated and even seriously considered because for the moment the world wants something to talk about.

In our own country this story of a German purchase in Colombia serves to raise anew a lot of loose talk on the basis of the Monroe Doctrine. Will Germany have the hardihood to cast the gage of defiance before the beak of the American eagle? Will the government at Washington allow this alleged bargain to be carried out? What will be the attitude of England toward the projected aggrandizement of her dearly hated rival? What will happen in the other weak countries of South America if this German-Colombian deal shall be successful? These and a multitude of other more or less excited inquiries are helping the newspapers to get through the dull season which the collapse of Mr. La Follette's "boom," the failure of Colonel Roosevelt's "stampede," the tediousness of the Lawrence strike, and the want of some really first-class scandal have imposed upon the country.

Germany, we think, does not want ports and territories in Colombia and is not bargaining for them. Colombia, we think, does not wish to sell her ports or territories. But—what if they did? What of it, if Germany should in fact wish to buy and if Colombia should in fact be willing to sell? Under the pretensions of the Monroe Doctrine the government at Washington would no doubt make inquiries, and it might make formal protest. But suppose the bargain were struck and the trade made. What would we do about it? What could we do about it? The German naval armament is heavier, more modern, better provided, and better manned than our own. Furthermore it could be vastly enlarged within a month by converting merchant vessels into ships of war. Germany has in her great commercial fleet an unlimited resource in the way of transport service, whereas we have none at all. The German army is anywhere from ten to fifteen times larger than our own, and potentially the disproportion is even greater. Germany is not, to be sure, as rich as America, but she is rich enough for all practical purposes. She has the means to fight if she wants to fight. Furthermore Germany is ready. She could proceed to Colombia in force, occupy and fortify the country, before we could get beyond the preparatory stages. Incidentally she could capture the canal and hold it under a title easily to be acquired from the Colombian government, which, fundamentally speaking, has quite as good a title to our canal zone as we have.

Then would our people be willing to enter into a costly, hazardous, and doubtful war with Germany to prevent her from buying territory from Colombia,

Colombia being willing? Would there not immediately develop in the United States a formidable party opposed to war in the southern half of our continent in enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine? Would there not be those to denounce a warlike enterprise against Germany under the circumstances suggested as whimsical, foolish, futile? And quite seriously speaking, would there be any possible chance of success unless we should draw England and her navy into co-operation with us? And supposing this to be practicable, would we be justified morally in setting the world by the ears to prevent Colombia from freely selling what is her own to Germany which may wish to buy, at a spot on the earth's surface a good five thousand miles distant from the seat of our own power?

The Monroe Doctrine has a fine ring to it. It stimulates our pride; it serves our politics; it may justify aggression as we have practiced it in Cuba and as we may practice it further in Mexico. It helps us to save our face even when we play the rôle of robber and pirate as when we "took" the Isthmus. None the less the Monroe Doctrine as applied to South America is a mere bugaboo, a scarecrow, practically about as efficient a device as a child's rattle. We wouldn't fight to preserve the territorial integrity of any South American country willing to sell to a first-class power like imperial Germany even if we could, and any military man knows that we couldn't if we would. The Monroe Doctrine unbacked by colossal armaments is a futility, an absurdity, a mere brag. The Monroe Doctrine without a basis of moral justification and without the backing of an inspired and devoted people is a nullity. We have practically no armament. Our people care not one hang about South America. There is indeed a certain vitality in the Monroe Doctrine. But the limits of its application are Mexico on the south, and the countries around the Gulf and the Caribbean. The Monroe Doctrine goes no further. Its limit is the Canal Zone. Beyond that we have no moral right of jurisdiction and practically we will never assume it—excepting in connection with the bluster and fury of our domestic politics.

### The Rowells.

Mr. Chester Rowell, editor of the Fresno Republican, a newspaper whose chief owner is his uncle, Dr. Rowell of Fresno, has long been among those who have protested against "machine" influence and authority in the Republican organization of California. He has sustained a continuous relationship to the party, but within it has always been somewhat of a "kicker." Mr. Rowell has a ready pen. Therefore he has been able to make very plain the theories and the reasonings of his political faith. His ideas as related to political matters have been those of the mugwump order. Efficiency in government has not with him been a justification of government under a close scheme of party organization. He has stood radically and persistently against anything smacking of the "boss system." He would rather have less efficient government on a loose basis of organization than a more efficient government under a close system.

Mr. Rowell's position during the last few months has in itself been a striking and even a pathetic commentary upon the principles of his political life. Some two years ago, in the hope of popularizing the government of California, he joined in the movement which elected Mr. Johnson to the governorship; and once in this movement, he has held on to it, even though it has carried him into associations and courses out-Heroding the Herods of his former aversion. When Mr. Johnson, having "kicked" out the old machine, took unto himself the functions of boss, Mr. Rowell, putting aside his original scruples, stayed with him. Likewise when Governor Johnson whipped the legislature into his purposes, Mr. Rowell stood patiently of the motives of his earlier inspiration.



of his own homilies against arbitrary, interested, and ambitious schemes and arbitrary practice in politics, Mr. Rowell stuck by Mr. Johnson. He even lent him aid and comfort in the movement by which the state constitution has been made a thing of shreds and patches, turned from its conformity with the system of traditional American ideas, revolutionized to a degree which classifies California with Oklahoma and other freak states.

Mr. Rowell interested himself in the candidacy of Senator La Follette. He declared La Follette to be the ideal and the necessary man for the country. He expounded his cause from public platforms and supported him in his newspaper. He became president of the La Follette League of California. And, quite incidentally, Mr. Rowell became, in association with the candidacy of La Follette and the cause of an advanced progressivism, a candidate for the United States Senate. This ambition, in the opinion of many, has been the inspiring motive of Mr. Rowell's continuing concessions to the Johnsonian scheme of personal and radical politics. The *Argonaut* thinks not. Mr. Rowell it believes stands above any conscious motive of self-interest. It regards him as a man of sound intentions, but one whose understanding and character have not been strong enough to resist influences which have swept him away from his once cherished principles and have made him a subservient instrument in the hands of a rough-riding, all-dominating master to whom he had become professionally and personally attached. We think Mr. Rowell has lacked the force to steer a straight course in the rough waters of political agitation. The schoolmaster in him, we think, has overmastered the spirit of consistency.

Mr. Rowell's complete abandonment of his old instinct of manly independence came with Governor Johnson's amazing flop from La Follette to Roosevelt. Chairman though he was of the La Follette organization in California, he "took programme" by telegraph, and flopped with his boss. From the standpoint of a man of the world, of a man accustomed to cooperate with other men under the common obligations of manly stability and good faith, it was a shameless business. But Mr. Rowell did it apparently without shame. Again the schoolmaster had triumphed over the man. Perhaps, since one moves rapidly on a down grade, by this time thoughts of the senatorship had become a controlling motive in the mind of the once independent man.

But Dr. Rowell, the worthy uncle, a man of larger experience and more seasoned character, a man of more certain principles and of a firmer fibre, can not follow his nephew in his lightning change. He has gone far, but he can not see his way to abandon President Taft at the orders of a man like Hiram Johnson. And, after his lifelong habit—a habit which under the inspirations of sincerity and consistency have made him a moral force in California—he has spoken his mind. At a meeting at Fresno held in promotion of President Taft's candidacy within the week, Dr. Rowell took the platform and declared the spirit and the faith that was in him. He not only gave his reasons for supporting Taft, but his reasons for opposing Roosevelt. They are reasons which commend themselves to all men who respect sanity and good faith, and condemn vanity and false dealing. Among other objections to Roosevelt, Dr. Rowell emphasized Mr. Roosevelt's attitude when President toward the public schools of California and his advocacy of the naturalization of Japanese.

Referring directly to Taft and Roosevelt he declared that the former in a single instance had accomplished more for the country than could be credited to the whole score made by Roosevelt. Continuing, he said:

This campaign has settled into a great personal issue. There are no great principles at stake which will split the party. There is no need of a division of the party. We are all protective tariff men and all believe the welfare of the country is best served by the continuation of the Republican party.

Generally speaking, every man who stops to consider will say that President Taft has made one of the best balanced and most effective Presidents the country has ever had. For one thing, he has brought about a treaty of peace which means more than anything Roosevelt ever had to his credit.

To me, one reason alone is sufficient to cause me to be against Mr. Roosevelt. The unwritten law is more binding than the written, and the principle set down by George Washington that no man should become a President for the third time is just as applicable now as it was then.

There is no need of quibbling about Roosevelt's state-

ment. The fact that he seeks to be President for the third time is in itself sufficient.

Dr. Rowell was especially interesting in his explanation of the course of the *Republican*, owned chiefly by himself and edited by his nephew. He said:

The paper has been identified with a movement that in its inception and purpose has had my hearty approval, and the editor of the *Republican* has been personally a leader in this movement. This movement has accomplished a good work, but I believe it is growing away from its original purpose and is getting beyond its intended scope and away from the control of those who started it.

I had something to do with the election of Governor Johnson and believe he has accomplished a great work for the state. I believe, however, that the movement which he represents has gone too far. I don't question the sincerity of those behind it, but I do question their judgment.

The difference between the attitude of Dr. Rowell, the uncle, and that of Mr. Rowell, the nephew, is worth attention because both men are leaders of thought, both personally intelligent and worthy. But the uncle is a man established in character, old in experience, seasoned in principle, a man in whom emotion is subordinated to judgment, one who understands the obligations of life in all its relations and by whom the worthy loyalties of man to man are comprehended and respected. Dr. Rowell stands precisely where he has stood in all the years that he has been fighting what he has esteemed wrong and vicious practices in politics. He was opposed to the old system in California on principle, because in his view it rested too much on individual initiative and personal authority. Now on this same principle he is opposed to the Johnsonian régime. He doesn't question the sincerity of the reformers, but he thinks that they have lost their heads. "The movement," he discreetly observes, "is getting beyond its intended scope."

On the other hand, Mr. Rowell, the nephew, younger in years, less fixed in his hold upon vital principles, lacking in experience, brilliant but immature, flattered by his associations and perhaps exhilarated by ambition, has lost his balance and his moral bearings. Even while yielding to the pressure of personal influences, he disloyally abandons a national leader to whom his faith was pledged and forgets the very principles of political action which he has so earnestly professed in times past. His sense of proportion, his reasonableness, his sense of duty under the obligations of principle and the obligations of cooperative association are lost in a blind followership of one who, entering politics upon pretensions of moral purpose, has become a raving and swaggering boss.

Rowell, the uncle, faithfully sustains a name long associated in California with high ideals of political life. Rowell, the nephew, has forgotten his principles. But the uncle assures us that however wrong the Rowell newspaper may be now it will come right with time. Let us hope that under such inspirations we may in time find young Mr. Rowell, instructed by experience, and redeemed by repentance, again active in the old cause of sound political principles, again fighting bossism and its abuses. The ideals of politics can ill afford to lose a champion so valiant and intrepid.

#### Concerning Missionary Enterprise.

The *Argonaut* regrets its inability to work up anything in the way of sentimental enthusiasm over the refugee missionaries who with their always superabundant families are scurrying home by every steamer from revolutionary China. Jesus—or was it St. Paul—is reported to have bade the disciples go forth into all the world and preach the gospel. We say "reported" because we have never been entirely assured that this particular injunction is not an interpolation introduced into the text by some adroit cleric with a taste for foreign adventure. But be this as it may, there appears in the present age and condition of the world no form of humanitarian effort so wanting in the sanctions of propriety and common sense as that of missionary enterprise. In an age of narrower faith it was widely held that "salvation" was the supreme end and aim of life, likewise that there was but one agency through which it might be attained. Under the beliefs of the mediæval church, and perhaps of the sects which in more recent times have blindly accepted mediæval conceptions, there was indeed some justification for arrainging the faiths of other races and seeking to substitute our own; but in the present state of the world there is none at all. The world has come to understand that in religion as in other spheres a tree is valued by its fruits—or to drop down from poetry to

plain prose, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Any scheme of religion which wins men from selfishness and rapacity to altruism and kindness is a worthy religion. And by the same token any religion which grows out of the life of a particular people and is adjusted to it in the sense of persistently providing better motives of life, is the best religion for that people.

Take the case of China: The Chinese have a system of religion much older than our own, and quite as highly justified by its philosophy and its working precepts. It fits Chinese character as hand to glove. It is fundamental in its relation to Chinese civilization and to the whole scheme of Chinese life. It differs sharply, to be sure, at many points from the scheme of Christianity; but it is either a very bold or a very bigoted critic who dares claim for the latter a higher historical, spiritual, philosophic, or moral sanction. Surely more men have lived under civilized standards and have died in reverence under the system of Confucius and Buddha than under the system of Jesus. A scheme of religion so justified historically and ethically has as good a right to the respect of mankind—a species of respect entitling it to an undisturbed career in its own field—as any other.

We venture to say that the Chinese religion is the best possible religion for a Chinaman. It is the religion of his fathers, of his state, of his neighborhood, of his domestic association. It sustains him in his normal relationships. It is good for him to live by and to die by. To impose upon a Chinaman any other religion is first of all to break down within him the fundamental quality of mind which lies at the basis of all forms of religious feeling and which, we make bold to declare, is the best of it. A "converted" Chinaman is first of all a man who has abandoned his traditional, historic, and domestic faiths, and therefore a man more than less demoralized. One can not turn from one faith—or from one love—to another without some moral or spiritual loss in the process. Now having gone through this experience—having abandoned one faith and taken on another—what has your Chinaman gained? And what has he lost? He has lost a harmonious relationship to the ideas fundamental to his racial character; he has broken with the most profound and morally sustaining forces of individual life. He has separated himself from his traditions; he has put himself out of sympathy with the political organization of his country; he has set up barriers between himself and all the natural and artificial relationships of his life. Call him by any name you will, he yet stands in his own mind and heart a renegade. Enthusiasts will tell you that in return for all this he has gained "salvation." It is a shadowy and uncertain advantage. Most certainly he has not gained anything which can appeal with moral power to his mind or to his spirit. For his mind is incapable of conceiving and his spirit is incapable of feeling the things which make the appeal of Christianity to men of Western breeding. All this explains why Americans and Europeans who have lived in the Orient are notoriously distrustful of "Clischen" Chinese. They know them as men who have broken with the most cherished forces and associations of life, as men who stand apart from the motives and the restraints of their traditional system of moral discipline without having come to comprehend any other. They know that the ceremonies of the substituted religion are mummeries merely, signifying nothing beyond a mere emotionalism—perhaps not even that.

The missionary—the man who goes forth carrying the gospel to remote lands and alien peoples—is in truth, if he could but know it, a breaker-down rather than a builder-up of human character. And before that he is a supreme egotist. And in the blindness of egotism he goes on and on through generations stupidly persistent, supremely unconscious even in the face of experience of the mischiefs which follow after him.

The impertinence of the missionary scheme is quickly apparent when we imagine the tables turned and reflect what our own attitude would be toward the agents of alien religions were they to set proselyting agencies on foot in our country. Indeed we have seen something of it. Who does not recall the contempt, the indignation, the blows which are the invariable portion of proselyting schemers in America and England. We will not have it; we scourge the proselyter and drive him from the country the moment he begins to draw any among us from their normal connections, associations, and beliefs. Whoever in our country carries forward a movement of this kind must do it in secrecy



or under disguises, for if Christianity has not re-created us all in its own image it has at least made us intolerant of alien religious schemes and forms. And yet we—or some of us—condemn the Chinaman because he resents the presence of Christian missionaries in his own country and would deny them the privilege of activities calculated not to “redeem,” but to demoralize. In this case the *Argonaut* finds itself emphatically in sympathy with the protesting Chinaman. In its judgment, he has an undoubted right to resent as impertinent any kind of missionary enterprise which runs athwart the traditions, the faiths, and the practice of his racial life.

### The Strike at Lawrence.

A congressional committee is now sitting at Washington in order to ascertain the facts in connection with the strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts. The scope of the inquiry is a limited one. We have now lived in an atmosphere of strikes for a good many years, but Congress does not usually concern itself with economic disputes, with rates of pay, or with conditions of labor. Nor is it doing so now. An average wage scale of from \$6 to \$9 a week may or may not be enough. The textile workers at Lawrence may or may not be compelled to live like wild beasts, and a reduction of 20 cents a week in their pay may or may not be sufficient cause for a strike. Massachusetts may regulate these matters for herself in accordance with a New England conscience now somewhat out at elbows. The object of the congressional inquiry is graver than all of these things put together, and it is well that we should understand what that object is.

When the Lawrence strike first assumed a turbulent aspect it attracted the attention of some good people in Philadelphia, who concerned themselves with the fate of the children thus exposed to the double violence of the strikers and the police. Now these good people in Philadelphia who are now testifying in Washington are neither agitators nor partisans. Their sympathies were the ordinary human ones evoked by the thought of helpless and suffering children, and so they arranged with the mothers of these children to send them to Philadelphia, where good homes were prepared for them until the trouble should be over. One would suppose that so practical and kindly a philanthropy would win applause from a thug. It would win applause from a thug, but the authorities of Lawrence are made of sterner stuff than that.

Those children were not allowed to be sent from the city. Fearing that their safety would encourage the strikers, the police forbade any children to be moved from Lawrence. The police not only visited the mothers at their homes and threatened them with punishment, but when the mothers assembled at the railroad station with their children the police wrenched the children from their arms, violently arrested both mothers and children, separated them, and confined them in the ordinary prison. There is no need to enter into the details of the evidence already given. Some of it is concerned with the misery of the children in prison and apart from their mothers. Some of it relates to the clubbing of the women, one of whom was pregnant, and to the murderous ferocity of the authorities toward them. For the credit of human nature we may hope that some of this evidence is exaggerated, but upon that point there is this to be said: Some of the worst of it comes from philanthropic ladies of Philadelphia, whose word is beyond challenge. In its main features it has been reported day by day by the usual news agencies, and it has not been contradicted. There is very little new in this congressional testimony or that has not appeared in a hundred newspapers during the last two weeks. And not one voice has been raised in denial.

But even if we strip this evidence of all possible exaggeration, if we make the fullest allowance for hate and passion—and they must have been veritable tornados in Lawrence—there still remains one fact that is indisputable. The authorities took it upon themselves to say that a certain number of persons should live in Lawrence and nowhere else. There is no question about that. Even if they enforced that ukase by hymns and prayers it remains an infamy and a monstrosity and one that should breed a lifelong disaster for some one. If this outrage is to be allowed to fritter away unpunished into forgetfulness then we had better cease to talk of free institutions and take our place in civilization with Russia and Portugal. And there is another thing that may be said. If we

are prepared to condone this crime, to attenuate it, to excuse it, then the advocates of orderly government against the assaults of a militant socialism may as well lay down their weapons and retire from the fight. The friends of disorder throughout the country have received more aid and solace from the authorities of Lawrence than the best minds in the country can counteract in a year.

### The Democratic Party.

Beyond a doubt there are many Republicans who would not be displeased to see the government turned over to the Democrats this fall, if only there could be assurance of a wise man in the presidential chair and of a due sense of responsibility on the part of the dominating forces within the party. The country is not alarmed over Democratic principles if only it could trust the Democrats.

It would seem that the leaders of Democracy ought to see their opportunity and so address themselves to the business of establishing the party in the public confidence. But curiously enough their policies tend not to build up confidence, but to break it down. Instead of putting forward a constructive plan calculated to make appeal to the mood of the country, they are resorting to outworn courses calculated not so much under the sense of responsibility as with the purpose of embarrassing the Republicans.

There seems to abide nowhere in the Democratic leadership any real comprehension of the requirements of the government or any positive interest in doing anything for its own sake. The animating idea appears to be to discover what the Republicans want, and then to do something else. The proposal to limit naval construction is one item of this maladroit policy. The proposal to eliminate from the army eight cavalry regiments is another. The proposal to throw away the findings of the tariff commission and to flout its recommendations is still another. A foolish concession to the pension grabbers is indicative of moral let-down. A half-cooked but urgent scheme of tariff revision carries further the suggestions of insufficiency and irresponsibility.

It is plain that those who initiate the policies of the Democratic party fail to comprehend the necessities of the government, that they give their minds rather to political scheming than to studies of responsible and constructive statecraft. It is likewise plain that in selecting its candidate for the presidency the Democratic party will give greater heed to personal, geographical, and factional considerations than to the necessity for presenting a candidate in harmony with the times and qualified by character and history to command the confidence of the country. In other words, the Democratic party has gained no wisdom from experience, but goes on blundering and to blunder after a fashion which has made its tactics a joke and its policy a travesty.

The trouble with the Democratic party is that it has been so long in opposition as to have become imbued with the spirit of opposition and negation. It has not led the policies of the country for so long that it has lost the positive spirit of leadership. Having no men accredited by success, it gives its faith—it submits—to nobody. It has lost the trick of following its leaders, because it has developed no leaders to follow. It is truly a hard situation—peculiarly hard in view of the fact that the opportunity is a favorable one if there were wisdom under the hand of authority to make the most of it.

If the Democratic party were an efficient organization, capable of selecting its champions discreetly and of supporting them unitedly, the game would be its own this year of grace 1912. But it will fail because it is without the powers which alone can win. It does not know how to command the confidence of the country at a time of wavering political allegiance. It is without the competence to put forward winning issues or winning figures. The ball is at its feet, but it has not the capacity to pick it up and carry it to the goal.

### Exposition Labor.

The Fresno *Republican* is gravely displeased with some comments that appeared recently in these columns on the law passed by the recent legislature guaranteeing to exhibitors the right to employ their own labor in their own way. The *Argonaut* ventured to believe that the right in question is one already guaranteed under the constitution of the United States and by the moral sense of the world, but that under the rule of labor

unionism, as we have it here, it will be violated in the future as it has been violated in the past. That so elementary a right had to be confirmed a year ago and by the state legislature with “the consent of the unions” is only a mark of the depth of abjectness to which we have descended. It is as though the legislature should solemnly grant permission to the citizen to eat three meals a day. There would be a natural inference that hitherto he had not been allowed to eat three meals a day.

The *Argonaut* asked further how this law is to be enforced, and the *Republican* replies that the enforcement is quite easy. All things are delightfully easy to the reformer whose fledgling imagination never soars higher than the passing of a law. The grant of the state appropriation, we are told, was conditional on the exhibitors being allowed to do what they have a universal right to do. Therefore the law will be kept. Doubtless this embryotic kind of reasoning is satisfactory to the *Republican*, but the adult mind will ask for something more solid. It will still want to know why an act of the California legislature will be more binding upon the thug and the dynamiter than is the constitution of the United States. In other words, it will still want to know what the unions will do to discourage the clan of the McNamaras. It will be remembered that the McNamaras were cheered by the assembled unions at Fresno, where the *Republican* comes from, and it may be that evil communications have corrupted good manners, as they often do.

But the *Republican* becomes most illuminating when it explains to us why this amazing law was passed “by the assent of the unions.” The law, says the *Republican*, “was passed because it was right and proper, though superfluous and unnecessary.” Now it is always a pleasure to reason with wrongheadedness, but against sheer unadulterated silliness there is no available weapon. How a law can be right and superfluous and proper and unnecessary all at the same time it is hard to see, but in order that there may be no doubt about the matter the *Republican* concludes its screed with a reiterated assurance that the provision was “obviously proper . . . though there was no need for it.”

We shall all agree with the *Republican* that the law was unnecessary, seeing that its provisions are already a part of the fundamental law of the land. It is just as unnecessary as would be a new law forbidding murder by dynamite, revolver, and bludgeon. Already we have laws against these crimes and we need no new ones. And they are usually broken, some or all of them, during every labor dispute. Therefore we want to know what steps will be taken to prevent them from being broken during the forthcoming preparations for the exposition. The reply as it stands now is only a maze of nonsense and childish nonsense at that.

The *Republican* is guilty of the further silliness of charging the *Argonaut* with a desire to provoke a labor war. The *Argonaut* is keenly anxious to avoid war of every kind, and to that end it would suppress all thugs, dynamiters, bludgeonmen, stone-throwers, and boycotters before their crimes and depredations make industry a farce, the exposition a fiasco, and life impossible. If resistance to highwaymen constitutes an act of war then the *Argonaut* will continue to make war, and it will do so with the full assurance that when the great majority of decency both within and without the labor unions shall finally make itself heard the *Republican* will follow its usual policy and will be found with that majority.

### Editorial Notes.

Captain Amundsen's claim to have reached the South Pole has been received without a whisper of doubt. To the credit of human nature it has been received, too, without a suggestion of jealousy, although many other expeditions had joined in the siege of the southern fortress. Amundsen has certainly deserved success if any man ever deserved it. He was with Nansen in that famous explorer's last attempt upon the North Pole. Subsequently, and at the head of his own expedition, he took the little *Gjoa* through the Northwest Passage, and now in the *Fram*, the same vessel in which he sailed with Nansen, he has penetrated to the spot where southward becomes northward. If arctic ambitions are not now satisfied they must remain unsatisfied, for there is nothing more left to do. By the way, there is a report that Amundsen intends to bring the *Fram* to San Francisco. The *Gjoa* is already here, so we may yet see the two most famous exploring ships in the world lying side by side in Golden Gate Park.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The British premier is said to have been rendered seriously uneasy by the numerous threats to poison his wife and children unless he surrenders in the matter of the suffrage. As a rule it is safe to disregard a threatening letter, but the dove-eyed apostles of the vote have espoused what is called the propaganda by deeds with such energy that even poison ceases to be impossible. And what a thrill it would give to the tired nerves of political life. What a spice of romance would be imported into the prosaic dining-room of the House of Commons if an adverse vote on a woman's bill might mean a little something in the coffee. But the proposal is an interesting one from many points of view. Poison has never been a favorite with the Anglo-Saxon mind, and we must go back for two and a half centuries before we find an instance of its employment for political purposes. It is related by Sir Simon d'Ewes that when Pym was organizing the resistance of the Commons to Charles I he was handed a parcel left for him at the door of Westminster Hall. The parcel was found to contain a piece of linen rag that had been used to cover a plague wound, and it had been sent to him by some too enthusiastic royalist in the hope that he would contract the disease.

Let us hope that a Canadian war of secession will not take its place among the perils of the age. Western Canada is still noisily weeping over the rejection of the reciprocity bill and attributes it all to the spite of the effete East. If Quebec and Montreal with their dense populations are to be allowed to override the will of the ambitious but sparsely settled West it will be necessary for the West to paddle its own canoe and to declare its independence. So, at least, says Mr. Molloy of the Manitoba legislature, and perhaps Mr. Molloy has real fighting blood in his veins. "No greater blow," he says, "has ever been dealt to western Canada than the rejection of reciprocity. The people of eastern Canada have deliberately set themselves to injure western Canada, and in the course of ten years there will be such an agitation in western Canada against their hindering acts that nothing but separation will suffice." Let us hope that hostilities will not break out before the Mexican unpleasantness has been settled. With foreign bullets flying across the frontiers both north and south there would be lively times in the United States.

Parisian lovers of the staid and sober-minded *Martin* were recently distressed to find upon the front page of their favorite newspaper a weird drawing of a supposed inhabitant of Mars. The drawing was the work of M. Edmond Perrier of the French Natural History Museum, and the only defense that the incriminated scientist could offer was the fact that he had been urged upon his wild career by M. Flammarion himself. The sketch, he explained, was not wholly fanciful. He had carefully studied the Martian conditions and he believed he had designed the kind of being that would fit those conditions. The Martian would have large lung power because of the low atmospheric pressure, he would be of large size because the force of gravity is slight, and he would be light-haired because the Martian daylight is of low intensity. So M. Perrier draws a dreadful looking being with a long nose, heavy ears, spindle limbs, and no waist, not at all the kind of person one would wish to meet in a dark lane late at night. But Perrier says that the Martian is kind-hearted and very intellectual, but it is hard to see how he can draw these particular deductions from the physical conditions of the red planet.

The English Parliament opened on February 14. The opening should have been on the 13th, but the Irish members objected to a number hitherto so fatal to their cause. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone introduced his great Home Rule bill; on March 13. After the dissidents had resigned from the cabinet the remaining statesmen were thirteen in number. The second Home Rule bill was introduced on February 13, and now the Irish patriots have had enough of the proverbially unlucky number and will challenge fate no more. Certainly it seems a pity to run any avoidable risk when there are so many unavoidable ones ahead. But what will the Thirties Club say to this unblushing display of superstition? And how about all those ready writers who never tire of telling us that exact science has forever banished the remains of mediæval credulity?

General Diaz makes no secret of his gratification at the troubles that have overwhelmed Madero. He wishes well to Mexico, but he would be more than human if he felt no exultation at the discomfiture of his momentarily successful rival. Madero, says Diaz, allowed it to be believed that he would cut up the great haciendas and distribute the fragments among the people. They believed that every one would get everything and that days of toil would be replaced by a perpetual Sunday afternoon with nothing to break the beatific *de la far niente* except an occasional cockfight. Being disappointed, they naturally fight, for even fighting is preferable to work. Diaz is living with his wife near Toulon, in France, and describes himself as contented and unusually well.

The special correspondent with the Turks of the London *Daily Express* says that a swarthy Joan of Arc has appeared upon the scene and that she has had much success in leading her Arah followers. Speaking of the fight at Gargaresh and of the Arah assault, we are told that "at their head was a figure, cloaked and hooded in russet brown, who carried no weapon but a staff of olive wood, and whose voice rang high and shrill above the shouts and rattling rifle fire. The face beneath the russet hood was of so deep a brown as to be black. The eyebrows met in a savage frown over keen, dark eyes; the jaw was square and heavy, the nose straight with widely distended nostrils; and a col-

lar of panther's teeth glistened against the broad brown bosom. With a voice like the scream of an angry stallion this figure alternately menaced and exhorted the Arahs, and shrieked out terrible curses against the Italians." We may have been a little previous in assuming that the strenuousness of war are not for women and that they must not vote because they can not fight. They can fight. There have been many women warriors, and it may be noted that they were usually successful. In the deplorable event of a war with Mexico we ought to try the experiment. Imagine the Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw or Miss Inez Milholland at the head of a charging column and "shrieking out terrible curses" against the foe. How surprised the Mexicans would be. The moral effect alone would be worth a battery of guns.

M. Dussand, well known as a French scientist, claims to have produced light without heat, a feat easily performed by the glowworm, but one to which human ingenuity has so far proved unequal. When man produces light he produces heat also, with the result that a large amount of energy is wasted in the production of something that is not needed. Light is produced by the visible spectrum, that is to say by the visible color scale from violet to red. Heat is produced by the invisible color scale that lies below the red. M. Dussand claims to have found a material that has the peculiar property of emitting the visible rays of the spectrum only, and there is no reason to disbelieve that he has actually done so. Not only does he cut off the dark heat-producing rays, but he avoids their production altogether.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the dramatic critic, tells us something interesting about the original of Sam Weller. This was Sam, or Samivel Vale, who was well known as a London comedian who acted in the farce called "The Boarding House" and subsequently at Covent Garden Theatre. Sam Vale was noted everywhere for his Wellerisms, such as "Come on, as the man said to his tight boot," "I'm down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle," "Where shall we fly, as the bullet said to the trigger," and "Let every one take care of themselves, as the donkey observed when dancing among the chickens." Sam Vale died in 1848.

The dramatic censor is once more in the exact centre of the English stage, and with the relentless limelight turned full upon him. His name is Mr. Charles Brookfield, and once upon a time in his giddy and irresponsible youth he wrote a play which was said by a committee of maiden aunts to be improper. That play is now to be revived, but Mr. Brookfield can do nothing in the matter, since it is now beyond his jurisdiction, while to make matters still worse he is not allowed by his official position to reap any benefit from a dramatic performance. All he can do is to write indignant letters to the newspapers protesting against the demoralization of the stage as exemplified by his own play. Another cruel joke upon the censor has been played by Lawrence Cohen, whose one-act play was refused a license. Mr. Cohen changed the name of the play, made one or two insignificant alterations in the cast and submitted it once more to the censor, who promptly passed it. Now Mr. Cohen makes known the facts and delicately draws attention to the new name of his play, which is "Quits."

Talking of censorship, the London *Daily Chronicle* reminds us that a play by Sir William Gilbert was once compelled to pass under the harrow. Dr. Butler, when head master of Harrow, made it a rule that all pieces to be acted within the scholastic corral must be submitted to him for approval. Among them was "The Palace of Truth," wherein the hero says to the heroine, "Meet me outside the garden gate at nine o'clock tonight." Dr. Butler's censorial pen erased the words "at nine o'clock tonight" and substituted "at three o'clock this afternoon." The later hour was evidently considered too suggestive for the youthful mind.

Those who are able to draw inferences from musical preferences will be interested in Mme. Calvé's comparisons between musical China and musical Japan. Speaking of the Chinese, she says: "They prefer the dramatic music. They are fond of Wagnerian songs and Italian opera. Any music with the—how do you call it—the dramatic emphasis appeals to them. But the Japanese are lyrical and lighter in their taste. They love the trills, the flourishes, the little songs. They were kind to me all over the world and seemed to like my singing everywhere I went, but the songs that appealed the most in Yokohama were the little lyrics, while in Shanghai and Hongkong there was a real musical appreciation." That is precisely what we should suppose. SIDNEY G. P. CORN.

Uncle Sam has thousands of cats, which he employs at a cost of about \$15 a year each. The government maintains in the Philippine Islands a small army of "cold storage" cats. At this immense cold storage depot at Manila, where great quantities of provisions are kept, cats are most necessary, and at the establishment of the post there was sent there some of the famous cold storage breed. This breed originated in the great warehouses of a cold storage company and has developed special qualifications for enduring extreme cold. These cold storage cats are short-tailed, chubby, with long and heavy fur.

The five-year term is to supplant the three-year term of enlistment for the American soldier by decision of the House of Representatives, which has elected to follow the advice of Adjutant-General Ainsworth (now retired) against that of General Leonard Wood.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Hebe.

See, what a beauty! Half-shut eyes—  
Hide all buff, and without a break  
To the tail's brown tuft that mostly lies  
So quiet one thinks her scarce awake;  
But pass too near, one step too free,  
You find her slumber a devil's truce:  
Up comes that paw—all plump, you see—  
Out four claws, fit for Satan's use.

'Ware! Just a sleeve's breadth closer then,  
And your last appearance on any stage!  
Loll, if you like, by Daniel's Den,  
But clear and away from Hebe's cage—  
That's Hebe! listen to that purr,  
Rumbling as from the ground below;  
Strange, when the ring begins to stir,  
The fleshings always vex her so.

You think 'twere a rougher task by far  
To tame her mate with the sooty mane:  
A splendid bronze for a showman's car,  
And quiet enough for bit and rein.  
But Hebe is—just like all her sex—  
Now good, then bad—he sure of that:  
In either case 'twould a sage perplex  
To make them out, both woman and cat.

A curious record, Hebe's. Reared  
In Italy; age—that's hard to fix;  
Trained from a cub, until she feared  
The lash, and learned her round of tricks;  
Always a traveler—one of two  
A woman-tamer took in hand,  
Whipped them, coaxed them—and so they grew  
To fawn or cower at her command.

None but Florina—that was her name  
And this the story of Hebe here—  
Entered their cage; the brutes were tame  
As kittens, though their mistress near.  
A tall, proud wench as ever was seen,  
Supple and handsome, full of grace;  
The world would how to a real queen  
That had Florina's form and face.

Her lover—for one she had, of course—  
Was Marco, acrobat, circus-star,  
The lightest foot on a running horse,  
The surest leap from a swinging bar:  
And she—so jealous he dared not touch  
A woman's hand; and, truth to say,  
He had no humor to tease her much  
Till a girl in spangles crossed their way.

'Twas at Marseilles, the final scene:  
This pretty rider joined the ring,  
Mam'selle Céeste or Victorine.  
And captured him under Florina's wing.  
They hid their meetings, but when, you see,  
Doubt holds the candle love will show,  
And in love's division the one of three,  
Whose share is lessened, needs must know.

One night, then, after the throng outpoured  
From the show, and the lions my Lady's power  
Had been made to feel, with lash that scored  
And eye that cowed them, a snarling hour—  
(They were just in the mood for pleasantry  
Of those holidays when saints were thrown  
To beasts, and the Romans, entrance-free,  
Clapped hands)—that night, as she stood alone,

Florina, Queen of the Lions, called  
Sir Marco toward her, while her hand  
Still touched the spring of a door that walled  
Her subjects safe within Lion-land.  
He came there panting, hot from the ring,  
So brave a figure that one might know  
Among all his tribe he must be king—  
If in some wild tract you met him so.

"Do you love me still," she asked, "as when  
You swore it first?" "Have never a doubt!"  
"But I have a fancy—men are men,  
And one whim drives another out."  
"What fancy? Is this all? Have done;  
You tire me." "Look you, Marco! oh,  
I should die, if another woman won  
Your love—but would kill you first, you know!"

"Kill me? and how—with a jealous tongue?"  
"Thus!" quoth Florina, and slipped the bolt  
Of the cage's door, and headlong flung  
Sir Marco, ere he could breathe, the dolt!  
Plump on the lion he bounced, and fell  
Beyond, and Hebe leapt for him there—  
No need for their lady's voice to tell  
The work in hand for that ready pair.

They say one wouldn't have cared to see  
The group commingled, man and beast,  
Or to hear the shrieks and roars—all three—  
One red, the feasters and the feast!  
Guns, pistols blazed, till the lion sprawled,  
Shot dead, but Hebe held to her prey  
And drank his blood, while keepers howled  
And their hot irons made yon scars that day.

But the woman? True, I had forgot;  
She never flinched at the havoc made,  
Nor gave one cry, but there on the spot  
Drove to the heart her poniard-blade,  
Straight, like a man, and fell, nor stirred  
Again; so that fine pair were dead:  
One lied, and the other kept her word—  
And death pays debts, when all is said.

So they hustled Hebe out of France,  
To Spain, or may be to England first.  
Then hitherward, over seas, by chance,  
She came as you see her, always athirst—  
As if, like the tigresses that sink  
In the village canes of Hindostan,  
Of one rare draught she loves to think,  
And ever to get it must plan and plan.  
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

What is perhaps the most extraordinary coal mine in the world, as well as the smallest, is situated on a tiny island in the Japan Sea, near Nagasaki, and has just sufficient room upon its surface for the shafts and the hoisting machinery. The workings, which are very extensive, extend in all directions under the sea.



## AT THE HOWELLS BIRTHDAY DINNER.

Colonel George Harvey and His Guests Honor America's Greatest Novelist.

William Dean Howells first looked on life in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, three-quarters of a century ago, but from that little riverside town his career has carried him far and wide to a commanding height. His seventy-fifth birthday anniversary came last week, and Colonel George Harvey, head of the great Harper publishing house, made early and comprehensive plans for a fitting celebration of the event. Saturday evening, at Sherry's, nearly four hundred prominent writers and publicists gathered to greet the dean of American authors, and join in congratulations and praise. Mr. Howells, with no apparent mark of age upon him, aside from the white hair and moustache, met his friends cordially and evidently in most cheerful mood.

At the speakers' table President Taft sat at the right hand of Colonel Harvey, and Mr. Howells at his left. Miss Dorothy sat next to Mr. Howells, and Hamilton W. Mabie, Henry M. Alden, Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Mrs. Margarita Spalding Gerry, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, Miss Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Mary Austin, Miss Mildred Howells, President John Grier Hibben, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Augustus Thomas, Winston Churchill, and William Allen White completed the line. There were forty-six other tables, equally distinguished by the presence of poets, novelists, essayists, and publishers, whose names are familiar wherever American books are read. The list is too long for this space, though it is challenging in scope and in its nearly equal division between representatives of each sex. The speaking was by men, but the ladies who found places by right at every table easily might have vied in eloquence and wit with those who made audible their admiration and personal regard.

Colonel Harvey was in his happiest vein in his address. He quoted the titles of many of Mr. Howells's books with witty relevance, and urged the fitness of the celebration cleverly. "No less varied than your literary product," he said, "has been your work, and here again you breathe an atmosphere of congeniality. You have edited newspapers. Our most famous journalists are here. You have published a book or two. Behold, sir, our greatest publishers. You have set type. In that by-gone occupation I claim companionship before the time when inventive ingenuity transformed an art into a science. You are a novelist, a poet, and a dramatist. A novelist, a poet, and a dramatist shall address you."

President Taft was introduced by Colonel Harvey with a tribute which could not well have been better worded. He recalled the fact that Mr. Howells was a native of Ohio, and, as he had served his country as consul at Venice, he might with justice be spoken of as a statesman. "As a statesman, then, a statesman from Ohio, if you please, you naturally crave the delight of sympathetic comradeship upon an occasion such as this. That void, sir, shall be filled to overflowing. Indeed, I may be so bold as to declare unhesitatingly that he who links arms with you tonight as a public servant is not only a native of Ohio but is, with one exception, the most distinguished native of Ohio now living."

Continuing, Colonel Harvey spoke of the President's character and qualities, and the applause was enthusiastic and long continued. "What are the attributes of a great Chief Magistrate?" he asked. "Pliny, Plutarch, Aristotle, Montaigne—all agree. He must be a wise man; he must be a brave man; he must be a kindly man; he must be a patient man; above all, he must be a just man. Such an one, sir, it is the exceptional blessing of our beloved country now to possess—the embodiment, in truth, of sagacity, of moral courage, of benignity, or leniency, of justice."

"I have traveled from Washington here to do honor to the greatest living American writer and novelist," began President Taft. "I have done this because of the personal debt I feel for the pleasure he has given me in what he has written, in the pictures of American life and society and character he has painted, and with which I have had sufficient familiarity to know the truth and the delicacy of his touch. Neither the rhythm nor the emphasis, nor the shading of his meaning have robbed his style of the lucidity and clearness that delight a prosaic mind like mine, and his delightful and kindly humor that leaves a flavor in one's memory has created a feeling of affection for the author that prompts an expression like this."

Mr. Howells had to wait a long time for the applause to abate when he rose to acknowledge Colonel Harvey's introduction of the guest of the evening. He joked about his age, and said that, after all, he did not have a seventy-fifth birthday anniversary often, and could safely promise not to have another, even if he lived to be one hundred. There was one advantage in being seventy-five years old, for a man somehow came to believe that somehow he had done the things he had witnessed, or if he had not done them that they have been done because of him. Then he spoke of American literature as he had known it.

"I would not wish to praise the past at the cost of the future or the present, for I could not sincerely do that," he said. "There has been no hour of our literary

past, as I have lived it, when I had the least fear for our literary future; not even when the good fight for reality in literary art which I believed myself fighting seemed to be a losing fight, did I bate my hope. To the backward glance the light of the past seems one great glow, but it is in fact a group of stellar fires. Perhaps it is as some incandescent mass that the future will behold this present when it has become the past, but we who sit here tonight are keenly aware of distinctions and of differences.

"If I say that I knew at first hand the luminaries of a bygone period it is not merely to attribute their greatness to my acquaintance with them, but it is also to affirm their essential consciousness of difference from one another. They differed as the stars differ in glory and always will, though the stars may not know it as these great men did. The list of them is very long, and I may say that if I missed the personal acquaintance of Cooper and Irving and Poe and Prescott I was personally acquainted with all the others in whom the story of American literature sums itself. I knew Hawthorne and Emerson and Walt Whitman; I knew Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell; I knew Bryant and Bancroft and Motley; I knew Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe; I knew Artemus Ward and Stockton and Mark Twain; I knew Parkman and Fiske. Names refulgent still, however the fire, never to be returned, seems beginning to die out of some of them; names such as we have hardly the like of."

Most hopeful of the future of American literature were Mr. Howells's references to the work of his younger contemporaries. He spoke with emphasis of a debt which our writers have not yet repaid with general recognition:

"Gradually the light which showed us the way dawned upon us," said he, "and it dawned from the countenance of that most generous of the nations, from France, from the face of her who befriended us in our struggle to be an independent people; from France whose schools no less of literature than of art and science are freely open to any in the whole world who will learn. Some of you may not know this, but I know it, for I am of the generation that lived it and I would fain help to have it remembered that it was from the French we learned beauty of form and truth in art. While the English were still imitating fiction we were learning from the French masters, the Continental masters, to imitate nature, and we gave American literature the bent which it still keeps wherever it is vital."

To the poets he gave sincere praise, though he owned that there are "no sources so sweet as the English sources." "Yet," he continued, "I am ready, almost ready, to say that as much good poetry is written in this time as in the past; but it is not the poetry of the few, it is the poetry of the many. We no longer have supremacies, we no longer have primacies; it is the high average which reigns in this as in all American things." Of the American drama he spoke with the conviction that it touched the national life at its most characteristic points. "Mainly it has been gay as our prevalent mood is; mainly it has been honest as our habit is in cases where we believe we can afford it; mainly it has been decent and clean and sweet as our average life is." He said that he would rather take his chance of pleasure and profit with an American play than with any other sort of new play.

James Barnes, in short, square, red beard, old-fashioned cutaway coat, and tightly strapped trousers, came forward into the limelight at the conclusion of Mr. Howells's remarks, and, as Silas Lapham, recited a tribute in verse to the creator of this distinctive figure in American fiction. The lines were pertinent and kindly, and they were received by the hearers generally with an appreciation which must have pleased the novelist as well as the poet and the reciter. Winston Churchill, Basil King, Hamilton W. Mabie, William Allen White, and Augustus Thomas spoke in varying aspects of the service which Mr. Howells has rendered to letters, and there was no angle of his multiplied activities as author and editor that was not illuminated.

Messages of congratulation had come to Mr. Howells from every land, and many sent letters and poems, though the communications were as often from admiring readers of his works as from fraternal members of the literary guild.

After the dinner an informal mingling of the guests seemed to prove that everybody knew everybody else, and it was midnight before the assemblage began to break up.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1912.

The Palazzo San Giorgio, on the Piazza Caricamento, Genoa, has played an important rôle in the history of this Italian city and of the world of business. It was built in 1260 by order of Guglielmo Boccanegra, captain of the Republic of Genoa, and, after serving as his residence, was the headquarters of the celebrated company and bank of St. George. Our modern system of banking sprang from this historic edifice and the Società delle Comprere di San Giorgio was the first limited liability company. The architect of the place was a monk named Oliviero. Although its architecture has undergone a number of changes the façade still speaks eloquently of the thirteenth century. Its arcades with pointed arches and its windows formed of little columns are exceedingly charming.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Virginia Grant Corbin, sister of General Ulysses S. Grant, has just observed her eightieth birthday at her home in East Orange, New York.

B. J. Blommers, who has been commissioned by the government of Holland to paint the portrait of Andrew Carnegie for the Peace Temple at The Hague, has just arrived in this country to begin his work.

General Isaac Dyer, the oldest postmaster in the United States, has just resigned at Skowhegan, Maine. General Dyer is ninety-two years of age, and has been postmaster of Skowhegan for twelve years.

Prince Joachim, the sixth son of the Kaiser, will be entered as a law student at the University of Strasburg after Easter. He will study law with the son of Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the imperial chancellor.

Brigadier-General George R. Smith, who pays off the United States Army, succeeding Brigadier-General Whipple, graduated from West Point with the class of 1875. His office has a payroll of nearly 75,000 officers and men, and is responsible for the distribution of about \$75,000,000 annually.

Leon Rains, court singer to the King of Saxony, was once a newsboy on the streets of New York. Recently he gave a recital in London, receiving high praise from the critics, being heralded as one of the most noteworthy lieder-singers in Europe. He has been in turn a minstrel, actor, and operatic singer. Next winter he plans to tour this country.

Mlle. Collinere, a young Frenchwoman, is the most accomplished winetaster in the world, though she is a teetotaler. The great wine firms employ her for regular work and frequently for special duty, and so wonderful is her gift that she earns about \$25,000 a year. She has often found so-called wines with not a particle of grape juice in them, being made of cheap alcohol, sugar, dyes, and still cheaper fruit juices.

Mrs. Samuel Walters of Florin, Pennsylvania, for more than forty years has been carrying the mail between the postoffice and the railroad station, and has never missed a train or a mail. As a recognition of her services she is now receiving four times the salary paid when she began her duties. She has had only one vacation in the forty years, and that was a short time ago, when she took a two-day trip to New York.

J. W. Higgins, lately appointed general manager of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain railroad system, entered the service of the Illinois Central as a messenger at the age of fifteen. He has served in almost every capacity in the operating line, including telegraph operator, conductor, chief clerk to general superintendent, trainmaster, division superintendent, and assistant general manager. He is forty-seven years of age and a native of Rhode Island.

Meyer Bloomfield, at the head of the Vocational Bureau, a Boston institution designed to assist young persons over the dangerous transition from school to self-support, arrived in Boston twelve years ago with eight dollars in his pocket and worked his way through Harvard. He came from the East Side, New York, where he had helped in the University Settlement work. During his first year at Harvard he did carpentry work at odd times to keep him in finances.

Dr. John Heyl Vincent, founder of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday in Chicago. He is a native of Alabama, where he began preaching at the age of eighteen. Since the founding of the circle in 1878 he has been chancellor of the Chautauqua Institution, and by his genius has changed the word "Chautauqua," an Indian name, into the synonym of an educational force known throughout the world.

Miss M. C. Smith, superintendent of the women clerks at the postoffice savings bank in London, is responsible for keeping the accounts for one of the greatest banking institutions in the world. She has lived among figures for thirty-seven years and delights in her work. Under her are 1000 clerks, and she is held to account for the accurate keeping of 37,000 ledgers containing the entries of about 10,000,000 depositors, whose savings amount to \$800,000,000.

George Winthrop Fairchild, congressman from the Catskill Mountain section of New York, virtually grew up on printer's ink. At the age of fourteen he concluded to become a newspaper man. Accordingly he quit school and became printer's "devil" on a weekly in Oneonta, New York. In time he developed into a good printer and finally bought and edited the paper. Naturally he became interested in politics. Congress looked good to him, and he went after the job with all the ardor of a good editor after an exclusive piece of news.

Miss Constance Winifred Honey, to whom the national art scholarship of Australia has just been awarded, is the second woman in the history of that country who has won this prize. The scholarship enables the winner to travel for three years through the best-known art schools of Europe. Interestingly enough, Miss Honey was originally trained for the law, but having a leaning towards art, she worked in the Melbourne painting school. This year she decided to send a picture for competition at the National Exhibition. The award is the result.



## THREE MERRY ARTISTS.

And How They Served a Burglar in the Latin Quarter.

Paris is no longer the "gay capital" of thirty years ago. To the stranger there appears to be little difference. We have the Opéra, the Bois, the salons, and all the other formal and brilliant diversions; but the Americans, the Russians, the English who have filled Paris, buy their amusement from us, and our pleasure is the pleasure of the showman. But the greatest change, one that all can see, is in the Latin Quarter. The pretty, pleasure-loving grisettes are transformed into calculating cocottes; the happy, careless students have given way to a crowd of sombre "digs," and the life of the concierge wears him for its very freedom from the pranks of his reckless lodgers. Were Henri Mürger to come back now, he would buy a pan of charcoal and be wafted on its vapory wings to the land where Musette and Mimi awaited him.

Sorieul was one of the last of these Bohemians. He was ostensibly an artist, but his nights were spent in rioting, and his days—in the morning he recovered from the previous night, in the afternoon he prepared for the evening. He had a large studio filled with studies, sketches, half-finished pictures, but its principal use was as a banquet hall. Here he would gather together some score or so of couples from the neighborhood, illuminate the room with tapers, and entertain the company with songs, orations, dancing—anything that entered their heads. Then, when the tapers or refreshments had given out and the company retired to their several lodgings, he would retain a few choice spirits and spend the remainder of the night drinking punch—he was a capital hand at a punch—and performing whatever extravagant acts the potations inspired.

On one of these occasions he had kept two friends to bear him company through the night, Le Pottevin and Volage, both artists like himself. As was their custom, they retired to the small room adjoining the studio, brewed their punch, smoked their pipes, talked, sang, and finally became very drunk. In fact, by the time the purple flames of the third brew were giving to their flushed faces a distorted and rather ghastly appearance, Le Pottevin was the only man who knew what he was doing. They were holding a violent discussion about the merits of the imperial army, interspersed with occasional snatches of those stirring songs that had enlivened many a camp-fire.

Presently Sorieul got to praising the uniform of the various corps, and suddenly springing to his feet, he took from the huge chest in which he kept his artist's paraphernalia a complete hussar's uniform and proceeded to array himself in it. He next commanded Le Pottevin to tog himself out as a grenadier; and as that worthy refused, the two laid hold of him, pulled off his clothes, and introduced him into the enormous uniform, in which he, being a small man, seemed quite lost. Volage fished out a cuirassier's suit and put it on. Sorieul now put them through a number of complicated and entirely new evolutions. Tiring of this, however, he reverted to the original idea.

"As we are soldiers," said he, "let us drink like soldiers."

A punch was accordingly brewed, and they had half finished it, when all at once Le Pottevin, who in spite of his deep potations was almost master of himself, silenced the others with a gesture; and after a few seconds he said, in a whisper:

"Listen! I am sure I heard a noise in the next room." Then rising unsteadily to his feet, he cried: "A spy!"

Going to the trophy of arms which decorated the wall, he proceeded to equip the trio according to their uniforms. Volage had a sort of carbine and a sabre; Le Pottevin an immense musket with a villainous-looking bayonet; and Sorieul, not finding what he wanted, armed himself with a great horse-pistol, which he shoved into his belt, and a battle-axe, which he brandished around furiously. With great caution the door of the studio was opened, and they advanced into the suspected territory.

When they reached the centre of the large room, cumbered up with its variety of curious and incongruous articles, such as one finds only in an artist's studio or the property-room of a theatre, Sorieul said:

"I declare myself general. Now let us hold a council of war. You, the cuirassiers, shall cut off the enemy's retreat—that is to say, lock the door; and you, the grenadiers, shall be my escort."

Volage executed the movement ordered, and then rejoined the main body of the troops, which were engaged in a reconnaissance.

Just as Volage was looking behind a large Japanese screen, he heard a terrific hubbub in the other side of the room. He hurried over, still carrying a candle in his hand, and found that Le Pottevin, with a single mighty thrust, had transfixed the body of a lay figure with his bayonet. Sorieul was battering it over the head with his axe. The mistake being discovered, the general gave the command: "Let us be prudent," and the reconnaissance was resumed.

For at least twenty minutes they had been rummaging around the dark corners, without success, when Le Pottevin bethought him of the closet. Cautionously opening the door, Volage advanced his light and peered into the darkness. He sprang back, terrified: a man there, a living man, who had stared at him with bloodshot, haggard eyes.

Instantly slammed the door to and double-locked

it, and they held a new council. The opinions were widely different. Sorieul suggested that they suffocate him by blowing smoke through the keyhole; Le Pottevin proposed to besiege him, and bring him out by starvation; Volage wanted to lay a train of gunpowder and blow up the closet. Le Pottevin's advice prevailed, however, and while he mounted guard, with his long musket over his shoulder, the other two went after the remainder of the punch and the pipes. Then the trio sat down before the locked door, lit their pipes, and drank to the successful issue of the siege.

At the end of half an hour Sorieul grew impatient. "Well, I for one want a sight of the enemy," he declared. "Shall we assault his position and carry it by force?"

"Bravo!" cried Volage, and each seized his arms. The door was thrown open, and Sorieul, cocking his pistol—which had not been loaded for years—precipitated himself on the enemy. Volage and Le Pottevin followed him, yelling at the top of their voices.

There was a great scuffling in the dark, and at the end of five minutes of confusion they brought out into the light an old sneak-thief, squalid, bent, and white-haired. They tied his hands and feet and shoved him into a chair, he meantime saving not a word.

"This man is a spy. We must court-martial him," said Sorieul, with great solemnity.

The others were so permeated with punch that the proposition seemed perfectly natural to them.

Le Pottevin was charged with the prisoner's defense, and Volage with sustaining the accusation. After an elaborate trial, in which they displayed great eloquence and knowledge of international law, the prisoner was condemned to death, with but one dissenting voice in the tribunal, that of his defender.

"Now we must execute him," said Sorieul; and then, remembering an important ceremony: "This man must not die, however, without the consolation of religion. Where is the army chaplain?"

As that office had not yet been filled, Sorieul commissioned Volage to it, and turning to the condemned man, he exhorted him to confess his sins to the man of God and receive absolution.

For the last five minutes the thief had been rolling his eyes about in a dazed way asking himself what sort of men he had fallen in with. At last, in a voice hoarse and cracked with the ravages of alcohol, he managed to say: "You gents is havin' yer fun, I suppose." But Sorieul forced him down on his knees, and, fearing that his parents might have omitted to baptize him, he poured a glass of punch over the old man's head.

"Confess yourself to the priest," he urged. "Your last hour has come."

Thoroughly frightened now, the old wretch began to bellow "Help!" so lustily that he was gagged, lest he should arouse the neighbors. Then he rolled around on the floor, twisting and writhing, upsetting furniture, and knocking pictures off the easels.

"Let's put an end to this," said Sorieul at length, and aiming his pistol at the old man, he pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a dry click. Following his example, Volage fired in his turn. His carbine, which was a flint-lock, emitted a spark which startled him into momentary sobriety.

"But have we the right to shoot this man?" inquired Le Pottevin, with drunken solemnity.

"Of course. He's condemned to death," argued Sorieul, idiotically.

"But he is a private citizen," replied Le Pottevin; "only soldiers are shot."

The argument appeared conclusive.

"Well, what are we to do with him?" Volage demanded.

Le Pottevin, who was getting sleepy, declared that the prisoner must be tired—poor man. And, indeed, he did look wretched, lying there in a heap, tied hand and foot. Volage was overcome with maudlin pity for him, and, removing his gag, asked him how he felt.

"I've had enough of this. God knows," he groaned.

This melted Sorieul. He took off the cords, assisted the old man to a chair, and busied himself in making a new punch to comfort him. The prisoner again relapsed into silence, but he watched the movements of his captors with increasing interest. When the punch was ready they gave him a glass; then they all drank.

The prisoner drank enough for a regiment. When his health was proposed, he insisted on drinking to each of the others in turn. But the liquor had no more effect on him than on the punch-bowl. Sorieul was now in the last stages, and after toasting "our guest" for the third time, he subsided into his chair and slipped thence to the floor, where his heavy breathing soon announced that he had no further interest in the proceedings. Volage, too, was too drowsy to keep awake, and, retiring to a lounge, was soon sleeping soundly. Le Pottevin seemed surprised and hurt at this lack of courtesy on the part of his friends, and fell into a brown study, which, by gradual but swift degrees, was transformed into complete oblivion. The old man was left alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bright sunlight pouring in through the open window aroused Le Pottevin. His head was throbbing like a steam-engine. Volage, stretched out on the lounge, was a sorry sight with his bedraggled cuirassier's uniform and bloodshot eyes. Sorieul, awake, too, had not discarded his hussar's suit.

Pulling himself together, Volage looked around for

his clothes. The room was in a terrible state, but he could find them nowhere; nor were they in the studio, so he returned to ask Sorieul where he had put them.

"Oh, bother your clothes!" said Sorieul; but he sat up and began to gaze around the room. "I don't know where your clothes are. You put them on that chair." Nevertheless he got up and assisted Le Pottevin and Volage in their search. But the search was in vain; not one of them could find a vestige of the clothes he had worn the evening before.

"Well, that's queer," mused Sorieul. "By the way, what time did our friend the spy leave you?"

Volage and Le Pottevin looked blankly at one another.

"Why, I don't know," he said, at last. "He must have gone while we were asleep." And he gazed ruefully at the clock on the mantel. "Hallo! what's this?" he cried, suddenly, and he took from the top of the clock a sheet of paper on which was hurriedly scrawled the following:

GENTS OF THE ARMY: You are first-rate soldiers. The uniforms makes you look fine, and you don't want never to wear nothing else. So, in course, you don't want your plain close, which is wore out some, anyhow. And I guess I'll just keep the little trinkets in the pockets for suveners.

Yours gratefully, THE SPY.

When they recovered from their amazement, they swore a solemn oath that if they ever met that spy again, the sentence of the court-martial would be carried out instanter.

But it never was.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

Mate, next to coffee and rubber, is one of the greatest sources of wealth in Brazil. It is a strong rival for tea, and its use has become a necessity in most South American countries, and its consumption tends to increase every year, as its health-giving properties are becoming more generally known. It is estimated that 25,000,000 people drink mate in South America, consuming 105,000,000 kilograms of the leaf. Mate, wrongly known as Herva mate, is the leaf of a tree of the Ilex family, very similar to the European holly, attaining a height of from five to six meters. Dr. Lenglet, president of the International League of Pure Food, thus expresses himself regarding mate: "The noteworthy point of the effect of mate on the system is its stimulating action on the cerebro-spinal organ. Taken with sugar the first thing in the morning it is very wholesome. It gives great capacity to undergo fatigue and invigorates the brain, and although it prevents feeling hungry, one does not enjoy one's meals any the less." On account of its economic value, its hygienic and invigorating properties, mate should be universally used. Its importation into Europe, which was nil a few years ago, now amounts to very large figures.

Thirty-six years ago the Meharry Medical College, the first institution of its kind for the education of negro physicians, was organized in Nashville, Tennessee. It was founded by the Meharry brothers, who contributed liberally towards its establishment, support, and endowment. Since then 1056 students have been graduated in medicine, 195 in dentistry, 164 in pharmacy, and thirty in nurse training. These constitute about one-half of all the regularly graduated physicians, dentists, and pharmacists in the Southern states. The South has been very friendly and the graduates from this college have been treated kindly by the white members of their profession. A large proportion own their own homes and have exerted a wholesome influence in instructing their people regarding the laws of health and aiding in the suppression of tuberculosis and kindred diseases. About 95 per cent of the graduates are practicing their profession. Five of the graduates have gone to Africa as missionaries.

Back in 1881 Dr H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, Department of Agriculture, said: "Corn, the new American king, now supplies us with bread, meat and sugar, which we need, as well as with whisky, which we can do without." Today he might add to the foregoing table sirup, oil for frying, candy, gum, feed cake for cattle, preserves and jelly. And then, turning for a moment from the food value found in a grain of corn to the other substances and compositions derived from that same grain, Dr. Wiley might add laundry starch, the new "safe and sane" Fourth of July firecrackers known as "sparklers," automobile tires, rubber heels, soap, paint, varnish, and hair tonics.

Probably the highest place in the world for duck-shooting is on Lake Chinchaycocha, Peru, at an altitude of 14,000 feet. Some peculiar effects have been noted by an American who has hunted there. The gun kicks viciously and the shot do not scatter promptly, which makes long shots more successful than ordinarily. Both of these effects are due to the rarity of the air, the pressure of which is only about eight pounds to the square inch at that height, as against fifteen pounds at sea-level.

A giant among giants—in fact, the largest steam engine then in the world—the Corliss, which actuated the machinery in Machinery Hall at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, was recently sold to the Oakdale Iron Company of Chicago, and now lies broken up for scrap. The engine had been at Pullman, Illinois, ever since it was removed from the Centennial Exposition, having furnished power for the last thirty-five years.



## FIFTY YEARS OF FRENCH LIFE.

The Marquis de Castellane Recalls the Great Events of His Life and the Celebrities He Has Known.

The keynote of the reminiscences of the Marquis de Castellane seems to be one of profound pessimism. Looking back over the events of half a century he sees nothing but a steep descent, a degeneration of ideals and manners. It is not a question of what we have become during the last fifty years, but of what we have ceased to be. France, the author seems to say, has grown old rapidly, and not with the grace and dignity of old age, but rather with a sort of vicious senility that promises tragically for the future.

The marquis began his education in October, 1852, at the age of seven. He was sent to the school of Mgr. Dupanloup, where he would learn "religion, honor, and polite literature," a course of study that has nearly disappeared from the schools of today. He worked hard and upon a frugal fare that even the charity of today would be ashamed of:

Supper-time had come. I was taken to an enormous refectory. A stale smell of burnt fat clung to the walls. At an endless table sat a long array of children. I was the youngest and the smallest. We were each given a diminutive slice of beef, a portion of beans, a chunk of bread, some nuts . . . and that was all.

From the age of seven, at which I then was, until that of eighteen, which I reached on leaving college, but for the fact that the beef alternated with veal and the beans with potatoes, I knew no other bill of fare than this, as regards either quality or quantity, at the two meals served at mid-day and eight o'clock daily. To be perfectly truthful, I must mention a glass of *abundance*, or very weak wine and water, which was doled out to us with extreme care morning and evening. Yet this frugal diet, with which no hoarder would be satisfied nowadays, procured me the finest health in the world!

Bed-time came at nine o'clock in the evening, but the rising bell rang at five in the morning and so, the author tells us, he acquired the habit of manly effort against the promptings of the more indolent nature which we all possess:

Of our toilet I will give but a few summary particulars: it was itself so summary in the course of that educational period! Water? Little, if any! Just a small hand-basin, in which we dipped the end of our towels, and a few old fragments of soap, which we passed lightly over our hands. All this once a day, while once a month only we were admitted to the very great honor of taking a foot-bath.

In summertime the boys were allowed to bathe twice a week in the Loire, but in the winter a liberal coating of dirt helped to keep out the cold. The marquis admits that a state of filth is not necessarily conducive to learning and that they were a set of "dirty young pigs," but at the same time they breathed a magnificent atmosphere which turned them into hardy plants of a natural growth.

In 1865 the Marquise de Castellane decided to return to Paris after eighteen years of country residence. She was the grand-niece of Talleyrand and was still invested with a sort of sanctity from the fact that she had persuaded the great statesman to return to the bosom of the church. Upon her return to the metropolis the marquise opened a salon and attracted to her side some of the ripest minds of the day:

The picture of this ardently liberal and, at the same time, passionately Catholic society would be incomplete if I did not add the portrait of the great ladies who never ceased to fill it with their wit and charm. My mother first. None knew better than she the art of keeping a salon. All the guests were received with the same question:

"Well, monsieur, what news have you brought us today?" And, turning from one to the other, she made the answer trickle through the company, sometimes adding her own comments to those of the hearers. It is a difficult art to make people talk; and the first essential is to know how to listen to them. Mme. de Castellane had learnt it from her mother, that astonishing Duchesse de Dino to whom M. de Talleyrand had left the task of setting the diplomacy of the whole of Europe talking before him, in his drawing-room at Vienna, in 1814, though she was barely twenty at the time.

On August 25, 1870, the marquis enlisted in the army of Napoleon III. It was for the sake of France and not of Napoleon, for he tells us that he swore to plot, to kill, to commit all sorts of crimes rather than allow it once more "to become that man's chattel and the field of his humanitarian experiments." Certainly the emperor was in ill-favor with the army, for under date of September 7 we have the following:

At the mess, this morning, they were roaring and shouting. I saw the second lieutenant of the third company take his sword and rip up a colored engraving on the wall of the dining-room, representing the emperor in a general's uniform, saying:

"There, that's one for you!" And all the officers shook their fists at the portrait and applauded noisily.

I saw another spit in its face, shouting: "Hurrah for the republic!"

"Badinguet's natural daughter!" yelled a wag. A general laugh greeted this piece of imbecility. Decidedly the republic does not seem in the odor of sanctity either among my brother officers.

At the muster of the men, it was a different sight. They moved about with heads lowered, eyes staring and discouraged, as if something had been taken from them. They felt that the cause so dear to their kith and kin was lost. The purely French essence of their patriotism is not yet free of all the dross that surrounds it. Patience! That will come! It is impossible that Bonapartism should survive the disgrace of the Bonapartes.

The surrender of Bazaine with 167,000 men drives the author nearly to madness, but he turned a deaf ear to the plots, at that time so rife, for the restoration of the king. Writing at Tours on October 29, he says:

Here, word for word, is the strange adventure that has just happened to me. I was walking this evening through our camp, ill-lit with nondescript candle ends. A penetrating rain kept the men inside their huts. Under favor of the

darkness, suddenly I saw outlined and coming towards me some one wearing a uniform unknown to me, but having three stripes of gold braid clearly marked on the sleeves. "Captain de Castellane?" he inquired.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Well, don't you think that we have had enough of all these blockheads?"

"Which blockheads?"

"Why, Crémieux! Trochu! And, above all, Gambetta! Call themselves generals! When, at the very most, they're fit to lead a humdrum life, sitting over a nice, warm fire with the wife of their minister of finance! Their minister of finance!" he chuckled. "That twopenny-halfpenny Laurier! Reying on people like that to save France! It's not serious, is it?"

"Why, yes, it's quite serious."

"Do you mean that?" he asked in amazement.

"Chance has made them the instruments of the national defense. . . ."

"So, if an opportunity should come . . . ?"

"An opportunity? What do you mean?"

"One could not rely on you . . . ?"

"What to do?"

"Why, to lock them up, of course!"

"And put whom in their place?"

"Well, the king!"

"The king! And graft a second revolution on the first! Why, my dear fellow, you're quite mad!" . . .

Another second and I should have had that madman or that reprobate, I am not sure which, himself arrested!

A month later the marquis received his baptism of fire and he tells us there were no sugar plums at the ceremony. His force lost over 300 men killed and wounded, which he says is "really not bad for a start":

Leaving Beaugency at six o'clock, at seven we found ourselves deployed in skirmishing order along a line of two miles, with our right resting on the Loire and our left on a regiment of the line. In the distance, we could just perceive a few figures of Prussians among the hedges; but they remained stationary. Nobody stirred; we watched one another. My company was drawn up on either side of the railway, which my orders were to defend. I barred it with a strong earthwork. Then I waited. Twelve o'clock struck on the steeple of Foinard, two or three hundred yards away. The firing began, crackling. It sounded like the teeth of thousands of saws cutting through hard stone. We replied at random; we heard, but did not see. This lasted until three o'clock. Suddenly an immense shout! The Prussians were deciding to move forward. The bullets whistled and whistled again. The enemy roared like beasts. It is their way of giving themselves courage. Not a *mablot* gave a sign of flinching. They no longer shot at random, they shot in good earnest. And, on every hand, we heard the groans of the wounded and dying.

The Prussians came nearer and nearer! I judged them to be terribly numerous by the intensity of their fire. What was happening? And we with no bayonets on our rifles, if it should come to fighting at close quarters! I caught sight of an officer riding at full gallop just behind me. It was my staff colonel. I shouted:

"What are we to do?"

"Clear out!"

In 1871 the marquis finds himself at Bordeaux on the occasion of the National Assembly following the war. Statesmen and generals, monarchists, republicans and imperialists were mingled in the crowd that was to reconstruct France, and at the head of the generals was Garibaldi, "the most celebrated upsetter of thrones of the day":

The man Garibaldi is worth portraying, as he appeared in the midst of that assembly of men of whom by far the greater part were polished and well-bred people. He was there, motionless and silent, wearing a plain gray jacket and, on his head, his famous red cap, not unlike a fez, although different in shape, which he did not remove on any pretext whatever. Alone, isolated in that swaying crowd, he offered himself to the admiration of his colleagues, an admiration which they were slow in showing.

"Take off your cap!" members began to shout from every side.

But he, refusing to hear, walked steadily to the president's chair. He was seen to hand in a sheet of paper on which were scribbled a few lines of writing. It was his resignation. Then, striving to drown the protests muttered on every side against his insolent behavior:

"You pack of rustics!" he cried.

And he disappeared.

After Garibaldi, Victor Hugo! He, also, had entered the house with his national guard's képi on his head. Hardly was Garibaldi gone, when Victor Hugo, as though he could not endure that another had occupied the public attention before him, leapt up the steps of the tribune at a single bound and began as follows:

"In this age of conferences and carnage . . . !"

He could go no further; everybody was laughing. We never saw him again, at either Bordeaux or Versailles. He returned to that Olympus which romanticism had built for him in the past; and he did well. He was a demigod on Parnassus: in a political assembly he would soon have become ridiculous.

The assembly that met at Bordeaux reassembled ten days later at Versailles, when the Commune had already broken out and "we were grappling with the most formidable and treacherous of insurrections." The following incident shows how fierce were the passions aroused by an outbreak second only in ferocity to that of the Great Revolution itself:

As we turned to go back along the Versailles road we met a convoy of prisoners, squalid old men, ragged women carrying their nurslings slung over their shoulders. Chained together between two files of chasseurs d'Afrique they walked, goaded on by soldiers thirsting for revenge. One of the female fanatics made a movement as though to escape; the leader of the little escort rushed at her and, with a blow of his sword, cut off her ear. And all this seemed to us a simple matter, so great was our need for compensation and revenge.

The National Assembly had a monarchical majority, and it was Gambetta's policy not so much to force a republic upon it as to split the majority into sections that could be the more easily handled:

Gambetta was an incomparable strategist, as clever at capturing adhesion by his easy good nature as by his eloquence in the tribune. He had taken a liking to me. I hardly know why. One day I saw him walk up to my bench. He sat down beside me in a very sprightly mood. Then he took a teetotum from his pocket. On two sides was written, in big black letters, the word, "Republic"; on the two others, "Monarchy." And he began to set it spinning. How did he manage it? This much is certain, that the tee-

totum stopped ten times running at the word "Republic." And the great man walked away in delight, splitting his sides with laughter. It was a game, if you like, in which all the fun was on one side; but, at least, it scared nobody and foreboded a playful, good-humored republic.

The marquis suggests a suspicion of scandal in connection with the Empress Augusta, wife of the German emperor, William I. The man in the case was M. Bacourt, once secretary of M. de Talleyrand and subsequently French minister at Washington. The author was eighteen years of age when M. Bacourt died, and happening to be in Berlin soon after he received a summons to wait upon the empress. He recounts the incident in the following way:

In 1865, passing through Berlin, on the day after my arrival I heard a loud knocking at my door:

"The queen," cried a voice, "commands your immediate presence at the palace."

It was exactly eight o'clock in the morning. I put on ceremonial dress and hurried to the royal apartments. The moment I was shown in:

"My dear child!" exclaimed the queen.

She opened her arms, drew me to her and covered me with kisses. I was eighteen years of age and endowed with a fairly well-shaped person; my first impression was that I was being ravished; but I soon got rid of this fatuous notion.

"You have been to our friend's funeral," she continued. "I want you to tell me all about it."

And she deluged me with tears.

The author is always outspoken in regard to the celebrities whom he met. He knew Liszt intimately at the time when the musician had become religious. "Our Lord," says the marquis, "as often happens in such cases, had received the reversion of Liszt's love for Princess Wittgenstein," who had refused him:

My mother never lost an opportunity of making converts to the church. Her drawing-room was frequented by all the higher prelates. She attracted Liszt there. For six months in succession he came every evening. It was there that I had occasion to observe the prodigious egoism of that man, who believed, in good faith, that he carried the world of art and the world of beauty on his shoulders. And, as a matter of fact, there was something cyclopean about this pianist with the amazingly elongated tentacles, which made him master of two octaves at a time, joined to nerves of iron. When you listened to him you received the sensation not of a piano, but of an orchestra. He would go and sit down to the instrument uninvited; he sent thrills of poetry through our souls. Then he turned his eyes towards his very select audience and, without moving a muscle, listened to the exclamations:

"Admirable! Divine! Superhuman!"

But if the conversation strayed away from him, even for a second, he rose without a blush, took his hat, bowed to not a soul, and slunk away.

The author has much to tell us of the *demi-monde* of his day. He tells us of Jeanne Detourbey and of other women of her class to whose beauty of person was added a certain wit and intelligence that enabled them to ascend Mount Olympus and to stay there:

The following charming adventure happened, some years ago, if not to her, at least to one of her like: Prince Napoleon, having gone to Rome to die, had taken one of these amiable creatures with him. In the meanwhile his wife, Princess Clotilde, hearing that his life was in danger, called at his house. The first question which she put to the hall porter was:

"How is the prince?"

She received the reply point blank:

"His lady friend left him this morning!"

His lady friend? . . . However, feeling reassured, the virtuous princess went up to her husband's room. She did not find her dreaded rival there. The latter, perceiving that her attentions had become useless, had left the field free, so that the lawful wife was able to send for a priest instead! A merry jest! And also implying an intelligent attitude on the part of the lady who, by her prudent initiative, had made it possible! There is no doubt about it, the great courtesans born of the empire and under the empire were anything but fools.

That the emperor should have a mistress who had been taken from the half-world naturally had the effect of raising the social status of the world to which she belonged, and this status was still further raised by a sort of quasi recognition that the empress herself gave to the affair:

At the same time the friends of Napoleon III began to be alarmed. The emperor was no longer a young man; in the opinion of the doctors, he was assailed by a disorder which, given the aid of certain exertions, might bring him prematurely to the grave. He must be separated from that hussy at all costs! But these things are more easily said than done. The hussy was on her guard. She was so thoroughly on her guard that no one was ever able to catch her in the act of even the most legitimate flirtation. It was then that the empress, playing the part of the careful and considerate mother rather than of the outraged wife, conceived the strange notion of making an attempt to save the empire by herself going and asking the girl to give her back the emperor, her husband! One fine evening she hurst in upon her. What passed between the two women? Did Eugénie Montijo retain a remnant of the dignity that was hers by nature? Did Marguerite Bélanger find in her vulgar soul a sufficient sense of propriety to deny the evidence to the end? This, no doubt, will never be known; neither of them cared to perpetuate the memory of that squalid incident; but the fact remains that it contributed, more than the circumambient air, more than the reputation for wit and beauty of a good many of those girls and more than their luxury and their freedom from all shame, to raise in the eyes of the crowd that class of women who, fallen from the height of their fleeting greatness, were soon to pass from the condition of courtesans to that of simple cocottes. By trying to cope with them, the empress of the French had exalted them to unlooked-for heights.

Here we must leave a book that has no claim to literary distinction, but that gives a curious picture of French life during an epoch of unusual significance. The author has the merit of keeping strictly within the limits of reminiscence and also the more doubtful merit of a frankness of speech that is never modified either by reverence or by the conventions.

MEN AND THINGS OF MY TIME. By the Marquis de Castellane. Translated by Alexander J. Mattos. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Chinese Civilization.

The little volume by H. A. Giles that has just appeared in the Home University Library contains much curious information not usually to be found elsewhere. Indeed the author seems to have avoided the better-known paths in preference to those less commonly followed, and the result is a mass of particulars that shed a new light upon Chinese character and that place it in a more than ordinarily favorable aspect. Thus we are told that torture is almost unknown and that it can not be proved that the punishment known as the "lingering death" or cutting up alive has ever been carried out. Even the beating with bamboo rods is usually a trivial affair and leaves no mark upon the skin. Upon two separate occasions women have been placed upon full legal and political equality with men, but the plan was a failure and disappeared. Chinamen, we are told, would stare at the idea of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. "The mother, the 'Gentle One,' is, speaking broadly, a soft-hearted, sweet-natured specimen of humanity."

Chinese inventiveness is already proverbial, but the author tells us that there is a distinct tradition of flying machines at a very remote date and that rough wood cuts of such cars have been handed down for many centuries. There are even hints of the X-ray, there being a record of a physician of the fifth century B. C. who was able to see into the viscera of his patients, while another physician, who lived about 1800 years ago, was accustomed to use an anæsthetic and who operated upon the bowels and who offered to cure the headaches of a military commander of his day by opening his head. Hypnotism has been used for hundreds of years, but is forbidden by law, while we are told that the ranks of the Boxers were largely recruited from the society of the vegetarians, who neither eat meat, smoke, nor drink.

The hook is certainly a curious and a useful one. In spite of its condensation it gives us an adequate picture not only of social customs, but of history, philosophy, and education.

THE CIVILIZATION OF CHINA. By H. A. Giles. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

## The Shape of the World.

Evelyn St. Leger chooses a curious theme for an unusual story. The aristocratic English family of the Javelins has a skeleton in the ancestral closet, a sort of inherited curse which descends upon the male heir at about the time of middle life. Sir Christopher Javelin, with whom the story opens, is a devoted husband and father, but upon one occasion when his wife is away from home he invites some male cronies, and a carouse is the result. Ashamed that his wife on her return should see the disorderly condition of the room, he locks the door, and then by a curious mental process that is the dawn of insanity his shame turns to resentment against his wife, who beautifully forgives his excess and wishes to wipe out all trace of it by restoring the room to order. The opening of the door becomes the bone of contention. Lady Javelin knows that the evil spell can never be broken so long as the room remains closed. Sir Christopher, on the other hand, translates his wife's wise and kindly determination into a desire to dominate, until at last the delusion becomes an obsession and the wretched man dies a lunatic. We are allowed to understand that some such tragedy from a similarly trivial cause has clouded the family history for many generations.

The second part of the story relates to Sir Christopher's son, who marries an energetic and capable young woman after she has been fully informed of the family history and who seems to be well qualified to handle the recurring tragedy in its earlier phases. How she does it must be left to the reader to discover, but the author is to be congratulated upon a clever and original story and one that is told with a fine literary skill.

THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## Democratic England.

No one is better qualified than Mr. Percy Alden to write of democracy in England. His many years' experience as a member of Parliament and in many kinds of social philanthropy enable him to speak with exceptional weight, and those who wish to follow the course of recent events in England can hardly do better than take him for a guide.

Certainly a prodigious amount has been done, but we may wonder how much of it is in the direction of the root reforms demanded by abstract justice and how much of it is in the nature of mere doles and charities. The fact that enormous numbers of aged persons are in distress does indeed point to some deep-seated evil, but is that evil cured by a gift of five shillings a week? That the poor are unable to secure adequate medical attendance points to the fundamental evils of poverty, but we can hardly feel that we have reached the evil by providing medical attendance gratis. Such things as these, so ably pointed out by the author, seem to be pallia-

tives for the symptoms rather than remedies for the disease, while it is hard to resist the conviction that pensions and government insurance against sickness and unemployment must have the effect of creating a caste line between the recipients and non-recipients.

Other departments of Mr. Alden's book are devoted to child labor, sweating, housing the poor, municipal ownership, the labor movement, and the land. That some parts of the recent movement, such as the revision of taxation, are radically remedial there can be no doubt. But very much of the remainder seems to be an attempt on the part of the state to do for the individual what he ought to be able to do for himself. That he can not do it for himself seems to be the real basic evil, and one not to be remedied by gifts and pittance. But to Mr. Alden must be given the credit for an unusually clear statement of facts.

DEMOCRATIC ENGLAND. By Percy Alden. M. P. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Woman from Wolverton.

This admirably written narrative seems to be a piece of autobiography rather than a novel. Lemuel Shipe, living in the Western town of Wolverton, finds that the congressional nomination is suddenly thrust upon him, and although his wife dreads the severing of life ties the couple soon find themselves plunged into the official life of Washington. Probably hundreds of country-bred couples have passed through the same experiences and have been similarly disillusioned. We have a picture of the social life of Washington, its insincerities, vapidities, and hollowesses, and also of the occasional gleams of human value that shine out from the mass. It is a story mainly of women, and women are not at their best when the social ladder is so clearly ahead of them and inviting them to climb. When Congressman Shipe is finally defeated for reelection and resumes his old wholesome life at Wolverton he is almost ready to echo his wife's conviction that "I know for certain we belong here—among people who, thank God, are real."

THE WOMAN FROM WOLVERTON. By Isabel Gordon-Curtis. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Honey-Bee.

A consideration of Mr. Tickner Edwardes's curious book about the bee suggests the question of whether we are receding from or advancing towards what may be called the bee theory of communal government. Tens of thousands of years before man had received from Prometheus the gift of fire the bee had solved all the problems that have plagued us from then until now and had settled down within a completed social structure. The individual had become nothing and the hive had become everything. Whatever is useless to the hive is ruthlessly exterminated. Sex is practically eliminated so far as the vast hody of hive citizens is concerned, and—greatest achievement of all—the secret of the regulation of sex is discovered and applied. In fact the heehive may be regarded as the triumph, the last word of the social intellect. It is an almost frictionless efficiency, and so we may wonder if a like condition is behind humanity or in front of it.

But Mr. Edwardes does not tell us if the bee has any conception of morality or virtue. Perhaps he does not know. And it is morality, if we may believe Nietzsche, that stands in the way of human evolution. There are so many things that seem likely to advantage the race that our virtue will not let us do. If there were such a thing as an idiot bee, or a degenerate bee, we may be sure that he would not be allowed to live. Every form of criminality would be followed by instant death, as would even the smallest action opposed to the interests of the whole. Since morality interposes so ceaselessly in human affairs and, we may believe, increasingly so, we may assume that the human ideal will not be won in ways strictly utilitarian. Therefore the bee civilization is either beyond the human radius or it marks some stage through which humanity has already passed on its way, through confusion, to something better.

But for Mr. Edwardes's book we can not be sufficiently grateful. He writes, not as an apriarist, but as a poet and a philosopher. And yet he tells us everything about the bee that is worth telling and worth knowing.

THE LORE OF THE HONEY-BEE. By Tickner Edwardes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net.

## The Marriage Portion.

Mr. Keays writes a story that is so thorough in its workmanship that we can only regret that the characters are not better worth writing about. The scene is laid in a university town and the actors are professors and their wives. Adela Cleave is a young widow who has just returned from foreign travel and who is so sure that she will never marry again that we wonder at once whom she will choose. She seems to love Professor Kilburn, who is already married to a wife whom he selected for her physical and well ripened charms. But in this story marriage is no obstacle. Then there is a young teacher named Ware, of the Greek god variety and of a sub-human conceit, who has a penchant for married women and they for him, and who

draws subtle distinctions between love and passion. They all do that, by the way, and are sometimes quite indelicate about it. They think of sex all day and they dream of it all night. In fact we hear so much of the physical aspects of marriage and we tread so often upon the thinnest of thin ice that we grow a little tired of it and of the whole group of insignificant scholarly people whose love-making is too grossly sweet to be interesting.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## The Coming Generation.

This book is described as an account of all the forces which are working for the betterment of American boys and girls. The forces of domestic discipline combined with a cautious, watchful, and judicious neglect are so far without an advocate, but perhaps they will come into their own when the present methods of interference and coddling have failed.

Dr. Forbush certainly covers the whole ground of modern theory about the child. It is a study based upon a supposed knowledge of the child psychology, an uncertain quantity by the way, and that seems to depend more upon artificial cultivation than upon reliance upon a natural moral law. The secret of moral principle, we are told, is "hard finding out." We are asked to believe that a child accumulates it "by its sticking on as it goes." But surely moral principle is something that comes out of the child nature and not something that must be added to it. Parents who teach their children almost from birth to distinguish between right and wrong as principles and not because of the effect of behavior upon mother or God will never have to complain of the gang spirit, of delinquency, or any of the usual evils dealt with here and elsewhere. Morality is the chief innate fact of the child life, and it will grow spontaneously like a flower if we will allow it. It is never something that must or can be imparted or taught. We can do no more than keep the weeds away.

But Dr. Forbush's book is a valuable one in spite of its basic theory that the child nature must be fed from without instead of from within. We have a careful and sympathetic consideration of the whole child pilgrimage and of the factors of heredity, education, racial instinct, example, and a dozen others. The author is sometimes conventional, as in his treatment of religion, but he has written a book that can not fail to be of value to those who accept the responsibilities of child life.

THE COMING GENERATION. By William Byron Forbush, Ph. D., Litt. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Lonesome Land.

Mr. Bower tells anew a story that has been told before in fiction and that has probably occurred many times in real life. Valeria is a young Eastern girl who goes out to Montana to marry her lover, who preceded her by three years and who now owns a ranch that he has depicted by letter in somewhat roseate hues. Valeria is the pink of social and moral accuracy and the process of disillusionment is a painful one. Worst of all, her husband has taken to drink, and although Valeria is slow to discover that fact she does discover it eventually and then her discomfiture is complete. What she would have done without an interesting young cowboy, who helps her through her troubles, it is hard to say, and as soon as we see that there is an interesting young cowboy we seem to get a prophetic glimpse of the end of the story. But it is capably told and with humor, imagination, and force.

LONESOME LAND. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Nietzsche.

Paul Elmer More lays us under an obligation by his sane and critical memoir of the life and teachings of Nietzsche. Avoiding on the one hand the exaggerated laudations of those who want no more than a defense of a monstrous egotism, and upon the other, the denunciations of the unreflecting moralist to whom no sin is greater than a departure from conventional religious sentiment, he finds in Nietzsche a victim of his own philosophy, a second Heracles "writhing in the embrace of the Nessus-shirt he has himself put on, and rending his own flesh in a vain effort to escape its poisonous web." The cult of Nietzsche is nearly finished, and it will be well for his memory if posterity passes on him no harsher verdict than that of Mr. More.

NIETZSCHE. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

## The Joyous Wayfarer.

This exceptionally fine story is a narration of the youthful adventures of Kenneth Massingdale, who, being an artist, has the artistic temperament, although inoffensively. Kenneth is intended by his father for the law and by nature for the studio, and among the forces that persuade him to filial obedience is his love for Joan. But Joan, who seems a little priggish, discards him after witnessing a scene between him and a pretty French

actress, and certainly it was a compromising scene, although the reader, who is behind the curtain, knows that Massingdale was not so much to blame, having the artistic temperament, and the habits of Bohemia. Then Massingdale abandons the law and becomes the prodigal son. We watch his penurious career through the Paris studios with the memory of Joan gnawing at his heart and hunger gnawing at his stomach. He goes very near the edge of the abyss, and at last we find him at Cluny in charge of a country inn, which he is managing for the entertainment of Bohemian artists, and an amazing establishment it is. Then comes the strike of the wine-growers, their incendiary attack upon the neighboring chateau and its gallant defense by the artist colony, and as Joan is a guest of the chateau at the time we see at once the possibilities ahead of us and read on breathlessly until they are accomplished.

The character of Massingdale is a creation. He is genuinely an artist and a gentleman, proud, careless, brave, and kindly. And all the other characters are clean cut, distinctive, and typical, even poor old Blinkson, who lived like a sot and died like a hero. Mr. Jordan has written a notable and a worthy story, and one that is complete and satisfying.

THE JOYOUS WAYFARER. By Humphrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.30.

## Immigration.

Only in heaven are we likely to have leisure for a full perusal of the forty-two-volume report upon immigration recently submitted to Congress. For terrestrial use we are likely to content ourselves with the *résumé* by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks and Professor W. Jett Lauck. Its 500 pages are authoritative and reliable and deal in a condensed yet adequate form with the problem of the immigrant, his credentials, and his disposition. The authors were closely associated with the commission and had a large part in its work and they now give us not only a mass of well-arranged statistics, but conclusions that are well considered and well balanced.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D., and W. Jett Lauck, A. M. Illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.75 net.

## The Saintsbury Affair.

This is a story of blackmail and its results, well written but belonging among the things that do not happen. Many years ago Kenneth Clyde was unjustly convicted of murder in Texas. Escaping from custody, he takes up his life in his native town where he left it, and as he was convicted under an assumed name he lives for years in a sort of troubled security. Then comes the blackmailer in the form of Alfred Barker, who was present at the murder trial, recognizes Clyde, and threatens him with arrest. But before he can carry out his threat he himself is mysteriously shot, and the rest of the story is occupied with the search for the murderer, who naturally turns out to be the last man we should suspect.

The story would have been improved by the omission of the mesmeric element, which seems to be overdone and exaggerated.

THE SAINTSBURY AFFAIR. By Roman Doubleday. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

## Brief Reviews.

"Simple Italian Cookery," by Antonia Isola (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net), is a book of Italian recipes by an American who has lived much in Rome.

"In Fableland," by Emma Serl (Silver, Burdett & Co.), is a volume of selections from Esop's Fables, slightly modernized, printed in large and bold type and with numerous tinted illustrations.

Duffield & Co. have published a volume of "Stories from the New Testament," by Elsa Barker (\$2). They are thirty-six in number and with four tinted illustrations. The stories are of a strictly orthodox type.

A curious collection of Indian stories and legends has been published by Houghton Mifflin Company under the title of "The Indian Book," by William John Hopkins (\$1.25 net). There are twenty-three of these stories excellently told, printed in bold type, and illustrated with line sketches.

"The French Blood in America," by Lucian J. Fosdick (Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net), contains much interesting information about the French families that came to the colonies and the part they played in national development. It shows how Revere, Faneuil, Bowdoin, and Dana in New England, Jay, Deshrosses, Hamilton, and many others in New York, Girard and Bayard in Pennsylvania, came from the French refugees.

"Southern Presbyterian Leaders," by Henry Alexander White, D. D. (Neale Publishing Company; \$3 net), is divided into three parts: Presbyterian Leaders of the Colonial Period, Southern Presbyterian Leaders During the American Revolution, and Southern Presbyterian Leaders from 1789 to 1861. The author is well known as educator, writer, historian, and minister, and his volume is a valuable addition to American church history.



THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Art of the Romans.

It is strange that the work now done so well by Mr. H. B. Walters has not been done earlier. Grecian art has received its full meed of attention, but the art of Rome has so far lacked such continuous and competent consideration as it has now received. But Greece is, of course, the worthier subject. The Roman liked to believe that he was artistically cultured. He would spend money freely to maintain the illusion, but his architectural genius was in the direction of the massive rather than of the beautiful, and the useful rather than the ornamental. He liked to handle large masses and was less attentive to their external form.

Mr. Walters divides his large volume into eight chapters and he finds that these are enough to cover the architecture of Rome, its sculpture, painting, mosaic, gem-engraving and metal work and fictile work. A concluding chapter introduces us to Roman art in the provinces, in Asia Minor, Gaul, and Britain. Perhaps this section might have been enlarged with advantage.

The numerous plates make a notable feature of the work. Of these there are about seventy, as well as textual illustrations. They have been selected with care and make an impressive gallery. In short, the book as a whole is a fine piece of work and worthy of its subject.

THE ART OF THE ROMANS. By H. B. Walters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5 net.

Abroad in a Runabout.

Probably we shall one day reach the stage where an automobile journey is not considered as sufficient excuse for a book, but that day is not yet. In this particular volume the authors describe a tour in a two-cylinder car through northern France, southern Germany, following the Rhone to the sea and back through central France and Normandy. Naturally the railroad was avoided, and so we have a pleasant sketch of lesser known parts as well as plenty of automobile information that will interest those who entertain similar ambitions.

ABROAD IN A RUNABOUT. Illustrated. By A. J. and F. H. Hand. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Modern Medicine.

This volume may be said to be the last word of medical science on disease, its cause, cure, and prevention. It is avowedly written in such a way as to appeal to the lay mind and to show it what medical science has done and what it expects to do. Therefore in a sense it is a special plea, and while it is undoubtedly able, authoritative, and learned it may be said to have many of the faults of the special plea. And among them is a certain intolerance, an unwillingness to recognize the value of any opinion unless such opinion is authorized by a medical degree, and an evasion of the fact that even medical "science" is divided into hostile camps and that the medical *gnosis* is impaired by bitterly rival opinions even upon the commonplaces of daily and domestic hygiene.

As an example of dogmatism one quotation will suffice. We are told that the physiologist "associates human consciousness only with the cortex of a human cerebrum," and that "in sleep and other forms of unconsciousness mind no longer exists." This means no more than the author's personal and unverifiable opinion, an opinion that many other physiologists in no way share. But it is put forward for the benefit of the layman as "science," whereas it should be labeled "guess-work." But as a strong presentation of modern medical theory the book has great value. Of its kind there is nothing better.

SCIENTIFIC FEATURES OF MODERN MEDICINE. By Frederic S. Lee, Ph. D. New York: The Columbia University Press.

Cap'n Warren's Wards.

We know Cap'n Warren of old and have admired the sincerity with which Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln can describe the people of Cape Cod. But we feel a little misgiving when the brave old captain leaves his natural habitat and goes to New York, a city notoriously unsympathetic with simplicity of character and the virtues of the simple, seafaring life. But Cap'n Warren survives the ordeal. He goes to the metropolis to look after some wards left to his care, and although his adventures are somewhat of the conventional kind the old seaman hears himself gallantly, as indeed we should expect of him.

CAP'N WARREN'S WARDS. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Anna Coleman Ladd, well known in the world of art for her sculptures in bronze, enters the field of fiction with "Hieronymus Rides," a novel. Mrs. Ladd is the wife of a Boston physician. Her novel was written during years of study among the old archives and chronicles of Italy, Austria, and Germany.

R. R. Bowker's new hand book on "Copyright," just published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is the first to include the new

American code of 1909 and the British code of 1911. It treats in full all the several features of these and other codes, and is intended for the use of authors—artist, dramatic, and musical, as well as literary—publishers, lawyers, and the public.

Arthur Hodges, author of "The Essential Things," one of the new spring novels, presents the unusual case of a novelist whose book is the first bit of writing of any kind from his hand. Mr. Hodges asserts that he has never written short stories, verse, essays, or special articles.

Edmund Gosse's new volume, "Two Visits to Denmark," brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co., is somewhat different from the usual work of this poet, man of letters, and critic, in that it is autobiographical, and describes with simplicity and humor his own experiences, when as a young man he traveled and laid the foundations of his knowledge of Scandinavian letters and literary men. His picture of Denmark and famous Danes has hitherto been held back for personal reasons, but at this distance of time the author believes it will hurt no one's feelings.

The "Memoirs of Mario," the recently published work by Cecile Mario Pearce, has just been issued in Paris in French and in Milan in Italian. It was brought out in England not quite a year ago.

Three of George Edward Woodberry's books—"Algernon Charles Swinburne," "Great Writers," and "The Torch"—have recently been published by the Macmillan Company in new attractive editions uniform in style with Dr. Woodberry's other works. In them is represented, perhaps, some of the author's best literary criticisms, and the fact that after a period of from five to seven years it has been necessary to issue special reprints of the books shows that their merit has not remained undiscovered by the public.

Professor Carl Holliday's "English Fiction," to be issued soon by the Century Company, is a study of the story-telling instinct among the English people and a survey of the English novel from the fifth to the twentieth century. The author is acting head of the Department of English of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

"Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers," by Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey, is announced for immediate publication by Harper & Brothers. It is based upon the new names and classifications of American flowers decided upon by the Vienna Congress of 1908. The book is illustrated with numerous colored plates and drawings, which makes it easy to identify the flowering plants by color, habitat, and season.

In the March number of the *Forum* Warwick James Price has a well-written appreciation of "Three Forgotten Poetesses," though one might find fault with his noun and his adjective. Emily Dickinson and Emma Lazarus are not forgotten, and Amy Levy is perhaps better known today than in the years when she wrote her poems.

The preparation of the late Henry Labouchere's biography, a book that ought to contain much highly entertaining reading, has been assigned by his executors to Mr. Labouchere's nephew, Mr. Algar Thorold.

Houghton Mifflin Company announce the publication, the last of this month, of "A Child's Journey with Dickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. This delightful contribution to the literature of the Dickens Centenary was brought out by the dinner recently given in New York, at which Mrs. Wiggin was one of the most applauded speakers. In her inimitable way she told of a meeting with Charles Dickens when she was a slip of a girl just about as old as her own "Rebecca." Heart-sick at not having been taken to hear Dickens read at Portland, she found herself the next day on the same train with this man who had written the books that were part of her very existence. More wonderful still, she soon found herself in the same seat with the great author, and then ensued the never-to-be-forgotten conversation which is set down at length in this book.

While Robert Hichens's novel, "The Garden of Allah," is having its success as a drama in New York City, his later book, "Bella Donna," published in this country by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has been staged in London and, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as leading lady, is being most enthusiastically received. The scenes are laid in Egypt, picturing the banks of the Nile and the great desert at night.

Arthur C. Benson gives a scholar's appreciation of the "Master of Laughter" in an essay on Charles Dickens in the March number of the *North American Review*.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose latest books, "The Last Galley" and "Songs of the Road," have only recently been brought out in this country, while presiding at a dinner of the Authors' Club in London recently told a good story on himself. While visiting Cornwall he said he went out rowing with a native boatman, who, not knowing Sir Arthur's identity, began discussing his stories,

and said: "You know, when Sherlock Holmes fell over that cliff he did not kill himself, but I think he must have done himself some damage, for he was never quite the same afterward."

"Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies," by Willard Fiske, has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co. The volume contains besides the tales, some chess rhymes, and riddles, a concise and luminous history of the game of chess, sketches of various chess devotees, with a sympathetic outline of the life of Paul Morphy, illustrated by rare likenesses of the great chess champion; and the correspondence on the origin of chess, which originally appeared in the *New York Nation*, 1901. In the appendix, the solutions of all the chess problems which appear in the body of the work are added.

Mrs. Karin Michaelis, author of "The Dangerous Age," was married a few days ago in New Rochelle, New York, to Charles Emil Stangeland, prominent as a political economist, a graduate of Columbia University, and recently appointed as secretary to the American Legation in Bolivia. She was divorced from her first husband about a year ago. He was Sophus Michaelis, known to the American public through the production of his play, "A Son of the People," at the New Theatre.

"The Matador of the Five Towns," by Arnold Bennett, a series of sixteen stories, some of which have appeared serially and one or two of which have appeared in other volumes, is published this week by the George H. Doran Company. In the main the book is entirely fresh, and it is simultaneously published in America and Great Britain.

In the volume of letters written by Charles Dickens to his sub-editor, William Henry Wills, writing of Harriet Martineau, who was one of his contributors, he says: "Miss Martineau in this is precisely what I have always known her to be, and have always impressed her upon you as being. I was so convinced that it was impossible that she could be anything else, having seen and heard her, that I am not in the least triumphant at her justifying my opinion. I do suppose that there never was such a wrong-headed woman born—such a vain one, or such a humbug." Thus one by one are the great scorn of their greatness by their contemporaries (says Jeannette L. Gilder in the *Reader*).

New Books Received.

SOUND AND ITS RELATION TO MUSIC. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

A statement of the physical laws underlying music.

A STUDY OF THE PARAGRAPH. By Helen Thomas. M. A. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.

An intensive study of the paragraph.

ROAD PRIMER. By Samuel W. Ravenel, C. E. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The elementary principles and practices of road-making.

CHARLES DICKENS AS EDITOR. Selected and edited by R. C. Lehmann. New York: Sturgis & Walton; \$3.25 net.

Letters written by him to William Henry Mills, his sub-editor.

THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Being the William Belden Noble lectures.

THE RETURN OF PIERRE. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A new novel with the Franco-Prussian War as a background.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A romance of the Blue Ridge.

THE PLAIN PATH. By Frances Symmes Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

THE LONELY QUEEN. By H. C. Bailey. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

An historical novel of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

MORE GUESSING CONTESTS BY "DAME CURTSEY." By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

More than one hundred diversions for old and young.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Wilfrid Ward. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$9 net.

Based on his private journals and correspondence.

THE LORE ADVENTURE. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Addressed principally to young men and women.

GERMAN FOR DAILY USE. By E. P. Prentiss. New York: William R. Jenkins Company; 50 cents net.

Conversation for daily use.

MEN AND THINGS OF MY TIME. By the Marquis de Castellane. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A volume of reminiscence.

THE LAUGHTER OF JESUS. By Elmer Willis Seel. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1 net.

A new rendering of the character of Jesus.

ISRAEL'S PROPHETS. By George L. Petrie, D. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25 net.

A series of sermons.

THE MAN FROM JERICHO. By Edwin Carlile Litsey. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50.

A novel of Kentucky life.

SOCIALISM AND CHARACTER. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to show the probable effect of Socialism on individual character.

Rare Stevenson Books on View.

The feature of the loan collection of book bindings by Miss L. Averill Cole, recently on exhibition in the New York book rooms of the Houghton Mifflin Company, was the "Simoneau Stevenson," which commemorates the friendship of Stevenson and Jules Simoneau, the restaurant-keeper of Monterey. The set includes the first American editions of eleven Stevenson classics, each containing a line or two of greeting in Stevenson's handwriting, with his signature.

It was stipulated in the will of Simoneau, who died in 1908, at the age of eighty-nine, that the books must be permanently preserved as one collection, suitably bound and not taken out of the state. The purchaser, A. A. Brown, a San Francisco collector, accordingly sent them to Boston to be rebound.

Miss Cole has used a uniform design of laurel leaves inlaid in greens and purples on olive green levant. The linings are of purple silk. A twelfth volume, containing a collection of letters, the manuscript of an essay, "The Friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau," by Mrs. Katherine D. Osbourne, and other interesting papers, as well as numerous drawings and photographs, has on the front cover a medallion representing a detail of the Monterey coast line at sunset.

The books were shown in a chest of Monterey cypress wood, elaborately carved and bound with wrought copper. Henry Atkins of San Francisco, the designer, sent with it minute direction as to the method of finding the baffling secret drawers and cubby holes which he put in, he explained, just to give it an air of Stevensonian romance. The carving on the front panel represents the ship on the Stevenson monument.

"Creative" work carries such an undoubted ascendancy at it today (observes the *New York Evening Post*) that one can only wonder at Charles Dickens, the editor, expending on routine work an enormous amount of time and energy that might have gone into imaginative work of his own. As editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year 'Round*, Dickens slaved over details—a single or double inverted comma, the deleting of a line left in by accident, endless difficulties in make-up, anxiety about circulation, the for and against of advertising. He ruled his contributors with an iron hand. But he was always lavish in ideas and suggestions for development by other pens. And his interest never departed from that London of picturesque, ordinary social phenomena on which he tried his apprentice hand in the "Sketches by Boz." He writes: "For a light article, suppose Thomas went round, for a walk, to a number of the old coaching houses, and were to tell us what they are about now, and how they look. Those great stables down in Lad Lane, whence the horses belonging to the 'Swan with Two Necks' used to come up an inclined plane. What are they doing? The 'Golden Cross,' the 'Belle Sauvage,' the houses in Goswell Street, the 'Peacock' at Islington, what are they all about? How do they hear the little rickety omnibuses, and so forth? What on earth were the coaches made into? What comes into the Yard of the General Postoffice now at five o'clock in the morning? What's up the Yard of the 'Angel,' St. Clement's? I don't know. What's in the two 'Saracen's Heads'? Any of the old brains at all?"

For the first time in the history of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the gold medal for distinguished work has been awarded to a poet, James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana bard, being the lucky recipient. The meeting of the Institute was held in Philadelphia. Mr. Riley, who is one of the "forty immortals," was unable to attend. A telegram bearing the glad news was sent him over the signatures of John W. Alexander and Jesse Lynch Williams, president and secretary of the Institute. The medal is of solid gold, about two inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch in thickness. It was designed by Adolph Weinman, a member of the Institute, and shows a Greek head in relief on one side, while the reverse bears a lighted lamp of ancient pattern, and an inscription.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
**Robertson's**  
222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco



## TO CENSOR PLAYS OR NOT.

John Bull Bewildered by the Outcry For and Against.

Euclid's isosceles triangle puzzle is as clear as daylight compared with the tangle of the censorship business in this year of grace. John Bull simply "don't know where 'e are." And that is not surprising, poor man. The very latest complication is that somebody has drafted a petition to King George which other somebodies are said to be busy signing. Its "humble prayer" asks for nothing less than the deposition of that potent dignitary known as the lord chamberlain, who, it may be remembered, has the power of life and death over the British drama. For the lord chamberlain is the Pooh-Bah of John Bull's stage, and it is in his mighty name that the censor of plays flourishes his formidable blue pencil. The censor, I said; it ought to have been censors, for within the last week or so the one has become two. They are both new to the job, the long-suffering and much-abused Mr. Redford having retired on a well-earned pension. His successors are supposed to possess qualifications of which he was innocent; one has written a play which many people regard as just the kind of thing which ought to be prohibited; the other is a reformed dramatic critic.

Now these new hrooms are sweeping with the proverbial vigor of such articles. And two of the dramatists who have been hurled aside in the process are none other than Israel Zangwill and Eden Philpotts. The first has suffered theatrical martyrdom in the name of religion, the second in the name of something with which religion has no connection. But the perplexity of the situation is that in both instances those who are loudest in crying "abolish the censor!" are agreed that neither of the plays deserved a license! True, the reasons given are different. Mr. Zangwill's "The Next Religion" is banned by the abolitionists because it is a scathing indictment of Christianity; Mr. Philpotts's "The Secret Woman" because it is insufferably dull.

But, and here is another phase of the tangle, despite the censorship, both plays are obtainable at eighteen-pence a copy, and one has already been performed twice and will be performed four times more! It is Mr. Philpotts who has been taken and Mr. Zangwill who has been left. For "The Secret Woman" had been read, it seems, by four-and-twenty of its author's fellow-writers, and when they learned that the hirelings of the lord chamberlain had refused to license it for stage production they with one voice declared, "Go to! we will write a letter to the Times." And they did, an angry, high-falutin' letter, the chief point of which was, however, that they, the twenty-four, were resolved that "The Secret Woman" should be played and the public called in to judge whether Mr. Philpotts had "forfeited" their regard.

This was not high treason. It was merely an adroit utilization of the liberty any Englishman has of producing any play he likes provided he makes no charge for admission. So "The Secret Woman" was to be staged for a series of six "invitation performances," seats for which were to be available to the public on the easy condition of forwarding a stamped and addressed envelope. The price of admission was in excess of the value of the performance. If the hirelings of the lord chamberlain had possessed any power of divining the public taste they would have marked "O. K." on "The Secret Woman" and dismissed her to the oblivion which is her obvious doom. For the play is impossible. Not for what the *Athenaeum* describes with such chaste circumlocution as "the evolution of sexual irregularity consequent on its discovery by persons in emotional relationship," but for its ignorance of stagecraft, its funereal slowness, its complete lack of cohesion, and its fatal defect of failing to create the least spark of sympathy for the character on whom all sympathy should be concentrated. "The Secret Woman," in short, is an amazingly crude piece of work for a novelist of such repute as Mr. Philpotts and would not have survived half a dozen paid-for performances. Licensed by the censors it would have died in a week; the refusal of the license has effected no more than a temporary galvanization of an indubitable corpse.

But the sale of the play in its printed form is probably proceeding at a merry pace. All the corridors of the Kingsway Theatre were adorned with a card reading, "This way to the bookstall," and the said bookstall was loaded with copies of the play and the novel on which it was based. It is probable, then, that Mr. Philpotts has not lost that "work of half a year" which the twenty-four credit him with having spent upon making a drama from his own story. Nor is it likely that Mr. Zangwill is any the poorer because "The Next Religion" is on the bookstalls instead of on the stage. Both novelists, indeed, are no doubt "raking in the dollars" more busily than if the censors had not interfered.

Such a fact makes one suspicious as to what may be the motive force of another complication of the censorship business in England. I am the pro-censor agitation. "The pro-censor agitation?" queries a bewildered Ar-

gonaut reader. Yes, respected sir and madam, you read correctly; the pro-censor agitation. For the two things are going on merrily in London just now, *pari passu* as the classics say. The anti's are by no means having it all their own way; for while they are busy signing their abolition petition to the king, the pro's are just as fully occupied in badgering the home secretary to set up another censorship. Hence John Bull's bewilderment.

Perhaps it should be explained that the pro's have their eye on the bookstalls rather than on the stage. And here it seems necessary to interpolate that while not all the dramatists and actors are agreed in demanding the abolition of the play censors, the advocates of a censorship of books do not include a single author. The latter, however, can count among their number several publishers of books and not a few of those "able editors" who review hooks. The balance of the pro's is made up of clerical persons and members of societies for the protection of public morality. And yet not all the clerics see eye to eye in this matter; the Dean of York, for example, thinks it is a mere chimera to imagine it possible to sweep away all injurious hooks and prevent people reading anything save what is good for them.

Unfortunately the pro-censors have hitherto, as Edmund Gosse complains, hidden their object in a "cloud of innuendo." And concerning some of their supporters in the publishing fraternity it may reasonably be wondered what place they have in that gallery. There is the estimable John Murray, for example, who as a member of one deputation committed himself to the assertion that deleterious hooks should be dealt with by the police whenever they came across them. Reserving the knotty problem as to whether the man in blue is quite equal to the task Mr. Murray would assign him, one can not forget that it was the house of Murray that gave "Don Juan" to the world and still claims to publish the most correct edition. Another member of the deputation was the representative of the publishers responsible for the Bohn libraries, the "extra volumes" of which included Rabelais, the Decameron, and the Heptameron, to say nothing of Voltaire's select tales with "Candide" among the number. When John Bull remembers these things how can he know "where 'e are"?

And yet the pro-censors are pressing on to their undefined goal. They have worried the home secretary to such purpose that he intimated a day or two since his intention of producing a censorship bill in the House of Commons. No one knows any more about it than they do of Mr. Asquith's promised Home Rule measure. Meantime the authors have taken the field. H. G. Wells is indignant with the people who "nose about" in his books for "personalities and scandal." Mr. Zangwill is convinced that there is "a steady campaign against free speech" in England; and Mr. Gosse says he declines to deliver his brother "up to the policeman" until he knows what he has done. That is the puzzle of the situation. All the deputations to the home secretary have confined themselves to platitudes, to generalities, to unimpeachable sentiments with which no one disagrees. Perhaps the names of the objectionable hooks and authors have been whispered to the home secretary or inscribed on an index for his sole information. For the present the public sees nothing save that "cloud of innuendo," but when that is dispersed, as it must be if action is to be taken, what will be the result save another and more public version of "This way to the bookstall"? It seems unlikely, however, either that the play censors will be abolished or a book censor created, for it is John Bull's way, as Lord Rosebery once said, to "muddle through."

HENRY C. SHELLEY.  
LONDON, February 27, 1912.

The California county library system, which has aroused such interest in the library world, resembles many of nature's most valuable products in being a plant of slow growth (says the *Dial*). From the latest issue of "News Notes of California Libraries" it appears that as yet only fourteen of the fifty-seven counties in the state have adopted the system, and that the current annual appropriations for its support range from fifteen thousand dollars in Alameda County to one hundred and twenty in Modoc. The number of branches maintained varies from twenty-six in Sacramento County to an inappreciable number indicated by a blank in four of the other counties. It is not surprising to find the northern and central counties more active in this movement than are the southern.

The latest invention of Thomas A. Edison, that of bringing the moving picture closer to the home, is a moving-picture apparatus on a miniature scale, which will be sold to the home, where it can be operated for the amusement and entertainment of the children, the grown folks, and the guests.

De Pachmann, the Chopinizer, as Huneker once termed him, has finally had his bluff called. A Philadelphia audience laughed at him until he quit his monkey-shines.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Requires.

I know not where you are tonight,  
Nor how these hours are sped:  
If now you take and give delight  
Or bear a weary head.

Nay, there is joy when victory's won,  
When trouble's ended, rest.  
So should you hold, your task well done,  
All Heaven within your breast.

And almost I could wish you glad  
To have slain my love so well;  
Yet fear the silence makes you sad  
And you will never tell—

Yet fear some memory may remain,  
Even as there hides in me  
An after-sense of outworn pain.  
The ebb of misery.

I only know the night blows chill  
Beneath the stars serene;  
And you and my soul are living still  
And the wide, dark world between!  
—William Macdonald, in *Harper's Weekly*.

## The Deeper Note.

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and howers."—*Herrick*.

To sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and trees,  
And all the rare things of the summer-tide,  
When joy's awing upon the playful breeze,  
And all the prospect's smiling as a bride—  
Aye, that were sweet! All worthy themes for song.

Each speaks the bounty of a lavish earth—  
The blessings rare that rightly do belong  
To them that seek the treasures of mirth.

Yet would I pause the while, and seek a theme  
In ways less smiling than the country-side.  
In far off scenes of stress I sometimes seem  
To find a voice that may not be denied—  
A voice that mid the arid scenes of woe  
Still lifts itself on high in notes of cheer  
Hath for my soul a richer, deeper glow  
Than happy bird-notes in the morning clear.

Who sings amid the joyous fields of peace  
Where all is fresh, and sweet, and lushly green,  
But gives an inward happiness release,  
And adds new glory to a gloried scene;  
But he whose song springs forth from care and strife,

Like an oasis in some desert plain,  
His is the song that gives the hopeless life,  
And thrills with living joy the heart of pain!  
—John Kendrick Bangs, in *the Bookman*.

## The Doer of Things.

The Doer of Things is but purpose and thought  
Blended well into all that is thoroughly wrought.  
He is stout or is spare, he is short or is tall;  
His face or his figure is nothing at all.  
But, know ye, the Doer, despite all on earth,  
Though his day be deferred, is a Doer from birth.  
And, precepts and maxims for weaklings alone,  
The Doer of Things has a way of his own.

Man fearfully fled from the wild beast of prey—  
The Doer rose up and directed a way.  
No longer man feared, though the means were still  
Still crude,

The Doer directing, man's weapons were hewed,  
And the great beast that preyed on mankind  
In the wild

Fell dead to the earth at the blow of a child.  
Thus man, one time helpless, was man, thought,  
and stone;  
When the Doer of Things proved a way of his own.

Man's hands were too frail to fulfill his designs—  
He brought up the ores from the depths of the mines,  
And—part of the Great Doer's consummate plan—  
He moulded them servile to thought, hand, and man.

In its hunger the child of the man moaned its pain;  
Soon turned was the turf of the valley and plain,  
And fruited the crops from the seeds that were sown.

For the Doer of Things had a way of his own.

And he fashioned the harp, and he mellowed the air

With the delicate tones of its harmonies rare;  
With his pen in his hand huddled word upon word  
Into creatures that, throbbing, humanity stirred—  
Into creatures that lifted the terrible haze  
From the vision of man! To the tyrant's amaze,  
Soon the earth knew but freedmen and freemen alone,

For the Doer of Things had a way of his own!

For the man slave that was, with unwearied care,  
He harnessed the powers of the earth and the air.  
Thus all of earth's glory, and sweetness, and power

Are part of the Doer's ineffable dower  
Unto man. There is yet to be done, it is true,  
But the Doer shall see, and the Doer shall do,  
Till the truth of all things on the earth shall be known—

For the Doer of Things has a way of his own!  
—Cyril A. Snack, in *Business*.

Contracts have been signed between Charles Frohman and Augustus Thomas for the production of the new play lately completed by Mr. Thomas entitled "The Point of View." It is a comedy of four acts with scenes laid partly in old New York, in the vicinity of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue. The characters are native Americans and French Americans. The play will be produced under Mr. Thomas's personal direction. There will be no individual star. The play will be acted for the first time in Baltimore on Easter Monday and will be taken immediately afterward to New York.

## The Captains and First Mates

Skippers and first mates of the ships on land are the men who man the trolley cars. Conductors and motormen, yet none the less sponsors for their ships, they play a big part in the business and social life of the city.

Without the street-cars there could be no great growth of a modern city; without the captains and first mates cars would be useless. One depends on the other, and the interests of city, street-car company and carmen are so intermingled that each is a permanent factor in the growth of the future.

Here in San Francisco 2000 of these captains and first mates are in the service of the United Railroads, piloting the cars back and forth, hack and forth, day after day, month after month, come rain or shine, blow high or low.

Ever thought of it in that light before? Few people have ever had occasion to give much thought to the question, anyhow. It is the business of the public to board a street-car and reach an objective point as soon as possible. Yet it is of interest to the public to know that 2000 trained men are engaged every day in transporting between 400,000 and 500,000 people up and down town and across town.

They must be ever alert, keen-eyed and ready to face emergencies. In their keeping are the lives of their passengers. Accidents will occur, but how many are averted in a single day by the watchfulness and quick-thinking of the carmen can not even be estimated. Let any one pass an hour any day on a busy street, observing the carloads of people who come and go, and he will not only think more hereafter about street-car affairs, but he will become converted to the opinion that pedestrians and passengers plunge headlong into risks without reason. Many a dangerous accident is averted daily by the car crews because people miscalculate or hurry along without due regard to approaching cars, but the public never hears of such cases. It learns only of the accidents that do occur.

Conductors are required, before they are given a car, to know all about their streets, transfers, number of electric switches on their run, and many other things of which the public knows nothing. This the company demands. The public, in turn, takes it for granted that the men are gifted with encyclopedic information. It asks many interesting and many amusing and some aimless questions every day. If any difference of opinion arises, too generally the public assumes that the carmen are always wrong. At times they are in the wrong, but conducting a car on a busy line is enough to try the temper of a saint. Not all men are temperamentally fitted for the job. There is a department where all properly registered complaints are promptly investigated.

And the first mate—the motorman? There is a sign which reads, "Do Not Talk to the Motorman." He has plenty to do to keep a lookout and attend to his car. But people do talk to the motorman and distract his attention. He may respond and he may not. If he doesn't, somebody mutters something about "uncivil employees." If he does respond, somebody else may complain that he isn't attending to his duties.

No system is perfect, no man is perfect, and the best that can be done is to aim to do everything a little better than ever before. That is the aim of the United Railroads in San Francisco.

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## LULU GLASER'S MUSICAL COMEDY.

There are, beside an attractive leading soprano, several things that are all but essential to make musical comedy a success. One is a comedian that makes you laugh, even if you have an attack of the blue devils. Another is a lot of pretty chorus girls who have (approximate) voices, and an (approximate) entertaining knowledge of the art of song.

Now "Miss Dudelsack" has neither of these two latter essentials, and Lulu Glaser no longer possesses all the qualifications that once made her so popular. She is a jolly little woman, plump and pleasing, but the way she is worked in "Miss Dudelsack" makes one regard her as a female comedian. I avoid saying comedienne advisedly, as she really fills the place in the amusement-purveying part of the programme usually occupied by the comedian. She has many of the tricks of the trade, and succeeds in making the audience laugh, but there is no apparent reason why "Miss Dudelsack" should stir up a commotion in either Europe or America, or anywhere, for that matter.

The music, which is composed by Rudolph Nelson, is quite pretty; plenty good enough for the swaggiest and most successful of musical comedies, and better than many. But the dialogue is flat and the jokes have a tendency to miss fire.

The one thing that saves the situation is the presence of Lulu Glaser, but we are hardly in need of the element of beauty and style among the women. The rôle of Lady Kitty offered some possibilities in that line, but the young lady who fills it is plainly a tyro. We have to accept her purely for her good intentions, although she has a figure, and can cross the stage well.

But the chorus girls! Oh my goodness me! I should think they might easily pass for a convocation of young ladies of the Epworth League in their street clothes. Nothing whatever suggestive of the ordinary brand of chorus girl about them. They were not butterflies at all, gracefully and winsomely fluttering in the warm light of public admiration, but just a group of business-like young women, carefully and accurately engaged in toeing the mark, or whirling their skirts, or lifting their voices mechanically in rather sharp-edged song. Especially the maidens of the McHumber family. The united McHumber voices were like sharp nails, and as the McHumber idea was not a particularly amusing one, and yet took up a large part of the story, it can not be said that genius burned when the plot of "Miss Dudelsack" came into birth.

Germany seems a queer birthplace for a Scotch operetta, and the conscientiously aimed-at Scotch atmosphere in "Miss Dudelsack" certainly would not awaken homesickness in a Scotchman. Particularly when various members of the company futilely tackled the Scotch dialect.

These creditable attempts at realism rose and fell like the sands of the sea, or fluctuated like a stock report. Nobody knew anything about the Scotch dialect except Baldy Strang, the Scotch piper, and he, poor man, while he looked Scotch enough, had not one single lonely funnyism in his dialogue.

I think that Lulu Glaser boldly gagged, and while gags are seldom brilliant, their spontaneity (even if it is a little rubbed), surprises laughs out of people.

Lulu Glaser had a cold, but contrived to sing in a voice whose sweetness was considerably lessened, but whose volume was quite adequate. Miss Glaser is not exactly stout, but she is sufficiently rotund to make it evident that she has not embarked on a life-and-death struggle to keep down her flesh. Her clothes are pretty, but the present style is only becoming to girlish slimness, so the worshippers of dress did not have their innings.

The German creators of "Miss Dudelsack" (or perhaps it was Grant Stewart and George Hobart, the English adapters) introduced a Scotch medley in the piece, which went well, and there were several good ringing choruses for the male voices (which far outshine the female voices) that took well with the house.

In fact, in spite of this rather discouraging review, there was, with Lulu Glaser, just enough go in the piece and the players to prevent one from condemning the performance, and yet not enough to induce one to advise one's friends to go.

Every now and then we would be surprised by the musical charm of some number—"Love is the king of them all," for instance, which

reminded one of the pretty madrigals which here and there lent extra charm to the tune-fuls of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

The haughty McHumber attitude, by the way, when the Six McHumbers hore down upon the stage in a phalanx of family pride and exclusiveness, is reminiscent of the march of the peers in "Iolanthe"; probably the idea was drawn from that very source.

It stormed heavily on Monday night, but they had a rival rain-storm on the stage; for the fourth or fifth time, now, we have seen a stage rain-storm raging, heard the patter of the descending shower, and seen the performers safe and dry beyond the deluge through a veil of descending drops, shining dimly in the footlights. I mention this to show that the production is not a stingy one. The costumes, too, are all right—a Scotch character to them, of course; the four soldiers (and never did a military quartet make itself more numerous) even had Scotch plaid in their military trousers.

Strange to say, Miss Glaser carried the saucy Scotch costume better than she did any other. But the childish blonde curls were a mistake, especially in later costumes. I advise her to remove them forthwith, and never to cultivate their acquaintance more.

The general company presenting "Miss Dudelsack" is very mediocre. Thomas Richards, the leading man, has a big voice, but he grimaces too much while singing, and lacks magnetism. Of George Graham's mettle as a comedian we know absolutely nothing, as the rôle of Peter McHumber offers him no opportunities. Mr. David Torrence is merely valuable for a stately presence, and Matthew Hanley, with a very poor German accent, yet made a little something of the rôle of Miss Dudelsack's foster-father.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans, the well-known actress, died in New York a few days ago, aged seventy-seven. As a girl in her teens she became a circus rider in Australia, though before that she had appeared on the stage in Sydney. In 1865 she reached the United States and San Francisco, and played an engagement here with Charles Wheatleigh in "Arrah na Pogue." She went to New York in 1868, and after that played in various dramatic companies. For a long time she was with Harrigan and Hart at the Theatre Comique and appeared in the plays of New York life written by Edward Harrigan, from "The Mulligan Guards" to "Reilly and the Four Hundred." Following that experience she played in many other productions and was appreciated as an actress of undoubted comic ability. In the theatrical profession she was esteemed and beloved for her cheerfulness and unvarying kindness. Two of her daughters, one of whom was the wife of Charles B. Dillingham, died some time ago; the third, Mrs. Lydia Yeamans Titus, formerly a favorite entertainer, survives.

It is a significant fact that most of great conductors have spent their apprentice years in mastering some solo instrument which they have used as a stepping-stone to the broader and ultimate work of conducting an orchestra. Arthur Nikisch was at the beginning of his career a violinist in the Royal Orchestra at Vienna; Richard Strauss made his formal début not only as leader of the Meininger orchestra, but as a pianist also, playing a concerto by Mozart. Felix Weingartner, Dr. Muck, Emil Paur, Rothwell, and Oberhoffer were first pianists of distinction before becoming conductors. This list could also be carried back to Hans von Bülow, the prince of pianists and conductors, and to Felix Mendelssohn, who inaugurated the famous Gewandhaus concerts.

Another newspaper play has found its way to the New York stage. "The Truth Wagon" tells rather brightly of a young man famous as a liar who promised his father to tell nothing but the whole truth for ninety days. To help him keep his promise he buys a newspaper called the *Truth*, goes in for politics, prints the truth and nothing but the truth, and puts the town and his father, a gubernatorial candidate, on what the picturesque describe usually as "the tohoggan." He boosts the circulation to 750,000, however, and in the end sells his father a half interest and marries the lady feature writer.

There is not a job worth having in the little city of Froissy, sixty miles north of Paris, that isn't occupied by a woman, from the mayor down to "Mother" Lafarge, who tends the gate at the main street railway crossing. The conductor on the local train is a woman, Mlle. Duroc. The letter-carrier is a woman, Mme. Dauboin. The town crier is an old lady named Mme. Deuhon, and the chief of police is a woman. The men are engaged in farming and fruit-raising and leave municipal offices to spinsters and old women.

Among Verdi's effects, recent search unearthed an overture to "Aida," carried away by the composer for revision after the dress rehearsal, in Cairo, and generally considered lost since that time.

## Good Sport in "Officer 666."

The most successful of recent melodramatic farces has progressed from New York as far west as Chicago, and Percy Hammond in the Chicago *Tribune* reviews the piece in appropriately breezy style. He tells more about it than any of the New York critics, and it is easy to believe that the show has "go" in it. This is a part of his report:

In "Officer 666" we have one of those picturesque evening dress felons who make of larceny a fine art, skimming gracefully over situations of the direst danger throughout the play, and at the end escaping gayly from the law with an affable sneer at retribution.

You should see Mr. Miltern in Travers Gladwin's gallery, swiftly and elegantly cutting the priceless Corots and Rembrandts from their settings, preparatory to eloping with them and with Travers's lady love. The lady thinks he is Travers himself, and she is fond of him because at Newport last summer he swam bravely through the breakers to save the life of an obese negress. "Aren't you going to take that handsome Gainsborough?" she inquires, as he deftly rips the canvases from their frames. "No," he answers, wisely. "It's a fake." The fact of the matter is that he himself painted the fake and sold it to poor Travers for £500. "God!" he exclaims, wistfully, as he looks at a Titian. "God, how I wish I could paint like that!" There is some good in this rogue, as may be seen here and elsewhere before the play is over.

Ere he gets out of the room, however, many, many things happen to him. For instance, Mr. Travers Gladwin comes in disguised as a policeman. Mr. Gladwin desires to preserve his pictures and also the reputation of the young woman, with whom he fell in love yesterday as he watched her eat grape fruit in the Plaza. So he "stalls" around and while waiting for the real police to come helps the robber to pack the treasures. This is Mr. Fairbanks's opportunity. Mr. Fairbanks, as you know, is slim and smiling, somewhat aggressive as an actor, but with a certain kind of skill. It is he who plays Travers Gladwin, a young millionaire who finds his money a nuisance and hungers for a thrill. In the policeman's uniform he dashes hither and thither excitedly, part of the time carrying a trunk, with which he has almost as much fun as Miss Billie Burke has with hers in "The Runaway." He is serious, too, as when he tears off his disguise and whispers tensely to the girl that her lover is an impostor and that she must fly.

It begins to be a pretty good farce when the police come and both men claim to be Travers Gladwin. Every one is arrested save the right one. Just as the thief convinces them that he is that hero in walks a cadaverous plain clothes detective with a warrant for Travers Gladwin, charging him with the abduction of the leading lady. Thereupon the play resolves itself into a nice, exciting variant of "Raffles." The lights go out, there are shouts and bustle in the darkness, and the first thing you know Mr. Miltern, crouched in an antique chest, is leveling a long revolver at Mr. Fairbanks, who sits airily on a table lighting a cigarette. He has known all the time, it seems, where the thief was biding, but is still thinking of the woman's good name.

Mr. Miltern is especially superior at this juncture. He becomes calmly philosophic and discourses to Mr. Fairbanks with much felicity of phrase about his idea of things. "Death, my dear Gladwin," he says, "Death is the least of my troubles." It appears that the heroine is the first woman who has ever made him think seriously of his life. So he throws the gun to Mr. Fairbanks and is again a tower of nonchalance. Of course, the gun is not loaded, because there are few things so dramatic as an unloaded gun.

George Grossmith, Sr., the actor and entertainer, who retired from the stage and platform in 1908, died a few days ago at his home in Folkestone, England, aged sixty-five. George Grossmith was one of the most famous of the "Savoyards," who took part in the early productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas at the Savoy Theatre. He was the original Ko-Ko in "The Mikado." He was well known in this country, where after his retirement from the stage he made several tours as a monologist. His father had been a lecturer and police court reporter at Bow Street, and from him his talent was presumably inherited. His two sons are Lawrence and George Grossmith, Weedon Grossmith, who is also known in this country, is his brother.

David Belasco is to enter vaudeville, according to an announcement from the office of Martin Beck. In association with his sons-in-law, Morris Gest and William Elliott, he has entered into an agreement with Mr. Beck whereby there will be presented at the Palace Theatre in New York and Chicago and in the theatres of the Orpheum vaudeville circuit a series of one-act plays staged and produced in the Belasco manner. Two of these plays are already being prepared, and the first of them, which will be the original "Madame Butterfly," will be put on in St. Louis early in April. The other is "The Drums of Oude," a story of the Indian mutiny by Austin Strong, which will be presented a week or two later.

Mr. Brabazon Lowther, baritone, with a London and Paris reputation as a concert artist of first rank, is to tour the Pacific Coast the last two weeks of April.

## Shakespeare as an Actor.

It was probably in 1598 that Shakespeare first appeared as Adam and as the elder Knowell, and it was probably in 1602 that he first personated the Ghost, being then thirty-eight years old (says Brander Matthews in the *North American Review*). He was to remain on the stage ten or twelve years longer; but there is no reason to suppose that the parts he played in later life were any more important. We do not know what characters he undertook in the plays which he wrote after "Hamlet"; nor do we know what parts he assumed in the many pieces by other authors which made up the repertory of the company. That he continued to act we need not doubt; for instance, he was one of the performers in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," probably produced in 1602 or 1603. But the absence of specific information on this point is evidence that he did not impress himself upon his contemporaries as an actor of power. As Lewes declared, "the mere fact that we hear nothing of his qualities as an actor implies that there was nothing above the line, nothing memorable to be spoken of." The parts which we believe him to have played did not "demand or admit various excellencies." Shakespeare may have had lofty histrionic ambitions, but probably he was not allowed to gratify his longings, and certainly we have no tradition or hint that he ever failed in what he attempted in the theatre. Perhaps we are justified in believing that he had gone on the stage merely as the easiest means of immediately earning his living, that he did not greatly care for acting, and that he was satisfied to assume the responsible but subordinate parts for which he was best fitted.

The contract existing between Arthur Pi-nero and Charles Frohman or any other American manager who produces his plays makes it absolutely impossible for a word of the original text to be changed without the consent of the author.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Over in England they don't seem able to let the marriage service alone, and really it seems a pity. Open almost any newspaper at random and one is sure to see something about a convocation or an assembly convened to consider some weighty point of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum and to listen to speeches from archdeacons, bishops, canons, and all the lesser artillery of the church. Only last week one of these august gatherings was discussing whether wives should be required to obey their husbands. It need hardly be said that there were no wives present or the proceedings would probably have gone at a very different gait. The Archdeacon of Lewisham was understood to throw his hat into the ring and to declare for implicit obedience as of yore. All that conservative churchmen need do was to take their stand upon the marriage service as it is now and they could easily knock their opponents over the ropes and heat them to a frazzle. It is to be understood that this is not a verbatim report of the archdeacon's words, but it conveys their sense. It is a translation into the vernacular of American politics. Possibly the archdeacon would have said something more, but just then he was informed that Mrs. Pankhurst with half a brick in each hand was asking for him at the front door, so he slid away adroitly by the back exit murmuring something about not wishing to be swatted in the map.

Now these admirable gentlemen are at it again. To leave their discussion unreported would be disrespectful to the church and of this our worst enemies shall never accuse us truthfully. But really we wish that clergymen would be a little more circumspect. They should remember that their readers are not exclusively young women, in which case of course it would not matter. Nowadays nothing can be kept from the hands of men, and this fact should be remembered when discussing topics of a delicate nature. It seems that some people want to amend the marriage collect, and if we could only find the child of Belial who has stolen our copy of the Prayer-Book we should be able to give a rational opinion upon the point, but just at the moment we have forgotten the precise wording of the marriage collect. But the proposed amendment is in front of us at the moment of writing. It is in unblushing print, and how Mr. Hitchcock allowed it to go through the mails we can not tell. Probably he was hasty with the card index just at the moment, and so here it is—the amendment, mind you, not the original collect which we forget: "We beseech Thee, assist with Thy blessing these two persons that they may both be fruitful in procreation of children."

Now think of that, and from a clergyman, too. Not much heating about the hush there, not much of the fine Italian hand about that, none of the delicate suggestiveness that the unregenerate laity resort to when dealing with such delicate matters. Now personally we always try to imitate the clergy, to take them for our models, to shape our lives upon their example. But here we can not do so. Fancy stepping up to a newly married couple and expressing the wish that they may "both be fruitful in procreation of children." They would probably send for the police, and quite right, too. But a clergyman may talk in this way and no one takes any notice.

But is it really necessary to pray for the aid of Providence in such a matter as this? Now if Providence were asked to restrain the wife from becoming a suffragette and throwing stones, or the husband from seeking solace from the cup that cheers as well as inebriates, there might be something in it. But surely they need no providential interposition in the very intimate and domestic matter referred to. It is not a case for outside interference at all. On the whole we wish the clergy were a little less outspoken. Of course the modern bride does not object to have this sort of thing fired at her in front of a churchful of people, but how about the blushing groom?

Has any one heard the extraordinary adventures of Mr. Bryan at the Indian Durbar? They are worthy of an epic rendering, but let it be said at once that Mr. Bryan is not the Mr. Bryan, not the peerless and only one. Possibly the government of India was guilty of a mistake in identity and is now gnashing its teeth as it learns from its weekly and prayerful study of the *Commoner* that the great Democrat was all the time in the land of the free and the home of the brave and never went to India at all.

The Mr. Bryan in question was Mr. Jonathan Bryan, a plain and inconspicuous American citizen who went upon his foreign travels with the full intention to see the sights and to pay his way whenever he had to. But Mr. Bryan is a friend of Mr. Taft, and just before he sailed he called upon the President, who is something of a traveler himself, in order to get some hints as to the best hotels and the tipping nuance. Mr. Taft did what he could in the fulness of his heart he gave Mr. Bryan some somewhat to the effect that since his world always be safe in Mr. Bryan's presence and that anything that any one would do for him would be esteemed as

a favor. It was just an ordinary letter, such as we all give to our friends in order to get them out of the office before it shall occur to them to borrow a dollar till next Friday.

So Mr. and Mrs. Bryan sailed away and presently they found themselves at Calcutta and with a consuming desire to see the Durbar. It is always interesting to watch the noble savage at play, and to be in India without visiting the circus seemed a pity. So they asked that accommodations be reserved at Delhi and were quite chagrined to find that the same idea had occurred to others, that not a seat was to be had even in the upper galleries and that there would be no chance to crawl under the tent flap.

Then the dauntless Bryan hethought him of Mr. Taft's letter. Why not try it on the dog? It would be foolish to surrender while there was still a shot in the locker, so he telegraphed to "the secretary of the Durbar" asking if a little corner could not be found somewhere for one who had a letter from Mr. Taft. And he signed the letter "Jonathan Bryan."

That telegram worked like a charm. Two days after it was sent Mr. Bryan received a visit from a railroad official, who came into the room on his hands and knees, knocking his forehead on the ground (of course this is Oriental metaphor), and was informed that an unworthy special train to Delhi had been ordered for Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and that it would start at any moment indicated by their excellencies as condescendingly convenient to them (still Oriental metaphor). Mr. Bryan never turned a hair. He tried to feel that he was the Grand Mogul or the Maharajah of something and acted accordingly with a grand and spacious benignity that the real Mr. Bryan might have envied but could never surpass. And when the train reached Delhi there upon the platform were two glorious seraphim, one in British and the other in Indian uniform, who conducted the American couple to a special tent and showered upon them every conceivable courtesy. It was politely suggested to the visitors that court costume might add somewhat to the splendors with which nature has arrayed all Americans irrespective of their police record, but Mr. Bryan had nothing but the usual uniform of the American citizen, which was doubtless as good as the tariff would let it be. But it didn't matter. It didn't matter at all. That letter from Mr. Taft would have admitted Mr. and Mrs. Bryan in pajamas or in war paint. They might have gone in a bathrobe or a hathing suit. And go they did. They had a place of honor so close to the king that they could have hit him with a pea shooter. They were the only ones in that great crowd who were not lovely with gold lace and silk, and glittering with steel and jewels. And no one cast one curious look in their direction. Nowhere was there a smile or a glance of wonder. And when Mr. Bryan asked for his bill he was told that "the American gentleman with a letter from the President of the United States has nothing to pay." All he had to do was to order his special train and depart as he had come, but with the ineffaceable conviction that he had been the guest of gentlemen whatever the color of their skins.

The next time we visit Petaluma we shall try to secure a letter of introduction from Mr. Taft and see how it works in the street-cars down there. But we have our doubts.

Mr. Richard Barry, having persuaded a court of justice to order his reinstatement in the Players' Club, says now that he will not be reinstated. He has shaken the dust of that classic resort from his feet and it will stay shaken. He will try to drag on a miserable existence without the aid of the Players' Club.

Now Mr. Barry should think twice about this. He might have a pretty good time if he would only consent to go back. He could have the club premises to himself whenever he wished. If he approached the bar his fellow convivialists would fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away. There would be no irritating conversation in the reading-room, because there would be no one there to converse. He would have the undivided attention of waiters, hellboys, and messengers. Practically speaking, the club premises would belong to him.

But we can not help thinking that the court of appeals has struck a vital blow at clubdom. It will be remembered that Mr. Barry was expelled from the Players' Club for discussing the affairs of the club in his magazine. He was said to have acted in an ungentlemanly manner, and so he invoked the aid of the courts to disprove the charge. But Mr. Barry seems to have misinterpreted the judgment upon which he prides himself. The court did not say that he had not been ungentlemanly. It said that he must not be expelled from the club, or that, having been expelled, he must be reinstated.

Now privacy is the keynote of club life. A club with no privacy is not a club. A club where one's words must be watched for fear of publication is not a club. The life of the club would be impossible under such circumstances. If Mr. Barry should decide to return to the Players' Club he will probably find that

nothing worth reporting comes his way. The silence of the tomb will surround him.

From time immemorial it has been the custom of the French dressmakers to display their new fashions at the Auteuil race-course. They decked their models in the bravest costumes and sent them out to mingle with the gay crowd and to excite the interest and the envy of modish Paris. But the custom has been broken. Not a model was to be seen last month, and those who arrived with cameras and notebooks to secure a forecast for the season were to be compelled to return empty.

The dressmakers say that the old custom will never be renewed. The harem skirt has killed it. They believe that but for the outcry of the newspapers the new skirt would have triumphed, but public taste is easily guided and public prejudice is easily aroused. The newspapers united in a hue and cry as soon as the first harem skirts appeared on the Auteuil race-course and fashionable women were positively afraid to wear it. So the dressmakers will not repeat the risky venture. They will give no hint of the new fashions for the edification of the critics and they will make their own plans for the introduction of their novelties.

The London *Nation* has been conducting a midwinter correspondence on a "dog-day" topic, namely, what is the finest view in the world? It began with a letter which reaffirmed Humboldt's opinion that the most lovely prospect on earth is in the island of Teneriffe looking towards the valley of Orotava from the high curve of the road at Matanza. Others have concurred in this opinion, but there has been no lack of rival claims. Among these are the outlook over the harbor of Rio de Janeiro from the summit of Mt. Corcovado; Sydney Harbor, in Australia; Gravedona at the head of Lake Como; the view from Monte San Angelo over the bays of Naples and Salerno; the view from Mount Pentelicus over Euboea and the Attic Plain; the Boca Grande between Venezuela and the island of Trinidad; Mt. Etna from the Greek theatre at Taormina; and "Cape Horn" in our own Sierra Nevada Mountains. There is not wanting, of course, the patriot to declare that, after baving gone round the world and "seen Aden turned golden at sunrise," Bombay, Fujiyama, San Francisco Harbor, the Yosemite, and Niagara Falls, he has something to say for—London. "Is there not," he asks, "an entrancement all its own in the shifting fog, now hiding, now revealing, the Victoria Tower, giving it a translucent beauty by the partial veiling?"

Solomon's exhortation to "go to the ant" is being followed in Paris, where the latest craze among fashionable women is to have an ant-heap. In eight out of ten salons a glass case is kept with a colony of ants. By one of those inexplicable freaks of fashion the works of the aged entomologist, J. H. Fahre, have suddenly become widely popular in society, and every one is interested in the ant and its ways. But, adds the chronicler, there the craze stops. Nobody in society thinks of following out King Solomon's injunction to the end.

"Look how ugly you are when you shut your eyes like that."—*Pele Mele*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The condemned man was asked if there was anything he desired. He brightened up. "Why, yes," he replied, "I'd like to have capital punishment abolished." They told him this was impossible. "Then," he cheerfully added, "let's have the recall."

Lord Charles Beresford told of one of his tenants who conducted a small undertaker's establishment in Waterford. One day he asked how business was. "Grand, me lord!" she exclaimed. "I now have the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness, it was never a day idle since I got it."

A noted professor of music was supervising the work of an orchestra at rehearsal and he became much annoyed with the conductor for his erratic use of the baton. Stopping the band, he said to the culprit: "Mistaire Jones, you would make a beautiful conductor—for zee omnibus; you vas always behind."

It was a girl from Iceland who was sent to a Harlem flat by an employment agent to do the housework. The mistress asked her to state her accomplishments. She could not cook, it seemed, nor wash dishes, nor do the weekly wash, nor make beds, nor sweep, nor dust. "Then, what in the world can you do?" asked the exasperated housewife. "Well," said the girl, shyly, "Ay skoll milk da reindeer."

In Germantown one evening as a family sat grouped about the library table, the little son looked up from his book and asked: "Papa, what is an egotist?" "An egotist," the father answered, "is a man who thinks he is cleverer than any one else." But the mother, laughing coldly, appended: "No, my son, that is not quite right. An egotist is a man who says he is cleverer than any one else—every man thinks he is."

An Alabama negro, who had spent several years as a servant in a New York family, returning to his home, attempted to instruct members of his family in correct usage, especially in their language. One day at the table his brother said to him: "Gimme some 'lasses, Sam." "You mustn't say 'lasses," corrected Sam. "You must say molasses." "What is you talkin' 'bout?" grunted his brother. "How's I gwine to say mo' 'lasses when I aint had none yet?"

It was a Welsh minister who described the devil to a little congregation in a remote Welsh valley. Said the minister: "The devil is bound round the middle with chains, and round the arms with chains, and round the legs with chains. But John Jones," pointing to a man in the front row, "he can reach you; and you, David Evans," pointing to one in the middle row, "he can reach you," and pointing to one at the back, "John Williams, he can reach you." And then a man in the gallery called out, "Why, the thing might as well be loose."

James Whitcomb Riley used to tour the country with Bill Nye in lecture courses. One night, while the two were behind the scenes in the theatre of some Eastern town, Riley got tired of waiting while Nye tried to make himself beautiful, and, tiptoeing to the drop curtain, peered out into the auditorium. He came back to Nye's dressing-room in consternation. "Great Scott!" he whispered, "this is awful! There aint a pesky handful of people out there, Bill!" "I don't know why there isn't, Jim," replied Nye, dreamily, continuing to "wrastle" with his tie, "we've never been here before."

The men were eating their lunch in the temporary headquarters of the chief electrician when the telephone bell rang. "Hello. Yes, this is the place, mum. What's his name again? Stewart, is it? No, there aint nobody by that name here that I know of. Boys, does any of you know a man around here by the name of Mr. Stewart?" "Not I," said Pat. "Nor I," said Mike. Phelim and Aloysius shook their heads. "There's nobody here knows who you want, mum," said Terry to the phone. He returned to his dinner-pail and a moment later suddenly laid down his sandwich and shouted: "Boys, do you know who the man Stewart is that the lady wanted? Be Gorry, it's the boss!"

Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, made a trip to his old home in Goldsboro, and in the course of the visit ran across an old negro, Calvin Bock, who had educated himself, learning his letters from an alphabet carpenter, and had also acquired considerable possessions by his industry and prudence. "It's mighty glad to see you, Mr. Aycock," he said, "And mighty glad you are gov'nor of the state." And then he laughed, the darky's contagious chuckle. "As fer me," he continued, "you know I couldn't affo'd to be gov'nor." "Couldn't afford to be governor?" asked Calvin. "Cause, you see, sir,

I gits more fer my strawberries than North Calliny pays the gov'nor for a whole year's work!"

THE BALD-HEAD QUESTION.

Elisha B. Wherry, Battle Brook, writes as follows:

Can you tell me the cause of baldness and your theory as to its wonderful prevalence? I hope you will pardon me for writing you, but I have learned casually that you sometimes dabbled in science, also in baldness. I would be glad to know if you have succeeded in finding anything to help your baldness, as I am still young and unmarried. Life is still before me, and I want to go to some one who will tell me frankly whether there is still hope for me or not.

I observe, Elisha, that baldness has no doubt been handed down to you from a good way back. You remember the gentleman after whom you were named was that way himself, and that he was sensitive about it, for when the hoodlums of his town followed him and cried out, "Go up, bald head," he called out a pair of ears and fed them with these children. I have always looked upon this as a mighty inferior style of miracle. While Elisha undoubtedly did much to endear himself to humanity, and made his death seem like a general calamity, I have always said that a bald-headed prophet who got mad and fed the neighbor's children to the menagerie every time they joked him about his late hair, should have worn a wig.

It would be a mighty mean boy that I would "sick" a hear on because he spoke of my high forehead, and I am not in the prophet line, either. If I had turned the animals loose on every newspaper man that has joked me through his columns about my polished dome of thought there wouldn't be journalists enough left to keep the President criticized as he should be.

What would people think of me if I were to go about lecturing evenings, and then to feed the reporters to my menagerie on the following day?

I have always said that there must be some mistake about the translation of this miracle, or else Elisha laid himself open to criticism. But this is not what you asked me about, is it, Elisha?

Baldness is liable to break out in the most unlooked-for localities, but I think it is generally inherited. I inherited mine, but I have added to it a good deal.

I have tried several preparations in my lifetime, all of which were good for baldness, and assisted it very much. These remedies for the hairless are deemed to resemble each other in two particulars—namely: they were all expensive, and all sticky. Some smelled offensively when first applied, while others were more successful after a while. For several years I dressed very plainly, Elisha, using the balance of my income on the site of my former hair.

As a result of this, my bosom alternately hove with anticipation or fell with disappointment, while my bangs remained unhung, and my hat smelled like a volcanic eruption.

Various people came to me with recipes for wooing the hair out of my glossy, intellectual rink. Among them there came to me a gentleman from England named Macroscopic, who claimed to have been royal taxidermist for nine years, after which he had acted as chirpologist extraordinary for several years, removing unicorns from the great and small. He said that he could grow a waving crop of tresses on my bleak and barren brow for five pounds.

He now has the five pounds, and I still retain my broad sweep of brow.


I can not tell how you can embower your tall, sleek forehead in rank, wind-tossed hair, Elisha, but I can tell you how you can save five thousand dollars.

Take your hair invigorator money and buy a town lot in a growing town that supports its home paper, and advertises, and goes ahead, and you will find in twenty years that you will be well fixed, and a man who is well fixed don't care much whether he has any hair or not.

I've seen men with long, rich, wavy hair, which fell in a glorious shower of dandruff on the collar of their overcoats, who were just as unhappy as you or I, Elisha. Hair alone can not bring happiness. I once knew a man who was very successful, indeed, and was finally made postmaster of his town, and he had whiskers that he had to button inside his coat to keep them from brushing other people's eyes out, and he had hair to sell, and yet when there came a change of administration, and a new President who hadn't an alma mater to lay his jaws to came along, this hairy man was almost the first to fall.

A wealth of hair is a good thing, but the beard was not made solely as a hot-bed for the propagation of hair. Baldness is one of the penalties of civilization, Elisha. Barbarians are never bald. People who sleep in straw-piles and eat their pastor always have all the hair they can manage. Those who go bareheaded for generations, and live on grasshoppers and acorns, are never bald. Plug hats, late suppers, and earnest thought are hard on the hair.

I say this to comfort you, Elisha, for I am married, and do not care.—Bill Nye.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane Wickersham and Mr. Stewart McNah. Miss Wickersham is the daughter of Mrs. A. L. Dowler and a sister of Mr. Frederick Wickersham. Mr. McNah is the son of Mr. James McNah and a brother of Mrs. Frank Kerrigan and the Misses Susie and Christine McNah.

The wedding of Miss Sue Harrold and Mr. Jack Van Sicken took place Thursday at the home in Fruitvale of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harrold.

The wedding of Miss Frances Martin and Mr. Dural Moore will take place April 10 in Ross.

Miss Marie Louise Foster and Mr. Eldridge Green will be married April 20 at the home in Ross of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster.

The wedding of Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. J. Cheever Cowden will take place in Menlo, June 5.

Mrs. Talbot Walker will be Miss Hopkins's matron of honor, and among the bridesmaids will be the Misses Marion and Ruth Zeile, Louise Boyd, Jeanne Gallois, and Jennie Crocker.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Heppenheimer of Jersey City and Mr. J. Robinson Duff of New York will take place April 10 at the home in Jersey of Mr. and Mrs. Heppenheimer (formerly Miss Blanche Miller). Miss Heppenheimer is a niece of Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Philip Dwyer of New York, and Miss Mary Miller of London. Mr. Duff is the son of Mrs. Robinson Duff of New York and Paris.

Lord and Lady Tweedmouth of London entertained at a dinner last week at Coronado in honor of Lord Tweedmouth's birthday anniversary.

Mr. John Dupue was host at a dinner-dance in honor of Mrs. J. B. Long of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton entertained about fifty friends at a dinner at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding entertained a large number of guests at a soiree musicale Tuesday evening at the Bohemian Club. An enjoyable programme was presented by Messrs. Henry Hadley, Mackenzie Gordon, Arthur Weiss, Edward Tak, and Mme. Chambellan.

A fancy-dress hall was given last week at Hotel del Coronado, and was attended by the visitors from England and the San Francisco and Burlingame contingent. Among those who entertained at dinners were Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dupue, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

The opening of the new Burlingame Club was celebrated Thursday evening by a mi-careme dinner-dance, which was attended by two hundred members and their guests. House parties were given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. George L. Cadwalader was hostess Monday at a tea in honor of Mrs. David R. C. Brown of Aspen, Colorado.

Mrs. Felton Taylor gave a dinner Saturday evening.

Mrs. Charles McClure was hostess at a bridge-ten in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Walker McClure, who recently arrived at the Presidio with her husband, Lieutenant McClure, U. S. A.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a children's party Wednesday at the home on Broadway of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and entertained a large number of the little friends of her daughters, Miss Mary and Miss Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Tuesday by Miss Antoinette Keyston, and again Wednesday, when Miss Erna Hermann was hostess at a bridge-ten. Miss Lurline Matson gave a bridge-ten Thursday complimentary to Mrs. Fennimore.

Mr. Homer Kern was host at a theatre and supper party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roos entertained a number of friends at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Achilles Roos, who have recently returned from their wedding trip.

The members of the Bohemian Club will give a

farewell dinner this evening in honor of the Messrs. Raphael Weill and Frank Unger and Dr. Frank K. Ainsworth, who will leave Monday for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller gave a dinner last week at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Lurline Matson was hostess at bridge-ten Thursday and Friday at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll Giffen entertained a number of friends at a musicale at their home on Hyde Street in honor of Miss Dorothea Spinyne of England.

Miss Minna Van Bergen will give a bridge-ten Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker entertained eighteen guests at a theatre and supper party Monday evening in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. J. Cheever Cowden.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brittain entertained recently at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Walter Gibson gave a luncheon at her home on Broadway and entertained a number of the young friends of her daughter, Miss Grace Gibson.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden was hostess at a luncheon last Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Samuel Barbour of Hartford, Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron entertained fourteen guests at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Edward de Laveaga was hostess at a theatre party complimentary to her sister, Mrs. Taylor (formerly Miss Ruth Woodbury).

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr., gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Zahriske of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained eighteen guests at a dinner last week at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson entertained the Bridge Club last week at the Francisca Club.

Mr. Stewart Lowery was host at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. J. Cheever Cowden.

Miss Marion Zeile gave a theatre and supper party complimentary to Miss Hopkins and Mr. Cowden.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Miss Eleonora Sears have returned from Coronado.

Miss Marion Zeile will leave shortly for New York to join her sister, Miss Ruth Zeile, who is attending an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn of Saratoga have taken an apartment on California Street and will be in town several weeks. Mrs. Kuhn, who was formerly Miss Edna Bowman, is a sister of Mr. Melville Bowman.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet left Monday for Los Angeles, where they will remain two weeks.

Mrs. Edwin Newhall returned last week from Philadelphia.

Dr. W. E. McEnery, Miss Gretton, and Miss Isabelle McLaughlin have returned from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris have gone to San Mateo to spend a month and are occupying the cottage of Mrs. Leroy Hough.

Mr. Howard Martin has returned from his Eastern school and is at his home in Ross, where he is recuperating from a recent illness.

Miss Kate Herrin has returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Dr. Kaspar Pischel has returned from Europe, where he has been traveling with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marcus will leave next month for Europe. They will be accompanied by their niece, Miss Marie Louise Bryant.

Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Sr., has returned from abroad, where she has been traveling during the past year, and is established at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Samuel Parker arrived last week from Honolulu and left the following day for Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lusk have arrived from the East and are visiting Mrs. Lusk's mother and sister, Mrs. Thomas Findlay and Miss Mary Findlay.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., will leave May 15 for San Mateo, where they have rented the Finnegan house for the season.

Dr. Henry Stevens Kierstedt and Mrs. Kierstedt have taken a house in Burlingame Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Ballard (formerly Miss Gertrude Jones) are expected here from Portland in April to attend the wedding of Miss Isabel Brewer and Mr. Herbert Jones.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and her daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire, have returned from a two months' visit in the East.

Miss Maye Colburn has opened her home in San Rafael after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Athole McBean has returned from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. McBean were the guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin will sail April 28 for Norway, where they will reside during the next two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann sailed yesterday from New York for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken left yesterday for the East, where they will spend several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Anna Olney.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Hellman returned Tuesday to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara have been spending the past week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have returned to Santa Barbara after a visit of several days in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann have rented the house in Ross of Mrs. Laura Roe. Mrs. Roe is contemplating a trip to Panama.

Mrs. M. E. Williams and the Misses Kathleen

and Eileen Finnegan will spend the summer in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brandenstein will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker left Monday for the south en route to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass of Berkeley spent the week-end in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker will leave town April 15 for San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith has returned from Honolulu for a visit with her relatives. Mrs. Hyde-Smith and her son, Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith, will spend the next year in Honolulu, where they have leased an attractive home.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Reginald Fernald has returned to Santa Barbara after a few days' visit in this city.

The Reverend Henry Watson Mizner left Tuesday for his home in St. Louis after a visit of several weeks with relatives. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner, who will later visit her son, Mr. Addison Mizner.

Miss Eliza McMullen and Mr. John McMullen are traveling in Italy.

Mr. Loring Pickering left last week for New York en route to Europe, where he will join Mr. John McMullen.

Mr. Richard Walton Tully, formerly of the University of California, has returned from New York, where he has been interested in his latest play, "The Bird of Paradise." He will leave shortly for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. J. Archibald arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and are en route to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen O. Metcalf and daughter, of Providence, Rhode Island, visited in this city this week and have started homeward.

Mr. J. William Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, left Monday for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall will spend the Easter holidays in New York.

Dr. H. B. de Marville has returned from Italy, and is now at his residence, 35 Rue de Chaillot, in Paris.

Mrs. Harold Sewall has arrived from Southern California and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Norman McLaren.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin and her daughter, Miss Isabel McCrackin, have returned from a visit to Carmel, where they were guests of Mrs. Antoinette Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned from Coronado.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb and Mrs. James King Steele left last week for San Gabriel to visit Mrs. George S. Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, and Miss Jennie Crocker have returned from a two weeks' visit in Coronado.

Brigadier-General Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus have been recent guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Lieutenant J. G. Ord, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio.

Lieutenant William E. Persons, U. S. A., of Salt Lake City has arrived at the Presidio.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., has been appointed to the adjutant-general's department, and with Mrs. Winn will soon return from the Philippines, where they have been for the past six months.

Rear-Admiral A. E. Mertz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mertz arrived Friday from Cavite en route to Washington, D. C. Admiral Mertz is in charge of the naval station at Cavite and Olongapo.

Captain Rhee Jackson, U. S. A., has been in town during the past week from the Presidio, Monterey.

Mrs. George Kenyon, wife of Lieutenant Kenyon, U. S. N., has arrived from Honolulu and will be the guest of the Misses Anna and Emma Kenyon until the arrival of Lieutenant Kenyon, who will be stationed here indefinitely.

Mrs. Holland M. Stevenson, wife of the late Commodore Stevenson, U. S. N., has returned from Tonopah.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., arrived Thursday from Washington, D. C.

The home in Tennessee of Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman (formerly Miss Anita Mailard) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The second and last week of Lulu Glaser's Columbia Theatre engagement will begin Sunday, and extend over to include Sunday evening, March 24, with matinees only on Saturdays.

Miss Glaser in her new Viennese opera, "Miss Dudelsack," has demonstrated that San Francisco does not forget its favorites, for the Columbia has housed large and fashionable audiences to welcome back the heroine of "Dolly Varden," in which operetta the comedienne established herself here six years ago. This time Miss Glaser has an opera with a Scotch setting, the picturesque scenic effects representing all the richness and color of Scotland's romantic lake and hill country. The colorful effects of kilts and plaids blend admirably with the brilliancy of the stage-settings and light effects. Miss Dudelsack's song numbers have found favor with the café and hotel orchestras and are being whistled on the streets, "Oh, You, You Darling," and the others being favorites everywhere. Thomas Richards, David Torrence, Rosetta Bier, and the other principals in Miss Glaser's support have been praised for their work. From a vocal standpoint the company is among the best to be seen in this city this season.

"The Coward," in which Robert T. Haines will head the Orpheum hill next week, is the first playlet George Broadhurst has ever written. Mr. Broadhurst's reputation as an author is international. His "Man of the Hour," "Bought and Paid For," and his earlier farces have met with success all over the English-speaking world. Mr. Haines has proved a distinct acquisition to the vaudeville stage. He is best remembered as prominent in the support of Olga Nethersole, Blanche Bates, and Grace George. He was featured in Daniel Frohman's production of "The Commanding Officer." "The Coward" is a one-act melodrama in two scenes, the intense interest of which is relieved at appropriate periods by genuine and original comedy.

Mike Bernard, the rag-time pianist, and Amy Butler, the petite character comedienne, have joined forces and will also appear next week. Bernard is unrivaled in his particular line, and Miss Butler's artistic and clever comedy work never fails to appeal to her audiences.

Rice and Prevost will present their original tumbling act, "Bumpy Bumps." They excel both as acrobats and pantomimists, and never fail to keep their audiences in good humor.

The Wilson Brothers, who will be remembered as having on the occasion of their last visit made an immense hit in the skit called "A Padded Cell," will appear in a new German act called "Go Out." It is constructed for laughing purposes only and is a continued fire of repartee, in which the English language is twisted into almost impossible syllables.

Next week closes the engagements of Ida Fuller and Company; Percy Waram and Company in "The Bosun's Mate"; Watson's Farmyard Circus, and Mary Norman in her clever series of caricatures entitled "Women I Have Met."

Miss Elsie Janis is coming to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing March 25, to present for the first time here that dainty musical comedy, "The Slim Princess," which broke the business records of many theatres last year. Since it was first seen in New York in its rather formative state, the Ade-Blossom musical comedy has been considerably quickened in action and enlivened in incident. This during a run of nearly a year at Charles Dillingham's Globe Theatre in New York. Joseph Cawthorn, Queenie Vassar, and Julia Frary, notable favorites of last year's cast, still remain in support of the protean little Miss Janis, who has added to her list of caricatures a screamingly funny hurlesque of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in her great moment as "Camille." The eminent French artiste saw Miss Janis do this "stunt" in New York and complimented her on what she called "diabolically simian cleverness."

Blanche Bates will be here next month with her new production, "Nobody's Widow." It is a splendid comedy from the pen of Avery Hopwood.

"The Pink Lady," of which we have heard so much during the past two seasons, will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre. It will be played by a company of celebrated musical-comedy people.

Alice Lloyd will have some of her old favorites and many new song hits for her forthcoming production of "Little Miss Fix-It" at the Columbia Theatre.

Weingartner, the famous Viennese conductor, makes the announcement that one of the marches in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" are the same, note for note, except that the tempo is different. Some of the grand operas of

The Tetrassini Farewell Concert.

The last of the three Tetrassini concerts will be given at Dreamland Rink this Sunday afternoon (March 17), at 2:30, when another stupendous programme will be given with the assistance of M. Mascall, one of the greatest baritones that has ever sung in this city; Yves Nat, a piano virtuoso of whom big things may be expected; Emilio Puyans, a flute virtuoso, and Paul Steindorff's excellent and complete grand opera orchestra.

The special feature of the afternoon will be Tetrassini's singing of the rarely heard aria from Meyerheer's "The Star of the North," with the original orchestration, which calls for a wonderful obligato played by two flutes. By special request the diva has promised also to sing the brilliant variations on "The Carnival of Venice," with which she awoke the audiences to the highest pitch of enthusiasm on her last visit.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's until Saturday afternoon at five, and on Sunday at Dreamland Rink after nine o'clock. There will be accommodations for over 1200 people at the minimum price of one dollar.

Concert by Symphony Orchestra for Library Fund.

One of the most important and expensive items in the maintenance of a symphony orchestra is its library, and in order that the series of concerts planned for next year by the Musical Association of San Francisco may be most interesting and varied, a special concert will be given by the orchestra under Mr. Hadley's direction, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of new works for its library of music. The members of the orchestra have volunteered their services for this good cause, John Cort has given the use of his theatre, and a great programme will be given there next Friday afternoon, March 22, at 3:15.

Full particulars will be published in the daily papers within the next few days. An interesting and memorable concert may confidently be expected.

The Beel Quartet.

The fifth concert of the Beel Quartet will be given in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel on Sunday afternoon, March 24, at 2:30. The programme will contain two works to be played here for the first time, one being a sonata for violin and viola by Jean Marie Leclair, an exceptionally beautiful example of the very old classics, and the other a modern work of the Russian school, a quartet by Arensky, composed in memory of Tschaiakowsky. The Haydn Quartet in E major will complete the offering.

Tickets may be secured throughout the week at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Calve Coming Next.

Manager Greenbaum announces two quite unusual concerts at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoons, March 31 and April 7, by Mme. Calvé, the greatest combination of singer and actress the operatic stage has ever known. The novelty of these events will be scenes from the artist's operatic successes, given in costume, and acted as well as sung. Mme. Calvé will be assisted by her husband, the tenor, Galileo Gaspari, and Brahm Van den Bergh will be the pianist and conductor.

A tahlod version of "Carmen" will be the feature of the opening concert, and at the second there will be scenes from "Cavalleria Rusticana," both being works in which Calvé has never had an equal.

Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum.

Calvé will give a special Oakland concert on Tuesday afternoon, April 9, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Andreas Dippel announces the next season of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company will open in Philadelphia and then continue for ten weeks in Chicago. A six weeks' campaign in California is to follow, a fortnight being spent at San Francisco. Mr. Dippel will visit the Pacific Coast at the end of the present season, before leaving for Europe. Only a few artists have been reengaged so far for next winter, and Mr. Dippel intends to make his organization stronger than ever with a view to fortifying the present weak spots. Those now reengaged are Ferdinand Almaz, stage director; Luisa Tetrassini, soprano; Saltzman-Stevens, soprano; Maggie Teyte, soprano; Charles Dalmores, tenor. Muratore is engaged for only two months, starting in January, 1913. "Mary Garden," said Mr. Dippel, "can sign at once if she is willing to do so on the basis of her present salary, \$1600 per performance." Sammarco is sure to be reengaged. Eight operas are to be added to the repertory next season, among them "Herodiade" and "André Chenier."

Jules Falk, one of the best known of the young violinists today, is announced to appear in a series of recitals in San Francisco, the first to take place Tuesday, March 26, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Heck—Has your wife made her will?  
Peck—No; she's merely developed it.—*Boston Transcript*.

Knicker—Did your father give you an auto? Bocker—Yes, but he didn't endow it.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mrs. Outlate—I thought you said "never again." Outlate—M'dear, I meant consecutive drinks.—*New York Sun*.

"Come on home, Dick; don't you know when you've got enough?" "Georgie, I never know anything when I've got enough."—*Life*.

Hc—Tomorrow, darling, is our wedding day. She—Yes, and it's bargain day at Silkman's, too. Isn't it just too aggravating?—*Boston Transcript*.

The Preacher's Wife—I get my husband's fees for marrying them. The Lawyer's Wife—And I get my husband's fees for divorcing them.—*New York Sun*.

Polly—Miss Yellowleaf says she always tries to get her beauty sleep. Dolly—Well, all I can say is she must suffer frightfully from insomnia.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Struggling Author—This world will not recognize all I have done until after my death. Friend (consoling)—Well, I wouldn't worry. You'll be beyond injury then.—*Satire*.

Agent—I would like to show you something that a child can manage. Distracted Parent—We don't need it; but have you anything that can manage a child?—*New York Sun*.

Mate—When he fired the pistol at you what did you do, captain? Captain—I moved to one side and the bullet sped harmlessly by and buried itself in the thick part of the mate's head.—*Punch*.

"Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't he?" "Yes," confessed honest Farmer Hornbeak, "but, in justice to the college, I'll own up that he had no sense beforehand."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

"The public is always ready to pick up a new idea." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and the public is always ready to throw it down again as soon as it looks it over and decides it doesn't suit."—*Washington Star*.

English Tourist (in Bloody Gulch hotel)—By the way, old top, is the grizzly bear common around here? Landlord—Used to be, but it's extinct now. Why, even Three-Fingered Ike won't allow it in his dance-hall!—*Puck*.

Musician—Is it not a distressing thought that some of our greatest composers made very little money in their lifetime? Philistine—No. It's my only consolation when my wife drags me to the opera!—*London Opinion*.

"And so your young wife serves you as a model. How flattering! She must be immensely pleased." "Well, she was at first; but when we had a spat and I painted her as the goddess of war, she went home to mother."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mr. Bacon—Something wrong with this hash this morning, dear. Mrs. Bacon—Why? Mr. Bacon—I don't know. It needs something. Mrs. Bacon—I can't think what it can be. I put in everything I could find.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Hello, Rummel! I hear you had your watch stolen the other day?" "Yes, but the thief is already caught. Just think, the fool took it to the pawnshop and there they immediately recognized it as mine and detained him."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mrs. Struckit Rich—Our waiter is a student. He is working his way through college. Mr. Struckit Rich—You don't tell me! Well, if the colleges would only turn out a few more good waiters I'd have more respect for them seats of learning!—*Puck*.

"I let my house furnished, and they've had the measles there. Of course, we've had the place disinfected; so I suppose it's quite safe. What do you think?" "I fancy it would be all right, dear; but I think, perhaps, it would be safer to lend it to a friend first."—*Punch*.

"Ab," cried the count, gallantly, as he bent low before the American beauty, "I would I was ze glove upon your hand." "You may act in that capacity, count," she replied, graciously. "I never wear a glove more than once and then I give it to my maid."—*Harpers Weekly*.

"That new salesman thinks he knows as much about our business as I do," said the head of the firm. "Well," replied the junior partner, "maybe he does. He told me confidently he wouldn't think of eating some of the things we are putting on the market."—*Washington Star*.

Transient—Was the show last night the real thing, as they advertised? Uncle Eben—Real thing nothing. It was a fake. The boys exposed it. We got hold of the fellow who played the villain, and after riding him

around town he finally confessed that he warn't no real villain after all; just prettendin'.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Unlike the Oyster.

"How sad is my lot!"  
Says the poor little clam;  
"Whether I'm dead or not,  
You don't care a cent!"  
—*New York Globe*.

What!

Sing a song of gasoline,  
Bottles full of rye,  
Four and twenty chauffeurs,  
Traveling pretty high.  
When the court was opened,  
And all the fines were read,  
I really wonder what it was  
The happy owners said. —*Satire*.

Varying Views.

Came a helpless little babe  
To this world of good and ill;  
Thinking of the cost of meat,  
Thinking of the grocer's bill,  
Cried his parents practical:  
"Here's another mouth to fill!"

Thinking of the secret tryst,  
Joy which none would want to miss,  
Mindful of the moonlight nights,  
Thinking of the stolen bliss,  
Cried the maiden fanciful:  
"Here's another mouth to kiss."

Thinking of the flow of words  
No device avails to balk,  
Shuddering at speeches long  
Made in public life and walk,  
Cried the person cynical:  
"Here's another mouth to talk."  
—*McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun*.

He Insisted.

There was a young lady of Siam,  
Who said to her fond lover, Kiam,  
"I refuse to be kissed,  
But if you insist,  
Heaven knows you are stronger than I am."  
—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

As to Saddle.

Well, you who'd be tony, by ridin' a bony  
And high-steppin' nag that is minus a tail,  
Are welcome to straddle a postage stamp saddle  
And ride on the same like a man on a rail;  
I wouldn't be pridin' myself on such ridin',  
With knees all bent up like a monk on a stick,  
Yet just for to travel on ridin' path gravel  
I reckon yer fashion will do pretty slick.

But when on the border, you receive a quick order  
Which requires you to ride fer the hull of the day,  
Or when you must battle 'midst machine guns  
that rattle,  
Aboard of a critter that wants his own way:  
You'll quit apin' Yurru and lengthen yer stirrup,  
You'll chuck the old postage stamp out of yer sight,  
And when you're astraddle McClellan's old saddle,  
You'll find yer equipment is pretty near right.

Seems clumsy—fer a minute—but once you are  
in it  
You'll find you can ride from the dawn till the dark,  
("Real ridin'," I'm sayin', not amblin' or strayin',  
Four or five miles in a cute little park.)  
An' if your fool pony—without ceremony—  
Begins to display all his graces and dance,  
You'll find as he bumps you and jolts you and jumps you  
McClellan's the saddle keeps your hide off your pants.

Your saddle is tony fer ridin' that bony  
An' high-steppin' cob fer yer nice little rides,  
But 't would be a "pony" fer such as my pony.  
That doubles your distance and squares it be-  
sides;

I've seen you skeddaddle around on that saddle,  
A-bobbin' about fer yer five or ten mile,  
And I'm fer the saddle to sit in and straddle,  
The "Old McClellan Saddle" is strictly my style.  
—A. Gustafson, in Army and Navy Journal.

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peaches," he cried.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Projected Civic Centre.

If there were submitted to the people of San Francisco a project for a city hall under a plan involving utility and beauty, even at a very considerable cost, it would be worthy of favor. The present means of housing the municipal government is inconvenient, extravagant, lacking in all the conditions which make for dignity. Considerations of expediency call for an adequate municipal building. We have indeed, to be voted upon this coming week, a project for a city hall. But it is involved with other things. Among these is the purchase of several highly priced properties in the heart of the city for conversion into squares, parks, and what-not on the theory that thereby we shall have a glorified "civic centre"—whatever that may be. The cost of all this projected splendor is estimated at eight and a half million dollars; and for this sum all the people of the city are asked to vote a debt to be assessed

not against all the people, but against those who own property and therefore are subject to taxation.

Under this plan the city hall, which is really needed, is a subordinate item. The main cost will be for lands to be made over into parks, etc., for whose maintenance there must be a heavy and continuous charge. And these parks and spaces, when they shall be secured and developed, will be a dump-ground for the social wreckage of the community. To go in comfort through this beautifully planned civic centre to the city hall will require the closing of one's eyes and the holding of one's nose. If this be thought an extravagant statement just walk through our beautiful Union Square at two o'clock of any sunny afternoon.

The estimate, we repeat, is for eight and a half million dollars—a very tidy sum. But before the job is done—in the time of our grandchildren maybe—the cost will be four times eight and a half million dollars, unless indeed it be eight times that sum. But these figures are not likely to discourage the multitudes whose votes involve no responsibility to themselves. If the demand were for thrice eight and a half millions the combined irresponsibility of the city would flock even more eagerly to the voting booths.

Without hoping to check a movement perfectly calculated to overwhelm any and all forms of reason and prudence, but merely in the spirit of sanity and prudence and by way of protest, the *Argonaut* will vote no.

### Suggestions of the Dakota Primary.

Mr. Roosevelt in his self-assumed character of "the people" has sustained a hard jolt in the first presidential primary ever held in the United States. The place was North Dakota, where progressivism is the whole thing in politics, likewise where Mr. Roosevelt has been supposed to be an overwhelming favorite on the basis of a cowboy career of some years in his earlier manhood. Mr. Taft figured not at all in this election, his managers conceding the state to the progressives, therefore making no effort in his behalf. The contest was between Roosevelt and La Follette, and the issue was drawn, apart from its personal aspects, upon the principle of the square deal. The North Dakotans manifestly believe that La Follette has not had a square deal, and in face of the fact that he has small ultimate chance of nomination, they have emphasized their feeling by a two-to-one vote for him as against Roosevelt.

This result is an unmistakable rebuke to the assumptions and pretensions under which Mr. Roosevelt a few weeks back with a wave of the hand wiped all other progressives than himself off the political map. For all that has been said in criticism of Mr. Roosevelt in recent weeks, this particular phase of his third-term campaign has not received adequate attention. The magnitude of the ex-President's presumption has tended to conceal its grossness. Innumerable other men have been candidates for party favor. But none other so far as we can recall has ever had the hardihood to assume for himself character as the one and only possible party champion. Even after urging Mr. La Follette to be a candidate, and after giving him every assurance of personal support that one gentleman could expect from another, Mr. Roosevelt blandly threw his hat into the ring as the candidate of progressivism as if the progressive faction were his personal possession which he might use at his will without explanation or apology to anybody. And not content with having nominated himself as the choice of "the people," he out of his own mouth declared at Columbus a "people's" platform, and later arranged with our own Hiram for a "people's" nominee for the vice-presidency.

A few progressive leaders of North Dakota, under the cajolements so easily dispensed at Oyster Bay, harkened to the voice of "the people" as declared by Mr. Roosevelt. And they pledged him the support of their state very much as Hiram Johnson and Chester Rowell have pledged him California. It was to be

hog-tied and air-tight, if we may borrow the ex-President's own refined phrases. But it appears that there are others in North Dakota. The principle of the square deal had sunk deep into the Western mind, so deep that it could not be eradicated by the trumpet blasts from Oyster Bay. The ten votes from North Dakota are for La Follette. Their number is not many in the thousand and more who are to assemble at Chicago in June. But the significance of the incident is unmistakable. It pricks the bladder of a presumption which has assumed to represent not merely all the virtue and all the prescience of the country, but as well all "the people."

Manifestly Mr. Roosevelt is not as overwhelmingly popular as he has believed himself to be, even in a state which he has regarded as peculiarly devoted to his personal and political fortunes. Manifestly in North Dakota Mr. Roosevelt, minus the powers and glammers of office, is no more potent than he was many years ago when he was defeated for the mayoralty of New York City, and again in 1910 when his leadership was rebuked in New York and when every candidate whom he especially championed in other parts of the country found that championship a painful if not a fatal burden. Manifestly in his very own "boundless West" Mr. Roosevelt is not stronger than he was proven to be in 1910 in Connecticut, in Indiana, in Ohio, in Iowa, in Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire.

Now it will be interesting to see how Mr. Roosevelt will carry himself in adversity. At all other times in his political career he has contrived to ride on the crest of the wave. It has not indeed always been the same wave, nor moving in one direction. Looking back over the record, he can be traced in support of a great variety of principles and of many causes, but every cause with which he has been associated has for the moment been a popular one. For example, some five years ago he was for concentration of the powers of government with the same enthusiasm he now exhibits for the "rule of the people." A year ago he was against the recall as applied to the judiciary; now he is for it. Six months ago he was against woman suffrage; now he is for it. He is now and has always been for any cause or any movement which even for the moment commanded the popular favor. He has never stood for one hour for any principle or any cause in eclipse.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt stands committed to a candidacy which passes each day further into the shadow of public disapproval. There remains to him indeed a considerable personal following. But he has lost favor, lost friends, lost respect. He is far too keen not to know it. If the situation were different—if there were a way of escape—he would abandon his present embarrassments, and climbing over the tailboard of the Taft band-wagon endeavor to work his way up to the driver's seat. A month before the convention meets he would, if there were any way to do it, be the loudest among the howlers for Taft. But there appears no way to accomplish this change of pose. Nothing but some miracle of the unexpected can relieve Mr. Roosevelt from the obligation of carrying through to its bitter climax a candidacy foredoomed to defeat. The cup of humiliation is already at his lips. He will have to drain it to the dregs.

If there be any who expect Mr. Roosevelt in the weeks between now and convention time to exhibit a calm fortitude and a gentleman-like poise, their portion, we think, is to be that of disappointment. Mr. Roosevelt lacks the moral courage which sustains adversity with dignity. Already we hear premonitory rumblings of his disturbed spirit. Week before last he proposed a popular contest under the primary election plan. Mr. Taft has accepted, insisting only that primary elections shall be surrounded by safeguards essential to their integrity. Mr. Roosevelt now shifts his ground; not content with Mr. Taft's acceptance of his challenge, he proposes supplementing condi-



tions for which there is neither time nor occasion. We venture to predict that the next emanation from Oyster Bay will be a more or less restrained outburst of bad temper; and we further predict that within the next forty days Mr. Roosevelt will follow his hat into the ring, that he will be hollering and bellowing like a mad bull, clawing like a wildcat, all the while calling on all the gods to witness the noble rage of the one and only champion of all the virtues under heaven.

### Questions of Canal Policy.

The question of tonnage rates for use of the Isthmian Canal is one logically connected with a much broader question, that of a national ship subsidy. For this policy there are many arguments, not least of which the fact that other commercial nations have heavily subsidized their ocean-carrying trade. It is plain that if the United States is to reclaim any considerable share in the world's ocean traffic—if she is not to continue in dependence upon others to do her own carrying—she must either directly or by special expedients enable American ships to meet foreign ships on equal terms. It is possible to do this either by direct bounty, by nullification of the laws affecting the building, the purchase, and the manning of American ships, by discriminating rates at the Isthmus—or by a combination of all three. The least essential factor in such a policy is the Isthmian proposal, since free passage to American ships would yield advantage only to such ships as shall make use of the Canal.

The issue of Canal rates might very properly serve to introduce the whole subject afresh, under circumstances calculated to interest Congress and the country. Consideration of Canal rates separate and apart from the general interests of American commerce is to approach a broad problem in a narrow and trivial way. If we are going to subsidize American shipping on the seas—and the *Argonaut* thinks we ought to do it—we should go about it under some comprehensive and general plan in which Canal rates might properly figure as a subordinate and incidental issue.

An important consideration in connection with Canal rates is the view which other nations take of the matter. It is conceivable that England, France, and Germany might look upon discrimination in favor of American ships as unfair and unfriendly. This may be inferred from the fact that England makes no special rates at Suez with respect to her own commerce. The rule there, as we understand it, is that British ships of war go free, but that other British ships pay the regular rates. Since we own the Canal it is our right, to be sure, to operate it in our own way; but it ought not to be a way calculated to promote unfriendly sentiments on the part of countries with which we hold amicable relations. We may, indeed, do as we please, but that does not relieve us from an obligation to establish a policy in accord with the general sense of the commercial nations of the earth. These nations might with some show of reason object to a policy of discrimination, but they could not object to a scheme under which we might attain the same result without offense by direct bounties to American ships amounting to a rebate of Canal charges.

It is to be borne in mind that free passage for American ships through the Canal, or a subsidy amounting to a rebate of charges, would in practice amount to subsidization of the ocean route between the two sides of the continent, as against the land route. The trans-continental railroads no doubt will contend that this policy is one of discrimination favorable to investors in ships as against investors in railroads. The contention is not without point, a point which deserves to be considered with due regard to all the equities involved.

The idea of limiting the use of the Canal to one class of ship-owners appears to have made effective appeal to popular prejudice. It seems to fit into a sentiment just now very prevalent that the railroads of the country ought to be "cinched." But regarded apart from interest and prejudice, the plans for exclusion of any "railroad-owned" ships have no leg of justification upon which to stand. To undertake to say that a ship which happens to be owned by men who also own stock in trans-continental railroads shall not use the Canal upon any terms is absurd in logic and in policy, and we can not but believe that it would be pronounced illegal. The government has the right to establish rates, even discriminating rates, between American and foreign ships, but it certainly has no right to shut the gates of the Canal against any American ship, no matter by whom

it may be owned. The right of government to interfere with oppressive monopolies is unquestioned; but there are other and better ways of going about it.

No small part of the wrong-headedness of the idea of discrimination is its impracticability. In truth it is futile to the point of childishness. One illustration will suffice: There is or was a few years ago a law in this country under which a certain class of aliens was prohibited from holding title to real estate. Did it in fact prevent the prohibited aliens from owning land? Not at all. Nothing was easier than to arrange with an attorney or a bank or a private friend to "carry title." The only effect of the law was to introduce the practice of subterfuge into land ownership. Here in California we are able to see how this principle works the other way around: There is a law of Mexico under which no alien—no non-Mexican—is permitted to acquire title to land within ten miles of the national boundary line. Now as a matter of fact many citizens of the United States own land within the proscribed limit. One eminent citizen of Los Angeles holds clear title to many thousands of acres of Mexican land abutting on the boundary line. The thing is easy enough. You have only to vest the title of your land in some Mexican agent or corporation organized under the Mexican laws. So it will be if in grave folly the government of the United States shall attempt to exclude certain classes of American ships from use of the Canal. If every ship in the American merchant marine were within the prohibition it would not take three days to so readjust their ownership under clear legal forms as to give them the prohibited privileges. Why, then, in violation of every principle of logic, equity, and common sense, undertake to do something which can not possibly be done.

The Canal is an enterprise to which every American citizen has contributed, since it has been constructed with the national funds. And this being the fact, a policy of discrimination between citizens is indefensible in its narrowness and inequity. And it would in practice be futile.

### Why Is Mexico Hostile?

Every student of continental affairs knows well that the situation in Mexico is one of extraordinary delicacy and that some unusual and dangerous forces are at work. We ought to be able to command nearly as warm a friendship from Mexico on the south as from Canada on the north, and yet we may well be appalled by the ferocity of Mexican sentiment toward American intervention and the threats of murderous retaliation that may almost be regarded as official. No nation likes the idea of foreign intervention, but here we are confronted with a certain fury that is exceptional in its intensity.

The explanation is not far to seek. Spanish America has all of that solidarity that a common stock and a common language never fail to give, and Spanish America as a whole has begun to vibrate with a distrust of the United States. Protestations of disinterestedness are all very well in their way, but they become mere vapor before the wind in the presence of a single contradictory act. Mr. Roosevelt supplied such an act when he "went down and took" Panama, a deed that was as much in violation of American sentiment as it was a flout to Spanish susceptibilities. If America could occupy foreign soil whenever her interests seemed to point that way what security could there be for any foreign soil, and what value could be placed upon her protestations? If she could "take" Panama for the purposes of the Canal why should she not also "take" the right-of-way from her own frontier to the Canal. In other words, why should she not look upon Mexico as a tiresome barrier between herself and Panama? The idea may seem a preposterous one to those who have not yet realized what Mr. Roosevelt actually did at Panama, but we may be quite sure that Spanish America has realized it, and we have only to place ourselves in the position of Spanish America to know what she thinks about it.

The chickens do certainly come home to roost, in national as well as in individual affairs. But for Mr. Roosevelt's spoliation of Panama, but for the shock that he gave to Spanish American confidence in our integrity, there would be no such fanatical jealousy and suspicion on the part of Mexico as we see today and there would be no doubt of our ultimate motives, whatever we might think it necessary to do. A European warship might today land troops in Mexico with less danger of a conflagration than was caused by the dozen American soldiers who carelessly strolled across

the bridge at El Paso. American interests of incalculable magnitude are now at stake in Mexico and the burden of our responsibility for those interests has been rendered doubly grievous by the action of Mr. Roosevelt, who first committed an act of piracy in the name of the American people and then boasted of it before the world.

### The Confessions of a "Gulper."

Mr. Pillsbury—he of the magic lantern—coddles his vanities in a personal statement in the *California Outlook*, a "progressive" newspaper which, by the way, had not succeeded in progressing very far up to last accounts. Speaking as heart to heart, Mr. Pillsbury tells how, twenty-nine years ago, he "took hold of" a newspaper in a San Joaquin Valley town which "lived mainly on the bi-monthly pay car." He "tried honestly and sincerely . . . for a year or two" to make his paper "truly independent," but found it "of no use." He could not (for reasons easily comprehended) make his readers "understand that a paper could be independent but not neutral," and so he "gulped his mugwump tendencies," and "fought in the party ranks," in the meantime quietly soothing the wounded moralities of his inner nature by "bolting and scratching like a bushwhacker."

At this point of his narrative Mr. Pillsbury slips a cog. He might, if he had wished to tell the whole story, have set forth his connection with the "machine" as a regularly subsidized hack in successive state campaigns. He might have told how he sat year after year, hired pen in hand, in the party headquarters at San Francisco preparing whatever kind of "stuff" the managers wanted. That Mr. Pillsbury should wish to pass over this phase of his career is perhaps not unnatural, but since he professes to trace the whole story, it would have been more honest if he had suppressed nothing tending to exhibit the adaptabilities of his character. His reflection, no doubt, was that whatever immoralities may attach to the function of hired penman in a bad cause were condoned by his habit of "bolting and scratching like a bushwhacker" in secret.

Proceeding, Mr. Pillsbury declares that he was never "in the service" of the old powers that were in the Republican party, though he admits that "we were both on the same side." The meaning of this, so far as we can make it out, is that Mr. Pillsbury kept himself in the running with the old régime for the sake of his campaign job, keeping his precious conscience clear by a persistent course of secret disloyalty.

It was his nominal and pretended though as he now confesses false devotion to the old régime which got him his first job at Sacramento some seven or eight years ago under the Pardee administration, for at that time Dr. Pardee himself was a "regular" of approved type, obsequiously deferential to the organization which had made him governor and hopeful through its further favor of renomination. Here again Mr. Pillsbury might have carried the narrative further if he had been willing to tell the whole truth. For after following his disappointed leader (Pardee) in a campaign of obstruction and defamation against Mr. Gillett, he tendered his services to Gillett, pledging coöperation and devotion if he might be permitted to hold his job. It was not until after this tender and plea were turned down that Mr. Pillsbury turned tail and set up as a disgruntled oppositionist. Seeing no chance of personal advantage in his old game of subserviency to a political régime which according to his own confession he inwardly loathed and secretly betrayed, he went over body and breeches to the progressives.

Mr. Pillsbury appears not only to have "gulped" his "mugwump tendencies," but likewise to have gulped a good many other things. He seems in truth to be a sort of professional gulper. For a man of his "tendencies" it must have required a good deal of gulping to support Governor Johnson's policies, his schemes of legislative domination, his championship of La Follette, his flop to Roosevelt. But it is interesting to observe that he has gulped successfully, for is he not the manager of the state magic lantern show with a comfortable salary of \$300 per month?

In its way, Mr. Pillsbury's "bit of biography," when supplemented by the facts which he has so adroitly passed over, is convincing. It will convince anybody who reads it—and who will enquire a little further—that Mr. Pillsbury is a man not without conscience, but who is willing to compromise—in other words to gulp his conscience—on conditions. One who despises the game but who, "gulping his tendencies," stays



it, one who takes pay as a campaign agent, but who secretly "bolts and scratches like a bushwhacker," one who pleads for a job upon a promise to "be good"—verily such a creature convinces us that he has no scruples that he will not yield—no principles that he will not gulp—for pay. And in his case gulping has paid.

The *Argonaut* confesses itself convinced by his own statement—convinced that Mr. Pillsbury and his rare gulping powers are at the service of anybody who will put bread into the Pillsbury stomach and a shirt on the Pillsbury back.

### Bad to Worse in England.

The coal strike in England seems to go from bad to worse. It is estimated that over three million men are now out of work in the coal fields and in the industries dependent on the coal fields. The railroads of the country as well as the Atlantic steamship services are crippled, electric plants are at a standstill, and countless homes are without heat. Another disquieting feature is the contagious character of these economic diseases. There is no obvious connection between the coal strikes in England and Germany, but we all know that there is a connection, and it is not without significance that the situation in our own coal fields is now described as gloomy.

It is only ignorance that can take a one-sided view of the trouble in England. It is by no means a clear division between need and greed, although doubtless there is plenty of both need and greed. There are few problems that can not be solved by a combination of intelligence and good-will, but the present situation is one to tax them both. The need of the men, to begin with, is evident enough. It is true that they were not starving. No man is starving who has a crust of bread to eat, but on the other hand no man is properly fed who has only a crust of bread to eat, and the English miner with a family could not have had much more. Not only was he underfed, but the conditions of his life were revolting. His wretched cottage often contained two families who washed, ate, and slept in semi publicity. That such a state of things could only be remedied by a strike is a disgrace to civilization. A prudent national benevolence would have swept it away long ago and under the compulsion of decency that would have been far less arduous than the compulsion of force.

But the position of the owners is almost as necessary as that of the men. A careful statistical analysis of a number of representative mines shows that a wage increase of 25 cents a day would absorb the whole of the profits and half as much again, while a large number of pits would have to be closed altogether. It may be urged that in that case the price of coal must be raised so that the burden may be spread over the whole community, but it is to be remembered that in a country like England "the whole community" is somewhat in the position of the camel whose back will be broken by another straw. There are enormous numbers of people who are so close to the edge of ruin as to be driven over that edge by a very slight push, and an increase in the price of coal would mean an increase in the price of nearly all manufactured articles from bread upward. It is also to be remembered that the demand for a commodity like coal is not a fixed quantity. A very small increase in price might halve the demand and then the mines would be worse off than they are now. To shiver is one of the things that may still be done without charge, and there are thousands of English families whose enforced economies would include the coal bin. Therefore this is not a fight between capital and labor as those terms are usually understood. It is a struggle against a social system which holds the whole nation in its grip.

It is just as well to face the fact that England is within measurable distance of revolution, and this at the end of an epoch without its like for democratic legislation. When such a view is sustained by the opinions of men like Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. W. T. Stead, one American and the other English, and alike distinguished by their opportunities for observation, it ceases to belong to the realm of alarmism or sensationalism. Mr. Whitelaw Reid allowed himself to draw a grim comparison between the present state of England and the state of France before the great revolution. There is the same apathy, the same utter weariness, the same sense of an almost hopeless struggle against titanic social forces that have been allowed to become irresistible through centuries of neglect. There

may be a reprieve. There may be many reprieves, but it is hard to resist the conviction that nature has passed a death sentence upon institutions and upon systems that seemed to be unshakable, and that the sentence may be carried out volcanically.

### The Arbitration Treaties.

The arbitration treaties have been so amended by the Senate that they may be said to amount to no more than pious opinions. For all practical purposes they do not exist. The countries with whom they are contracted are said to consider that this particular effort toward international sanity has failed and they will allow the now useless documents to drop from sight.

If the Senate had laid itself open to no worse a charge than that of a wrong-headed stupidity there would be no more to be said. But it is to be feared that this is a case of malice rather than of stupidity. The majority that voted for the destruction of the treaties was made up almost exclusively of Democrats and of insurgent Republicans. Senators Williams and Raynor did indeed vote for the bill, and nothing else was to be expected from their high character and reputation. But with these exceptions the whole body of Democratic senators placed themselves upon record, not upon some matter of old established party policies, but to prevent a rational agreement among the leading nations of the world. They dethroned America from her position as leader in the movement for international peace and they carefully set the hands back upon the dial of progress. And they did this not through the folly that is a part of the tradition of their party, but that they might snatch a success from the hands of the President. That Mr. Taft should wish to do something for the peace and progress of the world was their only reason for striking a blow against both peace and progress.

The position of the insurgent Republicans is still more deplorable. The Democrats may at least claim that the mission of an opposition is to oppose, but the Republicans can make no such plea. It seems that they are insurgent not only against the domestic policies of their party and of the President, but also against those ideas of international decency upon which the intelligence of the world is now in full agreement. They placed themselves upon record as the deliberate wreckers of a plan for international amity and they were actuated by no worthier motives than spite against Mr. Taft. It was an illuminating comment upon the character and motives that lie behind the insurgent movement. If that character and those motives permit the destruction of a proposal that ought not to be considered even as contentious, what expectation of sincerity and of honesty can there be in other matters where the issue is not so plain?

So far as Mr. Taft is concerned he will be judged by his intentions and not by the failure of those intentions through partisan spite. The nation will applaud the intentions and it will resent the spite. It will continue to regard the President as foremost among the world forces that make for peace and there will be a day of reckoning for those who have maliciously frustrated him.

### The Pulitzer School.

The school of journalism endowed by the late Joseph Pulitzer has at last been organized in connection with Columbia University. Mr. Talcott Williams, editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, is to be the director, and Messrs. John W. Cunliffe and D. Litt, professors of English, are to be the assistant directors. The project is experimental, and naturally it has been subject to many doubts and some sneers on the part of the journalistic profession. That the qualities that make an efficient journalist may be acquired by any mere schooling process is indeed questionable. Nobody ever yet heard of a successful journalist whose efficiency was thus acquired. But it is likewise true that nobody ever heard of a successful lawyer, doctor, or engineer merely school-taught, nor did anybody ever hear of a successful man of affairs thrust ready-made out of a so-called business college. Every profession calls imperatively for a range of knowledges and propensities and for a discipline which can only be acquired through working experience. But schools of law, medicine, engineering, and what not, while they may not turn out finished experts, do provide a fundamental equipment of immense value when duly supplemented by practical work. They provide a foundation of knowledge, a mental drill, immensely serviceable as related to the acquisition and utilization of experience. A certain mental order-

liness, which is only another name for power, almost invariably marks the schooled man as compared with the so-called self-made man. Then the associations and tendencies of a school go to the promotion of professional spirit and the establishment of professional standards, points of high value in the workaday scheme of social efficiency.

All this being true with respect to other professions and trades, it must surely be true in relation to journalism. Knowledge should be even more important in the equipment of the journalist than of any other man. Trained habits of mind are absolutely essential to working efficiency in journalism as in other professions. Professional standards are obviously needed in a sphere peculiarly subject to many forms of bias and to multitudinous temptations of interest and personal feeling.

That the Pulitzer school will take in a grist of raw lads and turn them out expert and finished journalists, nobody will expect. Probably the best work of the school will be through drawing into its courses young men of aptitude and some experience in the practical work of journalism—young men who have gotten far enough along for higher ambitions and who have come to a comprehension of limitations on the side of elementary preparation. The school should, we believe, reach out for this kind of material, and seek both to instruct and to "standardize" it. If it can do this, it will render a supreme service to society. We venture to say that there is no need of the time so great as that for a journalism established in its professional spirit above the levels of mere commercialism and qualified on the intellectual and moral side for leadership of the public thought. The conditions are difficult and in many ways discouraging. The new school can not be expected to work a revolution, but wisely directed it should help in the evolution of a better qualified and more highly inspired profession of journalism.

### Editorial Notes.

A San Francisco correspondent of the *Oakland Tribune* attempts to make a tart paragraph at the expense of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. The young man is represented in the character of a pushing agent of personal politics, seeking at a social party by direct and ill-mannered inquiry to discover the presidential preferences of those present. By all who know Mr. Roosevelt, this story stands discredited on its face. It is not possible that this young man, who through two years residence here has won general respect by his amiability, his graciousness, and his unvarying modesty, should all of a sudden descend to the character of a rudely insistent political inquisitor. No one of the many who have come to know and to like young Mr. Roosevelt will doubt that this story is anything more than a smart invention without any basis in fact. In view of this publication and of Mr. Roosevelt's departure from San Francisco the *Argonaut* feels privileged to say that the young man has carried himself here extremely well. Under circumstances singularly complicated and calling for both dignity and delicacy, he has failed in no instance to commend himself alike in his character and in his manners. In leaving us he bears with him an exceptional measure of friendly good-will.

Reports from China show that that distracted country has not yet "joined the circle of democracies" or indeed done any of the other things that revolting nations are popularly supposed to do. So far as we may judge from the bulletins all those parts of China that have so far heard anything about the change are in a state of civil war. The royalist troops are in active revolt against the compromise, the rebel troops are in a similar state because they have not been paid, while Yuan Shi Ki, the prospective president, frankly admits that the forces of turbulence are beyond control. Such forces usually are beyond control, since the very essence of rebellion is resistance to government. It may prove that Yuan Shi Ki is actuated by the most patriotic of motives and that the dream of his heart is to see a peaceful and a republican China, but his record is unfortunately against him. Yuan Shi Ki has consistently aimed at the top of the ladder, where there is room for one only, and there are plenty of keen observers in China who believe that turmoil is his best opportunity and that the present military anarchy is of his own creation. China is decidedly one of those countries from which big news may come at any time. So vast a bulk does not get into coordinated motion without a struggle.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The late George Grossmith might have retired from public life long before he did, but he would never leave his work so long as he loved it. At last he did cease to love it, and then he left it. In his own words, the silver cord between himself and his audience was easily snapped. He became increasingly aware of the vacuous brutality to be found in every assembly, more and more sensitive to the Gadarene swine who came late and went early and whose hides were insensitive to the sufferings of a mere paid performer. He found it harder and harder to treat decency as it should be treated while indecency went unwhipped of justice, and so he retired into private life. Grossmith could afford to say what he thought of his audiences. There are many other artists who think the same withering thoughts and who can not afford to say them.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* is good enough to correct one more belief that "bas somehow been instilled into the popular mind." It is to be noted that the attitude of the medical intellect is always one of a lofty condescension toward the popular opinions sedulously created by itself and that are now to be discarded. In this case the victim is ozone, and it may be said that if the public believes in ozone it is because the medical profession has ordered it to believe in ozone. But one would now suppose from the *Journal* that a belief in ozone was a superstition like a reliance upon witchcraft or horoscopes. Ozone, we are told, has some antiseptic power, but only when taken in a dangerous concentration. One per million is irritating to the respiratory tract; fifteen to twenty per million is dangerous to life. A concentration strong enough to kill bacilli will also kill the owner of the bacilli, and while "there is no harm" in breathing weak ozone and it "may have some value," we are still awaiting proof of this. And so on. In view of these facts it is certainly strange that a faith in ozone "bas somehow been instilled into the popular mind." In our frenzied search for the criminal who did this thing we are forced regretfully to the conclusion that it was the doctors themselves, and we shall now await the day when these same authorities will loftily reprove us for a belief in germs, antitoxins, and inoculations.

Mr. William Watson comes to America to remind us that if literature does not receive its deserts at our hands we shall have no one to blame but ourselves. We can not attribute our neglect to the bad example of kings and queens, because we have no kings and queens. In England, it seems, the status of literature depends upon the smile of monarchs, and as the monarchs do not smile upon literature it has no status. At the coronation of Edward VII there was only one representative of literature, and he was a second-rate novelist. When the King of Italy went home he expressed his surprise that no great writers had been invited to meet him, and while the present king and queen are admirable people, they show no particular desire to recognize intellect. Now with all due respect to Mr. Watson, he appears to be talking nonsense. If the present status of literature is a low one it is not because literary people do not go to coronations and the like, but because the public does not care for literature. Prize-fighters do not go to coronations, but the crowds that witness their encounters are none the smaller upon that account. Barbers do not go to coronations, but we all like to have our hair cut. If literature is to depend for a living upon royal smiles we may as well go back to Grub Street and wait in the antechambers of noblemen until it shall please them to listen to our fulsome dedications. If royalty does not wish to recognize men of intellect then we will extend our respectful sympathies to royalty, not to the men of intellect.

The workmen's compensation acts that are now so popular all over civilization are giving rise to some curious legal problems. For example, the Paris courts have just been asked to decide the case of Mlle. Rethore, whose snake-charming performances have been a music-hall sensation. Mlle. Rethore was so unfortunate as to be bitten by one of her delightful pets and she has claimed compensation under the act of 1906 on the ground that the offending snake was an instrument of labor. The court has decided for the lady—no Frenchman worthy of the name could do otherwise, and so Mlle. Rethore is to receive a pension as soon as the doctors have determined the extent of her injury. In Germany a farm laborer demanded compensation for injury caused to him by an accident while on his way to church to pray for rain. He maintained that praying for rain was a part of his agricultural duties and he won his case. Perhaps we should not be much the poorer if animal taming exhibitions were persecuted out of existence, but it would be deplorable if farmers should be compelled to forbid their laborers to pray. We might get no rain at all then.

The Russian government is said to be seriously disturbed by the reports of famine in the various districts around Tobolsk, Ufa, and Simbirsk. But the anxiety of the government is displayed in a curious way. The local authorities are refusing to give any aid on the ground that relief measures are sure to attract public attention, whereas if the people will only die in decent and self-respecting silence no comment will be aroused. The lack of public spirit on the part of starving people has often been remarked. They must be well aware that their clamor is annoying to the government, which dislikes to have its heart wrung, and yet they persist in clamoring. No mercy should be shown to such persons, and it is evident that no mercy is likely to be shown. General Uglitchinin, who is doubtless well named, has refused to allow any aid to be given to the Cossacks on the ground that it is "effe" for a Cossack to complain, and Mr. Berdnikoff, a friend of the Samara Zemstvo, says that the police have refused the distribution of food at his own expense to the poor children. Now this fact suggests an idea. The

international exchange of professors has worked so well that we ought now to have an exchange of police. The Lawrence, Massachusetts, police refused to allow the children to be sent away from the strike-riven town and the Russian police refused to allow the starving children to be fed. Now the Russian police might pick up a bint or two in savagery if they were allowed to visit the brotherhood in Lawrence, and while the Lawrence police can have but little to learn, there is always some improvement within reach of us all. At least the plan should be tried.

The coal strike in England is calling forth some amazing proposals from the hysterical householder, who is using to the utmost his time-honored privilege to write to the newspapers. One of these scribes demands that the government immediately seize all the supplies of coal in the country, including the contents of the domestic cellar, and distribute it anew wherever the necessity appears to be the greatest. Another wisacre asks that the miners be compelled by soldiers to resume their work and that they be accompanied into the pits and forced at the point of the bayonet to dig the coal. This seems to be a somewhat large order, as it would take at least one soldier to each miner and it would be hard to find a million soldiers on the spur of the moment. Moreover, it is hard to see how a man can be compelled to dig coal if he is determined that he will not dig coal. But these letters to the newspapers must be a great relief to the feelings of the writers. The compulsory retention of such proposals in an unexpressed form must be very painful, and might even be fatal to a weak constitution.

Sir Edward Grey made a speech immediately before the strike that is applicable to many parts of the world. He said that if the strike occurred every one would be wiser at the end than at the beginning, but the wisdom would be bought by experience. Experience, he said, is the most potent of schoolmasters; he can teach lessons that no one else can teach. But there are three drawbacks attending his school. In the first place he is very expensive—the fees he charges are ruinous; in the next place, he does not spare the rod; and in the third place if people go to him to learn lessons which they had better have learned beforehand, he not only applies the rod to those who are most involved, but he flogs the whole school.

Miss Cicely Hamilton sounds a new note of warning on the decadence of the modern theatre. Recent developments, she says, point to a constantly more imposing perfection of the mechanical production and a consequent subordination of the actor. A great many modern plays are successful because of the mechanical display and because the parts of the actors are so very easy. As a result the standard of training is on the decline and the number of actors who could make a creditable showing of the part of Otello, for example, is now very small. Another point made by Miss Hamilton was the evil effect upon the stage of the moving-picture exhibition, but here she found an opponent in Mr. Bernard Shaw, who pointed out that the moving-picture enterprises were employing and not superseding the actors. Mr. Cyril Maude was further of opinion that the moving-picture shows were encouraging the love of the drama in a vast number of people who otherwise never had their dramatic palates tickled.

There is no doubt that the waning of the war correspondent is partially responsible for the waning of the public interest in war itself. When the struggle broke out in Tripoli there was a period of excitement and the usual vivid accounts were sent home by the correspondents. Then the correspondents themselves were sent home, or came home because of the censorship, and at once public interest began to flicker. The news editors assessed the value of an officially reported battle at about a "stick," and not even so much as that in conflict with a juicy divorce, and now we are beginning to look on the whole affair as something of a nuisance. The correspondent usually gave us the truth so far as he knew it, but the officials lie as only officials can. Just now, for example, we have twin stories of the same battle, one from Italian and the other from Turkish sources. The Italian report says that the Turks were defeated and lost 2000 men. The Turkish story says that the Italians were defeated and lost 2000 men. So there you are, as Mr. Dooley would say. The main difference between the two stories with the exception of the result is the Turkish admission that they lost a number of women, which would, of course, impress the Turkish mind and which would also lead to the impression that the feminist movement in Turkey is of the militant kind. But how can one be interested in a war of which one knows nothing. Battles that are carried on in private can never be really popular.

In connection with a recent instance of exhumation the *London Daily Chronicle* reminds us of the case of Mrs. Rossetti, whose remains were disturbed in order that Rossetti might recover the manuscript of his early poems, which he had placed in her coffin. "The matter was arranged with the home secretary," writes Mr. A. C. Benson. "One night, seven and a half years after the funeral, a fire was lit by the side of the grave, and the coffin was raised and opened. The body is described as having been almost unchanged. Rossetti, alone and oppressed with self-reproachful thoughts, sat in a friend's house while the terrible task was done. The stained and mouldered manuscript was carefully dried and treated, and at last returned to his possession. He copied the poems out himself, and destroyed the volume."

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Enough ice was used in refrigerating California fruits by the Pacific Express during 1911 to fill a train of ordinary freight cars extending from Sacramento to San Francisco, a distance of ninety-two miles by the Southern Pacific.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Maxima Reverentia.

Quench not the children's joy!  
Too soon these cavernous damp  
Will dim their fairy lamps,  
Too soon the baloes fall from girl and boy,  
That crown their brows so innocently bright;  
Too soon the garlands white  
Of all their inconsiderate employ  
Take sad infection from surrounding night.

Dim not the eyes of youth  
With shadowed sorrow and the ghosts of ruth;  
Soon when the tracks are tangled,  
And all emotion jangled,  
Will fade their blessed vision of the truth;  
Till then let sin and suffering keep aloof;  
But come, unfeigned delight,  
With music beralded, with blossom spangled!  
Cordial the heart with courage for the proof!  
Feed the fresh mind with mirth, the nurse of might!  
Far be the horrid sight  
Of lacerated souls and spirits mangled!

Young souls should laugh before they laugh in vain;  
First let them learn of earth  
The mysteries of mirth,  
Before they learn the mysteries of pain;  
First let them be enriched with dance and song,  
That make men strong  
To face dull labor and endure the strain  
Of disappointed faith and fortune's wrong!

Not hermit hearts, that love alone to dwell  
In secret cell,  
But bappy bearts, that like a hive of bees  
Hum, thick with busy bopes,  
Nerve the weak arms and knit the feeble knees,  
Winning from sunny slopes  
Of mountains, from the summer woods and leas,  
What sadness spends, gazing on wintry seas.

Quench not the children's joy!  
Let no lugubrious fantasy or tale  
Their heart assail!  
No morbid mirror flout their guileless faces  
With bint of lurking furrows and grimaces!  
Though greed and shame hereafter may destroy  
The sensitive play  
Of mobile muscle, and the unconscious graces  
That soon with introspection pass away,—  
Though they are destined to a sure decay,  
As are the lilies,—yet their lucent clay  
Is offspring of the sunshine and the skies,  
And their immaculate eyes  
Fade at the sight of lethal miseries.

With pulsing feet let children trip along  
In rhythmic tumult of the dance and song,  
With waving arms and cymbals beld aloft,  
In strains repeated oft!  
Into the movement of the Doric mode  
Guide passionate impulse, guide  
Life's eagerness and pride!  
Lead the desire that none by lash or goad  
Can drive along the road!  
Give them fair meads for pasture, undistraught  
By ill-foreboding thought,  
With balls of flowers tossed up and hardly caught,  
And dells with rippling laughter overflowed!

So let the muse indignant  
Drive doleful thrummers from her sacred mount!  
Her melodies benignant  
Let shepherds to the dancing children count!  
Who with their hands and feet  
Shall to the cadence beat,  
Beat to the jocund pipe and gentle lyre,  
Until the anguished earth  
Listens, as sick men listen to the choir  
Of warbling birds at eager morning's hirth.

For where shall perfect happiness he found  
If not in careless children? Like the birds,  
They pour through sullen woods a jocund sound,  
A language not of words,  
More native to the air than to the ground!  
Who can life's unreplenished channels fill,  
If children may not treasure  
The untaxed waters of a hounteous pleasure?  
If children may not guard the precious store  
Of natural mirth, and from their vantage hill  
Launch many a laughing rill  
Along the valley, where men labor sore  
To delve the golden ore,  
The barren sands of vanity to till?

For of all creatures that on earth should be  
Devote to gayety,  
Upon whose lips should oftenest be beard  
Laughter's melodious bubble,  
Within whose eyes should rareliest he stirred  
The bitter pools of trouble,  
Children to gladness are entitled most!  
For they alone amid the weary host  
Of warring men, that beat the phantomed air,  
Frenzied, and wound each other unaware.  
They only dare  
Feast and make merriment. Ah! let them be!  
Smirch not their white-winged hours!  
They are the vestal guardians of the flame  
Of happiness! Ah! sprinkle not your spice,—  
Self-scorn and sacrifice,—  
Nor pluck away their garlands of sweet flowers,  
With desecrating fingers, hinting blame!  
But watch with me and listen,  
By those enchanted bowers  
Where children dance with children, hand in hand;  
Their eyes with gladness glisten,  
Their laughter makes a marvel in the land;  
They imitate no code,  
They use no courtier mode  
Of pleasing God: they neither toil nor haste  
For righteousness, but dwell in Eden still;  
And who would tempt their taintless lips to taste  
The cheating fruit of conscious good and ill?

Hail, fairy child,  
Not by dissimulation yet defiled!  
Hail, frolic elf,  
Not yet instructed to dissect thyself!  
Too soon to be beguiled  
Into the gilded cage,—saint, devotee,  
I know not what thou'lt be,—  
But nevermore the simple, fresh, and free!  
—F. B. Money-Coutts.



## IN COVENT GARDEN.

A London Scene More Sought Than Any Other by Explorers of the Byways.

Covent Garden is not a garden, but a market; a market, however, which depends upon a garden. And it was a garden once, but a "convent" instead of a "covent" garden. For in the bygone centuries that spacious and busy square which is London's chief mart for the flowers and fruits of the earth was the garden of the Abbey of Westminster. It was distant from the abbey about a mile as the crow flies, with the quaint village of Charing lying between, but that was no drawback in the leisurely days of old. Here, then, was once a veritable garden, encompassed by thick-set hedges, umbrageous with lusty trees, rich in verdant lawns, and not innocent of more utilitarian beds from whence the old monks replenished their refectory table. Hence the name of Convent Garden, from which, with characteristic London slovenness, the "n" has been dropped, thus giving the "Covent" which is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring so far as etymology goes.

From a garden it became a square, in effect though not in name. That was after the much-married Henry dissolved the monasteries and the land passed into the hands of the Bedford family, whose town house was built on the south side. Behind the garden wall of my lord Bedford's house in 1656 a few purveyors of vegetables were allowed to vend their wares. They were the founders of Covent Garden market. By Hogarth's days, as his picture of "Morning" shows, the salesmen of garden produce had spread all over the square.

And now there is no sight in all London more sought out by explorers of the byways of metropolitan life. Not that they are a numerous band; the fact that the Covent Garden day begins in the summer months soon after sunrise is sufficient to make them few and select. And, truth to tell, there is no room for many idlers. Long before the morning sun glints the roof of St. Paul's Church, all the by-streets as well as the open space of the market are lined with vehicles and alive with sellers and buyers. Here are solid phalanxes of costermongers' barrows, farmers' wains, railway vans, and greengrocers' hooded wagons. Some are loaded sky-high, others empty. For this is the clearing-house for London's daily supply of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. For the lowly cabbage of the table of the artisan and the choice asparagus of an earl's banquet, for the cheapest of oranges and the costliest of grapes, for a penny bunch of violets or the rarest of hot-house blooms, this is the chief mart of all London.

Time was when the area drawn upon by Covent Garden was limited to a small radius. Chelsea sent celery, Charlton provided peas, Mortlake supplied asparagus, Battersea contributed cabbages, and the Bedfordshire sands were responsible for onions. Burke used to grow carrots at Beaconsfield and bemoan the low prices he received. But even Beaconsfield was not far afield. Before the steel road was laid, in short, the stores of Covent Garden were restricted to such as could reach London by horse traction. Now, however, the iron horse hurries in the produce of the entire British isles, swift steamers bring the harvests of the Channel Islands and France, and ocean greyhounds bear to this centre the fruits of the ends of the earth. Railway vans jostle each other with baskets and crates packed with the produce of California and Australian orchards, and for their companions there are farmers' wains overflowing with vegetables that have traveled fewer yards than the fruits have miles. Little did those long-dead venders of 1656 dream whereunto their modest merchandise would grow.

Gone are the stalwart Irishwomen who used to handle bales of cabbages or baskets of potatoes with the ease of amazons; in their place is an army of husky porters whose first duty is the unloading of railway vans and farmers' wains. On their heads, hardened by usage, they carry towering piles of crates or boxes or baskets to the stands of the various salesmen, and soon the business of the day is in full swing. First in evidence are the retail dealers from the best shops of all London; they can pay the highest prices and generally get the pick of everything. To them succeed the smaller shopkeepers or the most prosperous itinerant venders; and last in the procession of buyers come the costermongers of mean streets. Of the latter there are several grades, ranging from the capitalist who owns several barrows and a team of donkeys, to the hard-pressed East-ender who has had much ado to scrape together the fourpence for his barrow hire and an odd shilling or so to invest in stock in trade. The costermonger doesn't always get the leavings. He is an astute bargainer and understands the trust game to a limited extent. Rings are not unknown among those street venders; they often pool their funds and buy in sufficiently large quantities to get the better of their rivals. So the bidders are plentiful, the auction brisk, and by the time London is beginning to stir from its sleep its day's supply of fruits, vegetables, and flowers is streaming from Covent Garden to all points of the compass.

Even when the rush of the early hours is over the market is not destitute of attractions. Sufficient store of crated fruit is left to exhale that heavy odor of apples which Schiller loved so much that it was his chief inspiration in penning prose or verse; blending with that fragrance the nostrils can detect the more

exotic pungency of pine-apples or bananas; while the arcade reserved for plants in pots and cut flowers emits a wealth of mingled scents and dazzles the eyes with a kaleidoscope of bewildering color.

But the market is not all the interest of Covent Garden. The informed imagination grows busy in sweeping away the salesmen's stalls the fruiterers' avenues, the mounds of cabbages and cauliflowers, the pyramids of baskets and crates, and fills the vacant space with figures of long-past ages. This was a favorite dueling-ground in the days of old London; the private letters and public records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries tell of many an "affair of honor" carried to fatal issue here; and yonder, where the opera-house stands, are the ghostly figures of Martha Ray and James Hackman, chief actors in the tragedy which robbed the Earl of Sandwich of his beautiful mistress and provided the town with a thrilling sensation. All around, too, are the shades of famous coffee-houses, the Bedford, and King's, and Tom's. The first stood under the Piazza, and could count among its patrons Fielding, Pope, Sheridan, Churchill, Garrick, Foote, Quinn, and Horace Walpole; the second, little more than an humble shed, stood beneath the portico of St. Paul's Church, which yet stands on the west side of the market, and can be easily pictured from Hogarth's "Morning." Will's and Button's coffee-houses were close at hand, the former immortalized for all time by Macaulay's glowing picture of the sparks and wits gathered in its smoke-laden room; the latter the haunt of Addison and Steele.

Although the original St. Paul's Church, save for the portico, was demolished by fire more than a century ago, the present building is an exact replica of the structure designed by Inigo Jones. "I don't want it much better than a barn," said the Earl of Bedford to Jones, who rejoined, "You shall have the handsomest barn in England." The building is nothing more than that, but the vaults beneath hold the dust of the parents of Turner and of the veteran Macklin, while in the churchyard, under nameless stones, repose the vitriolic Peter Pinder, the gay Wycherley, the nimble-witted Samuel Butler of "Hudibras" fame, the tuneful Dr. Arne, who gave England the music of "Rule Britannia," and the courtly Peter Lely, who perpetuated the frail beauties of the merry monarch's court. Round the corner is Henrietta Street, the one-time abode of Kitty Clive, Sir Robert Strange, the illustrious engraver, and Jane Austen when on her rare visits to town. But today the New World has invaded that famous thoroughfare, for where Pepys once took his strolls and Samuel Cooper painted his miniatures are the London establishments of the Duckworths and the Lippincotts.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, March 1, 1912.

By the purchase of two mines at Joachimsthal, the combined annual output of which is about one-twelfth of an ounce, the Austrian government has secured a radium monopoly—a monopoly within its own confines, at least. It already owns the other Joachimsthal mines, the product of which is a little less than one-twelfth of an ounce a year. The total output from all the mines of this fantastic trust (excluding uranium, which is a side product) is about one-seventh of an ounce. In order to obtain this infinitesimal total thousands of dollars are invested (about \$600,000 was paid for the two mines just purchased) and hundreds of men employed. There is a radium extracting company in England of comparatively recent organization whose annual product is already measured in grains, and there appears some possibility of workable radium deposits in other regions. It is quite conceivable that the world's total annual output may eventually be pushed up to a quarter or perhaps even a third of an ounce.

The forests of Mexico are situated chiefly in the mountains at altitudes of 8000 to 12,000 feet. Owing to the inaccessibility of many of the tracts of timber comparatively few railroads have penetrated them. The chief means of getting out the roughly hewed timber and bringing it down from the higher altitudes is by burros. They follow the narrowest and most dangerous mountain trails even when their bodies are loaded with the weight of enormous timbers. It is upon the backs of these burros that thousands of railroad cross-ties were brought down from the mountains, thus enabling the construction of the more modern lines of transportation.

Without funnels, coal, firemen, and smoke, the fore-runner of the new steamship has arrived. The Danish East Asiatic Company has made a practical test with a new boat of 10,000 tons displacement. The ship is an oil-burner, and is, in fact, an immense motor-boat driven by engines somewhat similar to those in use upon motor-cars. The engine-room has the advantage of plenty of light, no oppressive heat, and but little noise. Its oil tanks, at the keel, carry sufficient fuel for a cruise around the world.

The first voice museum of the world was created by the University of Paris at the Sorbonne last summer. It is being gradually developed, and phonographic records of language spoken and sung are being collected. They will be of priceless use to future generations, and philologists can scarcely conceive how much better off they would be now if the phonograph had been known since antiquity, and its records had been kept like ancient papyri and parchments.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor Rudolf Eucken of the University of Jena, who comes to Harvard next fall as an exchange professor, is one of Germany's foremost scholars. He will be a member of Harvard faculty as a teacher of philosophy.

Professor Arthur Nikisch, who is coming to this country next month for a tour with the London Symphony Orchestra, was for four years conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For a long time he has been conductor of the celebrated Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

Professor George Brandes, famous historian and critic, has just been honored by the King of Denmark, who conferred on him the golden medal of merit with crown. Professor Brandes lives at Copenhagen, where he was born in 1842. He is known in all English-speaking countries by his works on Shakespeare and modern literature.

Thomas M. Gurin, who within the last month was admitted to the bar in Boston and is now a practicing attorney, was a newsboy and continued to sell papers until his second year in the law school. Born in Russia, he was brought to this country by his parents when four years of age. He attended school, mastered the language, went through high school—all the while working as a newsboy—and finished with a law course in the Y. M. C. A.

Avram Farhi, the first salaried consul-general sent by Turkey to New England in many years, now resides at Dorchester, Massachusetts. His predecessor was an honorary official and an American. Avram Farhi is an able diplomat, who has served his country in various capacities for thirty-five years. Before assuming his present office he was director of the foreign press for his government, his duties being to supply political information of other nations to the Turkish secretary of foreign affairs.

Arthur G. Parker, postmaster at Pownal, Vermont, is the third in his line who has occupied the office during the last sixty-three years. His grandfather was first appointed postmaster at Pownal in 1849, being succeeded in turn by his son, and now the grandson bids fair to continue in the office indefinitely unless the political complexion of the country changes. The Parker régime has not been altogether consecutive, two Democrats having been responsible for twelve links in the long chain.

The Reverend Antoinette Blackwell, D. D., the first woman to be ordained a minister, and now in her eighty-eighth year, has sailed for Panama and a month's trip in the West Indies. At seventy-eight Mrs. Blackwell went unaccompanied by relatives or friends to Palestine and brought back a bottle of water from the Jordan to baptize her grandsons. She is the only survivor of the speakers at the first national woman's rights convention, at which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was the presiding officer.

The Reverend Carl Otto Arnold, vicar of St. Helena's Chapel, New Lenox, Massachusetts, is not only a minister, but he writes his own church music and directs a vested choir. He is also in charge of St. Martin's, in Pittsfield. His carols are widely known in Episcopal circles and have been published for the last fifteen years. He has been leading choirs for twenty-eight years, having received his musical education at the Royal Seminary in Plauen, Saxony. He began studying for the ministry at the age of eighteen.

Mme. Mathilde Marchesi, the "grand old lady of song," who has given to the operatic stage such stars as Melba, Calvé, Emma Eames, and, more recently, Felicia Lyne, is still deeply interested in the work of producing new singers, despite her ninety-two years. The world-famous school which she has conducted in Paris is to be amalgamated with that of her daughter, in England, where Mme. Marchesi is now living. "For forty years," she says, "I have worked from eight in the morning to eight at night, with a short interval for lunch."

August Rodin, president of the Society of Sculptors and Painters of Paris, which recently sent a traveling collection to this country, is of peasant stock and has been compelled to fight the academic art schools every inch of the way to his present place as the most famous contemporary sculptor. He studied drawing in a private school, but was unable to gain admission to the Ecole des Beaux Arts because of his unacademic methods. He worked away in a dingy apology for a studio in a stable. After years of trial and struggle his "Age of Bronze" was finally accepted by the salon, leading eventually to fame.

Sir William Maxwell Aitken, one of the new members of the House of Commons, though many times a millionaire, began life selling life insurance. The son of a Canadian Presbyterian minister, he was without means, and in college wrote insurance whenever and wherever he could to help pay his way. Persistency is the keynote of his success. Leaving college he studied law for a time. Later he became private secretary to John B. Stair, and so got into finance, where he speedily found himself. All his promotions have been successful. A year or so ago he went to England on business, saw a political opening that nobody wanted, and made a whirlwind campaign and landed in the present.



## MY SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Between Lips and Cup.

Whatever people may say to the contrary, in San Francisco all impossible things are possible and Romance treads hard on the heels of grim Reality.

The restaurant, unlike its many brilliant neighbors, was quiet and rather dingy; most of the tables were unoccupied and an atmosphere of faded respectability pervaded the whole place.

I sat in a corner and as I ate my dinner glanced around idly from side to side, until at last I found myself staring very rudely at a small man seated at the next table. He was reading a book and from time to time, without for one moment lifting his eyes from the print, he would swallow a mouthful of food, raising the fork to his lips mechanically, as though to eat were a necessity not to be shirked, however tedious.

His face was thin and of that ivory hue that comes from living indoors: by no means a clever face, nor good-looking nor even ugly, lacking indeed all those qualities that make a man conspicuous. Nevertheless there was a something about the careworn droop of the mouth that redeemed the commonplace.

He set his book down by the side of his plate and leant back in his chair, gazing blindly into space and gripping the edge of the table with his skinny hands.

Curious as to the man, I was also curious as to the book. I moved my chair very gently in his direction and bent forward until I could read the title. Naturally I had expected a novel, and an old novel at that: Dickens, for choice, or Thackeray, or possibly Hawthorne. All my guesses, however, were wide of the mark. It was a volume of reminiscences by a great soldier. Without thinking what I was doing I picked up the book and opened it haphazard.

A few minutes later I looked up to find the little man staring at me. I put the book back with a muttered apology for my rudeness.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I'm apt to be a bit of an idiot at times." And I felt irritated for ever having taken the slightest interest in him or his petty, uninteresting affairs—or so I then judged them to be. "All the reviews say it's a fine book," I ended lamely enough.

"One of the very best I ever read," said the little man; "he's some soldier, hey?"

"Yes," said I: "he certainly is." And straightway by the greatest luck I found the one topic that would draw him out. "Just think," I continued, wondering if I were talking sense or not: "just think what it must be to have seen what he has seen, and done what he has done, while we—what civilians merely exist!"

Whereupon the little man in the shabby gray suit began to laugh, and the weird part of this laugh was that while his lips and cheeks showed all the signs of mirth, his eyes were grave and troubled.

"How's that?" he said in a low tone. "Merely exist, hey? I suppose so. Exist among dingy houses and narrow streets with gray skies and swarms of people, hey?" And he shivered.

I pondered for a brief space on a hitherto unsuspected truth. "I can't understand," I said—and I might have been referring to Whitechapel or Lambeth—"any one who has lived in the open air all his life settling down in a city. It's funny, isn't it?"

"Funny!" said the little man in a dreary way. "I wonder. I aint so sure." He pursed up his lips and shook his head. Then he seemed to stray from his line of thought, for he touched the book on the table almost tenderly. "I read a good deal, everything I can get hold of, and . . . and this is better than any story I've ever read."

"Yes, but the author is a soldier," I said. "There aren't many men who've had the experiences to write about."

Again my unknown friend laughed. "I don't know so much." And I fancied I could detect a note of patronage in the laugh. "There's a few of us."

"What!" said I. "You . . ."

He nodded and straightened his back. "Yep," he said, and try as he would he could not hide the pleasure in his voice, nor could I blame him.

"Listen," he said.

The little man sat silent for a minute or so, and I waited patiently.

In a distant kitchen some one was strumming on a guitar, very softly, the greatest marching song ever written and the little man's fingers beat an accompaniment on the edge of his plate.

Then he began to talk in a low whisper, so low that there were times when I had perforce to bend toward him to catch his meaning.

"It don't take much to bring it all back again: the blue skies—they were always blue in them days—and the heat . . . Ey-ah! and the years are just like days, too."

He broke off and fingered the book absent-mindedly. Then he looked at me again, in the same half-doubting fashion. I did not speak, fearing to break the spell.

"I remember one day," he said, "the hottest in my life—it might have been yesterday. I remember it so plain—and we were riding along slowly through the sage brush and cactus, with yellow foothills and blue mountains, all hazy and faint because of the heat. The men were worn out, men and horses, too; but we had to keep on, as we had to push on and join the main

column that night. So we just kept on a-going and a-going, and cursed Uncle Sam good and plenty for ever wanting to keep such a God-forsaken country."

Then I interrupted hurriedly. "Whereabouts was this?"

Somehow the little man's appearance had altered; he seemed more certain of himself and had altogether lost his air of nervous apology and indecision. The expression of his face was animated, he had some color in his cheeks, his eyes danced with enjoyment, and though he still spoke in a low tone he no longer whispered.

"How's that?" he said. "How's that? Oh! sure. Arizona. Way back in the 'eighties when we was chasing the Apaches down to the Mexican line. Yes, Arizona."

"Well, we'd been sent out from one of the posts some days before . . . trying to head off one of the chiefs who'd slipped off and was hiding. We hadn't found him, however, so we were on our way back again; quite safe, as the country was all clear our side of the river. What river was that, now? It was dry most of the time, anyhow."

"We reached a clearing surrounded by thick brush, when, just like a thunderclap, there came the bang, bang, bang, of rifles an' my mare toppled over with a bullet in her brain."

"The suddenness of it dazed me and I got up, stunned and dizzy, with the whole of everything swinging round an' round, in the middle of a mess of men an' horses. The Apaches was all round us, close up on all sides, but . . . see 'em! We couldn't see no more'n the tip of a feather, if they didn't want us to."

"We took what cover there was, a few rocks, a bunch or two of sagebrush, and . . . our dead horses. Nothing else, sir, not even a blade of grass. A trooper galloped off to try an' reach the main column . . . we had one horse left, yes; that one only. We seen him bending forward and a swarm of Indians rose from the brush. Then he disappeared, swaying in the saddle, and the captain said he'd been hit. So there weren't nothing for us to do, if he was hit, but to . . . to sell our lives dearly and . . . an' die hard."

"Say, but it was terrible laying there in that heat . . . you see it, don't you? The hills an' the blue sky, hey? . . . And I sure was glad when the Apaches broke cover an' rushed. They only tried it once . . . We taught them to keep their distance. And after that there was nothing but the flash of the rifles an' the gray dust spurting up where the bullets hit the ground. Every few minutes one of our fellers 'ud fall back in a heap, while the poor horses just looked at us, asking as plain as if they could speak what it all meant. That was the first time I'd been under fire, and . . . and it was awful. I don't think there's anything quite so terrible as the look in the eyes of a dying horse. I seen a horse fall and break its leg in the street here only the other morning. It was slippery, an' they were going to kill it, and there . . . there was a crowd watching, women an' children, too!"

The little man paused, his face clouded, his forehead puckered into a frown; then he went on once more, hurriedly:

"Only a few of us were left and the ammunition was running short. The Apaches was creeping nearer and nearer. Then a bullet smashed my wrist, but the pain came almost as a relief. I just shifted my Colt to the other hand and fought on."

"An' then, far away . . . miles an' miles, it seemed . . . we heard a bugle and the cracking of rifles. I raised myself up behind my dead horse . . . I weren't surprised any . . . I was too tired and thirsty . . . my tongue was like leather . . . an' it seemed like a red-hot needle was forcing itself into my head, and I don't remember anything more about that scrap. But, my God! while it lasted!"

The little man ceased talking, drew in a deep breath, and gazed across the room in the same blind way, with his arms folded, resting on the table.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this," he said, clearing his throat, "but I aint gotten many friends here and it's awful lonely sometimes, setting by myself."

"I was in Cuba in 'ninety-eight, and about half a dozen other places in between, besides some gun-running down into Central America. But it was over in the Philippines in 'ninety-nine and nineteen hundred and them years that we had our toughest times. I saw some . . . some sights there that . . . Well, we didn't fight with kid gloves on. The Filipinos wouldn't let us. Nos-sir. It was self-preservation with us. Kill as you're being killed an' kill first if you get the chance."

He shut his mouth with a snap and again his eyes sought mine, still with the same exultant, half-defiant look that I could not fathom. But I made a mental note that never, never again would I judge by appearances. For, in soite of his pale cheeks and pleasant smile and quiet voice, I could not help but feel that this little man relating his experiences so calmly was nothing more nor less than a bloodthirsty ruffian, born out of his century, a throw-back to the days of Drake, Raleigh, Grenville, and the other Elizabethan pirates.

"Yes," he said, "we had a pretty tough time in those swamps and jungles, never knowing when we were going to be ambushed and cut up by bolo-men, or which of us was to be the next to go down with fever. One day—it was a Tuesday, I remember—we were attacking a town. We'd been fighting for a week, steady, and we'd not had our clothes off. I don't know for how long. We'd fight all day and sleep wherever we was when

night came—though it was too wet to sleep a heap of times—and we was sick and tired of everything."

"Anyways, there was our company laying on their bellies and firing from a shelter trench, while the guns was banging away on our left and the Filipino bullets buzzing over our heads like angry hornets. Pretty soon—after about four hours, that is—the boys begins to fret and grumble. But the officers tells 'em to shut their noise and not to be hollering quite so much. At last we can't stand for it no longer, and one of the boys—Wentworth was what he called himself, but I guess that weren't his real name—Dick Wentworth asks leave can he go fetch some water. 'Do you want to be killed?' asks the captain. 'Sure,' ses Dick, 'anything for a change. I'd rather die of a bullet than die of thirst.' So he collects all the canteens he could carry an' makes a dash out of the trench back to the creek, dodging zig-zag as he ran, with every Filipino pumping lead at him. I made up my mind that he was killed, but he weren't touched: just the brim of his hat and one of the canteens."

"Yes, sir; Dick Wentworth came back all right and we cheered him. And he just lay down and loaded his rifle and whistled as if he hadn't done nothing. But that weren't the last of his water-carrying that day, poor old Dick!"

"Later on in the afternoon the bugles blow the charge and we went over the trench like a breaker rolling up the beach and we made for the Filipinos yelling and yelling like a pack of dogs after a cotton-tail. I remember old Dick laughing back at me as we ran. 'You're too slow, you'll be left behind,' he ses. But I was near enough at the finish, near enough to use my bayonet over his shoulder as he and a couple of Filipinos came to grips the other side of their earth-work. Yes-sir, all jammed together they were. An' then we just flim-flammed into that town and clean it up; but them Filipinos fought like wildcats till we chased them out."

"After it was all over, about sunset, we set around and asked each other what we'd got to do next and if we was goin' to eat supper, same as soldiers does after a big fight. A Filipino was laying against the wall of the church with a bullet through his chest and another through his leg. Dick takes a look at him and, 'Lend's your canteen,' he ses, and kneels down to give him a drink. But as he's doing this, the Filipino shoots him with a revolver he has in his hand. Dick stares at him and then falls over slowly. 'Don't touch him, ses Dick, 'he didn't know any better.' But it was too late when he spoke. I'd . . . well, he didn't deserve to live, and about two in the morning Dick died."

From the kitchen came the sound of "Marching Through Georgia" once more, and once more the little man drummed an absent-minded accompaniment on his plate.

A stout young man dressed in the extreme height of fashion—as I live! he wore a yellow suit and violet socks—had entered the restaurant accompanied by a tall, dark-haired girl. They walked over to the counter and the little man watched them blindly.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I went to South Africa later on . . . I seen some hard fighting there. We'd be safe on the top of a ridge behind rocks and trenches, and pick 'em off as we liked as they come scrambling towards us with their bayonets ready. Shucks! we never let 'em get near enough to use their bayonets. Nos-sir. They'd kinder melt away, and we'd see little heaps of khaki laying about all the ways down the hill, and helmets and rifles and things. I remember one boy running ahead of the rest of them one time, only a kid he was, and we couldn't bring him down at first. 'Come on!' he shouts, and then . . ."

At the risk of giving offense I asked a question. "You were, er—fighting for the Boers, eh?"

"Sure, why not?" He stared at me with a curious expression, blinking like an owl. "Yes, for the Boers. Why . . . why not?" His mind seem to be troubled by some vague doubt, and he thrust his fingers inside his collar as though he were choking. "Why not?" He spoke almost defiantly. "A man has a right to . . . A man has a . . ."

What small amount of color there had been in his cheeks had faded, his lips were parted, his hands were trembling and a strange fear showed in his eyes: a fear such as one may see in the eyes of a trapped animal. I had my back to the other people in the restaurant, and I glanced around, bewildered, to see what might have startled him.

The stout young man in the outrageous garments and the dark-haired girl were approaching our table.

"Why, hello!" said the young man, catching sight of my little friend. He halted and began to laugh in a boisterous, self-assured manner, for which I disliked him immensely. "What are you doing here, this time of night? Say!"—he was speaking to the girl, who smiled at him with adoring eyes—"Say! I want you to shake hands with old Ben. You've heard me speak of him, he's one of the best. He never makes any mistakes over the cash or gets the tags muddled or sends the parcels to the wrong addresses. He never shows up in the morning with three different kinds of headache, and he aint never been a minute late in years. He's a model to us all, aint you, dad?"

And with an inane chuckle and a still more inane wave of the hand the loud-voiced idiot in the yellow suit passed on and sat down at a table sufficiently remote from ours to be out of earshot. For this I thanked high heaven devoutly.



The little man seemed to have shriveled, to have grown even smaller and more insignificant. His head sank forward and he covered his face with his hands. His forehead glistened with drops of sweat, his whole frame shook. "Oh, my God!" he whispered, and the agony in his voice hurt.

"You were telling me about South Africa," I blundered.

"South Africa!" he muttered hoarsely. "South Africa! My God! I've never been in South Africa, never. I ain't never been anywhere, nor seen anything. Can't you see I ain't never done nothing! Why did you let me go on that way? Me, a soldier! Me, a fighter! Couldn't you see it weren't true?"

"I came to 'Frisco thirty years ago, and . . ." He lowered his hands and raised his head. "Me, a soldier! Look at me! Do I look like a soldier? Do I look like anything but what I am? Listen! I get to the warehouse at a quarter after seven, and unlock the doors and sort the mail, and . . . and I leave at night after all the others have gone. A friend got me the job after the . . . after the fire."

The words poured out tumultuously, yet he still spoke in the same hoarse whisper.

"Live as I live, feeling that you're not wanted . . . and watch the boys going over your head, and . . . well, live like that, and you'll understand."

He sat upright in his chair and the pain passed away from his face. He looked very frail and tired.

"I hope that . . . that you don't think I'm really mad. I didn't quite realize what I was saying. But I read . . . soldier books mostly . . . read and read everything I can get hold of, and then I dream of what I hoped to be, and . . . it's silly, ain't it? . . . I like to imagine that I've done what the men in the books have done. Only tonight I spoke out loud, instead of . . . of dreaming. But this . . . this book: it's great, ain't it?" And he gave another of his nervous laughs.

I said nothing—what could I have said?—and after a few minutes the little man stood up, drew on his gloves, and took his shabby old hat from the rack.

"No, I didn't do none of those things," he said with a wistful smile, "but . . . but, by God! if I'd had the chance . . . I would have."

We bade each other good-night quietly. Then my Soldier of Fortune walked away very slowly with the book under his arm.

"Good-night, dad," said the young man in the yellow suit. "Don't be late in the morning, please!"

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1912. W. TOWNEND.

## THE MAN WHO LIKES MEXICO.

Brighter Side of Life in the Republic as Seen by a Before Time Traveler.

Under circumstances approaching the ideal, Wallace Gillpatrick saw the happiest side of life in what was then the realm of President Diaz, and his book, "The Man Who Likes Mexico," reflecting his cheerful mood, is a delightful account of his leisurely journeys through a land which he describes as then hospitable, gladly welcoming the stranger, peaceful and happy—in verity the land of guitar-strumming and *mañana*. The writer, living in New England, was induced to visit Mexico through friends in the ancient mining district of Huachuapán. So enamored did he become of the country that he remained six years. His first taste of real life across the border was at Durango, where he witnessed a bullfight. The brutal exhibition he passes over lightly, probably realizing that the subject has been written threadbare. Life on the trail in the fastness of the impregnable Sierra stirs in one every drop of gipsy blood:

Have you ever ridden over the mountains of Mexico on a mule? If not there is joy before you—provided that you love the mountains, and long days of brilliant sunshine, and cloudless, starlit nights. Choose a mule by all means—a mare makes the best saddle-animal. A Mexican mule takes no chances. If overtaken by darkness, you may drop your bridle rein on your mule's neck, and he perfectly secure in her caution and judgment. Your *mozo* is nearly always a cheerful, obliging individual, trained to servitude and hardship, expecting little. After a long day's ride he unsaddles the animals, has a fire blazing in a jiffy, and cooks your supper; while you lie on the ground and stretch your tired legs, inhaling the grateful fumes of meat on the coals. You are ravenous, and for the moment supper is more important than anything else in life. If you have provided well, you are soon devouring a steak, broiled as only a *mozo* can broil, hot *tortillas* (corn cakes), *frijoles* (beans), and perhaps *tamales*. Then comes a steaming cup of black coffee, and with a pipe or a *cigarro* for company, you roll yourself in your blankets and lazily watch the stars, the campfire, and listen to the wind in the trees until—you stretch yourself luxuriously with the feeling that you have been asleep, and behold your *mozo* calmly preparing breakfast. It is four o'clock. You have slept eight solid hours.

The *mozo*, we learn, is generally an honest, dependable fellow, though the writer admits one notable exception, the new guide, who accompanied him the last day of his journey. This *mozo* had such an inhuman expression that he was mentally christened "Wolf Face." The usual mode of trail-riding was reversed and the *mozo* compelled to take and keep the lead, the writer keeping his revolver within easy reach. His fears were well-founded, it appears:

One day our storekeeper, who spoke quaint English, reminded me of him.

"The people were all surprise, that night you arrive," he remarked; "they say you bring one very bad *peon*."

"Why bad?" I inquired.

"*Quien sabe?*" he said with a shrug. They say he has killed some people.

"What did he kill them for?" I inquired.

"For to rob," replied the storekeeper. "He is very bad man. He has—how you say it—*corazon de lobo*" (heart of a wolf).

Uruapan was in the midst of a boom "and didn't know whether to be glad or sorry." However, such things move slowly and nobody is worried:

Seeing some workmen loitering in quite a pretentious building evidently about half completed, I asked them when it would be finished. *Pues quien sabe?* It had already been six years under way, and it would take at least three more. The señor must realize that it is question of much time to build so big a house.

Tales of lost mines of fabulous richness there have been and ever will be. A chapter is devoted to the fascinating story of two of nature's lost treasure vaults. "La Providencia," discovered by a half-witted boy by accident, and lost through a remarkable landslide which altered the face of a mountain; "El Naranjal," in the middle-western part of Durango—both have long been sought by many men. None has ever found them, though an old prospector is introduced who has seen "El Naranjal" from the mountain top, and dreams of the day when he will go equipped to actually locate the mine.

Mexico's churches are not alone noted for their rich interiors, for the writer tells of remarkable tombs in a crypt in the church of Santo Domingo, at the ancient city of Zacatecas, containing mummified forms, still lifelike, of certain of the sanctified dead of hundreds of years ago:

The most remarkable mummy was in a closed cell, with a small aperture at the top. Peering through this I saw the form of a priest, standing erect in one corner, with his hands crossed on his breast. The head and face were but slightly disfigured and the body seemed to have retained its proportions. The robes, which were gray with dust, fell in statuette folds and the whole had the look of a carving in stone.

Through Senator de Herrera of Chihuahua, an audience with President Diaz was arranged for the writer and two other Americans, whom he designates as Mr. and Mrs. Howard:

The next moment President Diaz entered. His presence was extremely commanding—not haughty, but dominant. His countenance was handsome and rather impassive, his complexion fresh and sanguine, his eye large, dark, and, at that moment, mild. His handshake was firm and cordial, and his hand warm and dry, denoting perfect circulation. Mr. Howard, who possessed a naïve and charming manner, asked to be permitted to photograph the president with his own camera. The president seemed agreeably impressed with the request, and we were accordingly hidden to visit him the following Sunday morning at Chapultepec Castle.

The Sunday meeting proved eventful, for the Americans not only lunched with the president, but as Mr. Howard "trotted him around in the most nonchalant fashion, he photographed him at various angles, and then in his most polite if somewhat brief American bow he would wave his hand toward an adjacent chair and say, 'Please be seated, sir!' And the president, I was certain, with an amused twinkle in his eye, would seat himself to be photographed":

It was when he spoke of Mexico and her future that Diaz glowed with an inner flame. Sometimes his eye flashed—again it softened and became suffused. We were awed and deeply affected. We felt that we were in the presence of a great and holy passion—the passion of a patriot for his country. Somehow I forgot his greatness—his eyes filled with tears as he talked of his hopes for Mexico. But I saw the great, compelling motive of his life, his love of country. . . . Throughout the ensuing years I saw the president constantly. He was always unchanged—always alert, impassive, clear-eyed, commanding, dignified; always on time, no matter what the hour or the weather. . . . It seemed that in this habit of punctuality, as in all his daily life, he was modestly and unobtrusively setting a good example to the men in Mexico, whether native or foreign.

Social customs differ, in instances, from all the rules laid down on this side of the border, and, ignorant of Mexican etiquette, a well-bred American might be set down as rude, if not deliberately offending:

In the north a family who may be newcomers in a city or locality wait to receive the visits of those who care to know them. In Mexico they must at once send "at home cards" to all whom they care to know. It would be the greatest temerity on the part of a northern man to take the initiative in saluting a lady with whom he had slight acquaintance. Here it is the very thing he must do. Nor is this all. A stranger in a Mexican city must bow on meeting each and every gentleman to whom he has been presented; and if he would avoid breaches of etiquette he must be lynx-eyed.

Guadalajara is described as "a city of infinite charm; its life is modern, yet leisurely; its people are cultured, vivacious, gay even, yet preserving always the poise and composure that are national characteristics." Here the writer remained a month:

A delightful feature of social life in Guadalajara was the afternoons at the home and studios of the Mexican painter, Felix Bernardelli, where women and men of artistic, literary, and musical pursuits met for music, poetry, and gossip. . . . I felt the elusive yet dominating thrill that is Mexico's, and beneath whose sway weeks glide into months, and months into years.

Traveling by stagecoach in the mountains is not without its delights, which compensate for the jolting given the passengers:

If you have never ridden on a Mexican coach you have still a new sensation in store. The Chapala coach has a cushion on top and if you are fortunate in sharing this seat you may ride *muy a gusto*, seeing the country and the manner of manipulating an eight-mule team at the same time. There are two about the size of rabbits in the lead, a string of four in the middle, and two larger ones on the wheel. The driver has a whip with a lash long enough to reach the leaders. His assistant has another shorter one, but his chief persuaders are rocks. The assistant earns 50 cents a day and free insurance against dyspepsia. He alights at the foot of every bill and fills his sombrero with rocks on the way up. He then shies several boulders, big enough to dislocate a hip, at the leaders; and when the whole team is in a gallop he swings

himself onto the box in some miraculous way—I think he stands on the hub. He could never do it if he wore shoes.

Guanajuato, one of the quaintest and most picturesque cities in Mexico, boasts of a theatre of surprising elegance. "So well planned is the theatre that street-cars, laden with the company's trunks, etc., drive directly beneath the stage before unloading." But—"an unfortunate contrast to the many attractive features of Guanajuato are the revolting spectacles presented by street beggars, who greet you at every turn."

The lovelorn swain goes not boldly forth to woo and win his lady fair. Rather he "plays bear":

The derivation of the phrase is amusing. The lover begins his attentions by following at a discreet distance the object of his adoration, or by standing for hours before her dwelling. If his pretensions meet with favor he presents himself daily before her home. It may be months before he receives so much as a word from the lady's lips or in writing. Meanwhile his prolonged and patient waiting earns for him the appellation "bear." I learned of a novel method of "playing bear" while in this progressive city (Leon). The lover boards a street-car in the cool of the afternoon, making the circuit repeatedly, during which he passes his lady's dwelling. This way of doing it has distinct advantages. There is a "now you see him and now you don't" feature that must add to the lady's enjoyment, while the "bear" has a chance to see all the other girls.

As an example of true Mexican hospitality, one of many instances, the writer gives a picture of a visit which he paid to the home of a friend at Largo:

True to his promise, Don Juan met me at the station, and after a short drive we alighted before an open portal, and I saw the *patio*, with the lights shining on a thicket of roses, and turning the climbing bougainvillea into masses of pink flame, and heard my friend saying, "This is your house!" I shall not attempt to write of the manifold kindnesses and sweet attentions accorded the visitor in a Mexican home. Friendship with one member of the household means friendship with all, entailing the interchange of Christian names and all the kindly relations which that implies. A delightful compliment is paid the guest in dispensing with much of the accustomed ceremony. "Do what pleases you," is the assurance he receives. When the hour came for retiring, a lovely little señorita of fifteen summers gave me her hand and said with charming friendliness, "You know you are in your own house!" I vowed I had never heard prettier or more gracious flattery.

A city with free warm baths for men and women and a portion of the people averse to using them is not surprising in that land of contradictions. But this is the position of Aguascalientes, where, we are told, "the Indians are strange creatures," and bathe in the open:

Within a hundred yards of the depot and close to the tracks were long, narrow ditches filled with this same warm water. Here scores of women and girls were bathing; there must have been between sixty and eighty in all, splashing and ducking in the muddy water, while the children tumbled about in shallow puddles caused by the overflow. All seemed utterly unconscious. Their clothing had been washed and spread on the grass to dry, and when an Indian woman dresses she does it so deftly there is nothing immodest about it.

Greater ignorance than that of Don Lucio, caretaker of a ranch in Durango, would be impossible to discover. He was about fifty years of age and "had never been farther than the city of Durango in his life." An over-night stop was made at the place, owing to the rain:

He gazed at me earnestly for a moment and then asked if I had ever seen a people called the Chinese. I said that I had. He eyed me again as though making sure that I was telling him the truth, and then went on. He had heard there was another people uglier still than the Chinese and black—black, who wore little or no clothing and were hought and sold like beasts, and he wanted to know if it was true. I replied that there was such a people, and that they were still bought and sold in some countries. In vain I cast about for some means of enlightening Don Lucio as to the dark continent. I started to compare it with South America, but found that wouldn't do. Then I told him it was many times larger than Mexico, but Don Lucio only stared. At last I told him it was a big country over the sea, and we let it go at that.

All night long dancing and merrymaking goes on in the streets of the City of Mexico on the anniversary of the nation's independence. It is the great fiesta of the year and for twelve hours the people are given every freedom:

At four in the morning it was still raining and the people were still dancing. The streets were covered with sticky mud an inch deep, but this didn't affect bare feet. In the circle about the handstand another dance was under way, and the participants were nearly all barefooted, yet they danced furiously on the uneven and quite rocky ground, and every time an organ-grinder attempted to get away, they surrounded him and pleaded for just one more. . . . At five o'clock the street kitchens were doing a thriving business. The more prosperous ones had canvas awnings and were provided with tables and wooden benches, but there were scores of Indian women out in the open, crouching on the wet cobblestones, before their small charcoal pits, cooking for clamorous multitudes. Music was still in demand, and every kitchen had one or more obliging artists.

Of the *peon*, "lazy and tricky," the writer says:

For the morals of the *peon*, I admit they are lax, at least from our standpoint. With him marriage was formerly an expensive luxury not often indulged in, but it is becoming more frequent. . . . I have been surprised to find aged couples that had lived their lives peacefully together and reared families without ever having had the legal or church marriage ceremony performed. The women are hardworking, grinding the corn, patting out the *tortillas*, and doing their endless washing. Indeed, the *peon* is forced to take to himself a mate in order to get his cooking and washing done. There are no boarding-houses for the Mexican *peon*, and the women can seldom be prevailed upon to cook for any but their own men. Indifferent though the *peon* is to the marriage bond, he is inflexible in the matter of baptism.

The book covers a period of two years, during which the cheerful young American, who made friends wherever he went, traveled up and down the country, writing his experiences and taking many interesting and unique photographs, which, in part, illustrate his lively chronicle.

THE MAN WHO LIKES MEXICO. By Wallace Gillpatrick. New York: The Century Company, Inc.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Educating Everybody.

To Mr. William Hawley Smith belongs the credit for the most illuminating book on education produced during the present decade. It ought to prove fatal to what may be called the Procrustean method, which seeks to stretch all children to precisely the same educational length, and to the theory that regards the minds of the young as sausage skins to be stuffed to the same size and with the same dubious material.

Children, says the author, are not alike, in spite of all democratic theories to the contrary. Some are "horn short" and others are "horn long." There are special aptitudes and special incapacities. A certain successful inventor and promoter was never able to learn the multiplication table. He could hire girls at \$6 a week to multiply for him and "life is too short for me to waste it in trying to master what I have no head for." Dean Stanley did not know the multiplication table, and as boys these two men would have been pronounced by our modern methods as failures and deficient, while their peculiar capacities would have been ignored. The author himself knew a good school teacher who could not read the clock, and a district judge confessed to him that he suffered from the same disability. Both would be classed as deficient by our schools, if not as actual degenerates. They would have been unable to acquire the orthodox stuff and their special capacities would have been neglected.

Here, then, is my conclusion, namely, that experience proves that it is not wise for any man to base the motive of his life work on the theory that he can do one thing just as well as he can another, if he only tries hard enough and keeps trying long enough. The same thing to do, in every case, is for each individual to take account of his own initial abilities, where he is "short" and where he is "long," and plan his life work accordingly just as far as his environment will permit him to do so.

Mr. Smith attributes our educational failure to a pernicious combination of a misunderstood Declaration of Independence and Locke's *tabula rasa* theory. The combination would run somewhat as follows: Since all children are horn alike, or "equal," and their minds are all like blank sheets of paper on which we can mark whatever we will, it follows that all we have to do is to mark the same things on all children's minds, in exactly the same way, and a uniform result must be inevitable. In pursuance of these theories we have been trying to teach a large number of children what they are physically incapable of learning, we have taught many others what they ought not to learn, and we have remained indifferent to all those special capacities that would add so much to the wealth of the nation.

The author asks, What is education? He answers his own question by saying that all persons are educated who have so developed the powers and abilities that are within them that they can each do well the things they undertake to do. Conversely, we may say that no man has been educated who is unfit for his life work. In the words of the engineer quoted by Mr. Smith, "Don't you know that any man is an educated man when he's on his job."

Into the author's remedies it is impossible adequately to enter. He would have us be more attentive to the personal equation and cease to postulate an equality that does not exist. He would have us content to relegate a large amount of our present school education to the dictionaries and the encyclopædias that are now owned by every one and that are always available. He would have us concentrate upon those capacities wherein the encyclopædias and dictionaries are useless. And he would have us cease to confuse memory and knowledge and apply some other standard to scholastic efficiency than the power to remember facts, most of which need never either be acquired or remembered.

Mr. Smith has not written a destructive but an eminently constructive book. He is among those who have something to propose, and his criticisms are intended as no more than a basis for salutary and sensible recommendation.

ALL THE CHILDREN OF ALL THE PEOPLE. By William Hawley Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Monsieur des Lourdines.

Alphonse de Chateaubriant gives us the story of a prodigal son in this novel of unusual dignity and beauty. The prodigal son lives in Paris, and in the southwest of France his parents are maintaining the traditions of the French gentry, the tradition of kindness, hospitality, and honor. M. des Lourdines belongs to the aristocracy of nature and is therefore worshipped by the countryside. He is "Monsieur notre maître":

Pas une fille ne se serait mariée sans le consulter sur son époux. Bref, et cela sans qu'il s'en aperçût même, tout le pays, comme on disait, lui rendait sa mission.

Then comes the catastrophe. The prodigal son is a vast debt and his father, with knowledge, sells the estate to pay it. The prodigal breaks the heart of the mother and then when the son comes home

for the funeral the full measure of the calamity and his own responsibility for it breaks upon him. It is the moment of self-knowledge, the redemptive moment.

M. de Chateaubriant shows himself to be a novelist of marked capacity, a novelist who can aim at the great things of human nature.

MONSIEUR DES LOURDINES. Par Alphonse de Chateaubriant. Paris: Bernard Grasset; 3fr. (50c).

## The Lifted Latch.

Mr. George Vane frankly writes his novel from a text, in fact from several texts. First we have the warning of Emerson that "great, unknown forces may be let loose by the hand which lifts heedlessly the latch of the gate to knowledge." Then we have Bernard Vaughan's caution, "Beware of opening a door which you can not close." Mr. Vane's novel is one of cause and effect in the moral world. It deals with those vague retributive forces in nature to which we give our belief in theory, but not in practice.

Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter Violet belong to the class well known in Europe that travel much and reinforce a slender income by a special knowledge of the world. That Violet should marry the Duc di Trana was evidently a desirable consummation, but in her efforts to be attractive the poor girl goes too far, and then finds that her pitiable condition constitutes no claim upon the chivalry of an Italian nobleman.

So the hero of the story, Owen, is horn in the seclusion customary in such cases. An old English nurse living in Switzerland is persuaded to adopt the child in return for a substantial sum and to bring up the boy in company with her own little daughter, and so Mrs. Ramsay and Violet depart for America in the comfortable assurance that they have cut themselves adrift from the past. The boy is subsequently adopted for the second time by an eccentric lady and is twenty years of age when he hears that his foster-sister has been betrayed, lured to New York, and there abandoned to a life of shame. He follows her at once, eventually finds her and tries unsuccessfully to save her, with the result that she seizes his revolver and shoots herself. The boy is arrested, tried for murder, sentenced, secures a reprieve and a retrial, and is finally acquitted.

The body of the story is occupied with the vicissitudes of Owen and with the weaving of that fine fabric of fate which is to bring him once more into contact with his father and his mother. Upon the whole things have gone well with Violet. She has made a distinguished marriage with an aristocratic widower, and presently the Duc di Trana is once more upon the scene as a suitor for the hand of her step-daughter and as the rival of his own son. There is no need to describe the tragedy by which the duc expiates his early sin. Doubtless he deserved his fate and he can well be spared from the press of festive happenings.

It is an ingeniously told story, but a sombre one in spite of a "happy ending." Natural justice would be more deterrent than it is if it usually displayed so sure and so speedy a drawing of the net around the guilty. But perhaps Mr. Vane has done no more than bring the workings of an eternal law within the range of human vision.

THE LIFTED LATCH. By George Vane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

## Nature Sketches.

Those who wish to know something of biology and to undertake its study from life can hardly do better than allow themselves to be guided by Dr. Hancock. He gives us a large volume containing over two hundred illustrations and so well balanced that it can be used profitably either by the beginner or the advanced student. Dr. Hancock deals more particularly with insect life, as the insect population so heavily preponderates. Beginning with a luminous exposition of evolution and natural selection, he goes on to deal with adaptations, protective resemblances, mimicry, warning colors, and an interpretation of environment as exemplified in the orthoptera. Perhaps the chief value of Dr. Hancock's work is not so much the wealth of facts that it contains, but the pervading effort to reduce those facts to evolutionary law, and consequently in the glimpses that he gives us of natural intention and plan.

NATURE SKETCHES IN TEMPERATE AMERICA. By Joseph Lane Hancock. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.75 net.

## Maeterlinck.

Mr. Edward Thomas says that Maeterlinck is read because he is a moralist. It might be more correct to say that he is read because he is a mystic, because he represents the revolt from the intellect that always follows a cycle of materialism. Moreover, he translates mysticism into terms of every-day speech. His readers are persuaded to believe that they, too, are mystics. The coarser thought of the day is concerned with persuading men of the visibility, actual or approximate, of all natural law. Maeterlinck emphasizes the imminence of invisible laws, of spiritual laws that govern fate and fortune, of a vast and unilluminated background of finer forces that hold us in their grip, of silent voices, and of vast spaces filled with

impalpable energies. Most men are conscious of mystery and are disposed to welcome those who legitimize that consciousness. Perhaps Mr. Thomas himself has no real sympathy with mysticism or he would hardly say of Maeterlinck's essays that they are the work of one whose power of expression exceeded his thought and experience and that his voice might be that of one coming from a library, but not from a wilderness.

None the less Mr. Thomas has given us a valuable critical analysis of Maeterlinck's work. His nineteen chapters are devoted to plays, poems, and essays and they constitute an unusual mental biography and one that shows both sympathy and insight.

MAETERLINCK. By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.60 net.

## The Return of Pierre.

The great duel between France and Germany forms the basis for this distinctive story, which opens in the French village of Ardun just before the outbreak of hostilities. Pierre Lafitte has just finished his conscript service and is returning home with his mind full of the girl he left behind him. But three years is a long absence, and there had been no actual vows between him and Marie, the daughter of the colonel, and so when he hears that he has been supplanted by a trim young artist from the great outer world he accepts the situation with what philosophy he can and settles to work on his little farm. Then comes the great double event of his life. War is declared and almost on the same day he discovers that his artist rival is actually a German spy and that his landscape painting is no more than a cloak for a minute topographical survey of the frontier country.

Then comes the war. Pierre is in the initial skirmishes and is inclined to share in the general French opinion that the Prussian soldier is a helmeted manikin who necessarily runs away at the sight of a Frenchman. But the early skirmishes give way to Gravelotte and Metz and Sedan, and Moltke's iron ring closes around the country. In one of the last of his fights Pierre sees his old rival cut down by a French dragon, and then comes the return to Paris, dismissal from the shattered army, and the long tramp to Ardun. We know exactly what will happen, because it always does happen, and we congratulate ourselves that it now happens once more.

The backbone of the story is the picture of the war. But it is in no sense a history. It is the personal narrative of a French soldier, educated above his class, who is homesick and lovesick, who looks with awe upon the first man he kills, and who yet in a few months can pass through the shambles with no more than a vague and half regretful wonder at his own immunity.

THE RETURN OF PIERRE. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Rational Banking.

So formidable a volume as this and one that probes so deeply into the banking system of the country must be left to the verdict of the financial expert. That it is an important contribution to current discussion is evident. The author examines all the chief features of the banking system and traces its relations to the public. He deals with frauds and defalcations and shows the extent to which the system itself is responsible. Arguing in favor of branch banks, he combats existing prejudices and shows how panics would be affected thereby. Finally he shows the workings of two hypothetical branch banks and shows how the various geographical divisions of the country could be freed from the domination of New York.

A RATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM. By H. M. P. Eekhardt. New York: Harper & Brothers.

## Love and Ethics.

Perhaps Ellen Key has been charged more often than any one now living with an attempt to break down the wholesome conventions of marriage and to substitute license for restraint. It would be unfair to attempt an epitome of her social philosophy, especially in view of the fact that she herself gives us such an epitome in the little volume now before us, but her view seems to be as simple as it is earnest in expression. Love is the supreme fact of life, and by love she does not mean sex in its narrower signification. Therefore she would have love entirely free and not subject to law or to convention. It is a reasonable view for the elect, but she fails to show us in what way she would control those to whom love is simply a matter of animality and who, without some sort of restraint, if it be only the restraint of convention, would necessarily complicate our social problems by their excesses.

LOVE AND ETHICS. By Ellen Key. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

## The Search Party.

Mr. George A. Birmingham is certainly entitled to a place among the Irish humorists, but it is a place that might be higher but for a certain indifference to the framework of his stories and a willingness to create impossible situations for the sake of the fun that can be extracted from them. The hurlesque

that is well suited to comic opera is incongruous in the novel.

"The Search Party" is a story of an Irish village and of a group of eccentric foreign anarchists who make of it their headquarters and who kidnap some half-dozen people who have displayed an undue curiosity as to their proceedings. When the wives and sweethearts of the victims put in an appearance and insist upon a search party they are frustrated by the curious Irish perversity that loves nothing so much as an evasion and a mystery. The author is singularly successful in depicting some aspects of unconscious Irish humor, but when we finish the last page with a laugh we are still in the dark as to why the prisoners were kidnapped or what became of their captors. Mr. Birmingham's characterization work is so admirable that it ought to be sustained by a better quality of narrative.

THE SEARCH PARTY. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"The Last Cruise of the *Saginaw*," by George H. Read (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net), is the story of one of the most celebrated shipwrecks on record, and told in a way worthy of its subject. The book is illustrated from sketches by Lieutenant-Commander Sicard and from contemporary photographs.

"The Story of Sam Tag," by S. J. Kennerly (Cosmopolitan Press; \$1), is the story of a boy during the Civil War. Sam's adventures occurred in the Tennessee Valley, where the armies of Generals Bragg, Buell, and Rosecrans pitched their tents. It is a well written narrative and should be popular among boys.

Under the title of "Ravenel's Road Primer," by Samuel W. Ravenel, C. E. (A. C. McClurg & Co.), appears a little volume intended for the use of children and explanatory of the elementary principles and practices of road-making, the causes and effects of good roads, their location, grades, drainage, construction, and maintenance.

"Social Value," by Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., is issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). The aim of the author is to establish a positive conception of value upon the basis of a sound psychology and sociology. His argument is tersely presented, well reasoned, and of so unusual a kind as to deserve the attention of economists.

Houghton Mifflin Company have published "The Egyptian Conception of Immortality," by George Andrew Reisner. It forms the Ingersoll Lecture for 1911 and appears in well-printed and convenient form. The author is unnecessarily depreciatory of the Egyptian cult, sometimes indulges in guesswork, and makes the surprising mistake of supposing that immortality was conferred only by initiation.

"The Broken Wall," by Edward A. Steiner (Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1 net), is a series of stories about immigrants told in Professor Steiner's well-known manner and with all the knowledge, pathos, and humor of which he is a master. The author is doing a good work in making us better acquainted with our new fellow-citizens, and this can be done in no better way than by such sketches as these.

"The Dawn of History," by J. L. Myers, M. A., that has just been published in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents), contains a brief survey of what may be called the border line between historic and prehistoric times. The author deals first of all with the peoples which have no history and then passes on to Egypt, Babylonia, the Eastern Mediterranean, Italy, and central and northern Europe. His subject is a difficult and an obscure one, but he treats it lucidly and with a very evident scholarship.

In "A Personal Record" Mr. Joseph Conrad tells the story of his life by sea and land. It is a life not peculiarly full of events nor are those events set forth in a peculiarly dramatic way. The author tells us that the book was written in "the hope that from the reading of these pages there may emerge at last the vision of a personality; the man behind the books so fundamentally dissimilar, as, for instance, 'Almayer's Folly,' and 'The Secret Agent,' and yet a coherent, justifiable personality both in its origin and in its action." The book is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.25 net.

"The Papacy and Modern Times," by William Barry, D. D., appears in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents). It is a condensed history of the Papacy from 1303 to 1870 and concludes with the roseate hope that principle will triumph over force and moral influence over legal enactment. Leo XIII, a "prisoner in the Vatican," reigned for twenty-six years, the most brilliant of all manifestations of the Papacy and the most fruitful in results of any since the sack of Rome. But we should be more inclined to share the author's optimism if we could see any evidence that the Vatican itself had abandoned its temporal claims.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mary Austin's latest work, "Christ in Italy," a study of Italian art, is the outcome of the two years that Mrs. Austin spent abroad in the interval between the completion of "The Arrow Maker" and its production at the New Theatre in New York.

Meredith Nicholson began writing verse at an early age, and has two books of poetry to his credit. His first work in prose was "The Hoosiers," an essay on the social and educational development of Indiana, which is still an authority.

Professor Rudolph Eucken, of the University of Jena, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1909 and recognized as one of Germany's foremost philosophers, has been appointed exchange professor at Harvard next fall. His most important work, "The Problem of Human Life" (in its sixth edition in Germany) has just been published in a new and cheaper edition by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Before the end of April Henry Holt & Co. will issue "The Fighting Blade," by Beulah Marie Dix, author of a volume of one-act plays, "Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes."

Professor Bashford Dean, curator of armor at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a foremost authority on the subject, has an article in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine* on "The Armorer and His Art." He gives some surprising facts regarding the small size of the heroes of old who fought encased in steel.

James Oliver Curwood, author of the new novel, "Flower of the North" (Harper & Brothers), was born in Michigan in 1878, and calls Detroit his home. He spends, however, a great part of his time in the far north, and has secured a unique collection of big game photographs. After his course at the University of Michigan he was engaged for some years in newspaper work, and was employed by the Canadian government to explore and write about certain Arctic regions as yet unmapped.

An appreciation of the life and views of Father Hyacinthe Loyson, by Dr. Paul Carus, is one of the notable articles in the March number of the *Open Court*.

Reginald Wright Kauffmann's book, "The Woman Who Goes Wrong," is published in England under the title "Daughters of Ishmael." It would not take long to decide which is the more attractive phrase, though it is possible that reading classes of differing characteristics are appealed to in the two countries.

"Canada Today and Tomorrow," by Arthur E. Copping, just published by Cassell & Co., is the third book on Canada issued by this house during the past year, the others being "The New Garden of Canada," by F. A. Talbot, and a new edition of John Foster Fraser's "Canada as It Is," with an introduction by Lord Strathcona.

Henry Holt & Co. bring out this week Miss R. Macaulay's "Views and Vagabonds," a genial satire on Socialism and the Poor, its protagonist an educated Englishman who through a sense of duty has become a blacksmith and married a working girl.

John Galsworthy, author of "The Patrician," three of whose works Charles Scribner's Sons publish this season, has just come to this country with his wife, he says, "to rest." One of his new plays, published at about the same date, was produced at Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre on March 6. It is called "The Pigeon." Soon another play, "The Eldest Son," and a volume of verses called "Wild Oats: Moods, Songs, and Doggerels," will be published.

The Century Company publishes this month Marion Polk Angellotti's "The Burgundian," an historical romance by a new writer. Miss Angellotti is a young woman of San Francisco.

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will recall "The Confessions of a Best Seller," which appeared in November, 1909. Meredith Nicholson has recently confessed to the authorship, and on top of the announcement comes his new novel, "A Hoosier Chronicle," which bids fair to eclipse his former successes. It is an American novel of love and politics, but free from dialect obstructions, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's new detective story, "Peter Ruff," published by Little, Brown & Co., is said to be even more clever than earlier works by this prolific author of exciting novels.

The University of Chicago Press is bringing out "The Historicity of Jesus," by Shirley Jackson Case, which reviews all the evidence, positive and negative, concerning unprejudiced doubt. It is announced as the most comprehensive and complete work of the kind, not excepting recent German books on the subject.

## New Books Received.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. By Victor P. Hammer, LL. M. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25 net.

Showing how the machinery of the Federal government is operated.

THE TREVOR CASE. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A new novel.

JOSEPH IN JEOPARDY. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Heart of a Child."

HIDDEN HOUSE. By Amelie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.20 net.

A new novel.

THE YOKE OF SILENCE. By Amy McLean. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

A new novel.

POLITE FARCES FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

Three farces dealing with the domestic and refined crises which might develop in any drawing-room.

THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Each story a complete study of some family group or separate phase of Five Towns life.

RATIONAL LIVING. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

A conspectus of modern psychological investigation viewed from the Christian standpoint.

WINGS OF DESIRE. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

A new novel.

THE TORCH. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Eight lectures on race power in literature.

GREAT WRITERS. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne, Shakespeare.

SWINBURNE. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

An appreciation.

MEY WING. By Rev. Thomas W. Houston. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co.; \$1.

A romance of Cathay.

THE ROAD TO JOY. By Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Some homely philosophy.

FIRST AND LAST. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A volume of essays.

THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMACK." Told by Lieutenant J. L. Worden, U. S. N., Lieutenant Greene, U. S. N., and H. Ashton Ramsay, C. S. N. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

Some personal recollections.

VISTAS OF NEW YORK. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Short stories illustrative of New York life.

THE HILL OF VISION. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

BRITISH FUNGI. By George Massee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

With forty colored plates.

ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Professor Victor's "Kleine Phonetik." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

A new edition.

IN VIVIO GARCONS. By Marguerite Wilkinson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

"Songs of the woman spirit."

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION. By William Hirsch, M. D. New York: The Truth Seeker Company; \$2.

The conclusions of a psychiatrist.

GOD AND THE KING. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A historical novel.

MODERN ENGLAND. By Louis Cazamian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A historical and sociological study.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE. By John G. Neihardt. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.

A volume of verse.

THE ADJUSTMENT. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A new novel.

THE NIGHT OF FIRES. By Anatole Le Braz. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.60 net.

Breton studies.

MOVING PICTURES. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Conquests of Science series.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND CHARLES FOX. By the Right Honorable Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O. M. In two volumes, Vol. I. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.

The concluding part of the American Revolution.

SHAKESPEARE'S "A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM." Edited by John W. Cunliffe, D. Lit. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

THE ESSENTIALS OF SOCIALISM. By Ira B. Cross, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A text-book.

THE WAR GOD. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A tragedy in five acts.

THE WORKS OF HENRIK IBSEN. Vols. V to XII. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in the Viking Edition. With introductions by William Archer.

## EARLY PUBLISHING METHODS.

## How Harper &amp; Brothers Brought in English Authors—American Publishers Not Pirates.

One of the most interesting lines on the publishing business as developed in this country in the last century has been revealed by J. Henry Harper, who in recounting the vicissitudes of his own long established and representative house shows the new ways and old, throughout these one hundred years, of bringing English authors before the American public. The *Argonaut* gave in a recent issue many extracts from Mr. Harper's book, to show its wide range of biographical and literary interest. In the New York *Sun* is found the following article prepared from the Harper volume, which gives compactly much of the early history of English books in America, and the real conditions affecting both publishers and writers.

The first book the Harper brothers decided to print on their own account was of English authorship. That was in 1818 and the season was dull and business slack. The brothers conceived the idea of independent publishing on a venture and selected Locke's "Essay Upon the Human Understanding," of which they cautiously printed 500 copies. James Harper applied to the various booksellers before beginning work on the book and agreed to print their respective imprints on their editions, provided they ordered at least 100 copies. In this way he at once guaranteed the firm against loss and controlled the market.

When the Waverley novels made their appearance the Harpers were among the earliest to bring them out in this country. A messenger would board the incoming packet before she was made fast to the wharf to secure the sheets as soon as possible. "The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit" was published in 1844 by the Harpers in seventeen numbers and the sales were chiefly made through newsboys, then a new institution. The numbers obtained large circulation through this medium.

It was some time before this that the house had begun the publication of books uniform in binding and price. The best known is "Harper's Family Library," begun in 1830, containing 187 volumes, most of them by English authors. The original series of "Harper's Library of Select Novels" was started in 1830, but was abandoned in 1834 as the size and form were unpopular, most of the stories being in two volumes. But in 1842 a new series was begun under the same title, published in brown paper covers and containing some of the best fiction of the day. With the exception of possibly half a dozen or so they were all by English authors.

At the time "The Autobiography of Lucien Bonaparte" was published in 1836 there was considerable dispute concerning the control of the American market by English publishers. Saunders and Otley of London determined to establish an American agency. The Harpers obtained an advance copy of the "Autobiography," and had their edition on the market twenty-four hours after the volume came into their possession. Saunders and Otley gave up their efforts to control both markets, and their American representative became a clerk in the Harper establishment.

"When in the shop of an intelligent dealer of old books," says Mr. Harper, "a short time ago, the conversation turned upon certain works by well-known English authors published thirty or forty years ago. The dealer was of the opinion that these books were appropriated by American publishers without any pecuniary compensation before international copyright gave English authors legal rights in this country and secured to American publishers legal protection.

"It was explained to him that, on the contrary, leading American publishers were in the habit of paying English authors or their representatives liberally for advance sheets.

"Harper & Brothers paid Charles Dickens as much as £1250 for 'Great Expectations'; to W. M. Thackeray £480 for 'The Virginians.' George Eliot received as high as £1700 for one novel. The payments to Wilkie Collins ran as high as £750 each for 'The Woman in White,' 'Man and Wife,' and 'The Moonstone.' For Charles Reade's 'A Woman Hater' £1000 was paid."

Between 1848 and 1860 Macaulay's "History of England" was published, and £650 was paid by the Harpers for the American market, although there was no protection, and several unauthorized editions were promptly put in the field, compelling the publishers of the authorized editions to sell their productions at about cost. In 1876 "Macaulay's Life and Letters" was published and the Harpers paid £1000 for the advance sheets.

"These transactions are but a few in the long list of our dealings with English authors," says Mr. Harper. "The record books of D. Appleton & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., J. B. Lippincott & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Henry Holt, Dodd, Mead & Co., etc., would show a similar array of facts and figures.

"The injustice arising from the absence of international copyright fell with greater force upon the American author than upon a foreign author, for his books were not only unprotected abroad, but the low prices ob-

ligatory on all foreign books republished in this country resulted in disastrous discrimination against him. A novel, say by Dickens or Thackeray, would retail here at from ten cents to a dollar, whereas the price of a romance by Hawthorne or Irving would be at least a dollar and a half.

"Authors were not infrequently unduly suspicious in those days," says Mr. Harper, "and there are still members of their profession who, in the present day, are inclined occasionally to belabor their publishers unwisely and unjustly, strange as it may seem. Byron once sent a copy of the Bible to his publisher, John Murray, with the fortieth verse of the eighteenth chapter of St. John made to read, not 'Barabbas was a robber,' but 'Barabbas was a publisher.'"

"American publishers were not the only so-called 'pirates.' English houses repeatedly published books by American writers without even a 'by your leave.' In some cases they changed titles and even altered and abbreviated the text."

Mr. Harper quotes from several English celebrities in proof of their entire satisfaction with their dealings with the American house. One from Charles Dickens shows entire satisfaction; and one from Charles Reade, written to an English house that was complaining and accusing the Harpers of infringing on their rights, defends the American house.

In all their years of experience in publishing books and periodicals this house found that the English writer could not excel in short-story writing. While some exceptions were found, as, for instance, Charles Reade or W. E. Norris, they were very rare. To be sure, when Justin McCarthy first visited America, Fletcher Harper in a spirit of bravado ordered from him forty-five short stories for periodical use. He was relieved when McCarthy, before his return to England, not only filled the order, but with stories worthy of publication anywhere.

Of course the longer work of the well-known writers was always in demand for serial use. George Eliot's last book, "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such," appeared serially in the *Bazar*.

Harper's Franklin Square Library gave wide distribution to well-known English novels, and in reply to complaints from certain quarters of the book trade its promoters said:

"We print no new books in our Franklin Square Library without paying some honorarium to the British author, and we strictly maintain our adherence to the rules of trade courtesy by abstaining from printing on our neighbors. But it would be better, we think, if all the leading publishers were to start similar 'libraries.'"

Of course stories concerning the present generation of English writers are numerous, from Hardy, who rewrote some of the chapters of "Jude, the Obscure," to suit the requirements of *Harper's Magazine*, to Charles Rann Kennedy, who insists that "The Servant in the House" as written by him was inspired and that certain critical aspersions on the play were sacrilegious.

Mr. Harper tells how he offered the plot of "Trilby" to Henry James, who was favorably impressed with it but did not take it.

"We bought that outright for serial use and book form, and dramatic rights as well, for this country," he said. "I doubt if a serial novel ever made such a tremendous and popular hit. It was talked of everywhere and on all occasions; numerous articles of merchandise were named after it; one saw Trilby this and Trilby that everywhere. As the novel drew near its conclusion in the magazine we received a most pathetic letter from an afflicted mother, telling us her daughter was desperately ill and would probably live only a few weeks, and that she was anxious to see the final chapters of 'Trilby' before she died. We sent her the last instalment, and before its appearance in our magazine the young woman had died.

"The commercial success of 'Trilby' was so unexpected that we gave Du Maurier, in addition to the sum we had agreed to pay him, a royalty on the sales in book form and the bulk of the American dramatic rights.

"When it came to his third novel, 'The Martian,' we made an arrangement with him for serial and book form, and sent him an agreement which was duly signed and completed. The novel contained incidents in his own life."

John Galsworthy in New York states it as his belief that the novel is much more powerful as an engine of civilization than the drama. He says that the English prison reforms attributed to his play, "Justice," were made by Mr. Winston Churchill before the piece was produced. Dickens's stories, Mr. Galsworthy says, wrought more beneficial changes than all the plays ever written.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

**Robertson's**  
222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco



### NEW YORK'S "LITTLE THEATRE."

Opening of Winthrop Ames's Miniature Playhouse with a Galsworthy Comedy.

The Little Theatre has begun its career and Mr. Winthrop Ames may be congratulated heartily upon the general success of his opening managerial experiment (says the *New York Evening Post*). His new house, his first play, and his company have won the warm appreciation of two crowded audiences fairly representative of the higher intelligence of the New York public. Seldom has an enterprise such as that upon which he is engaged been started amid more favorable conditions or omens of happier promise. His theatre—modern in dimensions but admirable in equipment, with its refined decoration, its comfortable seats, and its sloping floor—is exactly suited to the purposes for which it is professedly designed, while its capacious revolving stage, provided with all the latest mechanical appliances, is equal to every requirement of modern drama. In the subterranean regions are a tea-room, smoking-room, and other commodious arrangements for the convenience of spectators between the acts. The prevailing atmosphere is one of comfort and good taste, of liberal expenditure devoted to unpretentious but substantial ends. It is an appropriate home for that superior order of play whose special appeal is to the cultivated few rather than to the miscellaneous mass of theatre-goers. And it is pleasant to be able to add that, so far as it is possible to judge from a single performance, Mr. Ames's players are likely to prove worthy of their surroundings.

From Louis A. Sherwin's notice in the *New York Globe* of the opening the story of Galsworthy's play is given below. There had been a dress rehearsal for critics and other invited guests, but the formal public beginning of the theatre's career was on Monday evening, March 11:

Of all the tremendous ironic moments in life's comedy commend me to the scene in which Christ showed his opinion of the respectable citizens of Jerusalem, the pillars of church and society, by openly seeking the companionship of the outcasts and human derelicts. A fragment of the same immemorial tragic comedy is reproduced by John Galsworthy in "The Pigeon." With truth and sympathy he has pointed out the supremely pitiful position of the disinherited of this world, the incompetent, the unfortunate, and the vagabond. In a beautiful play full of the humor that is ever on the brink of tears he has drawn them as they are, frail, erring, and human. He has shown the cruel irony of the world's attitude toward them. He has brought them face to face with the modern Pharisee and the fatuous futility of his attempts to deal out canned charity in tape-ridden institutions. He has shown the hopeless failure of the existing order of things in its efforts to dispose of the outcast. And all this he has done with the utmost sincerity. Love, the supreme essence of Christian love, is the keynote of "The Pigeon."

In other words, this is a play of the very highest type. Only that playwright who compels us to think more deeply, to see more clearly, and to feel more acutely fulfills the noblest functions of his calling. To help us clear up some of the appallingly muddled human relations should be the dramatist's proudest privilege, a privilege which Mr. Galsworthy has appreciated throughout his hitherto consistently honorable career. Never before has he demonstrated this so unmistakably as in "The Pigeon." Not in years has New York seen a play with which the times were so visibly pregnant. For on all sides are evidences of high-minded efforts to carry out its spirit, however much the pompous, pot-bellied complacency of the Pharisee still is the prevailing attitude toward the outcast.

Let nobody for an instant receive the impression that "The Pigeon" is merely a social tract. It is an intensely human comedy throughout. The people in it are types. But they are all alive, breathing, speaking, and suffering as real human beings breathe, speak, and suffer. There were innumerable moments when one might have laughed heartily at the relentless irony of the dialogue were it not for the overpowering desire to cry that immediately followed.

The Pigeon himself is one of those rare men who do not ask whether a poor wretch deserves charity. All he asks is whether he needs it. Consequently his house is perpetually invaded by all sorts and conditions of vagrants. This to the enormous disgust of his daughter Ann, who embodies the attitude of the average female Philistine. He is also the despair of his three friends, the justice of the peace, the professor, and the parson. The first of these represents the Dogberry notions of his kind. Clap the deserving into institutions and "damn the undeserving." The pedagogue, on the other hand, would spend all the state's resources in making the undeserving deserving. The church is in favor of "a little bit of both."

The outcasts are three. There is Guenevere, a lower girl, a poor nineteen-year-old who has been deserted by her husband, a Catholic—also an atheist." Then

there is the drunken old cab driver, whom the advent of the motor-car has found unprepared and so robbed him of a calling. Most amusing of all is the vagabond Frenchman who never can stick at any occupation because he can not shake off the call of the road or his unquenchable curiosity about life. Naturally he is the only articulate one of the three and it is he who expresses their point of view. "There is in some human souls, monsieur, what can not be made tame."

It was an admirable stroke of Mr. Galsworthy's to show that the cause of their misfortunes is inherent in the characters of these pariahs. There is no attempt to lie about them sentimentally. The flower girl might eke out an honest and threadbare existence. But she is human. Like many a highly respectable female she is full of the joy of life. Not having the means to enjoy life respectably she takes to the "life of joy." The vagrant French philosopher does not amount to anything because he loves to rove.

"And yet," he asks, "how would society look upon us if we had money? Would I not be merely an eccentric, highly interesting dilettante, with a mania for traveling? Would not the old cabman be an aristocrat of the old school who can hold his liquor like a gentleman? Would not that girl be merely a vivacious, chic, and much-sought-after young woman, so full of spirits and fun—such as you can find in countless salons?"

The parson, the J. P., and the professor try to reform the three indigents, each after his particular social nostrum. And each system fails. The parson finds a position for the girl, but she loses it because she "got the footman into trouble." After a few months of the "life of joy" she tries to drown herself, but is rescued and then arrested for her attempt at suicide. Then the indignation of the Pigeon and the philosopher break out. Why, demands the Frenchman, why is it that we can see it written on the faces of good people that they believe it would be better for everybody if we were dead, and yet they punish us for trying to die?

There is no definite conclusion to the play. In the last act the Pigeon is on the verge of moving to other quarters whither his daughter has insisted on taking him in order that he might get away from "those six rotters," meaning the vagabonds and the reformers alike. But the final scene finds him once more distributing his cards with the new address. He is the very man above all whom the outcasts need. He who loves them alone can understand them. And it is not by being caged in institutions that these wild birds can be tamed. They can never be "reformed" by those who do not try to understand them.

Those persons who have not yet progressed beyond the old Seribbe idea of that artistic atrocity, the well-made play, will probably declare that "The Pigeon" is not a play at all. To me anything that can move me so profoundly, can hold my attention unwaveringly during every second of its duration, is a play, whatever its form. To a certain extent "The Pigeon" is formless as life itself, without beginning or end. You can not say it is inconclusive unless Christianity itself be inconclusive. But then, as Ferrand says, nobody resents Christianity so much as do Christians themselves. Which you will recognize as a paraphrase of Nietzsche's remark that there never was but one Christian, and he was crucified.

A more flawless performance I have never seen. Russ Whytal, despite a slight overemphasis of its sentimentality, played the part of the Pigeon with sympathy and sincerity and truth. He was charming in his childlike shiftlessness and his incorrigible kindness. Pamela Gaythorne does the best work of her life as the flower girl. She is a waif of the London streets to the very life, timid and bold at the same time and full of childish vanities. There is a certain mysticism about her performance that is haunting in its appeal. Frank Reicher is altogether admirable as the French roving philosopher. He is hither, witty, humble, and irrepressible, yet genuine withal.

In fact, there is no part that is at all badly done. The details are worked out with most artistic care. The symbolic scene in which the justice of the peace and the professor, quarrelling violently about their reform systems, fall over the prostrate body of the drunken Timson, is a masterpiece of ironic humor. The *mise en scene* is excellent.

If Mr. Ames never makes a single other good production, he will yet be entitled to the thanks of all intelligent people for having given "The Pigeon." It is a most fitting play wherewith to open his delightful little playhouse, a fine token of its purpose, and a brave augury for its future.

Shaving was practiced among the Egyptians early in the eighteenth century before Christ. The first mention of it in the scriptures is in Genesis, where Joseph made a hasty toilette when called to go before the king and "shaved himself." Nearly a century after shaving the head is mentioned. Ezekiel alludes to the "barber's razor." Of course, everybody knows that Delilah was the first lady barber mentioned.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Inland.

My happy eyes have seen  
The Sun's far-spreading sheen  
Flash its bright wing and hover  
A joyous, blissful lover  
Over the answering sea.

Now may I turn and go  
Inland, contented, slow,  
Musing a lifetime's leisure  
Over an inward treasure,  
For mine eyes have seen the sea!

My happy heart hath known  
The light deep love hath thrown,  
The instant flame and vision  
Turning all life elysian  
Within the answering soul.

Now may I turn and work,  
No steadfast toiling shirk,  
Each far-off aim the purer,  
For light within, held surer,  
Since my heart hath known Love's soul!

Oh! Who yet, having seen the Sea,  
If he then must inland go,  
Doth not eat his heart with yearning  
To behold its ceaseless flow?  
And who yet, having known Love's soul,  
If he then must parting go,  
Doth not thrill each breath with burning  
For its ecstasy and glow?  
He, the sea within discerning,  
Of its secret urge hath learning,  
And no inland calm can know.

—From "Lips of Music," by Charlotte Porter.

#### The Song of the South Wind.

Now rouse ye, all ye little rills,  
I come to end your sleep!  
Make music in the silent hills,  
Tinkle, and run, and leap!  
How merrily you'll laugh and sing  
When you have heard the news I bring.  
Behind me—listen!—comes the Spring!

Wake, lakes and ponds that dormant lie!  
For you must mirror soon  
Soft silvery clouds, and huddling houghs,  
And the white April moon!  
Rouse all the little frogs that sleep  
Cradled so cold, cradled so deep,  
And tell them they must learn to sing  
Their sweet, high song to greet the Spring!

Poor, ice-bound rivers, mute and white,  
I come to set you free!  
Glide on, glad rivers, day and night,  
And find your goal, the sea!  
Whisper my tidings, as you go,  
To vines and branches, bending low;  
And river-reeds beneath the snow.

For up from the south, through the heaven's deep  
hollow,  
With glad wings about her, and bright wings to  
follow,  
With bluebird and whitethroat and robin and  
swallow,  
Comes to us—listen!—the Spring!

—Maud Going, in *St. Nicholas*.

#### Cutting Rushes.

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago?  
Meseif was risin' early on a day for cutting  
rushes,  
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was  
low,  
Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear  
the thrushes,  
Young still young! an' drenching wet the grass,  
Wet the golden honeysuckle hanging sweetly  
down;  
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,  
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain?

Then was it only yesterday or fifty years or so?  
Rippin' round the bog pools, high among the  
heather,  
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave  
it go,  
'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to  
bind together.

Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn,  
See the darling honeysuckle hanging like a  
crown,  
Quick, one kiss—sure, there's some one at the  
turn!

Oh, we're after cuttin' rushes on the mountain!

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago—  
I wakened out o' dreams when I hear the summer  
thrushes,  
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an'  
flow,  
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o'  
green rushes.  
Run, burn, run! can we mind when we were  
young?

The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark  
an' brown;  
Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung  
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

—Moira O'Neill, in *Boston Globe*.

The gondoliers' occupation will be gone to a great extent when the city of Venice builds an electric railway, as it proposes to do, to the famous Lido Beach, where all the fashionable world congregates. The Lido is a bathing resort on a long narrow strip of island facing the Adriatic, a couple of miles out in the lagoon, and it is proposed to run an electric train through a tunnel some twenty-five feet below the bed of the Grand Canal, whereby the time it now takes to get from St. Mark's Square to Lido Beach, the best part of an hour under present conditions, would be reduced to five minutes. By providing easy and quick means of access the city fathers hope to attract visitors to the Lido in greater numbers, although to many the idea of a subway station in St. Mark's Square will seem a desecration, and the journey itself will be shorn of all romance.

### A Big Industrial Institution

In San Francisco the United Railroads carry over 200,000,000 passengers a year.

To enable the corporation to do this it must maintain large power houses, car barns, repair, assembling and building shops; must keep its rolling stock in first-class condition, its roadbeds smooth, and must ever renew, rebuild and extend. In different sections of the city the old rails are being taken up and replaced with modern heavy rails.

Hundreds of men are employed in the street work, week after week; a large force is kept busy in the shops, barns, and power plants, and, as stated a week ago, 2000 trained men are required to operate the street-cars as conductors and motormen.

Aside from its position of first importance as a transportation factor, the street-car company looms up a big proposition in the industrial field of California and of San Francisco. It is a vital part of the city, with all the pride in the growth and prosperity of the municipality which is felt by any institution engaged in doing business here.

Steadily it has gone about its work, building, improving, repairing, extending. It has suffered attack and abuse, but has been too busy with its task of giving San Francisco improved transportation facilities to take much note of its critics. Public service corporations must expect criticism and abuse. They haven't time to stop to engage in idle controversy. They have their work to do. Critics never build street railways—or much of anything else.

The United Railroads have, since the fire of 1906, spent more than \$13,000,000 in rehabilitation. In that time over eighty-five miles of track have been reconstructed and almost twenty-five miles of new track built to give additional service to the rapidly growing residential sections. On P-A-Y-E cars alone over \$500,000 were expended in a single year.

All this has resulted in the construction of what might be termed a splendid piece of smooth-working machinery. Every detail must be thoroughly understood by the officials at the head of affairs, and every department must operate in harmony. Even the stopping of a single car for a minute or two during the day is likely to throw the operating schedule out of line. The act of a thoughtless teamster may pile up a whole string of cars from the Ferry to Kearny Street. Cars move strictly on schedule, and any delay is reported to the proper department, with the reason for such delay. A great many people seem to think the cars move and stop at random. And a great many never take the cause of delay into consideration when a number of cars come to a halt on Market Street, but at once blame the crews and the company. Too many people, strangely enough, reasonable in everything else, fail to exercise the same reason when traveling by street-car. They do not blame the conductor and engineer and the company when a passenger train breaks down and they are held up for hours in a desolate section of the country.

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CLAY M. GREENE, DRAMATIST.

It was quite a natural impulse that induced Clay Greene to bring out his and Mrs. Greene's play, "The Desert," to our city, for he is a true son of old San Francisco, if ever any one was, since he possesses the proud and many times joked-at distinction of being the first white child born here. And though, as with other sons of our metropolis, his occupation of play-writing made New York a fitter environment, his heart has always been "true to Poll."

The name Clay M. Greene is almost as familiar here as though its owner were a great man; but, although he has a number of early successes to his credit, it is partly on account of the peculiar loveliness of the man that he is always so faithfully and cordially remembered. Clay Greene has always kept his boy's heart. Although sobering time has drawn many of his contemporaries out of the running, he is still a leader in the frolics of the Lambs Club in New York. For twelve years he has been their Shepherd, having, in the Eastern metropolis, stepped into precisely the same kind of popularity that he enjoys here.

Mr. Greene has written many squibs and sketches for the festivities of the Lambs, some of which have found their way into the vaudeville circuit. He is always writing, and there is no doubt that we have not heard the last word yet on the subject of "The Desert."

In the old days when San Francisco was young and gay Clay Greene was a stockbroker, and stockbroking used, in those days, to spell prosperity. But he was perpetually making essays at play-writing, and the stockbroking business did not flourish. The artistic temperament must have gotten in the way.

He and the veteran Bohemian, Frank Unger, were great chums then—and still are, for that matter. These two white-haired old boys still faithfully exchange birthday presents with youthful zest. Both, in the long ago, enjoyed turning some of their superfluous ebullency into amateur acting, and figured prominently in our local contribution to the flood of amateur performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" that swept the country. There was, indeed, something of a family atmosphere to the piece, as far as Clay Greene was concerned. His first wife, pretty Alice Greene, was Hebe; his lovely sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank McCormick, was Buttercup; and Clay Greene himself was Dick Deadeye.

Emelie Melville, who was restless in the shackles of dull domesticity, and still had a great predilection for the stage she had renounced when she married, got up this now historical amateur performance, and assumed, very successfully, the rôle of Josephine.

Frank Unger was Admiral Porter, K. C. B. Ben Clark was Rafe Rackstraw, and King Goodrich was the captain of the *Pinafore*. The performance made such a hit that it was prolonged into a regular business engagement at the little old Bush Street Theatre, then under the management of M. A. Kennedy, and all San Francisco went to see it.

In the end, Emelie Melville renounced private for public life, and returned to the stage, and Ben Clark, who had a sweet tenor voice, also became a professional.

Frank Unger, who made, next to Miss Melville, the nearest approximation to a professional effect as a player, was confidently expected to follow their example, but managed to keep his head and remained in private life.

The two friends also shaved off their mustaches and made themselves as nearly duplicates in appearance as possible to play Shakespeare's two Dromios, and Clay Greene carefully did up the two halves of his adornment and presented them to two twin sisters of his acquaintance. And now, something like thirty years after, he is still up to his old tricks, having sacrificed his mustache to appear as the pope in a recent Bohemian Club festivity.

In spite of all the fun and larking during those old days Clay Greene went on play-writing, and in time achieved a number of popular successes. "Miss" or "Struck Oil" (Clay Greene himself doesn't remember which) made a popular hit, and these were followed by other successes. Old timers, when they read the names "Chispa," "The New South," "Forgiven," "The Golden Giant," and "Under the Polar Star," will suddenly feel the past revived, and in their mind's eye see once more old footlight pictures that they had forgotten for more than a quarter of a century.

young scribbler gave up stockbroking forever.

But for him the frolicsome side of life never lost its zest. He was number eighteen in the list of members who joined the Bohemian Club, whose beginning kicked up quite a noise in the old town. Frank Unger joined at the same time. The club used to hold its meetings on Sacramento Street, over the morgue; silence and death downstairs, and gaiety and jokes up. Truly, a dramatic contrast. Sometimes, with that hunger for experience that is particularly characteristic of young men, the more youthful element would wind up an evening's festivity by stopping in at the morgue in search of the ever-absorbing drama of emotions—as Clay Greene called it, "Interviewing the Stiffs."

If theatre-goers had been as profitable rewarders to popular playwrights in those days as they have been in the last two decades, Clay Greene would have accumulated a neat fortune. But it has been reserved for the last quarter of the nineteenth century to show what could be done in that line. And who knows? Perhaps a change awaits us in the next quarter, since the five-cent moving-picture show is cutting so heavily into theatrical receipts.

"Struck Oil" had a lucky title. Its author found it descriptive of what it did for his own fortunes. J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore, two immensely popular comedians, worked the piece here for all it would bring and then took it to Australia. For in those days the route between San Francisco and Chicago was off the theatrical map. When players sighed for new worlds to conquer outside of New York, Boston, and San Francisco, they always went to Australia.

Our little world grows indeed! The Eastern theatrical circuit has so increased in lucrative possibilities that we in California now often have to wait until the celebrities lose their youth and greatest vogue before they come our way.

So Clay Greene, since 1886, has been living in New York (although he affirms that he means to return soon and settle down in San Francisco), and the next thing we know we will be hearing of a reshaped, rewritten, pruned, clipped, polished version of "The Desert" being put before Eastern theatre-goers.

The author feels that the play (which was chosen in preference to another in better shape for immediate use) was pitchforked onto the stage before it was really completed. Its possibilities in the line of atmosphere recommended it to the favorable consideration of the management at the Alcazar. The theatre has made quite a name for itself in the matter of tasteful and appropriate scenic environment. In consequence, "The Desert" is suffering at present from premature birth. But a dramatist of Mr. Greene's long experience may be trusted to remedy some, at least, of the ailments of his latest born, and his friends still hope that these comparatively unproductive later years may soon be brightened by another success.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mme. Tetrassini added to the favor with which she is regarded here, if such a thing were possible, during her recent visit. Her appearances were invariably marked by large audiences, and the great singer gave proof that she felt the appreciation of her hearers. On Tuesday evening Mme. Tetrassini was announced to sing in Sacramento, but for the first time in her career was obliged by a sudden affection of the throat to disappoint a waiting throng. The announcement was made from the stage after the audience had gathered, and the offer was made that all present could have their money returned to them at the box-office, or could retain their seat checks and present them as tickets of admission for a postponed appearance of the diva next Sunday. Following this, the company of supporting artists went through the programme as arranged, with the exception of the Tetrassini numbers. M. Puyans gave flute solos; M. Mascal, the baritone, sang operatic selections; Hother Wismer of San Francisco, who had been engaged to play violin obligato with three songs by the prima donna, gave a violin solo and responded to the encore, and M. Yves Nat gave piano solos.

"The Light of Asia" is not a very dramatic work," says a London journal, "but out of Sir Edwin Arnold's poem Mr. S. C. Bose has made an interesting and beautiful series of spectacles. His 'Buddha' takes its dialogue from 'The Light of Asia,' and sets it off with all the attractions of costume, scenery, and music, to say nothing of the human voice. His six episodes show the young Siddhartha in the garden of his parents at Kapilavastu, where he meets and falls in love with Jashodhara; the Voice of the Wind calling him from his palace of pleasure and his wife's arms to see the world; his acquaintance in the street with men who are not kings, and with suffering, age, and death; his temptation by various forms of illusion under the Bodhi Tree; and, finally, his return home as a Buddha. Mr. William Poel is the producer, and every scene at every group are pleasant to look at, the verse is well spoken."

# FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The first San Francisco appearance of Elsie Janis is to take place at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, March 25. Miss Janis is one of the most distinguished, albeit she is the youngest of American actresses who have achieved stellar honors in the first theatres of the metropolitan cities. Though only twenty-one years old, she has achieved a notable reputation during an active professional career, which began when she was barely ten.

In "The Slim Princess," Miss Janis's vehicle on her first Western tour, she has the most advanced and elaborate offering that she has yet undertaken, and one which is said to afford ample opportunity for the display of her protean talents as comedienne, singer, dancer, and mimic. "The Slim Princess" enlisted the joint services of George Ade, the famous humorist; Henry Blossom, who wrote the librettos of "The Red Mill" and "Mlle. Modiste," of tuneful memory; and Leslie Stuart, the most popular composer of light opera in England, whose tuneful "Florodora" made his name a household word in America.

The supporting company which Charles Dillingham has given Miss Janis contains some eighty players, the most prominent member of which is Joseph Cawthorn, most unctuous of German comedians, who has not been seen in these parts since he starred in the production of "The Free Lance." Among others are Julia Frary, Douglas Stevenson, Queenie Vassar, Florence Williams, Eugene Revere, Estelle Baldwin, Charles Judels, Neil Walton, Oscar Ragland, Sam Burbank, and Louis Baum. The same scenic production so generally praised during the long run of "The Slim Princess" at the Globe Theatre, New York, will be brought here intact. An enlarged orchestra will be under the competent direction of Mr. W. A. Macquinn. The engagement will be for two weeks, with matinees on Saturday only.

The Orpheum announces a great bill for next week, of which Joseph Hart's production of "Everywife," a symbolical play in four scenes by George V. Hobart, will be the principal feature. Mr. Hobart has taken a flash at the old miracle plays, wherein human qualities and emotions are personified and then brought that plan of drama up to date. The characters, from Nobody, who in black face and servant's garb speaks a prologue before each scene, to Everywife and Everyhusband, run the scale of human qualities and desires, which makes modern life complex for the ordinary young married couple. Twenty people appear in the cast.

George McKay and Cantwell will present their latest skit, called "A Breeze from Broadway," which is a satire on New York's famous White Light District. Both McKay and Cantwell are graduates from musical comedy. Their songs are new and as eccentric dancers they have no superiors.

When the offer of a return engagement on the Orpheum Circuit reached Jock McKay he was principal comedian with Lulu Glaser in "Miss Dudsack." It may have been the financial inducement offered or it may have been the memory of his former success, but the Orpheum offer was accepted and McKay retired from Miss Glaser's company. Mr. McKay is a Scotch comedian of the Lauder school. He is unctuous, witty, and has a collection of songs that are individual. He dresses in Scotch kilts and plays the bagpipes as none but a Scot can. Mr. McKay will also be included in next week's attractions.

Another English popular novelty from the London music halls will be the Whittakers. These two will appear in a refined taidol burlesque called "Dick Whittington."

The holdovers will be the Wilson Brothers; Mike Bernard and Amy Butler; Rice and Prevost, and Robert T. Haines and his company in George Broadhurst's one-act drama, "The Coward."

Following Elsie Janis at the Columbia Theatre will appear no less important an attraction than Klaw & Erlanger's production of the remarkable musical hit, "The Pink Lady."

Alice Lloyd in her production of "Little Miss Fikit" will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre, as will also the other Werba and Luescher star, Mizzi Hajos, in "The Spring Maid."

Blanche Bates is now on her way west and will be seen at the Columbia Theatre in David Belasco's production of the comedy, "Nobody's Widow."

Maude Adams's engagement at the Columbia Theatre in "Chantecler" will be a limited one and her Western tour will embrace only the larger cities of this state.

The final performance by Lulu Glaser in "Miss Dudsack" will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night.

Mrs. Fiske's engagement at the Empire Theatre, New York, in "Lady Patricia," terminates at the end of this week, after which she will not act again before next season.

# The Calve Concerts.

Something quite out of the usual in the way of concerts is promised by Manager Will L. Greenbaum in the performances to be given at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoons, March 31 and April 7, by Mme. Emma Calvé and her assisting artists, Galileo Gaspari, dramatic tenor, Brahm Van den Bergh, solo pianist and conductor, and a splendid orchestra. The programmes will be divided into two parts, the first being in the regulation concert form, and the second part to scenes from operas given in costume, with scenery, etc., and fully acted as well as sung.

At the first concert scenes from "Carmen" will be given, so arranged that the entire love story of the cigarette girl and the soldier is amply told, and at the second event the scenes will be from "Cavalleria Rusticana." In these two works Calvé has no equal living. She is without doubt the greatest combination of actress and singer on the stage and the rôles that she becomes identified with it is impossible for any one else to be accepted in at the world's leading opera houses. Calvé is in every way a genius among the great singers, and when at her best stands alone and unapproachable. She promises Manager Greenbaum that she will give performances that will prove her to be still one of the world's great artists.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday, March 27, at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s accompanied by check or money order.

Calvé will give a special performance at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, April 9, and orders for this event should be mailed to H. W. Bishop at Ye Liberty in Oakland.

# The Bonci Concerts.

Alessandro Bonci, the greatest living lyric tenor, and an artist hailed by the entire world of music as the King of Bel Canto, is announced for two recitals at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoons, April 14 and 21, in delightful programmes of classic and modern songs and arias from his favorite operatic rôles.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Why the city of Paris should make an Easter present to the Czar of Russia it is hard to say. It must have been quite a nuisance to decide what to give and it must have been quite a nuisance to the Czar to be given anything, at least anything that could be made a hiding place for dynamite. In this instance the present was an Easter egg encrusted with precious stones and surmounted by a small gold crown.

Now the Czar is the richest monarch in the world. Probably he has more jewels than all the rest of them put together, and if he wants any more he has only to send round to the store and order them in by the carload C. O. D. And yet the metropolis of a republican country must needs go out of its way to make a present that, under the circumstances, is absolutely without value.

But perhaps the Czarina will take care of this absurd egg. The Czarina is said to be of a frugal mind and even to be guilty of having costly hats sent home on approval, copying them, and then sending them back as unsuitable.

We have to go abroad in order to get the news of our own country. The Boston correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* says that Prince Jaisint, the son of the Gaekwar of Baroda, has just left Harvard because of his inability to live on \$250 a week. Until recently his allowance has been \$500 a week, but the Gaekwar has been informed that there are several people in America whose incomes are less than this, and so this unfeeling parent has cut his son's allowance in half. He thought it might do the young man good to feel the grip of real poverty, especially now the winter is over.

As soon as the *Chronicle* printed this item it received a letter dated from London and signed "Harvard." The writer was indignant at the suggestion that it was usual for students to live expensively at the university. He says that nine-tenths of the Harvard men go through their four years at a cost of about \$15 a week. Therefore he protests against "an unjust suggestion of overruling class millionairism in Harvard." Now \$15 a week seems pretty small for a Harvard man. We read about these young hopefuls in the newspapers now and then, and they are usually doing something for which an income of \$15 a week would be quite inadequate.

There was a time when we believed that the fate of the nation was secure so long as Philadelphia stood proudly at the post of propriety. We believe so still, but unfortunately Philadelphia herself seems to have been lured into frivolous ways and to be in danger of losing her proud place as the national mentor. We have it on the authority of Mr. Joseph Rogers, who is the assistant public prosecutor, that there are married men in Philadelphia who are so lost to all sense of decency as to conceal the fact that they are already prisoners on parole and who have the effrontery to join the quarry for the sake of the exhilarating scamper, with the hunt in close pursuit. It is dreadful to record such things of Philadelphia, but we have always had our suspicions that things are not quite what they seem in the Quaker City.

But all may yet be well if Mr. Rogers is allowed to have his way. Would that the country were full of just such stalwart officials as Mr. Rogers, who can be trusted to frame a law inside of about two minutes, or to suggest an ordinance that will nip all frivolities in the bud and almost before they have begun to crack the shell. These metaphors are somewhat mixed, but enthusiasm always acts upon us in that way.

Mr. Rogers has sent out a circular advising that all unmarried men be required to wear a button or a badge as evidence of their unclaimed position. In this way the pursuit could be more intelligently directed and many a woman would be spared the disappointment that sometimes crowns a long and desperate chase.

The proposal has merits. There is a sporting element about it that appeals to us. In the first place it would bring a measure of relief to the married man, who has troubles enough already without the constant vigilance that should devolve only upon the free. On the other hand, it would impose no real hardship upon the bachelor, who is presumably young and agile and whose running capacities should be at their prime. It is among the requisites of a good hunt that the scent should be strong and that there should be no cross trails. By the adoption of the bachelor button the married man would be able to appear in full daylight, while the youthful and athletic bachelor would understand that his safety depended upon his power of sustained flight.

Mrs. Kendal, the celebrated English actress, has been interviewed upon this point, and of course she raises all kinds of objections. She says that whether you put a badge upon the married man or upon the bachelors it must be some kind of a badge that won't come off. A German man, she reminds us, wear wedding rings, but some one once told of a Ger-

man—the story is vastly improbable, but possibly true—who slipped away from home one evening under the pretense of seeing a man about a dog and who came home after nine o'clock with his wedding ring in his waistcoat pocket. Now what good is any kind of a button, asks Mrs. Kendal, that can be slipped on and off in a moment? Obviously none at all. So she suggests that a ring through the nose would be more efficacious. Let the insertion of the ring by a competent blacksmith be a part of the wedding service, and this could be made into quite a pretty little ceremony by the aid of the anvil chorus. A husband thus ringed would not only be secure from pursuit and annoyance, but also from temptation, while the ring would be invaluable in the enforcement of domestic discipline.

Mr. Redfern, the head of the famous Paris firm of dressmakers, says that the new fashions will permit women to wear lingerie. He said that to a reporter, a male young man who had innocently called upon him in the pursuit of knowledge and who had just been shown three hours of paradise who were kept on chain in the adjoining room for the purpose of displaying the new modes. These exquisite and angelic creatures entered the room with "a slow gliding motion, one hand raised to the lips in a mysterious hieratic gesture." We don't know what a hieratic gesture is, and we would scorn to know anything that we could not tell to our wives, but as Mr. Redfern explained that these nymphs would be able to get into a carriage without raising their dresses to their knees we may suppose that the hieratic gesture was intended to prove that they had the same liberty of motion at the north pole as at the south.

But to return to the lingerie, which is a collective name for things not otherwise specified and that only husbands and custom-house inspectors know anything about. We want to understand this matter—theoretically of course. Mr. Redfern's remark strikes us like a bombshell and even our blushes translate themselves into a vast interrogation mark. Are we to understand that the recent fashions, the sheath dresses and the like, precluded the use of lingerie and that the ladies who affected them wore nothing underneath, no laces, frills, unnameable things with delightful edgings to them, in fact no nothing? Is it possible, and we never knew it? And yet, come to think of it, it must have been so. In the innocence of our pure male undefiled hearts it never occurred to us, but now Mr. Redfern's illuminating comment opens the door to many a concealed mystery. It is true that we had often noticed—but there, never mind about that. We must remember that these words are not only for the young, and adult curiosity must be discouraged. But no lingerie! no underclothing! Well, well, well!

Of course, come to think of it, there couldn't have been. There was no room for any. Those delicious and intoxicating garments that are displayed in the shop windows, but that can not be named without an impropriety, could not possibly have been inserted under the sheath gown without causing it to wrinkle and even to protrude, and, as high heaven is our witness, it never did wrinkle or protrude. Therefore the garments that may not be named, but that may be looked at in the shop windows were not there at all. There was nothing there. There was just a woman and a sheath gown. It is curious how we can overlook the obvious. There was an old hymn written with an application different to the present one, but it comes in appositely. The main verses elude the memory, but the chorus was as follows:

There she goes, there she goes,  
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes,  
But nobody knows, nobody knows,  
Whether she wears any underclothes.

But we know now. Mr. Redfern has told us. She did not wear any underclothes, but she will in future.

We hear from time to time that the day of the silk hat has passed and that a death blow has been struck at this tyranny of male fashion. But perhaps this optimistic forecast must be revised in view of the terrible news that reaches us from China. We are now used to wars and rumors of wars from the Celestial Kingdom, but the worst was yet to come. China has decided to adopt the silk hat in place of the pigtail, and the change has been made compulsory among the official classes and the members of foreign embassies.

Indeed nothing but a compulsory edict could effect so dire a change. There was a time when we loved our brother Chinaman and threw bricks at him for the love of his soul. Mark Twain tells us that as a boy he believed he could win the Divine favor by stoning the Mongolian. We know better than that now. Even Sunday-school boys do not stone Chinamen, at least not much, but if our yellow brother should be so ill advised as to appear on the streets in a silk hat it is to be feared that we might witness the birth of a new Oriental problem. We can stand a great deal, but not, not a Chinaman in a topker.

Here in the West we believe that we are emancipated from the abomination, that we have thrown off the shackles. But we haven't. The silk hat is still worn upon festive occasions, at ceremonies, at marriages, and when we expect to shake hands with the President. Ordinarily we keep the horror hidden away in a closet, but we worship it all the same. We regard it as a link with better days, and when occasion requires us to wear it we do it with a sense of fatuous pride. In spite of our ordinarily villainous appearance we feel that we can do the right thing when we have to, that we are still hitched to the proprieties.

And yet it is hardly more than a hundred years ago that a man was prosecuted for wearing a silk hat. It was a first offense. It was the first time any one had offended in such a way, and so the court was perplexed as to how the wretch should be dealt with. He was required to give a bond for future good behavior, but if the judge had only known the effect of his ill-timed leniency he would have ordered that the malefactor be holed in oil, hanged, drawn, and quartered, and then confined in a lunatic asylum for the rest of his natural life.

This abandoned creature was called John Hetherington, and he was a London haberdasher. An old work on costumes has this to say of him: "The result of wearing such a startling novelty in head-gear was that a large crowd of spectators gathered round the haberdasher before he had proceeded far along the street. Hetherington was arraigned before the lord mayor on a charge of breach of the peace, and was required to give bonds in the sum of £500. The evidence produced went to show that Mr. Hetherington, who was well connected, appeared on the public highway wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (which was produced), a tall structure having a shiny lustre, and calculated to frighten timid people. The officers of the crown stated that several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs yelped, and a young son of Cordiwiner Thomas was thrown down by the crowd which had collected, and had his arm broken."

Hetherington is presumably dead, and if it would be possible to add in any way to his just torments, we should like to give him an opportunity to peep over the edges of hell and to see Chinamen wearing top hats.

"You are charged with poisoning this lady's pet dog. I shall deal severely with such ingratitude. She testifies that she had just given you a mince pie." "I didn't do it intentionally, judge. I did feed him a piece of de pie."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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The favorite route the Bay automobile trip is now to be a regular daily excursion, available for persons not owning cars nor caring to rent a car.

Beginning SUNDAY, March 24th, a well appointed six-cylinder, seven-passenger automobile will leave the Palace and St. Francis Hotels at 8:30 every morning for a leisurely run around the Bay, going by Oakland, Fruitvale, the Foothill Boulevard, Niles, to San Jose; where a stop of an hour and a half will be made at the comfortable Vendome Hotel for luncheon. The return will be via Santa Clara, Palo Alto (with a turn through Stanford University grounds), Menlo and Fair Oaks, through the Peninsula Hotel grounds to San Mateo, where connection will be made with the train for the City and tickets furnished those who may wish to cover the last twenty miles by rail.

The driver is experienced; there will be no speeding, the roads are good, the Santa Clara Valley is very beautiful, the orchards are a sea of bloom, the poppies are out and abundant.

The distance covered is 100 miles. Home about 5:30. The fare is \$8.00.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In London the saloons are open on Sundays between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. A couple of roughs were standing in front of one of these accommodations waiting for it to open when a Salvation Army captain who was passing said, "Men, don't you know that when you enter a saloon you enter hell." "That's all right, old top," piped one of the roughs, "they'll throw us out in a couple of hours."

John Sharp Williams says the best nominating speech he ever heard was made by Private John Allen, who used to be a member of the House from Mississippi. The man Allen wished to get on the ticket was an ex-Confederate soldier who had lost both legs and had a crippled arm. There were many things that could have been said about the man's war record, but Allen wished to be brief. He got up, looked at the fellow, and brought the entire gathering to its feet by his speech. He said: "I desire to nominate all that's left of poor John Smith."

Charles Frohman was talking to a Philadelphia reporter about the importance of detail. "Those who work for me," he said, "follow my direction down to the very smallest item. To go wrong in detail, you know, is often to go altogether wrong—like the dissipated husband. A dissipated husband, as he stood before his house in the small hours searching for his latchkey, muttered over and over to himself: 'Now, which did my wife say—bic—have two whiskeys an' get home hy twelve, or—hic—have twelve whiskeys an' get home hy two?'"

A traveler stopped for luncheon at the small railway station eating-house in a Mississippi town. An old darkey shuffled up and announced in a gruff voice that the bill of fare consisted of ham, eggs, corn-bread, and coffee. After due deliberation the traveler stated that he would like some ham, eggs, corn-bread, and coffee. Such a pretentious order for one person only appeared to stagger the aged servitor. But he soon recovered his equanimity and started toward the kitchen. Then he turned and came back with this inquiry: "Boss, how will yo' hah dem eggs, hlind or lookin' at yer?"

At the risk of another tart hut incriminating retort from the *Outlook*, this column presents another good colonel story, found in the New York *Evening Post*: One of the persons who are so fortunate—or unfortunate—(it depends upon your political point of view)—as to have the privilege of interviewing Colonel Theodore Roosevelt at more or less regular intervals was thrown the other day by a fractious horse, with dire results as to countenance. The first day he visited the colonel thereafter he was viewed with considerable interest, and finally Colonel Roosevelt walked over to his side. "Who hit you?" he demanded. "A reactionary?"

Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, looked critically at the cigar that the little, thin, pale-faced man had just given him. "You're married, sir," he said, "and you have a wife that is very fond of expensive gowns, fashionable hats, and other luxuries?" "Yes, that's indeed true. But—" "You have four or five daughters that are very extravagant, and a couple of sons that spend just as freely." "You astound me. But—" "You have a mortgage on your house." "Everything is just as you say. But please tell me how you know all this?" The great detective made a very wry face and, looking as if he would suffocate, said laconically: "The cigar."

It was a divorce case and the detective witness came to the stand dressed in black broadcloth, wore a gold fob and seals, and looked much more like a respectable middle-aged solicitor than a member of the police force. The man's testimony was likely to be damaging to his client, so the attorney began his cross-examination very gently and was excessively polite. "I believe you are John Blank, of the firm of Blank & Co., the eminent detectives?" "Yes, sir," said the witness, "I represent that firm." "And I presume," continued the counsel, "that in the course of your duties as a detective you have, at times, to assume many disguises?" "Yes, sir." "Then," said the attorney, smiling, "will you have the goodness to tell the court just what you are disguised as now?"

Paul J. Rainey was dining in New York—fresh from his slaughter of seventy-four lions in Africa. "Ugh!" said a young girl. "Killing lions! How could you?" "Lion-killing is a matter of taste," said Mr. Rainey, and then, with a laugh, he continued: "Everything is a matter of taste, you know. At the Kingsway in London I once went to see Lena Ashwell in 'Madame X.' It was a matinee. Girls and women surrounded me. These girls and women, like Lena Ashwell's speckled like

pumps, like fountains, like Niagaras. I was sorry I hadn't brought my raincoat. It got so damp I feared I'd catch cold. But after a while the spectacle of the hundreds of weeping girls and women began to amuse me. Forgetting the damp and the discomfort, I began to laugh. I couldn't help it. I laughed on and on. I held my sides and shook. A beautiful young girl on my right looked at me over her wet handkerchief, first reproachfully, then indignantly. At last she plucked up courage to say, in a low, fierce voice broken by sobs: 'I wish you—would go away! Even if the play doesn't amuse you, at least you might—you might let those around you enjoy it.'

THE COLUMBIA SPEAKER.

At a recent meeting of the National Press Club in Washington, D. C., Mr. T. W. Brehany contributed to the gaiety of the evening with a skit, which, though a frank imitation of the great and only Mr. Dooley, has some good points. His reading included these paragraphs:

"Ye've read Rosenfelt's speech, an, ye say 'tis a gr-reat utterance, an' yit ye don't know any more what he said thin Mathilda McCormick knows about atin' out iv a dinner pail, or drinkin' from a saucer. An' ye're right at that. I've read it meself, an' nixt to Billy Lorimer's speech in th' Sinit, 'tis th' gr-reatest contribution to diffensive literachoor since th' days iv Robert Emmet. Listen 'till I read it to ye: 'An' now, me fellow-citizens, as to th' recall, which I'm fr, hut on th' other hand, 'tis only fair to say all iv th' judges I know are gr-reat an' high-minded min, an' as to thim this vulgar come-off-th'-hunch-or-I'll-put-th'-hracelets-on-ye, although wan iv th' pillars iv our institution, would he an awful calamity. Siccond, there's th' Sherman law—named fr th' gr-reat General Sherman, who said 'War is hell,' construed he th' rule iv ray-son in th' Supreme Court' read: 'There's hell in th' War Department.' This brings me to a discussion iv th' tariff. In th' language iv Colonel Jawn A. Joyce, th' pote iv th' Plain People—

I'm in favor of a tariff,  
Call it what ye may,  
That'll bring joy to Massachusetts,  
Also to Iowa.

"'An' in conclusion let me add, a government iv th' people, he th' people, fr th' people, an' on th' people. Let us all jine in singin' th' new national anthem—'Save th' honds an' hurn th' hondholders.'"

"Well, sir, they was a time when I thought Rosenfelt was out iv it fr good. I did so. Politicians is like prize-fighters, O'Leary. Ye niver can tell about a scrapper. Wraslers, runners, jumpers, an' sivin-up players win th' diamond belt an' retire to become insurance agents, hut 'tis different with fighters. They're not satisfied with th' champenship, an' have to be licked before they quit. The most iv thim go into th' liquor business. Some iv them have an indirect interest in th' same before they quit, hut that's not here nor there. I've chanted raqueems over a lot iv fightin' min in me time, O'Leary. I've seen Jawn L. bate Paddy Ryan an' thin draw with Charley Mitchell, an' Corbett lick Sullivan, an' Dimpsey hate somewan else, an' Fitz put it all over Dimpsey, an' Jeffries lick Fitz, an' Johnson hate Jeff, an' Jo Bailey hate Albert J. Biv'ridge, an' Biv'ridge hate himself, an' th' Raypublicans hate Schedule 'K,' an' Schedule 'K' hate th' Raypublicans. Yis, O'Leary, I've seen man-ny th' ups an' downs in me time, an' iv th' Coliseum aint howed up he th' hirelin's iv Wall Street, I'll live to see Rosenfelt—th' gr-reatest iv thim all—take th' count fr'm th' hig fellow.

"'Me hat is in th' ring,' says th' hrave Rosenfelt at Columh's. 'Hoo-ray!' I says; says I, 'Hoo-ray! a real white hope at last! Is Colonel Jack Johnson in th' hall?'"

"Well, sir, I've read iverything on prize-fightin' fr'm Brian Boru to Jawn Boyle O'Reilly, an' I've niver yit knowed a real champeen to win he throwin' his hat into th' ring an' thin talkin' through it. Corbett has been tryin' it iver since he got th' solus plexus, an' ye see where he is: Twenty-cints a throw; hox sates thirty-five, come wan, come all, an' see Gintlemin Jim sprint three fast rounds iv th' manly art. No, O'Leary, they can't come back, an' Rosenfelt can't go hack. He's no ixception, an' whin he finds it out I shudder to think what'll become iv th' plain people. 'Twill he a sad day for Gifford Pinchback, th' lightweight champeen iv Alaska, who's heen in Rosenfelt's corner in ivery fight since Mrs. Minor Morris. Pinchback is wan iv th' plainst iv all iv us—a wood-chopper he trade. An' thin that other son iv toil, Jonathan Burns, who served his time as a plasterer. What'll become iv him, I dinnaw. But I feel wurst fr Charlie Crane, an' Mathilda McCormick, two as hardy sons iv th' plain people as iver drove an ice wagon. I'm afeer'd it'll go hard with thim. Other day lahorees like Bill Ward an' Cecil Lyons an' Frank Munsey an' Hinery Grahitt Lodge will worry along somehow. They're Jacks iv all trades, as quick on their feet as with their hands, an' won't he long out iv a job."

"I'll het ye'll vote fr Rosenfelt ye'rself," said Mr. O'Leary.

"No," replied Mr. Casey. "No, I'm agin third terms, siccond-and-a-half terms, an' first terms. I'll vote fr Willum Jennings. I'm too old a man now t' change th' habits iv a lifetime. Whin he run first on free silver I heard him say meself: 'Vote fr me an' good times.' I took him at his word, an' voted fr him, an' times has been good iver since. So I'll vote fr him again. Besides, I've acquired th' *Outlook* habit, an' Rosenfelt is wan iv th' most intertainin' writers that iver upset a hottle iv ink."



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Frances Mary Martin, and Mr. Du Val Moore, on Wednesday, April 10, at high noon, at St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained forty friends at a dinner preceding the dance at the new clubhouse of the Burlingame Country Club. Others who entertained at dinners were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. Peter Martin, Mr. Edmonds Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in Woodside. A number of guests motored down from Burlingame and San Mateo.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury will entertain fifty children at a fancy dress party today at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin recently entertained a dinner and theatre party.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee gave a dinner last week at their home on Clay Street. The affair was complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lyons Barbour of Hartford, Connecticut.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Barbour.

Mrs. George McNear, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. John McNear.

Mrs. August Schilling and Miss Elsa Schilling gave a tea last week at their home in Oakland complimentary to Mrs. Henry K. Belden and Miss Nadine Belden, who have recently returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw entertained a number of friends Friday at a dinner at their home in Vernon Heights, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. S. Herbert Langon of Portland.

Mrs. J. J. Valentine gave a bridge party at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Mrs. Stanley Moore.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore was hostess at a luncheon Monday in honor of Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes of Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown of Aspen, Colorado, were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Presidio by Captain Martin Crammins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crammins.

Mr. Charles N. Black was host at a dinner at the Burlingame Club complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, who was again the complimented guest at a dinner and card party given by Miss Lillian Van Vorst.

Mrs. Chauncey Boardman entertained a number of friends Friday at a bridge-tea at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Deering gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene and the Misses Robinson were the guests of honor at a reception Thursday evening at the Bohemian Club.

Lieutenant C. P. Huff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Huff gave a dinner in honor of Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore, who will leave Yerba Buena shortly for Cavite and Olongapo.

Paymaster Fred Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins entertained at a dinner complimentary to Admiral and Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. J. S. Clark gave a bridge-tea Thursday at her home in the Presidio.

Mrs. B. P. Knight was hostess at a tea Wednesday at the Presidio.

Mrs. William C. Davis entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea yesterday at her home in the Presidio.

Mrs. William Romaine gave a bridge party Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young.

Miss Arabella Morrow will give a tea in honor of Miss Jane Wickersham, whose engagement to Mr. Stewart McNab has recently been announced. The woman's board of the Panama-Pacific Exposition gave a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to the visiting delegation from Oregon.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia arrived yesterday from New Orleans, where she made a brief visit en route to this city. Mrs. Harding is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James W. Keeney.

Mr. A. S. J. Holt returned last week to his home in Seattle after a visit in Southern California and this city.

Mr. Charles B. Alexander has returned to New York after a brief visit here. Mr. Alexander accompanied his daughters, the Misses Harriet and Janet Alexander, on their trip west.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. William

Mayo Newhall left yesterday for New York to spend the Easter holidays with their sons, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Jr., and Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lyons Barbour have returned to their home in Hartford, Connecticut, after a two weeks' stay at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Sydney Davis will spend the early summer in Santa Barbara, and will later join her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, in Belvedere, where a country home is in the course of construction.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker moved today to their country home in Woodside after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Josephine Redding has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Miss Eleonora Sears spent the weekend in Monterey.

The Misses Harriet and Janet Alexander spent the week-end with their cousin, Miss Jennie Crocker, at her home in Burlingame.

The Misses Marian Crocker and Helen Bertheau, and the Messrs. George Willcutt, Rudolph Bertheau, and Kenneth Moore were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., at their home in Oakland.

Mrs. Lily Hitchcock Coit leaves today for Europe to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Sands Forman has come up from Coronado to visit Mrs. Harry Holbrook and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr.

Mr. Peter Martin will sail April 1 for Paris, where he will join Mrs. Martin, who has been abroad for the past year.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney sailed for the Orient this week.

Lord Herbert and Lady Herbert, Lord Tweedmouth and Lady Tweedmouth, who have been visiting in Coronado, sailed today from New York for their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan sailed last week for Genoa en route to Lyons, where Mr. Carrigan will at once assume the duties of American vice-consul.

Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Master Charles Crocker, will leave next Thursday for Europe, where they will join Miss Ethel Crocker, who left last Sunday with Miss Bessie Bowie. Miss Crocker will continue her vocal music in Paris.

Governor Norris of Montana and Governor Hay of Washington have arrived in this city to select sites for the buildings of their respective states at the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. They are accompanied by a large delegation from Washington.

Messrs. Raphael Weill and Frank Unger and Dr. F. K. Ainsworth sailed for the Orient this week and will tour the world before returning home.

Dr. Charles B. Cooper arrived last week from his home in Honolulu.

Mrs. H. N. Cook, mother of Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, has returned from Europe and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Frank M. Brown has returned from a brief visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., spent the weekend in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have returned to town after having spent several days at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. H. B. Chase and her daughter, Miss Ysabel Chase, are temporarily established at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. Walter McCreery has returned from an extended visit in Europe and Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope are contemplating spending the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard have arrived at Santa Barbara from Chicago, en route to this city.

Ex-Governor David R. Francis of Missouri and Mrs. Francis have been recent guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Grace Rosenfeld of Chicago, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, left Thursday for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond and their daughters, the Misses Edwina and Daisy Hammond, have returned to their home on Broadway. The Misses Hammond have been traveling in Europe.

Mr. Charles Frechorn has arrived from Paris and will spend several weeks in this city and Burlingame.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw and her daughters, Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw, have arrived in Naples from Egypt and will travel through Italy. In Cairo they were met by Dr. George D. Lyman and Mrs. Lyman (formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicken).

Mrs. John McMullin and her daughter, Mrs. Hayes, have returned from Coronado.

Mr. George W. Hellman has gone to Vancouver for an indefinite stay.

Miss Genevieve Cunningham spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan.

Miss Lily O'Connor has returned from Coronado, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bullard have returned from Boston and are established in the home on Washington Street of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, who are traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have opened

their home in San Rafael for the summer. They have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott in Burlingame.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith has recovered from her recent illness and has returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dearborn of New York have been spending the past two weeks in this city. Mr. Dearborn is a cousin of Mr. Warren Dearborn Clark.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles has returned from Atlanta, Georgia, after a visit with her father, Mr. Paul Cowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke have returned to their home in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Brooke, who was formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy, spent several weeks here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy.

Miss Leslie Page, who has been spending the winter in Washington, D. C., will visit her cousin, Mrs. Temple Bridgman (formerly Miss Anita Mailliard), before returning to her country home in San Rafael.

Miss Lily Hathaway sailed this week for Honolulu, where she will remain several months visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barnard of Piedmont left Tuesday for a two months' trip to Japan.

Mrs. James Coffin and her daughter, Miss Natalie Coffin, will leave next week for Ross, where they will open their home for the season. They have been spending the winter in the house on Buchanan and Washington Streets of Mrs. F. W. Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond are established in their new home.

Mrs. A. P. McQuistan (formerly Miss Eva Castle) arrived last week from her home in Salt Lake and is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. L. Castle, and her sister, Mrs. Charles Farquharson.

Miss Harriett Alexander has been spending the past week in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson.

Mrs. George Gardner (formerly Miss Edith Findlay) has arrived from the East and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findlay.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Peyton have returned from Europe and are making a brief stay in New York.

Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt has been for several days at the Fairmont Hotel, en route from Southern California to New York. She left Wednesday in her private car with her party, which included Mr. and Mrs. F. Lothrop Ames and Mr. W. Amory of Boston, and Mr. W. P. Burden of New York.

Captain Elmer W. Clark, U. S. A., has gone to Vancouver Barracks for duty with his regiment.

Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lundeen arrived Thursday, March 14, from the Philippines. Colonel Lundeen has retired from the army and will leave shortly with Mrs. Lundeen for St. Paul, where they will reside in the future.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., Mrs. Murray, and the Misses Sadie and Carolyn Murray, who arrived last week from Washington, D. C., will shortly be established in their new home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Rear-Admiral Thomas, U. S. N., arrived last Friday from Honolulu and will be joined here by her husband, who has recently returned from the Orient.

Lieutenant H. Conger Pratt, U. S. A., aid to General Arthur Murray, has arrived from Washington, D. C.

## Beel Quartet Concert Sunday Afternoon.

One of the most interesting and novel programmes of chamber music ever given in this city is the offering of the Beel Quartet at its fifth concert in the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel this Sunday afternoon, March 24, at 2:30. The works that have never before been given in this city are a Duo for Violin and Viola by Jean Marie Leclair, played by Messrs. Beel and Firestone, accompanied by Gyula Ormay; and a Quartet by Arensky, dedicated to the memory of Tschai-kowsky, which is said to be a wonderful specimen of the modern Russian school. A charming Quartet by Haydn will complete the programme.

Tickets are on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday at the news-stand of the St. Francis Hotel.

The final concert of the Beel Quartet is announced for Thursday night, April 11.

## Cantata by the Choral Society.

Among the important musical events which will take place this season the presentation of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," by the San Francisco Choral Society will be one of the most noteworthy. Although only in its third year the society has done much good work, and judging from past performances, this coming concert will be highly successful. The society has been greatly handicapped by the indifference of the musical public of San Francisco to this class of music, but in spite of many discouragements it has made wonderful progress.

"The Golden Legend" has never been produced in San Francisco, and in addition to being a beautiful piece of music will be a decided novelty. The solo parts will be sung by the best singers that can be procured in the bay cities and a full symphony orchestra will be engaged. Mr. Paul Steindorff is the director of the society. Mr. Steindorff is well known as the leader of the late Tivoli Opera House and is at present a member of the faculty of the University of California.

Another announcement which will excite interest is that the music and dramatic committee of the University of California have requested Mr. Steindorff to again present Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Greek Theatre on Good Friday afternoon. Prominent soloists and a large orchestra will be engaged, and the San Francisco Choral So-

ciety with other societies from Oakland and Berkeley have been invited to sing the choral work.

At a recent business meeting of the society it was decided to charge an initiation fee, which will go into effect at the beginning of next season, and all who wish to join are urged to do so at once.

A new oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," will be sung on the evening of Palm Sunday, March 31, at St. Dominic's Church. The oratorio is the composition of Dr. P. Hartmann, O. F. M., and is dedicated to Alfonso XIII, King of Spain. St. Dominic's choir will be augmented by a number of extra voices, and the oratorio will be under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

First among the official visits of state dignitaries in connection with preparations for the Panama-Pacific Exposition was that of the Oregon delegation last week, headed by Governor West and Mrs. West and including many prominent citizens. A site on the eastern slope of the Presidio was chosen for the Oregon building and marked with a flagstaff brought from the north. The delegation left for home early this week. Next in the order of reception came the Washington delegation, headed by Governor Hay, and accompanied by Governor Norris of Montana and Governor Hawley of Idaho. Governor Spry of Utah and Governor Vessey of South Dakota will be here next week.

Five thousand men and women of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the United Irish Societies went to mass at St. Mary's Cathedral Sunday morning, St. Patrick's Day, after having marched in procession from Valencia and Sixteenth Streets. Major J. C. Collins was grand marshal. Father R. P. Brennan celebrated the solemn high mass, and Father Caraher spoke on Irish history. In the afternoon at the Auditorium Father Thomas E. Burke of New York made an appropriate address, and music, vocal and instrumental, dancing, and tableaux followed. The Knights of St. Patrick gave a banquet in the evening at the Bellevue Hotel.

Colonel Southard Hoffman, who had been connected with the United States courts in this city from 1876 to the beginning of the present year, died at his home last Saturday, aged seventy-six. He was a captain of New York volunteers in the Civil War and was breveted lieutenant-colonel before he retired from the army in 1865. He was appointed clerk of the District Court thirty-six years ago, and clerk of the Circuit Court in 1897. Under the new law the Circuit Court was abolished January 1, 1912, and Colonel Hoffman then retired. He is survived by his widow, three sons, and two daughters.

For a consideration of \$9,275,000, the Home Telephone Company, which has been in operation in this city about two years, sold its plant to the Pacific Telephone Company last Saturday, and the business of the two corporations will be merged.

The will of the late Herman Steinmann made the widow, Mrs. Rebecca Steinmann, sole devisee of the \$200,000 estate. There are three grown children, but the father trusted to the natural affection of the mother and left their interests in her hands. B. U. Steinmann, a brother of the decedent, and formerly mayor of Sacramento, is administrator of the estate. Mrs. Steinmann has been given a \$500 monthly allowance by the court.

Nearly five hundred canine aristocrats competed for blue ribbons at the exhibition of the Golden Gate Kennel Club in the Auditorium this week. Boston terriers were in the majority at the show, though there were thirty-eight Airedales, twenty-seven French bulldogs, and a good display of Irish terriers and of the toy varieties. Miss Jennie Crocker and Miss Jewel M. Lynch were prominent among exhibitors. Judge Mortimer awarded the prizes.

To protest would avail nothing, doubtless, but the Navy Department plan of designating its submarine craft by letters and numerals, as *F 1*, *H 3*, seems unnecessarily grim and disparaging. A lot of appropriately belligerent titles might be borrowed from their finny prototypes—*Pike*, *Shark*, *Killer*, for instance; and, going on to more euphonious but equally fitting appellations, *Sturgeon*, *Muskellonge*. In fact, the new boats do get such names, even if they may not appear on the official records. The one launched Tuesday at the Union Iron Works is called *Barracuda*, familiarly, though she is set down in the books as *F 2*. Her elder sister, *F 1*, which has just had her trial trip, bears the pet name *Carp*, though that does not carry a gamey flavor. There are five more building in the same yards—*H 1*, *H 2*, *K 3*, *K 7*, and *K 8*. That last is not bad, as a phonetic spelling of Kate, or, with a prefixed S, as *Skate*. When *H 2* takes her first plunge into H2O another happy incident will be noted.

At the meeting of the board of supervisors Monday evening it was resolved to begin work on the Twin Peaks tunnel as soon as plans and specifications could be prepared. This means that Market Street will be extended under ground for half a mile or more at its western extremity and street-car communication be made possible with a large tract of prospective residence property on the other side of the hills. An ordinance requiring all dogs running at liberty to wear muzzles was adopted. This will be supplemented undoubtedly by a law insisting that cats wear Maxim silencers at night.

Miss Mary Agnes Deane, member of the city board of education, and formerly for many years a teacher in the grammar schools and principal of the Redding primary school, died this morning. Miss Deane was

much loved and respected as an educator, and had been high in the councils of national as well as of local educational associations. She was a sister of Mrs. M. H. de Young and Mr. John J. Deane, and had lived for years at the De Young home on California Street.

Mrs. Bell Crandall Love, who died in this city Monday, was president of the Pioneer Women of California. When a child Mrs. Love came to California from Illinois with her foster parents, Dr. and Mrs. Crandall, who made their home in Auburn in 1851. Mrs. Love was married in San Francisco in 1875, and had lived here since. Two daughters survive her: Mrs. Charles Wilson and Mrs. Edward Selecman.

Some comment is provoked by the phrase, "a means of communication by telephone and telepathy between all the inhabitants," used in the proposition on the ballot which may be voted March 29. In its anxiety to acquire all possible methods of wire and wireless service, the supervisors evidently omitted no precaution suggested by physics or psychics. In the event that the citizens do not vote to buy a telephone system, as planned, the telepathic mode will still remain untrammelled by corporate control.

They have been doing such things for a long time in Southern California, and the tourists carry kindly thoughts away and spread their descriptions of the beauties seen. That is, they have arranged enchanting drives, rides, and excursions for visiting strangers. Central and Northern California have been strangely neglectful of the tourist, and to the loss of all. But an effort is being made at last to open a new and delightful vista to sojourners here. "The Wishbone Jaunt" is the title given to a regular daily excursion by automobile down the eastern side of the bay and return on the west side, a hundred-mile ride through a land of good roads, fruit orchards, diversified scenery of foothills, cañons, valley and stream. Two stops are made at famous hostleries, and every detail of the plan has been worked out for the utmost of comfort and enjoyment. The jaunt is available to individual tourists or parties, and the cost is less than one-sixth the ordinary automobile rate. Reservations may be made at the prominent hotels.

Following George C. Tyler's departure for Europe in search of theatrical attractions for next season and his announcement on the eve of leaving that his firm has renewed its lease of the Century Theatre, it was learned that Mr. Tyler has entered into an agreement with Klaw & Erlanger, heads of the "theatrical syndicate," whereby all the Liebler & Co. attractions, about twenty in all, and important companies all of them, will hereafter be booked in syndicate theatres (writes the dramatic authority of the New York Herald). For two years Liebler & Co. have been allied with the Shuberts in opposition to the "syndicate," though they have always had friendly personal relations with Klaw & Erlanger.

In a statement about his plays, George M. Cohan says: "To my way of thinking, the most important thing to be considered in play construction is cleanliness. Salaciousness finds no place in the products of my pen, and up to the present writing I have succeeded in attracting and holding my share of public patronage without filling my products with vulgarisms to make them marketable. I am not looking for that kind of trade." And Mr. Cohan is one of the most successful authors with his plays from a box-office standpoint in the country, thus refuting the allegation that vulgar shows are given the public because the public demands them.

Speaking of the revival of "Trilby" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, a trustworthy critic says: "The new and most brilliant feature of the revival is the Trilby of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who not only acts with dainty charm and girlish spontaneity, but sings superbly—as superbly, in fact, as the heroine of the story is supposed to sing. Nor does she sing 'off,' as has been the habit of her predecessors, but comes before the curtain in Act III and squarely faces the audience. Her performance aroused tremendous enthusiasm and the stage was heaped with wreaths."

The Flonzaley Quartet, the finest organization of the kind before the public, the members of which devote their entire time to ensemble playing, doing no teaching, solo playing, or orchestra work, will give three concerts in this city during the week of April 21.

For Eastertide—The time-honored Bunny, the fluffy Chick, and the gorgeous satin-covered egg-shaped boxes filled with candies. All kinds of the latest Easter novelties now on display at Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.  
She—I married you because I pitied you.  
He—Well, everybody else does now.—*The Club-Fellow.*  
“So Jones has become an actor.” “Has  
he?” “You said so.” “No, I didn’t. I said  
he had gone on the stage.”—*Baltimore Ameri-  
can.*  
Bacon—I see a Frenchman is proposing a  
duel in aeroplanes. Egbert—Never will do.  
Somebody might fall and get hurt.—*Yankers  
Statesman.*  
She—In a way, getting married is like  
using the telephone. He—How so? She—  
One doesn’t always get the party one wants.  
—*Boston Transcript.*  
“De hymn goes dat you wants ter he a  
angel, but ef you had wings right now you’d  
hire yo’self out as a curiosity in a sideshow.”  
—*Atlanta Constitution.*  
Gibbs—One gets no diplomas in the School  
of Experience. Dibbs—I don’t know; the  
marriage certificate comes pretty near being  
one.—*Boston Transcript.*  
Curate—Didn’t I assure you that a cow is  
only dangerous when it has lost its calf? She  
—That’s why I was frightened; I couldn’t see  
a calf anywhere.—*Sketch.*  
Ex-Servant (ta former mistress)—So you  
won’t give me a character! (with deep  
scorn) you—you lady! Little Monty—You’re  
not, are you, mother?—*Punch.*  
“Old Skads told every cent he had in the  
world yesterday.” “Gee! His heirs will be  
furious.” “Oh, I don’t think so.” “How’d  
he lose it?” “He died.”—*Houston Post.*  
“I am afraid that Bliggons plays golf on  
Sunday.” “Mayhe,” said the contemptuous  
rival. “But, if so, it’s the only day in the  
seven on which he does play it.”—*Tit-Bits.*  
Mather—I really think you’d be happier if  
you married a man who had less money.  
Daughter—Don’t worry, mother; he will have  
less in a very short time.—*Boston Transcript.*  
“How well you are looking!” “Yes. I am  
a vegetarian.” “That settles it. I shall never  
eat meat again. How long have you been  
one?” “I begin tomorrow.”—*Meggendarfer  
Blätter.*  
“That audience cheered my remarks re-  
peatedly.” “Yes,” replied the morose man.  
“I never saw an audience that wouldn’t rather  
hear itself holler than listen to somebody’s  
talk.”—*Washington Star.*  
“And I suppose,” said Miss Gushington,  
“that while in London you were at court?”  
“Only once,” admitted Mr. Lushington, blush-  
ing. “But I wasn’t guilty and I got off with a  
reprimand.”—*Newport News.*  
“Me no talkee Chinese velly well,” explained  
the hostess, upon greeting the visitor from the  
newest republic. “No matter,” responded the  
latter, “I can converse tolerably well in Eng-  
lish.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*  
Mrs. Reider (with paper)—I see that the  
big Anaconda up at the Zoo won’t eat  
chickens unless they are alive. Mr. Reider  
—Wise old snake! That’s the only way to  
heat the cold-storage game!—*Puck.*  
He—I see there’s a chance for the imposi-  
tion of an income tax. Good thing, too.  
She—Yes, George. And you must pay as  
high a tax as you can, dear, just to keep up  
appearances.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*  
Young Hopeful—What did papa mean when  
he said to that man, “You’ve got a good  
figure”? Doting Mommo—He got a good  
price for some land, he sold, my dear. Young  
Hopeful (innocently)—Mamma, has the serv-  
ant girl been selling some land, too?—*Chop-  
arrol.*  
“Your honor,” said the arrested chauffeur,  
“I tried to warn the man, but the horn would  
not work.” “Then why did you not slacken  
speed rather than run him down?” A light  
seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. “That’s  
one on me. I never thought of that.”—*Houston Post.*  
Newlywed—I didn’t see you Sunday. Did  
you stay home? Oldhubby—Yes. My wife  
taught me a new game called “Bashmarah.”  
Newlywed—How do you play it? Oldhubby  
—You hang a carpet on a line and see how  
many times you can hit it with a stick.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*  
Mrs. Subbub—I wonder what’s come over  
Harry. Instead of being cross, as usual, he  
started off happy and whistling like a bird  
this morning. Nora (a new girl)—It’s my  
fault, mum. I got the wrong package and  
gave him bird-seed for breakfast-food.—*Woman’s Home Companion.*  
“Now, in order to subtract,” the teacher  
explained, “things have always to be of the  
same denomination. For instance, we couldn’t  
take three apples from four pears, nor six  
horses from nine dogs.” “Teacher,” shouted  
a small boy, “can’t you take four quarts of  
milk from three cows?”—*Jewish Ledger.*  
First Legislator—You don’t do anything for  
the suffragists, yet they seem to like you.

How do you manage it? Second Legislator—  
Easy enough. When they come to me I tell  
them I’ll be perfectly willing to talk about  
their voting when they look old enough to  
vote, and that sends them away smiling.—*The  
Outlook.*  
THE MERRY MUSE.  
Gossip-Proof  
There was a girl in our town  
And she was wondrous sweet;  
She always had a witching smile  
For every man she’d meet.  
And not a woman ever said  
That she was sly or bold—  
Perhaps because this lovely maid  
Was only five years old.  
—*Springfield Union.*  
Nursery Rhymes Up-to-Date.  
Hark, hark,  
The dogs do bark,  
The crooks are all over the town!  
They’re making grabs  
From taxicabs,  
And no one runs them down!  
Diddle diddle dumpling,  
My son John,  
He came home, but  
His watch was gone!  
Little Miss Muffit,  
She sat on a tuffit,  
Her diamonds made a display;  
A pickpocket eyed her,  
Then sat down beside her,  
And got all her sparklers away!  
Taffy is a burglar,  
Taffy is a thief,  
Taffy has a pull, though,  
And never comes to grief!  
Mary, Mary,  
Quite contrary,  
How do your valuables go?  
Biffs and bangs  
From bold-up gangs  
I have the scars to show!  
Little Cop Horner  
He stood on the corner,  
Watching the robbers go by;  
He twiddled his thumb,  
And he pulled in a bum,  
And he said, “What a good cop am I!”  
—*Town Topics.*  
Theodore and Pompadour.  
Said Theodore to Pompadour,  
“You run and I will keep the score!”  
Said Pompadour to Theodore,  
“I’ll take your pledge,” and off he tore!  
Called Theodore to Pompadour,  
“Come back! I’ll run myself some more!”  
Cried Pompadour to Theodore,  
“‘Square Deal’ is treason’s rampant roar!”  
And Theodore and Pompadour  
Are hand in glove, alas, no more!  
Both Pompadour and Theodore  
Are thirsting for each other’s gore!  
—*Unidentified Source, probably Fresno Repub-  
lican.*  
The New Nationalism.  
I believe in free trade, but—  
I believe in publicity of campaign expendi-  
tures, but—  
I believe in regulation and not destruction  
of great corporations, but—  
I believe that courts should have the power  
of declaring laws unconstitutional, but—  
I believe that judicial decisions should be  
reviewed by the people, but—  
I do not believe in the recall of judges,  
but—  
I believe that boss rule should end, but—  
I believe in the initiative and referendum,  
but—  
I believe in arbitration, but—  
I believe in Federal powers, but—  
I believe in state’s rights, but—  
I believe in the people’s rule, but—  
I am not a candidate, but—*Life.*

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vention is worth a  
box of cure.”  
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the mischief’s done  
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naut..... 5.90  
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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Judge Ellsworth and the Recall.

Superior Judge Ellsworth, dean of the Alameda County bench, has given to the public twenty-four years of continuous service, and the records show that it has been irreproachable service. Judge Ellsworth has just announced that he is not a candidate for reelection and that in reaching that decision he has been actuated by the introduction of the judicial recall.

Judge Ellsworth has but voiced the opinion of every intelligent and reputable judge in the state. It is only the intelligent and reputable judge who resents the recall, for he is the only one likely to suffer from it. The other kind of judge, the reptile judge, has nothing to fear from the recall so long as he takes good care to be on the side of the mob and to expedite its spites and stupidities and ignorances. His concern is not with the law, but with his own personal popularity, and so long as he is ready to betray his oath at the bidding of the demagogues he can easily hold his position for life. The judiciary recall is a measure for the coercion

of the judiciary conscience. The only ones for whom it has no terrors are those who have no consciences. No wonder Judge Ellsworth should say that after twenty-four years of service he does not care "to be subjected to the humiliation of a recall election if I should happen to make an unpopular decision." His disinclination will be shared by every honorable man who is now on the bench or who might be inclined to go there. The recall is an intimation to judiciary aspirants that only cheap men and time-servers need apply. In the sporting phraseology of a New York humorist the recall is "letting the grandstand choose a new umpire whenever the decision is against the home team."

### New York and Indiana.

While the presidential primary in New York on Tuesday of this week was much more than less a farce, and while very properly its returns are to be annulled by executive order and another election held this coming week, its results nevertheless were emphatic. Of the votes cast the Taft delegates received approximately three to one, this ratio being fairly maintained throughout the various districts. Taking the whole state together, the returns elect eighty-three Taft delegates and seven Roosevelt delegates. While under the circumstances it is eminently proper that there should be a re-ballot, there is not one chance in ten thousand of any material change in the general result. To put it briefly, New York, Roosevelt's own state, has repudiated him by an overwhelming vote—she has done again even more completely and emphatically what she did in November, 1910, when following his return from Africa Mr. Roosevelt undertook to establish himself as the autocrat of state politics.

The results of the Indiana State Convention, which on Tuesday of this week elected four delegates at large to the Chicago convention and instructed them for Taft, while less emphatic in the rebuke of Roosevelt than the New York primary election, are nevertheless of importance. They indicate that the Mississippi Valley is as far from being Roosevelt territory as North Dakota. Taken with the results in North Dakota, they shatter the theory that Roosevelt is invincible in the West. There were in the case of Indiana special circumstances stimulating to Mr. Roosevelt's hopes. The state gave him an exceptional vote in 1904, and since that time he has had the friendship of many of its leading men and several of its strong newspapers. In the campaign which preceded the convention of last Tuesday his cause was pleaded by ex-Senator Beveridge and he had the support of the Beveridge organization. Indiana has been a backer of the so-called Roosevelt theories, and in its population there is a large clement disposed by temperament and political habit to sympathy with what may be styled the Rooseveltian goo-gooism. The progressive idea, too—quite another thing—has taken a strong hold upon Indiana. That under these circumstances Mr. Taft should prove the stronger candidate is signal evidence of the weakness of Roosevelt, a distinct mark of the collapse of his powers in the Middle West.

Taking the incidents of the week together, the handwriting on the wall is plain. Mr. Roosevelt has not the ghost of a chance of success in the Chicago convention. His defeat is already a certainty. That he himself sees it is made evident by a resentment on his part which not all the promptings of a manifest propriety can wholly restrain. His railing against the forces which have overwhelmed him in New York, his outcry against the proceedings in Indiana, rather pitifully exhibit a chagrin which must cut deep in view of the vastness of the pretensions to which it comes as a sequel.

Mr. Roosevelt must see that his candidacy is now a futility. He must comprehend at least in some measure the depth of the indiscretion which led him to cast his hat into the ring. More and more it must

now be borne in upon him how great has been the loss of public and private respect following his defiance of a fixed tradition, his breach of faith with the public, his disloyalty to one who under all the rules of friendship and politics has deserved his support.

If Mr. Roosevelt were capable of a fine act of moral courage he would now withdraw from a hopeless contest, acknowledge his mistake, and ask his friends to put their support behind the choice of the party. Even by such an act of manly frankness the record of the past few weeks could not be wiped out. But it would at least restore a certain measure of respect and tend to reestablish Mr. Roosevelt in the good opinion of many who have been grieved at his recent course. But it is hardly to be expected that Mr. Roosevelt will do this. It calls for a high order of moral courage to make frank confession of a grievous fault, to acknowledge as wrong even that which the whole world condemns as wrong. In all likelihood Mr. Roosevelt will now give way to the passions which urged his candidacy and which have grown in connection with it. His effort now, we think, will be to promote a situation unfavorable to Taft. Instead of trying to bridge over the breach between the factions, he will try to widen it. His policy will be anything to beat Taft; and in pursuit of this policy we are likely to have a series of manifestations more suggestive of brainstorm inspired by hatred and augmented by vanity than a course in keeping with the normal and proper dignities of one who has held Mr. Roosevelt's high place in the favor of his country and who has held the powers and the honors of the presidential office.

### American Coal Miners.

It is to be hoped that the contagion of labor strikes will not cross the Atlantic and intensify the difficulties now coming to a head in our own coal fields. The present agreement between mine-owners and miners expires on April 1 and a new agreement must be made. The question of wages, hours of labor, recognition of unions, and a dozen other knotty points are thrown open for adjustment and nearly half a million men are ready to strike unless their demands are satisfied or unless some acceptable compromise can be found. It is significant of the bitterness with which the last coal strike is remembered that numbers of the men are already preparing to go to other parts of the country or to leave the country altogether and to return to Europe.

But there is no reason why conciliation should not play an unusually large part in the coming discussion. Indeed there is every evidence that it will do so. So far from adopting an attitude of defiance, the employers express themselves as willing and anxious to confer with the men, to explain an economic situation that they did not create and can not control, and to do their best to find some middle course that will enable both capital and labor to work at a profit. An increase in working expenses means the closing of many of the less remunerative mines, and while it is easy to talk of an increase in price that will cover the increase in cost it is not so easy to effect where a third party, the public at large, is to be considered.

The mine-owners want peace, and they want it badly. It is a presidential year and the issues are already sufficiently tangled without the introduction of a great strike with all its possible catastrophes. So far as political influence can be used in the direction of conciliation it will be so used, for there is no party in the country that could expect to profit from the wholly incalculable results of a coal strike.

But there is another factor that makes for peace. The Lawrence strike has shown that the country at large was disturbed, not so much by the economic as by the moral issues involved. There has been many and many a strike upon a scale much larger than the strike at Lawrence and the country at large has remained apathetic and slightly contemptuous of the



scramble for dollars and advantages. But the quarrel at Lawrence showed clearly enough that it is possible to reduce human beings to the level of slavery and even to refuse them the elementary right to go from one place to another. It is putting it mildly to say that the nation was shocked, and it was shocked still more when it discovered that large numbers of the employees of the most highly protected industry in America were living upon wages that it seems impossible to live upon at all. It was public opinion that settled the Lawrence strike, a public opinion that showed itself in impalpable ways but that was extraordinarily effective. Now it may be that the grievances of the coal miners are incomparable with those of the Lawrence workers, but none the less the time is felt to be unpropitious for another great strike. The public conscience is sensitive just at the moment and disposed to ask questions and to insist upon human rights.

When the discussion is opened we shall know whether human rights are being infringed. Upon such questions as the open shop and the compulsory recognition of unions the opinions of the *Argonaut* are definite enough. But they are no less definite that the laborer is worthy of his hire, that he has a right to a living wage, to the decencies of humanity, and to an opportunity to care for his old age. These are not economic questions. They are questions of simple right and wrong upon which there should be no disagreement.

#### America and England in China.

The movement of American ships and men in the direction of China and a similar activity on the part of England is not the beginning of a new policy, but the enforcement of an old one. The maintenance of Chinese integrity has been a sort of watchword of Oriental diplomacy both at Washington and London ever since the time when China's state of suspended animation seemed drawing to a close. The other powers, and especially Japan and Russia, gave their assent simply because they could hardly refuse to do so, but the Russian-Japanese war showed just what that assent was worth. Japan compelled Russia to recede from Manchuria and practically took the province for herself. Russia has now asserted the right of control over Mongolia, and so it is evident that the process of partition has fairly begun. Whether there is any formal agreement between Japan and Russia does not matter at all. Probably there is, and has been ever since the end of the war. But the facts speak for themselves, and the facts are to be found in the present status of Manchuria and Mongolia. If the process of partition is not to be carried further, if the Hay policy is not to become a dead letter, it is evident that some hint of concerted opposition must come from America and England, and possibly the substantial hint of converging ships and soldiers will be enough. England's interest in preventing the deadly business of a scramble for China is evidently greater than her desire to smile upon Japan, especially now that the comparative weakness of Russia has placed the jewel of India within the safety zone.

We need be under no misapprehensions as to what is happening in China. She is not ending her troubles. She is beginning them. Day by day she is becoming more helpless before the predatory instincts of her strong neighbors. The futile republic has had no effect in solidifying her people or in helping them to make a front to possible aggressors, and it may be that things will get much worse before they get better. It is evident enough that the great constitutional change which fatuous people described as democratic was actually the work of a few highbrows who were easily able to get the support of soldiers whose idea of war was licensed robbery. Both royalist and rebel armies revolted as soon as the chance of war seemed to be over, while the present condition of the provinces seems to be one of indiscriminate massacre. Sun Yat Sen has disappeared, Yuan Shi Kai confesses that he can do no more, and the only existing government consists of a few wisacres in Nanking whom no one ever heard of before and who are so busy discussing academic points of constitutional law that they have no time for administration. Before Yuan Shi Kai threw in his lot with the republic, if he ever did so except under stern compulsion, he said that seven-tenths of the Chinese would refuse to tolerate a republic. Evidently he was right. A Manchu army is now advancing upon Peking and the publicans seem to be afraid of it and anxious to get it with it. All of the news that comes from China is of anarchy and massacre.

Therefore we need not wonder that Russia and Japan should be anxious to improve the shining hour and to effect some sort of intervention that will of course be in the interests of the most sublime humanity, but that will leave something worth having in their own hands. Whether they will persist in doing so after America and England have made it clear that the ring must be kept remains to be seen. The chief danger is that a massacre of Europeans or an attack upon the legations will afford an irresistible excuse for intervention. To intervene in order to prevent the Chinese from massacring each other would be an act of pure hypocrisy.

#### Mr. Spreckels's Position.

A statement issued within the week by Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is one of the distinctly edifying incidents of the local presidential campaign. Mr. Spreckels is for La Follette. He continues to "hold the most cordial feelings" towards Mr. Roosevelt, but he "sees no excuse for deserting La Follette" after all the work he has done and all the sacrifices he has made. In view of the fact that La Follette, under the urgency of the Chicago conference of last October, consented to make the fight against odds, Mr. Spreckels thinks that the "square deal" calls for his continued support. He says:

The manner in which Senator La Follette was cast aside (at the last moment) must cause a deep resentment on the part of the true progressives.

Continuing, Mr. Spreckels aims a well-directed blow at certain courses on the part of our reformed state government. He says:

The people have been fighting these years for political freedom, and have endeavored to rid their political parties of boss rule, and I hold it to be wrong for the very men elected on that platform to now use the influence of their office along the old standpat lines by forcing state officials, employees, and those seeking favor to form an organization or machine in order that they may dictate nominations or control elections. Let there be an end to boss rule, be it standpat or progressive—and let the people rule.

Again, in a later statement, Mr. Spreckels deals with a charge that the La Follette campaign in California is being made, not in good faith, but in the interest of Taft. He says:

Loyal progressives are told that to remain loyal to La Follette is wrong and against the interest of the progressive cause. This I deny, and I believe the independent progressive voters will agree with me.

The men who must be charged with progressive defeat (if such a thing is possible in California) are those men who, after having for months sanctioned and approved of the candidacy of Senator La Follette, could not resist the temptation of getting aboard the last and most showy band-wagon to go into the ring, no doubt hoping thereby to get a greater amount of the public's attention for themselves.

Senator La Follette was the accepted candidate of the progressives of California since last October, and a progressive victory with Senator La Follette as our candidate was certain until another progressive candidate was brought forward. Let TRUTH prevail, and if progressive defeat results from changing leaders in midstream, the blame must rest with the Roosevelt supporters, who brought about a split in our ranks.

It hardly needs to be added that the point of these remarks lies in the application thereof. For, he it remembered, no other man had quite so much to do with bringing the "reform" government of California into being as Mr. Spreckels. It was he who organized and financed the graft prosecution in which Governor Johnson as a paid attorney gained the publicity which made him politically available. Mr. Spreckels was active again in the movement in which Mr. Johnson rode into political authority, and it was he above all others who supplied the sinews of war for the progressive campaign of two years ago. There are those to assert that to the Johnson campaign fund Mr. Spreckels contributed first and last the tidy sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Be this as it may, he is in a financial sense the author of Mr. Johnson's political being, the sponsor and "angel" of the movement which has made him a factor in politics.

It means something therefore when Mr. Spreckels rebukes the desertion of La Follette and when further he arraigns Mr. Johnson, after riding into office on a platform of opposition to boss rule, for using the powers of the office thus gained "to dictate nominations and control elections."

The *Argonaut* is not an admirer of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. Little that he has done in a public career which began some four or five years ago it thinks worthy of commendation. He might easily have found better uses for his money than in employing Mr. Johnson's legal services in personal and malevolent causes.

He might now easily find a worthier object of enthusiasm than Mr. La Follette. But having entered upon a movement in support of a definite cause and having brought into the championship of that cause a particular candidate, he does well to "stay put." His course is at least a consistent one, and it shines with a fine light in contrast with that of his former assistants and agents, who have neither been faithful to the progressive cause nor loyal to the champion to whom their support was pledged. Mr. Spreckels may be mistaken in his politics, but to his credit he it said he is no fair-weather friend. Even on the part of his critics he commands respect for a loyal persistence in friendship when others have shown the white feather.

Mr. Spreckels's opinion of the political activities of Mr. Johnson and his machine is in precise harmony with that of Dr. Rowell of Fresno. He sees that the cause of "reform" in California is being betrayed by its own champions, and he has the hardihood to declare a righteous contempt for a hypocrisy which, even while mouthing the phrases of progressivism, resorts to methods which would have shamed any system of political activities which California has ever known.

#### Murder and the Recall.

A Virginia judge who had just rendered an unpopular decision was instantly shot and killed by a number of mountain men who resented his finding. A week or two later a similar outrage was attempted against a New York judge who had offended a section of public opinion. Two bombs were sent to his house and the resulting explosion severely injured a police officer who had been summoned to examine the suspicious parcel.

Advocates of the judiciary recall are showing a good deal of anger because these crimes are being cited as examples of the recall in operation. But that is exactly what they are. They are the brutal translation of the principle that a judge is instantly accountable to the people for an unpopular finding and that his duty is to carry out, not the law, but the whim of a mob. Defenders of the recall would not, of course, countenance physical murder. It is ugly, vulgar, and repulsive, but the difference is only in the kind of retribution to be inflicted. The principle is the same. The Johnsons and the Pillsburys would murder the character and the reputation of a judge. The miscreants in New York and Virginia would murder his body. It is merely a choice of methods, of tools.

There is surely nothing fanciful in supposing that these crimes and others of a like nature are not wholly unconnected with the abuse now being showered upon the hench all over the country. Governor Johnson when he referred contemptuously to the judges of California as though they were prisoners on parole was merely adding his little quota to the volume of anarchist agitation against the judiciary that is now so dangerously popular. The judge is represented as the enemy of popular rights, as the servile tool of a ruling caste, as the creature of class domination and social injustice. What wonder that violent and infuriated minds turn theories into actions and institute the recall by the revolver and the bomb.

#### Exit Dr. Wiley.

The resignation of Dr. Wiley is a matter of regret not only to those who wanted to see a good work continued by one of proved competence, but also to those who believed that Dr. Wiley himself had that kind of moral fortitude that can stick to the guns even under a hot fire. That the fire was hot goes without saying, and is in itself an evidence that the work was worth doing. Its victim should have taken it as a compliment. So long as Dr. Wiley had the President behind him he might have been tranquil as to the result, and he admits that the President saved him some months ago when he was in straits. The same quiet and effective support would have been continued if Dr. Wiley had chosen the better part and remained at his post.

Dr. Wiley had conscience, knowledge, and ability, and in no small measure. And yet he was not an ideal administrator. The expert rarely is. Usually he fails to draw the line as it should be drawn between compulsion and persuasion. He can rarely understand that a man ought not necessarily to be forced to do a thing merely because it would be good for him to do it. He has a difficulty in recognizing that we have a right to make fools of ourselves and even to injure our health, physical and moral, within certain lines if we wish to do so. Coercion is not the first



resort with the expert instead of the last, as it should be, and a liberty of individual choice is one of the most precious things of communal life, and to be preserved jealously even at the cost of a good many aches and pains. Dr. Wiley was on the whole a worthy public servant, and perhaps it was inevitable that he should have the faults of his virtues. But he should have stuck to his guns.

#### Overmuch Speechmaking.

A paragraph in one of the comic papers represents Bilkins as remarking that he is going to a public dinner at which President Taft will be present. "Good gracious!" exclaims Wilkins, "is it as common as that?" There is a point and a very acute one in this pleasantry—unless indeed it may more accurately be styled a sneer. The President beyond a doubt is following too closely the example of his over-eloquent predecessor. He is going about the country too much; he is addressing too many groups of diners; if not in fact descending to "common" occasions, he is tending that way. He has no doubt been urged to this course by his immediate political advisers, but he is conceding too much for his own dignity, and for the dignity of the office which he holds. Perhaps he feels it to be necessary to meet Mr. Roosevelt on his own plane; but, we think, he has been ill advised. The public knows his views now on every question vitally before the country. If it is necessary that they should be further exploited, there are those able to speak in his behalf.

There must be many who share in the chagrin which the *Argonaut* feels that presidential politics should descend in its methods to the level of a shrievalty campaign; and, with Mr. Taft speaking thrice a week on trivial occasions and before indifferent audiences, and with Mr. Roosevelt making, as we are told by the telegraph, six oratorical appearances before New York clubs in a single evening, there is not much to be said for the presidential campaign as against the ordinary "fight" over a town marshalship. Mr. Roosevelt set the fashion; but Mr. Taft has gone wrong, we think, in following it.

It is to be said for the President that no utterance of his upon any occasion has been incompatible with the proprieties nor out of keeping with the dignities of his office; and he is to be further commended for avoiding anything like personal allusions and for asking his friends to pursue the same course. But Mr. Roosevelt, with characteristic indelicacy, has crossed the line again and again in his recent speeches. Three times at least within the week he has "arraigned" the President by name, "challenged" him after the manner of a prize-fighter. That Mr. Taft will not reply in kind goes without saying. It would be better still if he would not reply at all. His best course, we think, would be to retire from further participation in a campaign which tends to lead away from issues of moment and dignity to things of triviality and contempt. We think he would better abandon the campaign platform altogether, affording to the country the spectacle of dignified reserve in contrast with that of a loud-mouthed self-advocacy.

If the presidency of the United States can only be won by the noisy and meretricious methods of ward campaigning it has ceased to be worth the attention of a man of Mr. Taft's dignity and character.

#### Mr. La Follette's Motives.

From an outside view, nothing could seem more hopeless than Mr. La Follette's candidacy. He has ceased to be the principal representative of his own faction, and it is not conceivable that in the present posture of affairs he should find support anywhere else. Two theories are tenable in explanation of a candidacy thus persistent in the face of apparently overwhelming obstacles. One is that by staying in the ring Mr. La Follette may vent his resentment against Mr. Roosevelt, who has undoubtedly played him a shabby trick. He may assume that his candidacy will take from Roosevelt a sufficient measure of progressive strength to prevent the latter from making a considerable showing at Chicago. Whether this be Mr. La Follette's reasoning or not, the effect is in line with it. Already Mr. La Follette has gained the delegation of North Dakota with two or three votes in Iowa, and it is practically an assurance that he will have the whole delegation from his own state of Wisconsin. We see in California that La Follette's candidacy is weakening the Roosevelt movement, and probably it will do the same in Illinois and elsewhere. Mr. La Follette is certainly making trouble for Roose-

velt all along the line; and this, we think, is now his animating motive. Another theory is that La Follette may by having at command a considerable positive support come in as a compromise man if the effect of the duel between Taft and Roosevelt shall be the killing off of both of them. In that event, La Follette will be in fair position. He will have gained the good-will of the Taftites and at the same time be the next choice of Roosevelt's supporters. He would, in short, be in a fair position to inherit strength from each of the leading competitors, albeit from different motives. There is a pronounced sentiment in the country favorable to progressive policies. Early in the campaign a veteran politician remarked in the hearing of the *Argonaut* that in his judgment no man who does not stand definitely for the progressive theories in government can this year be elected to the presidency. Assuming that Taft and Roosevelt shall destroy each other, who so likely to command favor as Mr. La Follette? He personifies the progressive idea more precisely than any other man in the country. Many, perhaps most, of the progressives who abandoned him for Roosevelt would be willing to turn to him as a second choice. The chance, if not a very hopeful one, is nevertheless a chance; and it is upon this reasoning possibly that Mr. La Follette continues to sustain a candidacy which finds small encouragement in the ordinary calculations of politics.

#### Weddings and Health.

We may wonder what evil genius has persuaded Dean Sumner of the cathedral of Peter and Paul in Chicago to enter upon his dangerous course as a censor of marriages. The dean is said to have announced that henceforth he will accept no marriage license unless it is accompanied by a medical certificate to the effect that both parties are physically fitted to marry. The wreckage of life, says the dean, resulting from indiscriminate marriages is "awful." It seems that there are 3,000,000 abnormal people in the country who must be cared for at the public expense, and as the nation has not yet empowered the churches to get rid of these people the least that the churches can do is to prevent them from being born. It is to be feared that they can not do much even in that direction. The law, concludes the dean, having failed in its duty, the churches must step into the breach and safeguard the nation. Church dignitaries, it will be observed, are usually ready to safeguard the nation, or to do anything else that will bring them prominently into the public view.

Now this announcement would be serious if the cathedral of Peter and Paul had a monopoly of the marriage business. But it has not. Chicago is filled with all kinds of facilities for getting married. Marriage nowadays is nearly as easy as divorce and even cheaper, and to place the smallest restriction upon any one method is simply to divert the traffic into other and more open channels. Marriages in Chicago will proceed just as briskly as ever, but they will not be performed at the cathedral of Peter and Paul. Marriage by Dean Sumner is doubtless a proud privilege, but it will be purchased at too high a price if that price is the ignominy of a medical examination. Those who look back to the sentiments of twenty years ago will wonder if any decent woman could be found to consent to such an ordeal as a preliminary to marriage, and also if any decent man would marry her after she had consented. This same disgusting business was once tried in Oregon, not by the churches, but by the law. It need hardly be said that the law was repealed as soon as it was found to be inoperative. Every couple who could beg, borrow, or steal their fare into a neighboring state in order to be married made haste to do so, while a good many others dispensed with the ceremony altogether. Most of us are still willing to be married by clergymen, but we object to being married by doctors.

At a time when we hear so much of the waning influence of the churches it is strange that there are so many clergymen who are willing to hasten the process by an unwise interference with matters that do not concern them. And the interference is usually in the direction of the restriction of liberty. This objectionable ukase of Dean Sumner will not have the slightest effect upon the marriage rate, but it will have the effect of reminding a number of persons that the church is not indispensable, and in the minds of those same persons the church will be henceforth associated with something detestable and offensive. We are suffering far more from diseased morals than we are from diseased bodies, and it is with morals and not with

bodies that the churches should concern themselves. Perhaps it is because of their failure in their legitimate sphere that they are now trespassing in domains that do not belong to them. But surely it is bad policy.

#### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Roncovieri's urgency of public swimming baths at a central location—preferably the school lot now occupied by the temporary offices of the board of education—for the free use of children is entirely justified by a principle which has been too little regarded in San Francisco and elsewhere. The principle is that which urges the responsibility of every community for the physical and moral welfare of the oncoming generation. It is the principle already recognized, though tardily and inadequately, in the provision of public playgrounds and of other facilities for healthful exercise out of doors. All this is practically new in America, and the reasons are not far to seek. Until just a little while ago there was small need for such provision. The bulk of the American people lived in the country, where all out-of-doors, including the inevitable swimmin'-hole, was available to energetic childhood. The towns were relatively small, so that even city-bred children had unlimited opportunity for out-of-door life. Now fully half of our population lives cramped up in narrow quarters, therefore great numbers of children must either resort to the public streets or stay in doors. How difficult or impossible it is even for people very well to do to find open-air play life for their children is illustrated by the multitudes which throng the parks and the beaches, and the more limited numbers which go to the country in vacation times. Another illustration of changed conditions, making vastly to the bad for American childhood, is the universal prevalence of new distempers—adenoids among other things—which nobody ever heard of in the childhood of the present adult generation. Manifestly a time has come when there must be public recognition of the fact that childhood calls imperatively for facilities which new domestic conditions have destroyed. Playgrounds must be substituted for the now closed fields; public baths must be provided in lieu of the old swimming hole. It has been suggested that means sufficient to establish children's salt-water baths be taken from the funds appropriated to public education. This should not be necessary; there ought to be some other way of getting money for so necessary a purpose. But if there be no other way, then by all means cut some of the ornamental and superfluous courses from our school curriculum and employ the funds thus saved in affording to childhood facilities for exercise and physical development.

Mark Twain, we are reminded, was a prophet as well as a humorist. The recent sale of the Clemens manuscripts included the original of Mark Twain's article on the inauguration of President Taft, of which the two paragraphs that follow are worthy of a special remembrance:

Astronomers assure us that the attraction of gravitation on the surface of the sun is twenty-eight times as powerful as is the force at the earth's surface, and that an object which weighs 217 pounds elsewhere would weigh 6000 pounds there. For seven years this country has lain smothering under a burden like that, the incubus representing, in the person of President Roosevelt, the difference between 217 pounds and 6000. Thanks be, we got rid of this disastrous burden day before yesterday at last!

Forever? Probably not. Probably only for a brief breathing spell, whereupon, Mr. Taft, we may hope to get back some of our health—some of our years. We expect to have Mr. Roosevelt sitting on us again with his twenty-eight times the weight of any other presidential burden that Providence would impose upon us for our sins.

Our people have adored this showy charlatan as perhaps no impostor of his breed has been adored since the golden calf; so it is to be expected that the nation will want him back again after he is done hunting other wild animals heroically in Africa with the safeguards and advertising equipment of a park of artillery and a brass band.

Only in one point does the prediction fail of verification. There are no signs that "the nation will want him back again." So far as the nation has had a chance to say what it does want there are no signs that it is looking longingly in the direction of "this showy charlatan."

In a recent automobile parade in Bangkok there were more than one hundred fine cars. You can see more motor-boats on the Menam River than you will find on the Hudson. Wealthy men use autos and motorboats now where not so long ago they traveled in palanquins and dhows. Last year there was a motorboat race meet in Bangkok.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Antonio Dalha who, for reasons best known to himself and his maker, tried to kill the King of Italy, will be pronounced insane. Insane he must certainly be, for he admits that he saw visions, which of course is conclusive. But Paul saw visions, and Joan of Arc, and Luther, and Loyola, and St. Theresa, and John at Patmos, and ever so many more that are too numerous to mention. People who see visions are either insane or else they have such superhuman force as to alter the course of humanity and lay it upon a new tack. We may take our choice between insanity and saintship until history decide the matter in her own way, which is rarely our way. Most of the aforementioned persons were pronounced insane by their contemporaries, but we know now that they were oases of sanity in deserts of insanity. Our methods of reason are well illustrated in this particular case of Dalha. Here is a man who sees visions, and who has tried to kill a particularly inoffensive king, and so we pronounce him insane, not because he tried to kill the inoffensive king, which is proof positive of insanity, but because he saw visions, which proves nothing at all. And while upon the subject of Dalha we may wonder why his revolver failed to explode and why so many revolvers have failed to explode when turned against those whose death would affect large numbers of persons. The Italian police believe that Dalha was the tool of "higher ups," seeing that his weapon was a particularly fine and costly one. And yet it failed. It would, of course, be the rankest superstition to suggest that unseen powers sometimes interfere to prevent great human calamities, since science has failed to find them with her microscopes, and yet if we knew all the abortive attempts upon the lives of rulers and great men it would "give to think."

The trial of the window-breaking suffragettes gave rise to many suggestive incidents. For example, we find Mr. W. W. Jacobs, one of the few humorous story-tellers of the day, appearing in court to plead for his wife. She was the hest of wives and mothers, said Mr. Jacobs, but she has fallen under the overwhelming influence of a few persons who had persuaded her that the future welfare of her children depended upon the suffrage. And so Mrs. Jacobs broke a number of windows—in defense of her children—and now goes to prison for one month instead of two, thanks to the plea of the male tyrant. Another curious point is the concentration upon their own comfort that was displayed by so many of the prisoners. They must have chairs in court, they had all kinds of ill-health that must be considered, they felt faint and must have restoratives, they were unable to do hard work, and so on. Now martyrdom should be made of sterner stuff than that. The real martyrs have never thought about their comfort at all. They never asked for any consideration nor to be treated as first-class misdemeanants. Judged by all the usual standards of martyrdom, these window-breaking ladies seem like pinchbeck imitations.

It is now evident that the lady who was Miss Anita Stewart can never become Queen of Portugal in spite of the rhapsodies habitual to some of our American newspapers whenever they consider the dazzling prospect. Probably the lady herself has never had any illusions on the point, in view of the positive agreement entered into at the time of her marriage to Prince Miguel, an agreement that placed the prince and his heirs beyond the sphere of the succession. The arrangement made recently at Dover between ex-King Manuel and Dom Miguel has now been made public. It consists of six clauses, and the first of these is a repetition of Dom Miguel's renunciation and a promise of his support in the overthrow of the Portuguese republic. On the other hand Dom Miguel is to be free to live in Portugal and the decree of exclusion against him is repealed. Should Manuel die childless the crown will go to Dom Alfonso, Duke of Oporto, but after his death, whether he leave an heir or not, the throne will go to one of Dom Miguel's sons, but not to the one who married Miss Stewart and who thereby "beeded more the voice of his heart than his interests." Prince Miguel and his American wife are known as the Duke and Duchess de Vizeu, and they are now staying in France with the mother of the duchess, Mrs. J. H. Smith, widow of the late J. H. Smith of New York. It would seem that the prince acquiesces heartily in his exclusion from the throne, as it is understood that he will take the field in person as soon as the royal advance upon Portugal begins. The overthrow of the republic is naturally a preliminary to the carrying out of all these interesting arrangements, and it may not prove so easy as the various royalties seem to suppose. It is true that Portugal has been a miniature hell ever since the republic was declared, but the people may prefer their own little home-made hell to the other variety of perdition that disappeared with the royal court. But one can never tell, and it is very certain that the authorities are by no means easy at the gathering of the royalist clans upon the Spanish frontier and with the evident benedictions of the Spanish government.

The New York Sun is so unkind as to make a philological and psychological analysis of the letter from Colonel Roosevelt to his very dear and intimate friend, Mr. Frank Munsey. In this one letter the first personal pronoun singular occurs one hundred and seventy-one times. This record, says the Sun, has never, in the history of the English language, been exceeded or even equalled by any political person in any letter of the same length. The letter is "the personal issue—the first personal pronoun issue."

Lady Warwick, who has been so good as to come to America on a Socialist crusade, was known in her earlier life as Brooke. Her supposed connection with the famous scandal in which the Prince of Wales, after Edward

VII, was concerned, secured for her the sobriquet of "the hahling Brooke," although she always denied having said anything to let the cat out of the bag. In her first lecture in New York Lady Warwick had something to say about the friendly personal relations existing between English statesmen of opposite camps. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith do not love each other politically, but they had both been her guests at Warwick Castle, and she described how Mr. Balfour had taught the mysteries of the bicycle to Mr. Asquith in the castle courtyard. On another occasion she went to tea in Arlington Street and found Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone there together. Lord Salisbury had toothache, so Mr. Gladstone went himself to the drug store for a remedy and applied it with his own hands. But there were exceptions to this friendliness. Winston Churchill was regarded more or less as an outsider, while Lloyd George is "an abomination that maketh desolate."

The railroad to the summit of the Jungfrau has now been in course of construction for ten years, and although the work is of great difficulty—it consists of tunnels through the heart of the rock—there has been no loss of life. The tunnel has just emerged into daylight within a few hours' climb of the summit and the excitement of the men is described as intense, so great was the anxiety to belong to the shift that would strike the last blow. It was estimated that 50,000 passengers a year would be needed to make the railroad pay. Last year 80,000 persons made the partial ascent.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether it was actually Captain Amundsen in the *Gjoa* who was the first to traverse the Northwest Passage. Some old maps show the course of the passage and credit both the discovery and the voyage to Sir Robert McClure. Amundsen himself refers to the passage as having been discovered by McClure, but the fact of the matter is that McClure saw the passage, but was unable to reach it on account of the ice pack. After McClure had been forced to abandon his ship he was rescued by a relief expedition, but no keel except that of the *Gjoa* has actually passed through the Northwest Passage, and there seems to be no particular reason why any other keel should ever try to do so.

A report from Russia says that Professor Bilhassoff has been persuaded by the Czar to destroy the manuscript of his colossal history of Catharine of Russia. Historians are apt to stumble upon unpalatable facts, especially when dealing with periods of moral laxity. It is supposed that Bilhassoff found himself forced to the conclusion that the great Catharine was actually a daughter of Frederick the Great and that the evidence to that effect is almost incontestable. Perhaps it does not matter very much, and it would certainly in no way detract from the strength of her character, which it would be easy to explain on the ground of such an heredity. But the Czar could never allow it to be known that the greatest ruler that Russia has ever known was actually a Hohenzollern. But it seems a pity to burn a history because it is so correct. Such a failing is not usual among histories.

The British House of Lords has registered a legal decree that may be regarded as a fresh triumph for the cause of women. Until 1898 a wife was not allowed to testify either for or against her husband, the theory being that her love or her hate would weigh more heavily upon her mind than even her well-known passion for abstract truth and justice. But the question was ultimately referred to the court of criminal appeal, which decided not only that women might give evidence, but that they must do so if they had any evidence to give, just like every one else. But those who clamor most for equal rights are usually found to mean unequal rights in their own favor and so the matter was referred to the judicial committee of the House of Lords, and their decision will be one dear to the feminine heart. Wives, say the judges of the highest British court, may do as they please, and give evidence or not just as they may elect. Civilization through its legal tribunals has at last asserted that women may do as they like. And women will go on doing it.

Some literary delver has discovered that D'Artagnan and the three musketeers were real characters and that Dumas drew to some extent upon historical records when he compiled his great story. As to the reality of the three musketeers we were never in, any doubt at all, and if history can make them any more real than Dumas has made them we shall owe some unexpected homages to history. But it seems that Dumas was actually in possession of an old volume entitled "Memoires de M. d'Artagnan, capitaine lieutenant de la première compagnie des mousquetaires du roi," printed in 1700. D'Artagnan did actually come up from Gascony on the hereditary horse and with ten crowns in his pocket. In Paris he met Armand de Sillegue, Seigneur d'Athos, who is supposed to have been killed in a duel, since his body was found in the Pre-aux-Clercs. He met also Isaac de Porthau and Henry d'Aramitz, the originals of Porthos and Aramis, but Aramis did not enter a convent. He married and so continued his reckless and daredevil career until the end and his descendants are still to be found. De Treville likewise appears in the memoir as captain of the musketeers in 1634. D'Artagnan married Charlotte Anne de Chanlecy de Sainte-Croix and also a dowry of 84,000 livres and a liberal equipment of furniture. The marriage contract was signed by Cardinal Mazarin and the king, but in spite of the lady's impressive name the young couple do not seem to have lived happily ever after, since they soon separated and D'Artagnan was shot in the trenches outside Maastricht in 1673, leaving a vast number of costumes, saddlery, weapons, and articles of luxury, but no books.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

All the rice mills of the country have combined in the interest of economy and increased sales.

## INTAGLIOS.

Iris.

Thou knowest not the parching  
Of summer's cruel drought;  
Thou seest not the marching  
Of snows in winter rout;  
But thine the emerald sod is,  
And flowery cups that brim,  
O amaranthine goddess,  
Beneath the rainbow rim!

For thee dusk sun-rays pencil  
The slopings of the world,  
For thee fair lilies stencil  
The ancient cloth of gold.  
Of Tyrian hue thy hodie,  
Thy crown the dewdrops trim,  
O amaranthine goddess,  
Beneath the rainbow rim!

The breezes all pursue thee,  
Moved by thy virgin pride.  
Great Pan himself doth woo thee,  
And seek thee for his bride.  
The spot where thou hast trod is  
A jewel cast to him,  
O amaranthine goddess,  
Beneath the rainbow rim!

—C. E. D. Phelps.

My Wish.

Unto the world's great diadem  
Could I but add one simple gem  
Ere life were spent,  
One heart-sprung lay, whose softening chime  
Should echo through the halls of time,  
I'd rest content.

I ask no part with those who wrought  
The mighty pyramids of thought.

Our heritage,  
Unshaken by the drifting sand  
Of endless change, serene they stand  
From age to age.

If on the placid sea of time  
The zephyr of my simple rhyme  
Should ripple make,  
Which widening ever through the years  
Upon the distant misty shores  
At last should break,

Then feeling that I have not been  
A horrorer of the dust in vain,  
When life was spent,

And that unto the crown of thought  
This simple jewel I had brought,  
I'd rest content.

—Warren Pease.

The Prime of Life.

Just as I thought I was growing old,  
Ready to sit in my easy chair,  
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,  
And smile at folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,  
And I am thinking that forty year  
Isn't the age that it seems to be  
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me, of life it is just the prime!  
A fact that I hope she will understand,  
And forty year is a perfect rhyme  
To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see—  
Boys are sometimes gray I am told;  
Rose came by with a smile for me,  
Just as I thought I was growing old.

—Walter Learned.

The First of April.

Now if to be an April-fool  
Is to delight in the song of the thrush,  
To long for the swallow in air's blue hollow,  
And the nightingale's riotous music-gush,  
And to paint a vision of cities Elysian  
Out away in the sunset-flush—  
Then I grasp my flagon and swear thereby,  
We are April-fools, my Love and I.

And if to be an April-fool  
Is to feel contempt for iron and gold,  
For the shallow fame at which most men aim—  
And to turn from worldlings cruel and cold  
To God in his splendor, loving and tender,  
And to hark in his presence manifold—  
Then by all the stars in his infinite sky,  
We are April-fools, my Love and I.

—Mortimer Collins.

My Lady Anemone.

Beneath soft snows harsh winter lingering  
Takes stand, hetimes, against th' advancing spring  
To find itself betrayed before its flight—  
Within their midst that daintiest eremite,  
Th' anemone, dear April's solacing.

Rare this, but rarer note doth nature ring  
When silvery locks, time's counterfeiters, soft cling  
About a visage pink with vernal light  
Beneath soft snows!

What lovelier fancy can she set a-wing?  
Here rifted age holds youth in th' opening;  
Here wisdom's hoary poll, in sweet despite,  
Is set to crown a face of pure delight—  
The wind-flower face I all too faintly sing  
Beneath soft snows.—John Jarvis Holden.

Where My Treasure Is.

Lord of the living, when my race is run,  
Will that I pass beneath the risen sun;  
Suffer my sight to dim upon some scene  
Of Thy good green.

Let my last pillow be the earth I love,  
With fair infinity of blue above;  
And fleeting, purple shadow of a cloud  
My only shroud.

A little lark, above the Morning Star,  
Shall shrill the tidings of my end afar;  
The muffled music of a lone sheep-hell  
Shall be my knell.

And where stone heroes trod the moor of old,  
Where hygone wolf howled round a granite fold,  
Hide Thou, beneath the heather's new-born bill,  
My endless night.

—Anthony.



## STONES AND COAL.

## How London Is Affected by the Suffragettes' Raid and the Miners' Strike.

London housekeepers have often been moved to expostulate with their fuel merchants for mixing stones with coal; today they would be glad to have a little coal mixed with the stones. For stones are plentiful, but coal is said to be scarce. In other words, while the miners have ceased their subterranean search after fuel for grates the suffragettes have been industriously gathering stones for the demolition of windows. This coincidence has roused the cockney from his usual apathy; he has done nothing for the past week except puzzle his wits to decide upon an adequate punishment for those wild females who have put him to the expense of buying new windows at the moment when his fuel merchant may soon be asking exorbitant prices for the wherewithal to cook his dinner and warm his parlor.

Penalties suggested for the window-smashers range from the cat-o-nine-tails to life imprisonment with hard labor. It may be, however, that the action taken by the government and the sentences already passed by magistrates will prove as effective as the direst retribution devised by the most irate cockney. The arrest of the leaders, their detention in custody without the option of bail, the seizure of the papers of the Women's Social and Political Union, and the determination of the insurance companies to recover the money they have had to pay, all point to one result, namely, long sentences of imprisonment and the confiscation of the funds of the organization. Many of the window-smashers have already received sentence, but a still larger number have been remanded for trial. The explanation is that the English law provides for the summary conviction of those who have caused damage to property below a certain sum, but demands a more elaborate trial for those whose depredations are on a more costly scale.

Now, judging what is to come from what has happened, it is reasonable to conclude that all the militant suffragettes who have taken part in the raids of the past week will be punished to the full extent of the law. Previous offenders were treated with such leniency that suffragist martyrdom was cheap. The "refined ladies" were not herded with common criminals, and their brief incarceration was spent amid environments hardly less comfortable than those of their own "refined" homes. And that short retirement from the scene of action was rendered the more endurable by the thought of the band which would await the "martyrs" at the prison gate and the fêtes to follow. Those were ample compensations for hysterical women, and anticipations of repetitions of such experiences were no doubt potent factors in recruiting the ranks of the window-smashers. But the reality is proving quite another matter. Two months' imprisonment with hard labor is poles apart from seven days as a "first class misdemeanant," and that term of imprisonment will be greatly exceeded in the case of those offenders who have been remanded for trial. All this has already had a wholesome effect. Those stalwarts of "the cause" who used to haunt Piccadilly Circus selling "Votes for Women" have disappeared as completely as Miss Pankhurst, and even the suburban vendors were missing on last publication day. Nay, the buttons and badges which the militants were so fond of flaunting in public have also gone into hiding. In fact, the temper of the Londoner is so volcanic just now that the woman with a yearning for the vote is not advertising that yearning from the housetop. The shadow of martyrdom was enjoyable, but its substance is not to her taste.

Besides, it has been discovered that suffragettes have windows as well as other people. And they are equally breakable. And it is as costly to replace them. There are rumors, then, that another league of window-smashers is being formed, and that a list is preparing of suffragist dwelling-houses. Meantime distinguished attention has been paid to the windows of that store in the Adelphi which is devoted to the sale of suffragist literature. Its huge panes of plate glass were too tempting a mark to resist, and they have already been twice shattered and replaced. As no insurance company will cover such a risk, the cost of the damage has fallen on the funds of "the cause," and that *quid pro quo* has elicited woeful wails from those window-smashers who do not relish being paid in their own coin.

Altogether, then, the raids of the suffragettes and the counter-strokes of their enemies have up to the present left a more visible mark on London than the coal strike. No matter what principal thoroughfare I traversed during the past week, it was impossible to walk a hundred yards without coming upon store windows which were either shattered or had been newly replaced. For once not even the sensational newspapers exaggerated the extent of the damage. Drapers, jewelers, tailors, hatters, chemists, banks, postoffices—the stone-throwers made no distinction, though in many cases their missiles did not hit the objects at which they were aimed. With their hammers, concealed in muffs up to the moment of action, they were more successful, and between the two they wrought sufficient damage to saddle the insurance companies with liabilities amounting to a good many thousands of pounds.

Nor were the wrecked windows the only signs of the times. Excusing the breaking short of a conversation on the plea that I was bound for the British Museum, the friend with whom I was talking rejoined, "The

British Museum! Why, it's shut; they won't let you in." He was right in one respect. On reaching the gates I saw them adorned, for the first time since the Chartist riots, with a board announcing that the museum was "closed until further notice," and the solitary attendant at the gate had been reinforced with half a dozen policemen. But my friend was wrong in declaring I would be denied admission; he did not know that holders of students' tickets, whose names and addresses are known to the officials, were being distinguished from the general public. So in I went, to find an unwonted state of affairs, for the staff on guard had assumed the proportions of a small army, while every staircase and passageway had its own barrier. These were, no doubt, wise precautions, for the authorities could not but remember how a lunatic some years ago shattered the priceless Portland Vase and that two or three insane women with hammers might in a few seconds make terrible havoc on the nation's most precious treasures.

But the coal strike? Well, honestly, up to the time of writing it has not been quite that devastating experience which the cables may have led *Argonaut* readers to suppose. It is true fewer trains have been running; for the present week, such is the report, some transatlantic boats are to be canceled, which may result in this letter being late; several of the daily newspapers have shrunk a few pages in size; and some of the coal merchants' depots are no longer decorated with the usual lists of prices of "stove nuts, very hot," "Derby brights," "household," and the other countless varieties of the substance generally summed up in the word "coal." For the rest, however, the life of the Londoner is in its normal condition. Except for the half-penny papers. A coal strike would be an absurdity were it not exploitable in huge scare headings, and so we have scare headings in plenty.

LONDON, March 12, 1912. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

## A NEW IMMORTAL IN PARIS.

## The Significance and Ceremony of M. Cochin's Installation.

Anatole France has abdicated. That makes all the difference to the installation of a new Immortal. Time was when the chief interest of such an occasion consisted in M. France's preliminary remarks. So happy was he in his "intelligent anticipation of events" that his articles in *Le Temps* robbed the actual proceedings of a good deal of their point. The orators dreaded those articles; the odds were overwhelming that M. France would either forestall the best things they had to say or credit them with a gift for eloquence to which they could make no pretension. But M. France has abdicated; not all the blandishments of the editor of *Le Temps* could move him to forecast what would happen at the reception of Denys Cochin.

Had M. Cochin been immortalized twenty years ago it would have been different. For then the novelist was himself a nominee of "the Dukes," that is, the Conservative, royalist, pro-church party of the Academy. But he has traveled far in two decades. All his detestation of Zola was recanted in the eulogy he made at his grave; that he is a Dreyfusite needs hardly be recalled; and in more than one speech during the state and church campaign he used all the forces of his eloquence to demand separation. These are the things which account for M. France's silence; for at every point he is in antagonism with his new colleague of the Academy.

And yet the novelist has much in common with the new Immortal. Both are Parisians of Paris; the light and air of the city are M. France's native atmosphere, the streets were his school, and the Luxembourg Gardens his introduction to nature. Mr. Cochin, too, was born in Paris, into a family which has been settled by the Seine for more than three centuries, and the only difference between him and the novelist is that he has the bourgeois strain in his blood, while M. France had merely a poor bookseller for father. Again, M. Cochin agrees with M. France in the modernity of his art preferences, for he professes a keen appreciation of such impressionists as Cézanne and Monet. That, indeed, is the most surprising thing about the new Academician. In all else he stands so resolutely for the old order, for tradition, for royalism, for Catholicism, for the union of church and state, that his acceptance of impressionism in art makes him a psychological puzzle.

That M. Cochin was elected to the chair left vacant by the death of Albert Vandal may be a surprise to the outside world, but the honor has been accepted by Parisians as worthily won and fully deserved. For M. Cochin, who is in his sixty-second year, is member for Paris in the Chamber of Deputies and has for many years been recognized as inferior to no politician in his knowledge of foreign affairs. Indeed, had his views been more in harmony with the opinions of his age he must long ago have attained the portfolio of foreign minister. He is, then, a fit successor to M. Vandal, who owed his chair in the Academy to his profound knowledge of the diplomatic history of France. Besides, M. Cochin has been consistent all through his career. Nothing has tempted him to abandon the opposition for the popular side of the chamber. He is a convinced opponent of the income-tax principle, and contested the revision of the Dreyfus case as stubbornly as he fought against the separation of church and state.

Nevertheless no deputy is more certain of courteous hearing in the chamber than he. That may be partly due to his attractive conversational style, partly to his

commanding figure set off with an impressive beard and a winning smile, and partly to his unrivaled knowledge of the subjects on which he speaks. Altogether, then, it may be concluded that it is M. Cochin's distinction as a politician which has won him the right to wear the green uniform of the Academy. And yet that is not the whole truth. For the new Immortal is also an author and one of his books was duly "crowned" by the Academy some years ago. Besides, he fought with such bravery in the Franco-German War that he was awarded the coveted military medal. Hence his biography in brief is: "A good Frenchman, a gallant soldier, a kind man, a serious writer, a useful deputy, and an excellent orator."

But that the claims of the new Immortal were more political than literary made no difference to the *éclat* of his installation. Although there are forty Immortals, the admission of a new one is a sufficiently rare event to make the occasion a fashionable function. So the much-coveted cards of admission were once more at a premium for the ceremony of last Thursday, for the applicants were eager not merely to hear the speeches, but to have their own presence duly chronicled among more brilliant or distinguished names.

From the staging of the ceremony it was obvious that high politics were to take the place of literature for once. For Gabriel Hanotaux occupied the presidential chair, the ghost of Albert Vandal was to be warmed with eulogy, and the *parains* who accompanied M. Cochin to the rostrum were none other than M. Mézières and Comte Albert de Mun. The latter is one of the veterans of the Academy, for he is in his seventy-third year, and still remains an obdurate royalist with a leaning towards Christian socialism. M. Cochin's oration in praise of his predecessor was less conversational than usual; he seemed to appreciate the dignity of the occasion and had keyed himself accordingly. But if his manner was stately his matter was startling. He claimed Napoleon as a feudalist and Bismarck as a failure. Of course he admitted that the emperor was an innovator in military matters, but there was nothing new in his founding feudatory kingdoms, arranging imperial marriages, and planning violent attacks on the Holy Sec. To balance that, however, M. Cochin applauded the expansion policy of Napoleon and his innocence of any taint of a Monroe Doctrine. That passage of the oration was evidently grateful to M. Hanotaux; his approving smile—for applause is forbidden by the etiquette of the Academy—may have meant that his thoughts were busy with his own policy as foreign minister, that policy which plunged France in the Fashoda morass and left such an unstable path for M. Delcassé to tread.

But the most startling of M. Cochin's sentences were those in which he proclaimed the failure of Bismarck. Germany, he said—and the Kaiser's representative was there to hear—must perceive that the events now in progress tend to eclipse the glory of him whom she named Iron Chancellor. He did not penetrate the secrets of the future. To estimate at its proper value the gift he made his country it was merely necessary to imagine what England would think of a statesman who had lost her colonies but preserved her an Ireland. And once more M. Hanotaux smiled agreement, for he distrusts England and shares every Frenchman's yearning for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine.

And in due course he was able to speak for himself, both as a statesman and as the author of the standard history of contemporary France. In so speaking he dwelt with evident feeling on that haven for disappointed political ambition which the pursuit of literature has so often provided for the sons of France. His texts were Vandal, Sorel, and Houssaye, three confrères whom they had lost and who represented the age of anguish in which they lived, because, turning their backs on the turmoil of that age, they devoted themselves to history. France had suffered much, M. Hanotaux continued. She was vanquished; she had lost two provinces; she had to reorganize her social life, to revivify it, to restore vigor, energy, faith to it. How was it possible to reopen the golden gate of the future? Those distinguished men, devoted sons and tried patriots, thought that they could not give her greater encouragement than by recalling her own history.

Such an apologia did not miss its mark. His listeners knew that M. Hanotaux was explaining his own deviation from politics to history. And, after all, the tendency of the bourgeois is still to look back to the days of the empire and beyond. "The Dukes' party" in the Academy is growing, and has of course been materially strengthened by the advent of M. Cochin, for middle-class conservatism can find no sphere for its activities save in the camp of those who believe that the royalists could sweep the country if they had any marrow in their bones. Besides, your Frenchman is never happy without an idealist cause, and such an inspiration has been lacking since the Dreyfus case was laid to rest. There is probably an incipient Boulanger in hiding somewhere, and when he emerges his propaganda will be all the easier because men like M. Cochin are now thought worthy of that Academy hallmark which would have been scornfully withheld twenty years ago. Anatole France is alive to the change. And perhaps that is another reason why he has abdicated.

PARIS, March 5, 1912. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

All the large towns in Palestine are to be provided with electricity supplied by power generated by the falls of the River Jordan at the Lake of Galilee.



## A SISTER OF SHERLOCK.

## How Her Suspicion Was Justified.

"I can tell a man's occupation by the way he sits in his chair or settles his cuffs," announced Lucinda.

"It's the little things that tell," I responded, as if the remark were original. I meant that little things tell Lucinda. They seldom tell me anything. I have never learned to recognize trades and professions in coat wrinkles and handshakes.

We were in the parlor of the Willetts Hotel, ready for the forty-mile stage ride to the Burton farm, where we were to spend our vacation. The delights of a summer at Burton's would have reconciled us to a longer trip. The vision of the picturesque bit of farm land with a wilderness of trees around it, in the heart of the Coast Range, had cheered us both through tiresome days. Now nothing lay between us and our retreat but the long mountain ride, with the possibility that we might be robbed on the way, for twice within a few months the Laytonville stage had been stopped by highwaymen.

We were talking of the dangers of the ride when the stage drew up before the hotel. The one other passenger stood on the piazza, opening a letter. I noticed that he wore a peculiar, leather-trimmed sombrero. When he had taken his place with the driver, and Lucinda and I were seated in the coach, I mentioned him, I hardly know why, except that one's fellow-passengers increase in interest as they decrease in number. Lucinda looked mysterious and said that she did not know what to think of the man. I could not see that it was necessary to think of him at all, and I began to read one of Throckmorton's stories.

Throckmorton, and Throckmorton alone, was worthy of a place in our jealously guarded vacation. Lucinda had cut his stories from the magazines and bound them in ooze-leather covers to give them, as she said, the dignity of permanent literature. The enjoyment we found in his writings when first he came within our ken had given place to the peculiar delight discoverers feel, for only of late had critics and readers burst out in his praise. We were not too strong-minded to prize the moral support of confirmed judgment, and we reveled in Throckmorton's stories with new enthusiasm. His latest novel, "The Black Mask," was carefully packed away to be read under the apple trees at the Burton farm.

The stage jolted with that unconcern observable in stages on mountain roads, and we looked away at the sleek hills and shadowed creek, watched for Laytonville, where we were to have supper, and gave up trying to read. We had an all-night's ride before us, for we were not to reach Price's Hotel, where Mr. Burton would meet us, until daylight the next morning. We passed several hospitable-looking houses that might have been the Laytonville Inn, but were not, before we reached its welcome shelter and uncured ourselves, after those five hours of sitting still, as if just emerging from the chrysalis stage.

Women were not frequent guests at that table, I inferred, for the cook, who served us, began every question with, "Gentlemen," adding as an afterthought, "an ladies." The "gentlemen," the driver and the passenger who had worn the sombrero, ate in silence. When the stillness became frightful I could not eat, and at last I flung myself into the breach to save my appetite:

"This would be a beautiful road to travel through, if there were no danger of being robbed."

He of the sombrero lifted his head suddenly. He sat diagonally across the table from me, so I had the opportunity to observe him without appearing to do so. Lucinda was looking at him, too. She touched my foot under the table. It is a signal known of old. Now I do hate to be checked in that way. I always make one more remark on the same subject, some innocent, ambiguous remark, just for the sake of asserting my independence of character.

"Such as Throckmorton described in his story, 'At Dead of Night,'" I added.

That was certainly incomplete and disconnected enough to do no harm. I glanced at Lucinda. Her gaze was riveted on the man on the other side of the table. When I looked at him again I heartily repented having spoken in the first place. Around his eyes were little wrinkles as if he were laughing, yet he did not even smile. It gave his face a sinister expression, a look of concealed villainy such as I had never seen before.

The meal was finished in a very few minutes, but the time was all too long for me in my eagerness to get into the stage where I could talk the matter over with Lucinda. Now the fact that she touched my foot to let me know that I ought not to talk about robbers shows that she had suspected the man first, but I had a feeling that I had been the first to see the real villainy of his expression, and I wanted to tell her so. As dearly as I love Lucinda, I must say she has a way of impressing her superiority upon me that is not always easy to bear. When we were again seated in the stage, Lucinda asked: "Do you know how near I was to deciding that we must stay overnight in Laytonville?"

Then I recognized Lucinda's foresight, and mentally apologized for my petty jealousy. Here I had been pluming myself upon my ability to read the man's character with a thought of how we were to avoid the danger of highway robbery.

"Lucinda, why are we going on? Really, it did not seem to me that we could stay."

"We are going on because it is no worse to be robbed on a stage than at the hotel. There was a package marked 'Coin' left by the express at the hotel. I saw it, and the robber—I mean the man on the front seat—saw it. What is to prevent his getting off the stage and going back to the hotel? If we stayed over we could not get word to Mr. Burton about meeting us, and if the robber—"

"But we don't know he is a robber."

"No, it is true our evidence is made up of a number of observations, but they lead to that conclusion. You know how he watched when the Wells Fargo box was chained in."

"Yes, and how he offered to lift the mail bags."

"Naturally he would be interested in the mails. He has grown skillful at tampering with sealed matter. Did you observe that, when he opened his own letter there on the hotel piazza, he did not tear or cut the end, but rolled a pencil under the flap?"

"The expression of his face when I spoke at the table of the robbery was what convinced me," I said meekly.

"The man is a gambler, too, of course. I saw how he slid the salt when the driver asked him to pass it."

"What does that mean?"

"It is the habitual movement of a poker player."

I could only murmur, "It's the little things that tell!"

"Then his habit of lifting his head suddenly every few moments."

I felt particularly strong on that point, but before I could respond Lucinda went on with an explanation that humbled me completely and made me feel how utterly useless it is for me to try to be Lucinda, or to see all that she sees with those keen, discerning eyes of hers:

"It is the movement of a person who wears a mask, and he keeps one hand near his hip pocket."

"Lucinda, you ought to have been a detective. Who but you would have seen through the schemes of a robber who is bold enough to board the stage in the guise of a regular passenger?"

Lucinda took off her watch and slipped it into her shoe, whispering, "That man knows all about the two robberies on this road, and will soon know about a third."

As she stowed her money in her other shoe, she advised me to follow her example.

"What good would it do? If the stage were stopped I should cry, 'Good Mr. Robber, take these and spare my life!'"

When people are face to face with danger, they can discuss it as calmly as if it were the most trivial circumstance. We reflected that the man on the front seat had the driver in his power. We were silent a long time, hours it seemed, listening to the rumble of the heavy wheels. I began to hope that our fears might be groundless, and I said something of the sort to Lucinda.

"He may wait until we are nearly to Price's," she said grimly. "He is going to know his driver, you see."

It had grown very dark. Heavy clouds had come up since sunset. The stage swayed and bounded. The driver swore gently at his horses, and the sound was wafted back to us in inarticulate cadences. We were going up the grade. The steep cañon wall was above us, blacker even than the darkness below. Lucinda said we were not far from the spot where the last robbery occurred. Suddenly we heard a loud oath, the stage seemed going backward, there was the grating of the heavy brake, and we were at a standstill. A moment later a man's head was thrust between the curtains. I screamed. Lucinda sat bolt upright.

"Wanted to tell you not to be skeered—busted a trace, that's all," said the driver.

Frightened as I was, I had never admired Lucinda more than at that moment.

"Oh, is that all," she said in a strained voice. "Now you are here will you kindly change this seat for us, so, and move that hamper, so?" As he arranged things, she looked directly at him and said in a low voice:

"Do you know who he is?" with a gesture.

"You bet, ma'am, I'm onto him. He's been quite confidential tellin' me about the big hauls he's made." As the driver left hastily he added, "Sheriff Goodhue's lookin' for him at—"

The last remark was lost as he climbed down. We could hear various remarks to the uneasy horses as the trace was being repaired.

"What a brave man that driver is," I quavered as we went on again.

"Yes, I should know it from the way he holds his thumbs. A cowardly person hides the thumb."

In the first light of morning, colder and more forbidding than the darkness, we stopped at Price's Hotel, and Lucinda thanked the driver warmly for our safe trip.

"I felt more like thanking the robber," I confided to her at breakfast-time. She did not reply, for she had just discovered that her watch-crystal was broken. At that moment it occurred to me that I had left "Throckmorton's Stories" in the stage.

After those hours of suspense, I slept until some one knocked to say that Mr. Burton was waiting below stairs. Even when I sat in the buggy, I was still too sleepy to be companionable. Mr. Burton talked volubly to Lucinda. I had paid little attention, but I was all ears before he concluded.

"That stage-driver is a big talker. He told Price, there at the hotel, about a feller that came up this trip—"

said he was a writer that got thousands of dollars for his books—had an order to write another book and was going up to Sheriff Goodhue's ranch to do it. Said the man's name was Throckmorton. I never heard of an author by that name, did you?"

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1912.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, at the age of thirty-two, is credited with having earned over a million dollars in the last ten years from his concerts.

United States Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, although eighty-two years of age, is at his post of duty at 9:15 daily. It is said no member of the Senate in the last ten years has answered as many roll-calls as he. Senator Cullom has been in the public service for over half a century.

Charles J. Mulligan, to whom the State of Illinois has just made the award for the erection of the monument in memory to Ninian Edwards, first territorial governor of Illinois, is a well-known Chicago sculptor. He was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1867, but came to this country when quite young, studying under Lorado Taft, the Chicago master. The monument will be erected at Edwardsville.

Mrs. Charles Nechter, one of the most heavily insured women in the United States, carrying \$1,200,000, has made her fortune in Chicago real estate and in the department store business. The store, when she assumed charge, was a tiny affair, struggling along in an aimless way. It is now many-storied and covers much of a city block. Despite her busy life Mrs. Nechter finds time for social duties.

Countess Ogasawara, who has been appointed to represent her countrywomen at the ninth international conference of the Red Cross Society in Washington next May, is the first woman in the history of her country who has been asked to represent Japan at a great international gathering. She is one of the most beautiful women in Japan, speaks English and French, but has never been abroad.

Edwin Ginn, millionaire publisher of Boston, and one of the original exponents of the world's peace movement, in which he is still a leader, knew hard work and poverty from his earliest recollections until he reached manhood's estate. His early childhood was spent on a rocky Maine farm. To obtain money for his education he worked as a farm hand and at times was a fisherman on scant pay.

Moses H. Steuer, who has just been admitted to the bar in Boston, came to this country a little over ten years ago, ignorant of the language, and traveled from house to house selling small wares to support himself and family. A lawsuit in which he became involved gave him the inspiration to study, and he began to learn English, working by day and studying literature and law by night. He is fifty-six years of age.

Mrs. S. F. Wiles, the "Cotton Empress" of Imperial Valley, California, went to that section primarily for her health. Suffering tortures from asthma, she was carried from the train to a hotel on her arrival at El Centro. With returning health she took direct charge of her large ranch, superintended the planting, care, and harvesting of 170 acres of cotton, which found ready market at a neat profit. This year she is planting cotton again, also adding other crops.

Dr. C. D. Ginsburg, the eminent Hebrew scholar, now in his eighty-first year, is supervising a new edition of the Bible to be issued in London by the Bible Society, in which will be seen for the first time how the Psalms were printed. This edition of the Bible will show the various readings of the different manuscripts. Dr. Ginsburg says he has never found a Hebrew manuscript written by a Christian. All were written by Jews, and his researches cover sixty years and the continent of Europe. The Psalms had no musical system at all; they were originally intoned, but never sung to music. The importance of the accents was syntactical, not musical.

The famous old battleship *Maine*, which was blown up and sunk in Havana harbor in 1898 just before the Spanish-American war, with a loss of 260 lives, and which was lately floated at an expense of \$900,000 to the American government, was, with great ceremony, towed out to sea, on March 16, and "buried" in six hundred fathoms of water. Nearly 100,000 persons on the water-front witnessed the departure of the famous ship, and all respectfully uncovered as she passed. The *North Carolina* and *Birmingham* followed the *Maine* to the entrance of the harbor, with four gunboats of the Cuban navy and steamers and tugs containing civic organizations. Reaching a point four miles from shore, the procession halted, and sailors from the warships opened the sea-cocks of the *Maine*, letting the water into the hulk, while the men on the war vessels stood at attention and everybody else bared his head. The *Maine* sank slowly, but finally plunged into the depths. Millions of flowers with which she had been adorned floated on the surface. A bugler sounded taps, the vessels whistled, and the *North Carolina* and the *Birmingham* boomed parting salutes. The bodies on board the *North Carolina* were taken to Washington for burial at Arlington Cemetery.



## IN THE WILDS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST.

Rifle and Campfire, in the Interest of Science, Where Big Game Makes Its Last Stand.

Although Charles Sheldon writes in the preface to "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" that it is "an attempt to give a detailed account strictly from the view of a hunter interested in natural history," the volume possesses a charm that bespeaks for it a wide reading. It is largely in the form of a diary, relating the author's Alaskan experience day by day, by river steamboat, canoe, with pack-train, and afoot, breathing of life in the great open places and as thrilling in moments as a novel. No other book has accomplished more in its way for the northern country. To gather material the writer hunted in mountains where neither white man nor Indian had been. "The wilderness was primeval, the sheep practically undisturbed, the other game animals seldom hunted. It was not possible to find guides, for there were none." The man who loves camp life will revel in the information given relative to tramping and living in the open. While it may seem that killing was at times wantonly indulged in, facts bear the writer out in his statement that "a legitimate number of the animals killed were reserved for trophies; the others were collected especially for the United States Biological Survey and are now in the new National Museum at Washington."

River travel by steamer may be either a pleasure or a trying ordeal. Starting up the Pelly, the party engaged a small steamer—and was immediately sorry. The "Swedish captain, who had somehow drifted to Dawson and become a member of the Salvation Army," was a deep-water navigator, bigoted, and helpless on a small stream. We are told he had the boat forever running aground and backing off. Finally the captain flatly refused to continue:

At noon we came to a bend where a log in a drift jam projected out part way in the channel, and although we sent out men who quickly cut it, the captain positively refused to go on; nor were we loath to leave the boat. We unloaded canoes and supplies in the rain, made a rough camp, when Selous, Rungius, and Osgood started off, each trapping in different directions, and returned later without having seen any game or even signs of any.

Thus ended a steamboat trip up one of the sub-arctic rivers of the Northwest—a typical trip on the small boats of that country, irresponsibly manned, as they usually are when attempting to navigate new rivers. What a relief later, after a repast of biscuit, tea, and bacon, to sit before a large campfire and feel the freedom and liberty of the wilderness!

Canoeing under favorable circumstances is one of the unalloyed delights which the traveler becomes familiar with on the smooth stretches of wide river:

As the afternoon hours pass by when one is sitting in the how of a canoe, silently paddling, with rifle ready by his side, a deep fascination is added to the charm of gliding down those parts of the rivers where game is abundant. At any moment a moose—that monarch of the northern forest—may appear on the bars; a bear may be seen swimming or moving among the willows; a lynx may be observed sitting on the bank; a fox playing on the shore, or a wolf skulking in the shadows. On the tangents, the eyes are continually strained to detect an animal far ahead, and when going around the curves the eagerness becomes intense.

Hunting mountain sheep, with visions of a juicy broil or fry for supper, and then to come upon a grizzly bear is one of the thrilling moments in the life of the man in the far north. But the effectiveness of the modern rifle strips the sport of much of the danger which the pioneer knew so well:

I sat down, rested my elbows on my knees, and aiming at her left hind quarter as she paused, fired, and heard the bullet strike her. She jumped, turned, and stood with forelegs extended forward, apparently panting. The cub at once began to run about howling. The bear dropped to a sitting posture for a moment and then rose. I fired a second shot at her forehead and heard the bullet strike her. She gave a great jump and stood until a third shot was fired, when she fell, kicked once or twice, and was dead.

The cub was still running about crying, and I went slowly toward it, intending if possible to capture it for the New York Zoological Park. When within fifty feet the cub saw me. It ran around, looking at me with great curiosity, sniffing again and again, approached a few feet, then continued to run back and forth. Finally, as I kept coming closer, it stood on its hind feet, placed its forepaws on the dead mother and began spitting at me. I stooped low and crept within six feet, ready to place a noose, made from my belt and the straps from the kodak and a field-glass, over its head, when suddenly it pushed forward its nose, sniffed at me several times in terror, turned and rushed up the mountain slope. I started to pursue, but it distanced me so rapidly that the chase was soon given up.

Game is not always plentiful, however, and even the most experienced hunter may return to camp with empty bag after a night alone in the mountains. Such a tramp has its compensations in the still country, where it is neither night nor day at certain periods:

For a long time I watched through the field-glass, but nothing appeared. The sun went below the horizon, leaving a brilliantly colored sky glowing over the distant ranges toward the Tatonduk River. It was after ten and, not wishing to lose the beauty of the landscape under the twilight glow, I tramped hour after hour along the crest of the range continuing all the way to the basin south of camp. The ground-squirrels, marmots, conies, hinds, and even the mosquitoes were hushed, and a solemn stillness prevailed. A deep calm pervaded the basins, meadows, and wilderness below, causing a weird impression of the solitude. Not a sound of any kind was audible; not a creature visible. Never did I feel more alone. In this northern twilight there was just enough darkness to cause a feeling of awe at the dim and silent grandeur of the surroundings. I slowly walked on all night, from mountain to mountain, and descended to the gorge of the stream in the south basin, proceeded through it with difficulty, and went down the creek toward camp. At three in the morning a heavy frost spread over the country, and a little later, above and below, all glittered and sparkled like diamonds in the rising sun.

One is never too weary from the paddle to forego

exploring the woods or adjacent hills, hopeful that he may come upon game. After bagging a lynx the writer suddenly finds himself facing a large bear, and once more the rapid-fire rifle proves itself:

I stood for several minutes and listened, but could not hear a sound. Just as I was about to return I saw the dusky form of a lynx, fifty feet ahead, apparently following with noiseless tread the trail of the rabbit. Its grayish color blended so perfectly with the fallen leaves and poplar trunks that I could scarcely distinguish it as it glided along. Raising my rifle and following the lynx as best I could, a favorable opportunity was presented as it passed through the dense poplar growth, and I fired, knocking it down. But it jumped up and was running in zigzag leaps as I fired three more shots, each missing. By that time it had circled to a point fifty feet ahead of me, and after the last shot it squatted down. I could see blood streaming from its chest, and holding the rifle to my shoulder I covered it, but did not fire the last cartridge, thinking that the lynx would expire.

A sudden rustling of the leaves caused me to turn my head, and I was startled to see a large black bear walking not ten feet away, and apparently looking at the wounded lynx. It stopped just as I saw it, and with one foot raised and head held high, it seemed to watch the lynx. Quickly swinging my rifle, I fired full into its chest. It gave a great spring, and, clutching its chest, reeled, half running in a short circle, and dropped almost at my feet. It kicked twice and died just six feet in front of me. The lynx was in the same position. Quickly reloading, I whistled for Jefferies, who came running into the woods. As he approached, the lynx began to move off in awkward leaps and we followed. After a short distance it again lay down and I killed it with a club.

Nor must it be supposed that every day was pleasant, and that the party lived care-free, for rain fell frequently and swarms of mosquitoes added to the discomfort. After an entire day paddling a canoe in a downpour, passing moose and bear, the writer reached shelter, and again one catches a glimpse of cheer and of the wide variety of game in that region:

About dark I arrived at an abandoned trapper's cabin on the river bank opposite Plateau Mountain, and found Rungius and Osgood installed in it. Selous came soon after, and that evening, while the rain beat down outside, there was a delightful reunion. They had hunted in the Russell Mountains, and Rungius had killed a hump back with fine antlers, two cow caribou, a small female grizzly, a black bear, and a wolverine.

Man is an object of curiosity to wild animals until they come to know him as an enemy, and it is small wonder that the north has been the hunters' paradise. Fortunately all the "shooting" is not done with rifles, and the writer relates a kodak adventure, carried out at the risk of losing his ears, "which were frozen stiff several times and rubbed soft again":

Turning to the left, I climbed to the top and went in the direction where the cow caribou and her calf had last been seen earlier in the day. Numerous large flocks of ptarmigan were flying about, and soon the cow and calf were seen feeding on the flat top. As the sun was directly ahead I could not photograph them, even after approaching to within seventy-five yards, before the cow saw me. To have circled would have brought me in an unfavorable wind. The cow looked at me a moment, and, joined by the calf, trotted twenty-five yards in my direction and both stood looking at me. I advanced again and both, moving off a short distance, again stopped and looked. As I came very close, both turned and trotted across the top and disappeared around the slope.

A bear was discovered on the farther side of the stream as dusk approached. He took rapid aim and fired:

My shot missed, and the bear gave a spring and stood looking. I was again aiming, when Jefferies suddenly fired and followed his first by three more shots, all missing, while the bear ran back and forth in complete bewilderment. I had not noticed that he had taken his rifle out of the boat, nor did he pay any heed to my protests. He was so excited that he was really in a state of frenzy. After his last shot the bear stopped a moment on a hummock rising above some brush, even then not having detected the direction of the shots. I fired and it fell in the brush, but immediately jumped up and ran over the ridge. That was the last time I ever allowed a man employed by me to carry a rifle.

The wilderness is sprinkled with men living hermit lives, avoiding travelers as much as possible, retreating before oncoming civilization, as did the American Indian, hopeless, broken in spirit, drifting—sadly it must be said—towards insanity. Lured to the country in search of gold, their inability to discover deposits of the precious metal saps their hope and ambition until they follow the line of least resistance:

We camped just before dark, and in the morning, after paddling forty minutes, reached Rose's cabin. As we landed, he stepped out on the bank to welcome us, with that taciturnity and lack of demonstration always acquired by those who habitually live alone in the woods. He had been there two years and had constructed a V-shaped cabin without even a window. It was hanked with earth from the ridgepole to the ground and hence, though gloomy, was very warm in the winter. He was an old man about sixty, who, after having spent several years without success in locating a mining claim, had come up on the Pelly, "to trap and prospect," as he said. "To trap and prospect!" the final stage in the career of numerous unsuccessful prospectors in that northern country.

Repeated failures dim the flame and deaden the ambition, and new country is sought where animals may be trapped to exchange for a new grubstake with which to prospect for a new discovery. By this time the man has become accustomed to a life of mere existence and is unfitted for anything else. Still, for some time he calls himself a "trapper and prospector." After this stage, he soon acquires the habit of living entirely alone, which often marks the beginning of hallucinations, sooner or later, usually, developing into insanity. In proportion to the population of white men, there is more insanity in those far northern countries than in any other part of our continent.

If the initial trip by boat proved a bitter disappointment, the second was just the reverse, carrying men and horses without a mishap far up the Pelly, where the most interesting tribe of Indians (bearing the name of the river) in the interior of the country dwelt at that time:

The *Vidette* was a small stern-wheel steamer of light draft and powerful engines; her captain and pilot were experienced river navigators and had long been in the service of the government. Two of the trappers, Van Gorda and

Corning, were returning to their cabins on the upper Pelly above Hoole Cañon. Another, Rose, had a cabin on the Pelly, fifty miles below Ross River; and two other prospectors were about to winter at Hoole Cañon to prospect the creeks in that vicinity.

How delightful it was to be again steaming up the Pelly in a comfortable little steamer, under sunny skies, with interesting companions, and with the anticipation of exploring new country and studying the sheep!

As the *Vidette* rounded the curve into Ross River and made fast, I gazed from the deck at the multitude of Indians—men, women, and children—all assembled on the bank and nervously rushing about. That tribe of Indians had been less in contact with white men than any other in the north, and their behavior called to mind the gatherings at the Hudson's Bay trading-posts in early days. The sight was one to be long remembered. When the gangplank was put out I suddenly rode Danger to the shore and approached the Indians on a trot, while men, women, and children were fleeing in all directions and shouting in fright. My progress was suddenly checked, however, for at once a dozen or more dogs rushed at the horse, howling and snapping. If the trappers had not quickly heaten them off, the horse surely would have been disabled.

Here we find a tribe, though small, remaining true to the traditions of its forefathers. Superior blood must have run in its veins to have enabled its people to know, yet hold aloof from the white man and the demoralizing influences of trading post whisky:

Missionaries had never been among them, and their contact with whites after the Pelly Banks Post was abandoned in 1850, until Nahanni House was established, was only incidental, as when individuals of the tribe had met wandering prospectors.

Owing to these facts more than anything else, they were the healthiest and finest looking Indians I have ever seen in the interior of the northern country. Most of the men were fine specimens, and also the women, who bore children abundantly and reared them in health and vigor. They were all absolutely honest and lived a primitive Indian life, except that after Nahanni House was established, they used tents instead of the old brush shelters. They wore white man's clothing, and utilized the other novelties provided by the store. Up to that time they had not permitted a single one of their women to mate with a white man; the tribe, therefore, was in that respect the single exception among all the tribes, both coast and interior, in the whole north country.

The writer pays a merited tribute to that remarkable woman, Mrs. J. F. Hosfall, daughter of an American and an Indian woman. She was educated at the Fort McPherson mission, where she was "trained in reading, writing, cooking, and domestic work," and although she speaks perfect English and is thoroughly Americanized in many ways, she loves the hard life of the frozen north, and has often accompanied her husband in his trapping life:

While occupying the cabin in the latter part of July, she had a net for salmon stretched across an eddy in the river. One morning, when her husband was back in the woods, she saw an otter swimming across the river in the direction of the net. At the same time, one of her large dogs noticed it and immediately jumped in and swam to intercept it. She thought that the otter would get caught in the net and quickly jumped in her canoe and began poling toward it. She was not mistaken, for the otter became entangled in the meshes and was struggling to get loose when the dog arrived and grabbed it, both going under the water and struggling in the net. Mrs. Hosfall quickly arrived, and while one hand held the canoe steady with the pole, with the other she grasped the dog's tail and pulled him into the canoe. His jaws were closed on the otter, which was hauled in with him, together with part of the net.

Then dog and otter, both entangled in the net, began to struggle in the cranky canoe, which Mrs. Hosfall had to balance with nothing but a pole. But she was equal to it. In some way pulling off the dog, she grasped the hind leg of the otter and killed it with the pole. Few men could have successfully accomplished such a feat, and may this record of it stand as a suggestion of her skill!

On the latter part of the trip horses were taken along. It became necessary to part with one of the faithful beasts:

Dan McKinnon's trade had been that of a blacksmith and at once he offered to take Danger—a suggestion which I accepted on condition that he gather sufficient grass to keep the horse through the winter. This was intended as an indirect refusal, for Danger was lame, and I knew that it was best to end his life rather than leave him subjected to the cruel conditions of the wilderness. McKinnon, however, accepted my condition, and soon had the harrel of a 22-rifle red hot in a fire. By noon the next day he had hammered out a scythe, which was sharpened on a grindstone. He immediately began to cut the long nutritious grass growing abundantly on the banks.

The book closes with a chapter devoted to "Some Animals of Yukon Territory," which is in itself a condensed volume of ready reference. From his own observations the writer describes the different animals according to their markings, tells where they may be most readily found and relates their habits. Added appendices have been carefully compiled and will be of much assistance to readers who wish to carry the study of these animals to detailed lengths. Over a hundred illustrations are used, practically all of them being photographs taken by the writer. In addition are several splendid colored plates and a number of maps.

THE WILDERNESS OF THE UPPER YUKON. By Charles Sheldon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

Women will not be admitted to the Pulitzer School of Journalism which has been added to Columbia University at New York when it opens for students next September. The ruling that women are to be excluded was made by the advisory board of the school, which is headed by Whitelaw Reid. The committee discussed the proposition as to whether women should be admitted for some time at its last meeting, and finally decided that the best interests of the school, for the time being at least, demand that the school be open to men only. Protests against this ruling have been received by the score, but Columbia has no intention of going around the advisory committee's decision.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Joseph in Jeopardy.

Frank Danby has accustomed us to stories that contain at least one shining figure and that are marked by at least one piece of hold characterization. But neither is to be found here. "Joseph in Jeopardy" contains no one whom we are likely to remember very long, no one who appeals to the imagination, no one who is not of a commonplace virtue or of a commonplace vice. And this may be said with a full recognition of the skill with which the story is told and the persuasiveness of the picture. But was the story worth telling or the picture worth painting?

"Joseph" is Dennis Passiful, a young man of doubtful parentage who has been adopted by the vicar of the parish and who has been so aided by fortune and by a sort of dull ability that in the opening chapter we find him being married to Mahel Juxton. Mahel is the daughter of Amos Juxton, who has amassed a large fortune by various devices intended to relieve lazy ladies from their domestic labors. Dennis did not exactly intend to marry Mahel. He had not the kind of virility that wants to marry any one, but attempting the rôle of consoler he went a step too far for retreat, and the ceremony at St. Chrysostom is the result. Mahel is physically unattractive, flat-chested, round-shouldered, but of that extraordinary virtue, delicacy, and unselfishness that nature sometimes give in place of intelligence. Her mind never rises above the week's washing. Her every sentence is an obvious one. Her active life revolves around the things that are insignificant and that do not matter, and her sex may be described as indeterminate. Naturally we find that this remarkable couple are using separate rooms within a year.

We find it hard to believe that any young man like Dennis, physically perfect, vigorous, and athletic could remain so sexually indifferent as Dennis is supposed to be. Mahel, of course, hores him beyond expression and he maintains an external attitude of perfect chivalry toward her, although internally he has soon reached the "poor Mahel" stage. Then at last comes his awakening. Lady Diana, daughter of Lord Loughborough, attracts his attention. She is an aristocrat and he is an art dealer, although a wealthy one, and the pale spectre of the salt stands between them. But a tentative friendship soon ripens into something warmer and Dennis recognizes what it would mean to him to have a companion who is not only beautiful and seductive but clever. Joseph is indeed in jeopardy, for Lady Diana, when once the ice of her caste has been melted, proves herself an almost irresistible temptress and somewhat more than willing to use her charms in ways neither delicate nor chaste. The comparison between Mahel the wife and Diana the seductress is certainly a striking one, and so as Diana sinks in the scale of our estimation "poor Mahel" as surely rises. Dennis is an art dealer and accustomed to appraise the value of beautiful things. He must now appraise the value of Diana's physical and mental charms against the spiritual beauties of his wife. It is a truly Homeric struggle.

The author fills her stage comfortably and all the parts are well played. There is Mahel's brother Ted, who has married the unspeakable Fanny, who is a vulgarized and brainless edition of Becky Sharp. There is Diana's brother Cosmo, an aristocratic writer and dilettante with brains and no morals. There is Lord Haverford, who has neither brains nor morals and who is in love with Diana. And there is Amos Juxton, the universal provider, who has a genius for finding out what people want and giving it to them. They are all commonplace, and with the exception of Mahel, whom we are forced almost reluctantly to honor for her goodness, there is not one whom we should wish to know. Dennis is entirely colorless, wholly negative and sexless until he meets with Diana. He is pure simply because it has never occurred to him to be impure. He is not virtuous, because temptation has never presented itself to him. Frankly we have never met his like, and we are tempted to believe that "there aint no sich a person," except in the imagination of a woman. "Joseph in Jeopardy" is not a great novel. It is hardly even a good novel. It is an example of what excellent use can be made of commonplace and almost worthless material. The author has extracted every ounce of value from her characters and we are tempted to admire the skill of the workmanship rather than the beauty of the finished product.

**JOSEPH IN JEOPARDY.** By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

## Socialism and Character.

Miss Vida D. Scudder tells us frankly why she writes a book of over four hundred pages on what may be called the psychology and the ethics of Socialism. It is to relieve her own mind. But he does it so brilliantly, with such animation and energy, that her absolute becomes easy.

Now if Socialists in general will only cultivate the virtues inculcated by Miss Scudder in some mysterious way she supposes, they will progress even faster than it does

now. The community at large has no very great dread of Socialism, but it is very much afraid of Socialists, of their propaganda by force, of their defense of dynamite, and of the recklessness with which they use their power. If Socialists would but show that "indifference to self-advancement," that "hunger and thirst after justice," that "positive passion of the peacemaker," which the author seems to identify with the creed, we should be inclined to risk their economics in our sheer delight at seeing such virtues in the ascendant. But we have to deal with men, not with theories, and we are very much afraid of the men.

Miss Scudder is quite sure that Christianity and Socialism are natural corollaries and that as religion becomes altruistic so also it must become socialistic. The practice of hitching a political theory to Christianity is about two thousand years old and hardly an iniquity since the fall of the Roman Empire, but has been huttressed in just that way. And yet it would seem that altruism can find just as full a play through capitalism as through Socialism. The slave-owner who treated his slaves kindly was a far better Christian than the abolitionist who beat his wife.

But Miss Scudder has all the virtues of an exuberant enthusiasm and a fluent imagination. She sees a kingdom of heaven coming upon earth and a new spirituality that blossoms into economic change. The new spirituality is badly needed, and if we can but attain to its height it will not matter much what sort of government we have.

**SOCIALISM AND CHARACTER.** By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

## Hidden House.

The dual personality is an attractive idea for the novelist, but we are still waiting for some one to surpass Robert Louis Stevenson in the treatment of a subject that needs something more than the art of narrative. But Amelia Rives has produced a very clever story, but she chooses a woman—or should we say women?—for the central part. Moira and Rohina are as wide as the poles apart, the first with a grave and womanly dignity and the second with as much diablerie as can be packed away in a human body. It is quite easy for young Marston, who is supposed to tell the story, to fall in love with Moira, but when he meets Rohina, whom he believes to be Moira's sister, he falls in love with her, too, and is distressed by a sense of his infidelity to his first love. But he may make his mind easy upon that point. Inasmuch as they inhabit the same body there is no legal reason why he should not marry them both.

The author tells the story well and with a certain abandon and exaltation suitable to the theme. Those who like the weird and the mysterious will probably judge this story to be the best of its kind with the one exception before mentioned.

**HIDDEN HOUSE.** By Amelia Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.20 net.

## Business.

Mr. Charles Edward Russell could hardly write other than attractively and persuasively and therefore his latest defense of Socialism is well calculated to arrest the attention and to produce that inner glow that we like to identify with benevolence. Business, he tells us, must necessarily do the things that we blame it for doing so long as it is on an individual basis. But change its basis to one of Socialism and business will at once display all those moral tendencies that it now represses with so much difficulty.

Mr. Russell makes the common mistake of identifying Socialism with Socialists. He sets before us a beautiful ideal of a new social system wherein there will be abundance for every one, and he seems to overlook the fact that ideal systems can be worked only by ideal men and that the finest engine in the world is no better than the worst if it be driven by a drunken engineer. It is not systems with which we are concerned, but men, and while we have had no experience of Socialistic systems we have had experience of Socialistic men, and it was not always a pleasant one. If Mr. Russell knows of any way to eradicate greed and brutality from the human heart we shall be glad to hear of it, for as long as greed and brutality exist they will use any system that may be devised in greedy and brutal ways and to the misery of others. And the Socialist system would give more opportunity to greed and brutality than the present one, in spite of its ideals.

Success, says Mr. Russell, can not undermine or poison the Socialist party, because the only success Socialism seeks or admits is altruistic. Why, then, did we find the Socialist party nearly solidly behind the McNamara in the promotion of a class war in which the casualty lists were made up exclusively of workmen? Obviously the men who would operate the beautiful ideals of which Mr. Russell tells us would be, to some extent, the very men who applauded the McNamara even after their confession. This seems too high a price for a beautiful ideal.

Every one is ready to admire the Socialist theories of fraternity and coöperation, and if we could only see any considerable number

of Socialists who resembled their theories there is no knowing what we might not do. In the meantime we can only turn away regretfully from the picture outlined by Mr. Russell and hope that humanity will one day produce the men who can transfer it to canvas. They are not in sight now.

**BUSINESS.** By Charles Edward Russell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Toll Bar.

Mr. Buckrose has made a distinct and not wholly gratifying departure from the simple and wholesome sentiment that underlay his earlier novels. He still prefers the village to the town, but his characters are more complex and he introduces an element of crime and of morbid resentment that seems to lead him into unreality.

Richard Deane has been left as a baby in the care of Dan Oldroyd and his wife, who keep the Toll Bar Inn. Deane grows up under the belief that his father is dead, but gradually the suspicion dawns upon him that he was murdered by Oldroyd and hurried in the stable, a suspicion easily strengthened by the brutally ferocious character of Oldroyd. The position of Deane towards the man whom he believes to have murdered his father is complicated by the fact that he has fallen in love with Alice Oldroyd.

The psychology of the story concerns itself with the struggle between Deane's love for Alice and his horror of her father. How can he marry the daughter of his father's murderer? How, on the other hand, can he give her up? As a result he alternates between demonstrations of passion and equally strong demonstrations of repulsion, the background of the whole being a condition of morbid introspection that threatens insanity. The author does not intend us to despise Deane, but we do despise him and should be tempted to emphasize our contempt with a horsewhip. Alice is a confiding and innocent girl who is subjected to alternate kicks and caresses as Deane's contrary emotions succeed each other, and not until the last page do we surrender the hope that she will send her unpleasant young man about his business. It is impossible to take the view that Deane's behavior is natural under the circumstances. On the contrary it is unnatural. His love for the girl should have been the dominant fact in the situation, far outweighing the supposed tragic death of a father whom he hardly remembered. If Deane had been presented to us as a psychological curiosity he would have made an interesting study. But we are evidently expected to regard his perplexity as reasonable and natural, and this we are prevented by common sense from doing.

That Mr. Buckrose writes with forceful ability need hardly be said, but we shall hope that he will speedily return to the pictures of the simple life that he draws with such delicacy and skill.

**THE TOLL BAR.** By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

## Francisca Reina.

Amelia Woodward Truesdell's verse is well known to every student of California literature, both for its strongly patriotic note and for a certain exultant spirit that never weakens into the morbid or the introspective. In the present volume of 124 pages there are eighty-three selections, divided under various heads, such as "Songs of the Pacific," "Tunes of War," and "Songs by the Way," the latter being the more numerous and the best. The author seems to be most felicitous when she snatches at the inspiration of the moment that is unhampered either by narrative or locality. For example, the four stanzas entitled "Men Kiss and Ride Away," has a higher poetic value than many of the selections that deal specifically with occasion or locality:

With love-tones on the riders' lips still ringing,  
Their horses' hoof-notes to the music swinging,  
Men ride away.

From eyes that woke at love's too tender pleading,  
Men ride away.

From hearts where love a-faint lies dumb and bleeding,  
Men ride away.

Many of the poems have already been published, but they well deserve the more permanent form now given to them.

**FRANCISCA REINA, AND OTHER POEMS.** By Amelia Woodward Truesdell. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1 net.

## The High Adventure.

Mr. John Oxenham tells a good story and from an original plot. A young English diplomat traveling in Switzerland makes the casual acquaintance of a beautiful Russian girl and her aristocratic aunt. His offer to help them in their evident trouble is accepted and John Verney is then informed that Sonia's sister is confined in a Swiss prison for the murder, under sufficient provocation, of a high Russian official. Arrangements have already been made for the prisoner's escape, but without male help her subsequent evasion of pursuit will be difficult. Verney naturally throws himself into the adventure with ardor, Sonia being very beautiful, and we have an animated description of the flight of the two girls and their protector over the mountains, their avoidance of pursuit, the avalanche



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which hurries them in a mountain but, and their ultimate liberation. It is all very thrilling, but the author seems to depend too much on incident and not enough upon character delineation. We are willing to believe that Sonia is in every way delightful, but it is a matter of faith. We should have liked to know her better. And when Sonia tells Verney that she is already married we refuse to be consternated. We have heard that before and we are quite satisfied that her rascally husband will shuffle off this mortal coil at the right time. They always do in novels.

**THE HIGH ADVENTURE.** By John Oxenham. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

## Chosen Days in Scotland.

The author has written a successful guide-book, and she has done it in so entertaining a way as to give equal pleasure to the tourist and to those who travel only in imagination. Beginning with the border region, Scott's country, Edinburgh, Lothian, and Glasgow, Miss Short makes her way to the Scottish Highlands and lakes and continues on to the many interesting points in the north and west. Moreover, she includes the Orkneys and the Isle of Skye, and so leaves the beaten track. Miss Short made the journey for the purpose of writing this book, and this raises it far above the level of the ordinary traveler's diary which is published at the request of numerous but sadly misguided friends. The tourist who follows her steps will not miss much that is worth seeing nor he unaware why it is worth seeing.

**CHOSEN DAYS IN SCOTLAND.** By Josephine Helena Short. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net.

## Death.

In his little volume of a hundred pages Mr. Maeterlinck would disabuse our minds of the fear of death. "The doctors and the priests," said Napoleon, "have long been making death grievous," so Mr. Maeterlinck would have us look upon it as it is. Death, he reminds us, has nothing in common with illnesses or the grave. It is the end of illnesses and of pain, while the grave is a human invention that should be abolished by fire.

The author's plea for a scientific euthanasia is likely to fall upon deaf ears until the medical profession is more immaculate than it is now. The winning of a medical diploma can hardly be said to confer those moral graces necessary in one upon whom we confer the powers of life and death.

**DEATH.** By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.

## Brief Reviews.

"Putting Marshville on the Map," by William Ganson Rose (Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net), is an amusing story of the combined arts of the real estate promoter and the advertising man.

Sherman, French & Co. have published a volume of verse by George W. Harrington, already known as the author of "A Reversion of Form." Mr. Harrington entitles his new book "Beyond the Twilight," and if his poetic sentiments are sometimes trite they are always wholesome and expressed with an evident sincerity.

"The Seven Sons of Ballyhack," by Thomas Sawyer Spivey (the Cosmopolitan Press; \$1), is a mythical parody of modern politics set forth by means of mediæval characters. The object of the author seems to be to show that our methods have not changed much since the middle ages and that they are still a mixture of force and fraud.

The Cosmopolitan Press has published a second edition of "The Rational Memory," by W. H. Groves (\$1.35). The author is certainly correct in maintaining that the memory can be strengthened by the adoption of a rational system of association, and his own system has been carefully elaborated and promises to be effective.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

The author of "The Burgundian," the new novel just issued by the Century Company, is Marion Polk Angellotti, a resident of San Rafael. Her father is a justice of the state supreme court. Californians will have a special interest in the story, because of the author.

Joseph Conrad, the Polish navigator, now English novelist, is receiving much attention at the hands of literary essayists and reviewers. All his work, from his recent "A Personal Record" (Harper & Brothers) back to "Almayer's Folly," is being studied minutely for copy-making purposes. With Bennett and Wells and Galsworthy to be considered also in somewhat adulatory mood, there is no lack of high-class subjects for the analysts. De Morgan, much discussed a year or so back, seems strangely neglected just now.

In the *Bibelot* for March Mr. Mosher gives a reprint of Ernest Dowson's curious psychological tale, "The Dying of Francis Donne."

Edith Wharton has translated "Ethan Frome" into French, and as "Sous la Neige" it appeared in a recent number of the *Revue de Paris*. Mrs. Wharton contributes frequently to French periodicals. It is reported that "Sous la Neige" has made a distinct impression on the readers of the *Revue*.

A recent letter from Harry A. Franck, the vagabond of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Four Months Afoot in Spain" (Century Company), reports that he has carried out the proposed programme of his Central American trip—with a walk of fifteen days "over the finest collection of precipitous mountains imaginable" among its incidents. On arriving at Corozal, Mr. Franck found the Canal Zone so interesting that he immediately decided upon a stay of several weeks before going on into the wilds of South America.

Massenet has been engaged for some years writing his memoirs. They will be printed in *L'Echo de Paris* before appearing in book form.

The English humorist W. W. Jacobs has written some jolly stories, but he made rather a sorrowful figure in the court-room the other day pleading for leniency for his wife, who had been convicted of window-smashing (observes the *Springfield Republican*). It is to be hoped that for consolation he will be able to get from this experience material for some entertaining new tales.

The *Publishers' Weekly* reports that two thousand fewer titles were published in this country in 1911 than in 1910. Of the whole number of books, 8000 were by American authors, and 3000 by English and other foreign authors. Over two-thirds of the latter volumes were imported, less than a third being of our own manufacture.

One of the oddest book titles of the year is "Buttered Side Down," under which name the first collection of Edna Ferber's short stories are to appear this spring.

William Watson, the English poet, has contributed to the *April Century Magazine* an exposition of "The Muse in Exile," in which he accounts for the apparent lack of interest in the art of poetry, and maintains its importance in the world. He also joins in the current discussion of fiction as the reigning form of imaginative expression.

B. M. Bower, author of "Lonesome Land," is essentially a Western product, having been born in Minnesota and later going to Montana to live in the heart of the range country. He finds that a few months of theatres and automobiles make necessary a return to gun and saddle and the wide ranges. He spends six months out of every twelve in camp, and "Lonesome Land" was written in a tent in the mountains.

John Galsworthy, now in New York, will publish soon his first book of verse. It will have the conglomerate title of "Wild Oats: Moods, Songs, and Doggerels."

Charles Johnston, author of "Why the World Laughs," just published by Harper & Brothers, was born in Ireland in 1867, the son of a member of Parliament for Belfast. After his education in England and Dublin he spent several years in India in the Bengal civil service. He was invalided home, and later came to America and became a citizen here in 1903. Mr. Johnston has translated many works from the Russian, German, and Sanskrit.

George Moore is bringing out a new and revised edition of his "Spring Days," a novel first published in 1888 and long out of print. Meanwhile, "there are three kinds of men," said a Dublin lady recently, after reading the "Memoirs"; "those who kiss and tell, those who kiss and don't tell, and George Moore, who doesn't kiss but does tell."

"By Desert Ways to Baghdad," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is Louisa Jebb's (Mrs. Wilkins) record of a pilgrimage she made with one companion, a woman, by an unfrequented route, and largely through

deserts. This is how the journey was planned, according to its preface: "X took a pencil and marked a straight line from Constantinople across the Anatolian Plateau and the Taurus Mountains to Tarsus. 'That looks a good point to make for,' she said. 'Alexander led an army over the Taurus.' Then, having stopped within measurable distance of the sea, she drew her pencil eastward across the Euphrates to a point on the Tigris high up in the Kurdistan Mountains; from here she drew another line following the Tigris to Baghdad. At this point we were coming dangerously near the sea, so turning back she marked a line in the contrary direction across the Syrian desert to Damascus. 'That will do for a start,' she said; 'we can fill in the details when we get there.'"

## New Books Received.

FLOWER OF THE NORTH. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.30 net. A modern romance.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO WILD FLOWERS. By Mrs. Caroline A. Greve. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75 net.

The easiest way to tell flowers and plants.

WHY THE WORLD LAUGHS. By Charles Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net. What the different nations laugh at.

THE TERRIBLE MEER. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. A one-act stage play for three voices.

A HOOSIER CHRONICLE. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

A story of love and politics in a typical American state.

THE ONE AND THE OTHER. By Hewes Lancaster. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

A novel.

THE BREAKING POINT. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK FEATHER. By Gaston Leroux. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A detective story.

DORINO'S BIRTHDAY. By Charles Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A Cornish idyll.

SONGS OF CONTENT. By the late Ralph Erwin Gihbs. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A volume of verse with introduction by Charles Mills Gayley.

THE BOY AND HIS GANG. By J. Adams Puffer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

Some boy psychology.

GOO AND DEMOCRACY. By Frank Crane. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

A new treatment of the idea of God.

A LOCAL COLORIST. By Annie Trumhull Slosson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

Four short stories.

PLAYS. By August Strindberg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Translated with an introduction by Edwin Björkman.

FATHERS OF MEN. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.30 net.

A new novel.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOULE CABINET. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A detective story.

THE GREEN VASE. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A new novel.

CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION. By John Watson, D. D. (Ian MacLaren). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1 net.

Some religious studies.

We are always hearing about the limits of realism in art (says Gilbert K. Chesterton in the *London Illustrated News*); that is, of this or that respect in which a written thing can never be quite like an acted thing. It seems odd to me that nobody ever mentions the chief chasm of cleavage between the thing written and the thing done. It turns on the old pivot of what theologians call Free Will. The difference is that all events in genuine art are decided: all events in genuine life (in anything worth calling life) are undecided. What is written is written (to quote a Roman governor who showed his taste for epigram at a somewhat unlucky moment); what is written is written; but what is doing need not be done. Every artistic drama is named on the first page a tragedy or a comedy. That is because in every artistic drama the last page is written before the first. But it is not so in that terrific drama which Heaven has given us to play upon this earth, without any punctual cues, with a very invisible, and sometimes inaudible, prompter, and without the faintest notion about when the curtain will come down. If the drama of real life is more dreadful, it has at least one agreeable quality; it is more uncertain. Every human life begins in tragedy, for it begins in travail. But every human life may end in comedy—even in divine comedy. It may end in a joy beyond all our jokes; in that cry across the chasm, "Fear not, I have conquered the world." Real human life differs from all imitations of it in the fact that it can perpetually alter itself as it goes along. Art can hardly survive one such change. It could not possibly survive a series of such changes.

## USE OF PEN NAMES DYING OUT.

## American Authors and Actors Prefer Their Own Signatures to Pseudonyms.

In France they call it a "nom de guerre"; in English, still speaking French, we call it a "nom de plume"; in France when it applies to a theatrical person they use the term "nom de théâtre." They all mean the same thing, a fictitious name (says the *New York Sun*).

The fighting name or the pen name or the theatrical name is an old institution. There are volumes on the subject which trace back the custom of having such alias as far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century, but these volumes are for ready reference, and if one could go further, say to the time of the Greek and Latin writers, more especially the poets, he might find examples where a modest budding author had cautiously concealed his maiden efforts under a pseudonym. And if there had been newspapers published in the Garden of Eden the chances are that the now familiar signature of "Constant Reader" might have served to mask Adam's identity, while Eve might have contributed suffragette articles above the signature "Pro Bono Publico."

Many people have a certain shyness about seeing their names in print, at least signed to a statement of any kind. These we have with us always. But aside from these the regular author or the actor is the kind most given to the use of another name than his own. And it is not always mere shrinking at the idea of coming before the public with the name that was given them at baptism. Frequently a callow author, to soften the harshness of the rejection he feels may follow the receipt of his manuscript by the editor of a magazine, is tempted to choose a pen name. Occasionally, as in the case of the late Sidney Porter (O. Henry), he takes such a name because the manuscripts he has been fathering have acquired the habit of coming back. In most cases the author who takes a pseudonym at the start keeps it just long enough to assure himself that he has made a start on the right track and then he unveils his identity. George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, gives as his reason for publishing his novel "Brewster's Millions" under the pseudonym of "Richard Greaves" that he wished to see whether, having made a name as the author of *Graustark*, a book of his by any other name would sell as well.

Perhaps in this country the nom de plume that has been widest known is that of Mark Twain, and there are many who never thought of the late humorist as Samuel L. Clemens. It is a familiar story how the name chosen by Mr. Clemens was the call of the deckhand on a Mississippi steamboat when heaving the lead "by the mark twain." This phrase, familiar enough to the author in the days when he was steamboating, was adopted as a literary mask.

Swift was a writer of many aliases. Some said he chose to sign his articles and his books with a fictitious name because it was rather inconvenient to have to take the results of the storm they sometimes stirred up. Even Pope had something like a dozen names under which he wrote; Addison, with his essays, concealed his identity under various pseudonyms, and nine out of every ten pamphleteers since this style of literature first came into vogue have signed themselves with pseudonymity ranging from an initial or an asterisk to a whole bunch of stars and a paragraph.

Walter Scott's identity was first concealed under the name of Waverley, and Thackeray was fond of a pseudonym. Most of his playlets he wrote under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, chosen, it is said, out of modesty and a combination of a nickname bestowed upon him by friends and a family appellation of his own selection. Besides he wrote under the names of Henry Esmond and Barry Lyndon in the novels of those names. Many of Dickens's early sketches were signed "Boz."

The fashion has not been confined to nations of any one language. In Russia a pseudonym has often been a matter of political expediency, as in the case of Alexander Herzen, a litterateur and politician. Until he was fifty years old Herzen wrote under the name of Iskander, the Turkish form of his front name. Printed over or under his own name, many of his works before that period would have spelled Siberia.

In France one harks back to Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was always "Jean Jacques," and in Germany there was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, who was familiarly known as "Jean Paul." Nowadays in Germany the army officers who take to literature exhibit a preference for the fictitious name, but otherwise the custom of the pseudonym is falling somewhat into abeyance. In France it is kept up to an extent which perhaps obtains in few other countries.

One could reel off the names of writers present or just past, like Julien Viaud, whose pen name of "Pierre Loti" will be known long after his own is forgotten. Jules Claretie, away back in the 'sixties, published a series of articles in the *Figaro* under the name of "Candide" whose fierce denunciatory spirit was in itself an explanation why the

author used a fictitious name. Then one comes to "George Sand."

This name is said to have been bestowed upon Mme. Armandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant by Jules Sandeau, the Academician, and it was adopted by her because of the masculine style of her writings. She always used it in connection with her books, and her own name, Dudevant, is rarely heard. The average person would have to look it up to be assured that Mme. Dudevant and "George Sand" were one and the same person.

Another "George" of the same sex is perhaps more widely known among the readers of English, and that is "George Eliot." The story of how Mary Ann Evans adopted the name is familiar; but it is interesting to read in the *Edinburgh Review* the year following the publication of "Adam Bede" of the controversy as to the authorship of the book and the identity of "George Eliot" and the letter of the writer demanding to know whether the "act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual amongst gentlemen." Seldom is an incognito more strictly preserved.

The Brontës, Charlotte, Jane, and Annie, explained their choice of "Currer Bell," "Ellis Bell," and "Acton Bell" as pen names by a "conscientious scruple of assuming a Christian name positively masculine," and because they had "a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice." A similar motive has inspired many women writers since their day.

How Mlle. Louise de la Ramé chose the name of "Ouida" as a pen name has been variously explained. One explanation is that the name was an infantile corruption of her baptismal name "Louise," while others translate it as a slang French equivalent of "Why, certainly" (oui-da).

One of the Paris papers recently undertook to find out why some of the writers and stage folk of the present day affected other names than their own, and discovered that fancy does not always dictate a pseudonym. The Comtesse de Mirabeau de Matel de Janville explained that her nom de guerre, "Gyp," was a Frenchified form of the name of the dog "Jip" in David Copperfield and of an election agent in Victorian Sardou's "Oncle Sam."

Women who wrote under men's names usually said that they did it upon the advice of their publishers to mislead the critics. Mrs. Henry Lepauze chose her pen name, "Daniel Lesueur," because her great-uncle was Daniel O'Connell and her mother's family name was Lesueur. "Willy," the author, is really Gauthier Villars. In French the pronunciation of "Willy" is similar to his last name, and it lends itself to pleasantries.

In England the use of pseudonyms is more common among authors and actors at the present day than in United States, where an incognito is difficult to maintain. "Frank Danby" is really Mrs. Julia Frankau, and "Lucas Malet" is in private life Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, who is a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley. Embarking upon a theatrical career it is not unusual for an actor or an actress to adopt another name. There was the late Sir Henry Irving, for instance, who was christened John Brodribb, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was christened Herbert Birnbaum. It is said that more than half the actresses on the English stage have abandoned the names given to them at baptism. In the London weeklies it is still the fashion to write under pseudonyms, though everybody who reads knows the real names of the writers.

In this country humorists used to write under assumed names, as in the case of Robert J. Burdette, who was "The Burlington Hawkeye Man" for years; James Montgomery, "The Danbury News Man"; Robert Newell, "Orpheus C. Kerr," and many others of the last generation, but of late an American humorist rarely bides his light under another name. On the stage instances are rarer than in England, except when a fancy name is chosen by a lady of the chorus, though Mary Manning when she came to New York was Mary Friend.

In the opera it is not an uncommon thing for a woman to change her name. Mme. Sembrich, for instance, was Marcella Kochanska, when she took her mother's maiden name. Mme. Melba was Nellie Mitchell Armstrong, her operative name, and the one by which she is known altogether now, being a contraction of Melbourne, her native city. Emmy Destinn was christened Kittell, and our own Nordica was Lillian Norton when she was christened up in Maine.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, after twenty-nine years of service in the government bureau of chemistry at Washington, goes to New York to be contributing editor of the monthly magazine *Good Housekeeping*.

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## AN AMERICAN PRIZE OPERA.

First Production of "Mona" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

For once the musical and dramatic critics of New York are unanimous in a verdict, or as nearly so as individual summings-up may be. The great American opera is still, like the American novel, to be awaited; it has not even given distinct notification of an immediate or remote arrival. "Mona," by Horatio Parker and Brian Hooker, is far from fulfilling the anticipations of the hopeful, but it completely justifies the pessimists who were alert for its appearance. A chorus of disapprobation comes from the desks of the critics, and though all do not call it "dull, drab, and sophomorical," the phrase, "poetical but ineffective," is quite as surely condemnatory. A part of the two-column review in the New York *Evening Post* is given, as it presents the evidence for judgment as briefly as it may well be set down:

Last season the Metropolitan Opera Company enjoyed the proud distinction of giving the first performance on any stage of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" and Humperdinck's "Königskinder." This season it has had to content itself with giving the first performance anywhere of Horatio Parker's "Mona." This is a "mere American" opera, and, under ordinary conditions, its presentation would probably have aroused little attention; but, as it is a prize opera, the winner of the \$10,000 offered by the management in behalf of the directors on December 15, 1908, for the best score, its fate was bound to interest music-lovers all over the country, and even abroad. It had its first hearing last night, in presence of a large audience, with results such as experts had anticipated.

When it was announced, on May 1, 1911, that the judges, who were George W. Chadwick, Charles Martin Loeffler, Walter Damrosch, and Alfred Hertz, after examining twenty-four scores, had awarded the prize to Horatio Parker, professor of music at Yale University, and his librettist, Brian Hooker, we remarked that this award caused surprise, because, while Professor Parker had for years been ranked among leading American composers (some of whose choral works have also found favor in England), he had never been known to have operatic aspirations. Among his works, including more than sixty opus numbers, there was not one that was intended for performance in the theatre. The first of them is dated 1882. Now, we asked, "is it likely that a composer who has for three decades written only for the concert hall, the parlor, and the church, will succeed in the opera house?" The chances seemed to be far from favorable to the American composer. Had not the great Schubert failed utterly when he wrote his "Genoveva"? Nay; did not even Beethoven fail to secure approval (except to a limited extent, in Germany) for his one attempt to create an opera—his "Fidelio"?

Brian Hooker's poem—for it is that rather than a libretto—is truly poetic. At the end of the list of characters he states that the story is purely fictitious, and disclaims any attempt at "historical or archaeological precision at the expense of human vividness." The heroine, Mona, possesses the vividness to a marked degree. At first a dreamer of dreams, then a Jeanne d'Arc, leading her people to war, and, lastly, a woman, seeing where her true life and mission should have lain, she is a dominating figure. The plot is laid in the time of the Roman rule in Britain, and the three acts take place in a Druidic hut, a forest before a rude stone temple, and another forest scene with a Roman town in the background. At the end Mona is led away a captive, her last words being, "I have had dreams—only great dreams. A woman would have won."

Mr. Hooker's poem fully deserved the compliment of being printed in book form, in large type, and bound. It is worth preserving as literature. Perhaps it may be regarded, also, as a contribution to one of the questions of the hour. Where a virago's violence and militant methods failed, a true woman "would have won."

Professor Parker's music proved to be just what those familiar with his compositions expected it would be. It is scholarly, musically, full of evidence of contrapuntal skill and of mastery of the arts of orchestration and handling choral masses; but it is not dramatic, nor is it operatic. The two words are not synonymous. The intermezzo in "Cavalleria Rusticana" is not dramatic, but it is operatic, in the traditional sense of the word—written for mere effect, without regard for the situation. The "Donna è mobile" in "Rigoletto" is purely operatic, except in the last act, where its repetition by the duke (who is supposed to be dead) gives it the psychological significance of a leading motive. The florid rias of Rossini and Donizetti are purely operatic. Such things Professor Parker would not have written even if he had had the knack to pen them.

His deficiency on the dramatic side is amply made up for by his strength in the purely musical thing. If he has been correctly reported in printed interviews, he looks very comfortably on Italian operas, excepting "Otello" and "Falstaff." But there

are a hundred pages in "Rigoletto," "Aida," and "Il Trovatore" that are infinitely more dramatic than anything in "Mona." The same is true of Puccini's operas, and even of the despised "Cavalleria Rusticana." All these works abound in impassioned melody, which is often intensely dramatic. After all, melody is the essence of the true music drama, as we see in the works of Wagner, which, with all their wealth of harmonic innovations and gorgeous orchestral coloring, would never have gained a tithe of their present vogue had it not been for the incessant stream of melody, now in the voice parts, now in the orchestra.

As a matter of course, Professor Parker has followed the Wagnerian device, now adopted by nearly all composers, of using leading motives, or tonal groups to characterize the different persons, in the drama, or ideas conspicuous in it. These, however, are neither sufficiently melodic nor graphic enough to impress themselves on the memory. There is ingenuity in their elaboration, but no genius in their conception. The ear listens in vain for a single melody that seems a real inspiration. Choral writing is Professor Parker's strong point; an opportunity to indulge in it inspires him as writing for single voices seldom, if ever, does. The declamation, or the vague indulgence in aimless *quasi-arioso*, which his characters indulge in most of the time, is a sorry substitute for real vocal melody.

The third act suffers from all the faults and evidences of operatic inexperience which mar the first and the second. Yet there is true grandeur in the situations, and the orchestra rises to a stirring climax when the fugitives hurry across the stage, followed by the Romans. There is more noise than significance in this music. Yet it is perhaps the best thing in the opera with the exception of the love duo in which Mona yields to her womanly impulses.

The cast was excellent. Mme. Homer sang the title-role, Mme. Fornia was the forlorn mother, Enya; Mr. Martin took the part of Quintus or Gwynn; Mr. Reiss made a delightful changeling, the Bear was played by himself, and the rôles of the Roman Governor, of Arth, Gloom, and Caradoc were in the competent hands of Mr. Griswold, M. Witherspoon, Mr. Hinshaw, and Mr. Lambert Murphy.

Mme. Homer's Mona necessarily dominated the situation, as it should. She made the part impressive both in looks and action, and sang it as well as it can be sung. Her splendid acting of the final scene over the body of the lover she has slain was the best thing she has ever done. Mme. Fornia, too, was satisfactory in the trying rôle of Enya. Mr. Martin made the most, also, of the rôle of Gwynn. There is little chance for action and less for real singing, so he could only occasionally let his splendid voice ring out as he does in melodious works. Mr. Hinshaw as Gloom and Mr. Reiss as Nial bore off the honors as to English diction. Occasional exclamations could be understood from the others, but that was all, and Mr. Hooker's beautiful lines—those of the love scene and of Mona's speeches in the last act most regretably—were completely lost.

It can not be said that the cause of American opera has been particularly advanced by this production, except in so far as it shows a willingness on the part of the directors of the Metropolitan to meet American composers more than half-way, and to more than do justice to their productions. The subject is not American, nor is the music; and as for the text, except for those who sat on the twelve rows nearest the stage, it might as well have been Chinese as American. Largely, this was not the fault of the singers, but of the necessary size of the auditorium—a circumstance which makes all the discussion about having foreign operas sung in English a waste of good paper and printer's ink.

It is hardly necessary to say that there were the usual "first-performance-on-any-stage" demonstrations, after the several acts, over the singers, the admirable conductor, the composer, and the librettist.

Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House threw open its doors on November 13, and the winter season closed on March 2. During this period the enterprising manager produced "Quo Vadis?" "William Tell," "Norma," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Herodiade," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Louise," and Rossini's "Barber." Hammerstein's summer season is to begin on April 22 and last till July 13. The list of operas to be sung is as follows: In French—"Don Quichotte," "Werther," "La Navarraise," "Romeo et Juliet," "Le Prophète," "Les Huguenots," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "Robert le Diable," "La Reine Fiametta." In Italian—"Il Trovatore," "La Favorita," "Dolores," "Andrea Chenier," "Un Ballo in Maschera." In English—"Fion and Tera," "The Master-singers."

Irene Vanbrugh, who was last seen in this country in support of John Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex," has agreed to come to America for a starring tour the season after next.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## "Wimmen."

There are wimmen's faces, lad,  
That are wind and fire,  
Shurrin' up the whole world,  
Wakin' ould desire!

And there's other wimmen, faith,  
Calm and still through all,  
Shickin' to their wan love  
Till the bivens fall!

Wan's as fine as hell fire;  
Wan's as thrue as life!  
Wan ye'll leave and weep for,  
And wan ye'll take as wife!

—From "Irish Poems," by Arthur Stringer.

## Days Too Short.

When primroses are out in spring,  
And small, blue violets come between;  
When merry birds sing on boughs and green,  
And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps,  
As though escaped from Nature's hand  
Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand  
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white  
Each seems a broken rimmed moon—  
When such things are, this world too soon  
For me doth wear the veil of Night.

—William H. Davies, in the *English Review*.

## Discontent.

Let me do something perfect, before death;  
Some least of things, so it be whole, and free  
From any faltering touch; that none may see  
One faintest flaw; that not one lightest breath  
May dim the grace my sure hand fashioneth.  
I know there is not any strength in me  
To work this deed: oh, may Thy power be  
Fulfilled in weakness, as Thy Scripture saith!

My soul is sick of half-accomplishment,  
Of deeds that are no deeds, of victories  
Uncrowned by triumph; stranger to content  
Until Thou work in me some excellence,  
That my heart may have rest ere I go hence;  
Blind voyager across the hither seas.

—Edmund Bars, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

## A Song.

If I were rich—then would I give to you  
Many a treasure, many a priceless gem,  
A golden helmet or a diadem,  
A horse to ride, a velvet cloak to wear,  
Pictures of splendor, books beyond compare—  
If I were rich!

But I am poor—and what have I to give?  
Only a smile or two when you are glad,  
A little pity when your heart is sad,  
A little love, a little tenderness—  
Nothing but these—there could not well be less,  
But I am poor!

—May Berkeley, in *Harper's Weekly*.

## Memories of the City.

The sound of the organ-grinder here by the dunes,  
With the bright sea and heaches all around,  
Wakes in my heart a melancholy profound;  
The wheezy melodies and old, cracked tunes  
Have a remembered sound.

I seem to feel the city's roar again—  
The park—the benches—the electric light  
Far down the pavement burning cold and bright,  
The avenues and winding parkways, when  
The trees are black with night.

The sidewalks in their empty loneliness,  
And just beyond tall buildings, dark and dread,  
With one star visible when you turned your  
head,  
Your laughter and your gaudy little dress  
And all the words you said.

In the full noontide quivering and quick,  
'Mid all this beauty splendid and supreme,  
How pitiful these tawdry memories seem,  
Like a forgotten perfume, faint and sick,  
Or faces in a dream.

Alas for dreams that wander under heaven,  
Old, futile memories of the foolish years,  
Full of ridiculous old hopes and fears,  
So sordid and so commonplace, not even  
Tragic enough for tears!

—From "The Human Fantasy," by John Hale Wheelock.

## A Little Town on Cape Cod.

There is a little town beside the sea,  
Where the sea closes round continually.  
Whose little street runs close beside the sea,  
And there's the little town where I would be.

It is so gay, that little, little street,  
Where never faces known elsewhere we meet;  
Yet never were we lonely on that street,  
They are so friendly those who meet and greet!

It is so far away, that little town,  
Where you can wear your very oldest gown,  
Yet know they like to have you in the town,—  
This little town that has no great renown!

O little town, your barbor's faithful lights  
Would be unto your friends such welcome sights,  
They are so dear, those friendly beacon lights,  
To those who watched them in the summer nights.

Perhaps, when all the winter's storms are done,  
Upon a golden sea, at set of sun,  
We two shall sail, when winter's winds are done,  
And, little town, again your harbor won.

And, if it is not ever given me  
Beyond my dreams that little town to see,  
Ever, in dreams, I find you there with me,—  
In our dear little town beside the sea.

—Alice Corey, in the *Christian Register*.

Henry Miller produced "The Rainbow," by A. E. Thomas, in New York a few days ago, but it is not a brilliant success.

## Extending Street-Car Service

The public service corporation which is not constantly on the lookout to extend its business, wherever there is a good prospect of business being developed is awake neither to its own interests nor those of the people whom it would serve.

It is the aim of the United Railroads to give San Francisco better street railway service than it has ever had, and to this end the corporation is constantly improving its carrying service, its roadbed, its rails, and extending its lines. It strives to keep a little in advance of the growth of the city, but has great faith in the outlying districts, which, a few years ago, were practically without residents.

The Sunset district, which has felt the need of car line extension, will be the latest to feel the impetus of bands of steel and humming trolley wire, for the United Railroads hope to have that line completed within ninety days.

Actual construction work has already commenced on the extension of Masonic Avenue car line. The route covered in the extension will include a fast-growing and thickly settled portion of the Sunset district, bringing residents of that part of the city within closer communication with the big downtown section.

The undertaking contemplates the extension of the Masonic Avenue line, which now stops near the Affiliated Colleges, out along Parnassus Avenue to Judah Street, thence to Ninth Avenue, thence out that avenue to Pacbeco Street, a distance of about a mile.

That the residents of that district are in harmony with the street-car company and wish to show their appreciation of a car line in a practical way is evidenced by the very liberal cash subscription which they have raised to aid in the project. This good-will is thoroughly appreciated, and everything will be done to give the Sunset residents street-car service of which they will be proud.

This system of extension is the policy of the United Railroads. It is not only good business sense, but it lends itself to a greater building-up of the city in every direction, and, of course, pleasing more people—winning friends. True, it requires time to accomplish results. Building and extending can not be done in a day or a few months. It must also be evident to the builders that a proposition contains the elements of sound business before it can be seriously entertained. Building without due consideration of future growth of a country or a town has wrecked many a concern.

Had not the United Railroads been offered by very able men, and had the corporation been placed in a position where finances were not obtainable following the San Francisco fire, the city might be, even now, without anything like adequate street railway service. Fortunately the corporation was able to begin rebuilding while the ruins were yet smoking, and it has since poured millions into its work here.

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ELSIE JANIS, SLIM PRINCESS.

Elsie Janis is a sparkling little diamond among the musical-comedy gems whose numerous and varied scintillations have awakened our admiration. She is young, pretty, and unusually gifted. She has the same peculiar talent, almost genius, that Cissie Loftus has of transplanting to her own shrewd, sparkling little phiz the characteristic expression of another's individuality. She stands there before us, and without a penciled line or a charcoal shadow on her face she looks and becomes Anna Held, Eddie Foy, Ethel Barrymore, Sarah Bernhardt. With a few deft movements of her comb she makes her pretty brown hair into the likeness of Anna Held's extensively fluffed and lengthened pompadour; or she sleeks and folds it close to her head, parted on the side, like Bernhardt's little wad of dyed, ginger-colored locks. Or it is a glossily shining arch of woman's glory, over a face and a pose that might well be Ethel Barrymore's own. For Eddie Foy's likeness she withdraws it altogether from sight, tucking it under the rim of a reckless, gaminish little hat, and twisting her comely young features into the queerest likeness imaginable of Eddie Foy's puckered, tightly grinning mask. And her husky contralto (I suppose she had a cold) is equally adaptable to Bernhardt's sharp-edged cries of anguish, to Ethel Barrymore's caressing full-throated tones, or to the characteristic Americanisms of the male comedians she imitates.

These imitations all took place toward the finale of the last act, but the young artist kept her audience so wonder-struck and rapt by her unexpected gift that people were hardly aware that the hour was late. To be sure, we had had a taste or so during the evening of Elsie Janis's gift of mimicry, of her quick take-off of the idiosyncrasies of types that offer good material for amusing imitations, but only those who had seen or heard directly of her in the East had any idea that she was another Cissy Loftus.

"The Slim Princess" is a bright and entertaining "comic opera," for so it is killed. George Ade wrote the story from which the book was made, and Leslie Stuart, author of "Florodora," is the composer. So its sources are beyond reproach. The lines are bright and full of snap, containing the kind of humor that is aimed at the jovial business man who loves his after-dinner roar. Plenty of amusing business is supplied to the comedian, and he draws the lion's share of the jokes.

Joseph Cawthorn looked happy on Monday night. But so did everybody in the company for that matter. The first-night nervousness that even petted and pampered Broadway favorites know did not have much chance to cause discomfort to the players. Everything went with a whoop. Elsie Janis's first words made us realize at once that here was a taking little prima donna, with looks, humor, snap, individuality. Cawthorn had a good start, and kept up the speed of the momentum. The audience was soon abandoning itself to constant spontaneous explosions of laughter and enthusiastic hand-clappings, and at the end of the first act old hands were well assured that the piece thus he-starred and begemmed was sure to excite a furore.

It will be the Mitzi Hajos furore over again, only more so. For Elsie Janis has the little Hungarian's youth and gayety, and her marked talent as a comedienne, and she has more. Besides her remarkable power of mimicry she possesses the further accomplishment of being an unusual dancer. The famous slimmness of the Princess Kalora, so despised in Borovenia, and so admired in hobble-skirted America, was as individual as everything else about this young bewitcher. It was an additional ornament to her charms in the dances, in which she shone preëminent, a slender bacchanal with flying draperies that added grace to the movements of her supple young limbs as the setting enhances the beauty of the jewel.

This rather sounds as if Elsie Janis were "the whole show," but nothing of the sort. The piece has a great deal to its credit. The music, while not startlingly original, is tuneful and full of zip, and Cawthorn, with his pregnant pauses, and their fruitful products of unctuous comment, thoroughly earned the laughing good-will of his audience.

There is a chorus which, though not lovely in features, sings well and dances superlatively well. There are four plump and pleasing Turkish court beauties who add point, or rather curves, to Cawthorn's song, "I Like Them That," by providing a luscious assort-

ment of rotund charms that are carried around almost as lightly in the dances as if their owners were rival slim princesses.

And there is Douglas Stevenson, the young leading man, who is just as pleasing in his modest way to a fastidious taste as Elsie Janis is in hers. This young man talks, sings, dances, and makes love, with a neatness, a finish, and an attractiveness that add a final touch to our generally pleased and sympathetic attitude toward the whole entertainment.

There are many musical comedies that we see, the whole idea and treatment of which are founded on the materialistic side of human nature. Sometimes it is almost disarming by a certain robust, unsuited frankness with which it earnestly and single-mindedly ignores any taste but that which is primitive and peasant-born. Sometimes its salaciousness barely escapes being disgusting, as in "Alma. Where Do You Live?" or in "Miss Innocence."

Can you conceive anything more reassuring to our standards of what is attractive and entertaining in musical comedy than the spectacle of this healthy, wholesome, dainty mad-cap, Elsie Janis, frolicking like a happy child through her part, while showing the acting ability of a mature woman, the innate humor of a born comedienne, the instinctive, individualistic grace and skill of a professional star dancer, and that touch of genius in her imitations that takes her far out and far above the ranks of musical-comedy stars that are so merely because they are sprightly and pretty and can pipe a fairly tuneful lay.

They say of Elsie Janis that she is only twenty, and it is plain to see that she is flawlessly young, the veriest girl. On her young face, her salient chin, and firm lips we read determination and will. This charming, large-eyed, prettily slim princess of the American stage is cut out for a career. It may be no greater than that of Cecilia Loftus. Perhaps this talent for mimicry gets in the way of fine acting. Cecilia Loftus is much more interesting in her mimicry than she was when she came out with Sothern as an actress of serious rôles. But however else Elsie Janis's multitudinous talents work out, the young lady is now enjoying the sensation of finding the world is her oyster.

And yet she was as naïvely, openly, unfeignedly glad and happy at the end of the first act on Monday night as if she had made the first hit of her life.

However, to get away from the absorbing subject of the elfin young star, it may be of interest to pass some judgment on others in the company. The principal qualification required for Princess Kalora's royal father is size. This Oscar Ragland is able to supply in fullest measure, as he is almost a giant. With a voice to match, the actor made so much presence and noise that his somewhat mediocre acting ability was not intruding itself.

Charles Judels, as Count Luigi Tincagni Tomasso, was similarly equipped in the matter of voice, and has energy and painstakingness enough to run a boiler factory. This player figured amusingly in several scenes, but his material was not as spontaneously funny as Cawthorn's. Although, as a matter of fact, I believe that any stray jokes that wander away from the comedian are always gently but firmly recalled by the original creator of the funny rôle in the momentous days when the play has its first trial on the dog.

There were four caddies in the piece, whose presence, I should judge, started affectionate memories seething in the hosoms of golf-players in the audience. For it was a purple and fine linen crowd on Monday night; the kind that have their own cars, and kill time and earn their meals by playing golf. The ragging of the four caddies was therefore appreciated with particularly personal enjoyment by the audience, and when the youthful four advanced to the footlights and with passionate vocal ardor blew their lusty young lungs into a flood of presumably articulate but actually unintelligible lyricism, their efforts were received with pointed warmth, and they earned an encore.

It wouldn't be George Ade if there were not somewhere a typical American atmosphere in whatever he writes; for although he didn't write the play (Henry Blossom supplied the book and lyrics), he furnished the story for it. So, in the second act, the princess and her tutor, "Schloppy," who is a sort of elderly playmate, together with stray diplomats, and other human attachments to her train, turn up in Washington, D. C., where the princess's slimmness now has the prestige denied it in her birthplace. Here there are some really pretty little love-making scenes between Elsie Janis and the piquantly changeable face, and Douglas Stevenson of the colloquial smile and the hand-holding talent. And a great lot of comedy stuff of a highly successful brand that keeps the audience highly amused.

And every now and then we see Elsie Janis turning off a sudden dance, which photographs itself on the mind because of the attractive free grace with which it is done. One moment she is an Americanized Carmen, dancing with Spanish grace, to a Spanish tune, while with her small, pointed foot she lightly kicks a banjo held high, as her lace flounces flutter like wings around her young slimmness.

She also sang with the gayest, most infectious spirit a lively little song of her own composition, "Foh de Lord's Sake Play dat Waltz."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Elsie Janis is reigning supreme as the princess of fun at the Columbia Theatre this week, and her engagement, which opened last Monday night, promises to be one of the most notable of the current theatrical season. Miss Janis was a stranger here, but her conquest of San Francisco has been complete and entirely popular. The audiences that have attended her performances of "The Slim Princess" since the opening night have been of the capacity-taxing kind, and this is surely the best criterion of a theatrical star's popularity. The engagement of Miss Janis in "The Slim Princess" will continue for another week, which will positively be the last. Matinées on Saturdays only.

The Orpheum announces a great bill for next week, the headline attraction of which will be Charles Kellogg, "the Nature Singer," whose imitation of different birds is simply perfect. He does not gain his effects by whistling, in fact he can not whistle at all—he sings in his throat, and his singing is a gift, not an accomplishment. Kellogg's bird voice is twelve and a half octaves and his lowest note is higher than Tetrizzini's highest one. Kellogg extinguishes fire by means of sound. At every performance he puts out a blaze of gas light four feet high on the stage, by singing faintly from any part of the theatre. He also possesses the almost lost Indian art of producing fire by rubbing sticks together.

The fearless Ce Dora, who styles herself "The Girl in the Golden Globe," and who last season was the feature of the New York Hippodrome, will introduce her marvelous act. Ce Dora enters a steel cage built in the form of a globe and mounts a high-power motor cycle. From a standing start she circles the globe, attaining a speed of from fifty to sixty miles an hour.

Art Bowen, "the Cartoonist Who Sings," will give the Orpheum audiences a taste of his quality. His series of comic sketches, "Spotlight Steve," is now running in the New York World. His crayon sketches, made in sight of the audience, are both clever and amusing, and aptly illustrate the songs he sings.

Another novel feature will be the Arnaut Brothers, European tumblers, who cleverly mix acrobatics with musical instruments.

Next week will be the last of Jock McKay, the comic Scot, whom many people consider superior to Harry Lauder. It will also terminate the engagements of McKay and Cantwell, the Whittakers in "Dick Whittington and His Cat," and Joseph Hart's production of "Everywife." George V. Hobart's modern morality play, "Everywife" is making one of the greatest hits in the history of the Orpheum.

On Monday night, April 8, at the Columbia Theatre will be given the first San Francisco presentation of the now famous musical-comedy production, "The Pink Lady." This is the Klaw & Erlanger success which ran for over 400 performances in New York, where it created the furore of the decade, and it is coming to San Francisco after its tremendously successful engagements in the large Eastern cities. The cast to be seen here includes many well-known names, among them are John E. Young, Olga de Baugh, Ruth Thorpe, Octavia Broske, Scott Welsh, Josie Intropodi, Raymond Bottomly, and others. "The Pink Lady" was originally a farce, which ran for two years in Paris. The English version was made by C. M. S. McClellan, author of "Leah Kleschna" and "The Belle of New York," with music by Ivan Caryll. The advance sale of seats opens Thursday morning next.

The Calvé Performances.

The novel operatic performances and concerts to be given at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, March 31, at 2:30, and the following Sunday (Easter), by Mme. Calvé, assisted by the eminent tenor, Galileo Gasparri, and a complete orchestra under the direction of Herr Brahm Van den Bergh, who will also be heard as a solo pianist, promise to be the real sensations of the musical season.

With adequate scenery, properties, and costume Calvé will offer at the first concert a condensed version of Bizet's "Carmen," preceded by a splendid concert programme. To see and hear Calvé in the great fortune-telling scene with the cards is alone worth the price of admission asked. No artist on either the lyric or dramatic stage has even approached Calvé in the rôle of the bewitching cigarette girl. In the concert portion of the offering Calvé will sing the stanzas from Gounod's opera "Sapho," and Gasparri will give the stirring finale of the first act of "I Pagliacci."

At the Easter Sunday concert Calvé will show that she is a brilliant coloratura as well as dramatic singer, for she will offer the Mysoli from "The Pearl of Brazil," with flute

obligato, and also Gounod's charming serenade, "Sing, Smile, and Slumber." Gasparri on this occasion will sing the two romanzas from Puccini's "La Tosca." The operatic work on this programme will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and again we shall see Calvé act and sing a rôle in which she is without a peer.

Seats are on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday at the theatre.

In Oakland Calvé will give a special concert programme, ending with the "Carmen" production in full, with scenery, orchestra, etc., on Tuesday afternoon, April 9, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, where the sale of seats will open next Thursday, April 4. Mail orders for this event should be addressed to H. W. Bishop at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Calvé will give performances at Fresno on April 12, Sacramento on April 15, and San Jose on April 17. Will L. Greenbaum will direct the entire tour.

The final concert of the Beel Quartet series will be given at the St. Francis Hotel on Thursday night, April 11, when the feature of the evening will be the Beethoven septet.

During the week of April 22 the famous Flonzaley String Quartet of Switzerland will give a series of concerts in this city under the Greenbaum management.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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THE SLIM PRINCESS

with JOSEPH CAWTHORN

Matinee Saturday only

NOTE—The sale of seats for "The Pink Lady" will open next Thursday morning.

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This Sunday aft. March 31  
at 2:30  
Scenes from "Carmen" in  
11 two acts and Concert

Sunday aft. April 7—Concert and "Cavalleria Rusticana"  
Seats \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Oakland "Carmen" and Concert Tuesday aft. April 9, at 3:15 YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Baldwin Piano used. Coming—BONCI, greatest Lyric Tenor.

GREEK THEATRE U. C., BERKELEY GOOD FRIDAY MUSIC SERVICE April 5, at 3 o'clock

ROSSINI'S AND TETRAZZINI Stabat Mater Chorus of 200 Orchestra of 60 PAUL STEINDORFF, Conductor.

Reserved seats \$2.00 and \$1.50. Unreserved, \$1.00. Box-offices at usual places in Berkeley: Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in San Francisco and Kohler & Chase's.



## VANITY FAIR.

Massachusetts is trembling on the verge of a bachelor tax. A bill to that effect is now before the legislature and its fate will probably be decided before these lines reach a palpitating world. Grafton D. Cushing, the Speaker of the house, himself a bachelor, has been asked by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the leader of the movement, to address the committee, and it is said that Governor Foss is warmly in favor of the plan and will write a special message in its support. It would seem that the gay and giddy bachelor has nearly reached the end of his tether in Massachusetts. He will have to pay, pay, pay.

The suggested tax is only \$5. Henceforth the price of liberty will be eternal vigilance and a five-spot, and cheap at the price. But they will have to draft the law more carefully than they have done so. There is a deplorable laxity about the wording, and if they don't take care they will find that many a plump bachelor will slip through the meshes. At present the proposed law provides that every bachelor of thirty-five years or over who can marry and who does not must pay an annual tax of \$5 to the city or town in which he lives, the income to be devoted to the relief of spinsters who have passed the marriageable age.

Now what do they mean by bachelors who "can marry"? May a bachelor be allowed to plead conscientious scruples or a mother's dying warning, or shyness as a reason for inability? And what sort of spinster is it who "has passed the marriageable age"? Do spinsters ever pass the marriageable age?

Of course the thing is not worth worrying about. If exemption may be purchased for \$5 in heaven's name let them have their \$5.

We missed the *Millinery Trade Review* last month and suspect that it was stolen by the foreman. It is one of the few bright spots in our otherwise colorless existence and its loss was severely felt.

It seems that the question of shapes is "not likely to be solved in any given direction." This is disappointing, as we hoped the matter would be settled, but there is a subsequent sentence that is either carelessly written or that conveys a meaning not intended for the male mind. We are told that "it has been dinned into our ears until we are tired of hearing it that large hats are on their last legs." In heaven's name, whose legs? We are used to a bewildering display of unusual terminology in the *Review*, but here we must confess that we are out of our depth.

Paris models, it seems are to the front as usual. There is one in particular that must be a perfect dream, and we intend to have one or die gloriously in the attempt. It is in mole gray tassel with mauve and gray shot silk, loosely draped over the crown and shirred to the edge and over the edge to a depth of an inch and then folded back on the right where it shelves down over the ears and is turned up on the left, the trimming consisting of a sheaf of gray and mauve aigrette fastened upright behind the crown. That is exactly how it is described in the *Review*, and if God lets us live until next pay day we will own one and wear it either on our "last legs" or on whatever other part of our anatomy it will show to good advantage.

If we had a better eye for the real importances of life we should not have allowed ourselves to overlook the National Association of Merchant Tailors lately in conclave in New York. But it seems that there were other matters upon the carpet just at that moment, matters such as presidential elections and the like, that were really of no moment at all, and in the press of competitive follies the tailors were overlooked. That is one of the weaknesses of the present day. We allow ourselves to be beguiled from the real essentials of life and to run wide-eyed after its trivialities. And yet it should be evident that no matter what happens we shall still wear clothes. The fabric of our civilization might crumble into dust, but the rigors of our climate, not to speak of the women's clubs, would still compel us to cover our bodies. Clothing belongs to the permanent interests of life, and when the tailors condescend to get together it would be a matter of common decency to relegate politics and the like to the background.

And these tailors did things, world-shaking things, revolutionary things. There was a genius called Twyeffort who read a report and sounded a bugle-call to his assembled comrades of the shears. "Let us not mince," he said, "but originate fashions. What an abyss there is between the wardrobe of today and that of Solomon in all his glory." Why tailors must no longer mince, and how they mince, and why they mince, was not apparent, but that is what Mr. Twyeffort said. Some tailoring ter-a, probably. Then came Mr. McCarthy, who is no relative to the only genuine McCarthy or he would certainly have said so. It seems that there are thirty-six different kinds of suits that a man can wear, and yet there are miserable wretches who allow themselves to exist with no more than two or three suits and heedless of the possibilities of them. It devolved upon the tailors

to institute a reform. Let them make it known that no man can hold up his head among his fellow-men unless he has at least thirty suits in his wardrobe. The tailors could work this miracle if they would but try. Let them be firm and resolute. Victory would await them.

The last act of the congress was to trace the main lines upon which the coming fashions would run. The trousers must be shorter and tighter than ever before, and so must the sleeves. The shoulders must be narrower, the collars lower, the rolls longer, the lapels fuller, and the waistcoats must come down over the hips.

The influx of cohorts and battalions of American ladies at the German court was recently made the subject of complaint, and now comes a similar wail from the English court. It is not a question of courtesy, but of cubic contents. Only a certain number of sardines can be put into a box, and in the same way palaces are made of brick walls and therefore are inelastic.

The rules for presentation are simple enough. Whoever is recommended by the American ambassador goes right in, prostrates herself before the presence and is chivied out through the opposite door as rapidly as possible. Those who refuse to go quietly will be put out by the police. But the ambassador himself is not free to send as many as he wishes. He wishes he were. His conception of heaven is a place where it will be possible to herd up his fiery-eyed countrywomen as fast as they arrive and send them over in personally conducted batches to the court. But the aforesaid cubical contents forbid. He is notified just how many the corral will hold and he is supposed to confine his appropriations accordingly. Of course he does not. He sends about twice as many, and hence the trouble. But what can he do? How can he resist the claims of a lady who has nine automobiles and who would sell her immortal soul to Satan if only she might wear a label to that effect. How can he withstand the blandishments of that other lady whose brother-in-law is on the foreign relations committee of the Senate and who could flick that ambassador off his perch in about two seconds. And then there are the innumerable ladies who have brought a letter from "our congressman" and who are prepared to show their banknotes in support of their claims and who would believe that the world was coming to an end if they were told that a bank book really had nothing to do with the case.

But something will have to be done both in Germany and in England. The ambassadors will have to keep within their appropriations, and it is said that there will presently be a polite intimation that presentation at court is a courtesy and not a right. In England a peer may claim an audience with the king, but his wife may not do so. There is not a woman in England or in Germany who has a right to a presentation, and therefore it is certain that no foreigner can have such a right.

What a lot of pure fun one may get from the woman's column of a newspaper. With what a surprising earnestness, with what radiant benevolence they explain to each other how to do nothing, or propound new ways to do things that need never be done at all or that are of such deadly simplicity that they do themselves. At first one is inclined to wonder who writes these things, and then to wonder who reads them. Certainly some one writes them because there they are in the newspapers, and we have no reason to believe that anything was ever yet too silly to be read. In search of an example we pick up a newspaper at random and turn to the woman's section. It is easily found because it contains a cut of a young woman in corsets that "sustain the figure," and another cut of a curious heart-shaped implement that clamors for attention upon the ground that it is "impervious to moisture" and that it can be washed repeatedly. Just underneath these edifying pictures is a series of little paragraphs telling women how to do various difficult and intricate things, such as "How to Shut a Window," "How to Boil an Egg," and "How to Fold a Handkerchief." But here is one that is headed "A Novel Bookmark." Now one would not suppose that the subject of bookmarks needed elaboration. Bookmarks have never presented themselves to us as a problem to be solved. We have never lain awake o' nights pondering about bookmarks, or indeed anything else. Our pure, unsullied consciences lull us to sleep almost before we have finished our little now-I-lay-me and put the pipe where it can be handily grasped in the morning. We have never found ourselves beyond the reach of a slip of paper, or a bit of card, or even an inch of string that would serve as a bookmark. But such simplicity in little things is beyond the feminine mind, which here surmounts a difficulty that had never before appealed to us as a difficulty at all. Let us quote: "If you are liable to interruption in your reading, get a stout rubber band and cover it with ribbon, gathered full enough to permit the band's stretching. Then, when you need to lay it down, it takes hardly a second to stretch the band and slip beneath it the pages read.

Upon taking it up again you find your place automatically; moreover, the bookmark can not get lost. Take care to have the band strong enough to hold and big enough not to mar the ends of the cover."

Now there you have the whole thing. You will note that every eventuality is guarded against. You will note the precision with which this priceless recipe is communicated. Of course if you have books of different sizes you will make a bookmark for each, and you may vary the kind of ribbon or even work a little motto upon it that will synchronize with the character of the book. And if you don't know where to get a rubber band and will send a stamped and directed envelope the editor will give you the name—in strict confidence—of some shop where it can be bought.

A New York banker has a son who is studying art in Europe. According to the New York *Evening Sun* he recently received a cable dispatch from his London bank saying: "Your son has drawn a sight draft on you for 20,000. Shall we honor it?" The banker's reply was a classic: "If it's those little French things, all right; if it's pounds, send him home."

Mrs. James is said to have amassed a fortune of \$400,000 by selling watercress at Covent Garden Market, London. Mrs. James has been selling watercress ever since she was five years old, beginning with two small basketfuls. "Hard work is the secret of success," Mrs. James declares. "I stand out in the open every morning from three o'clock till ten, and after that I have to look after the fresh cut watercress which arrives from my farm by every passenger train. Study your customers, never disappoint them, give them the best and you must succeed." Mrs. James has a handsome home in London, a house in the country, a watercress farm, and keeps a motor launch.

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The driver is experienced; there will be no speeding, the roads are good, the Santa Clara Valley is very beautiful, the orchards are a sea of bloom, the poppies are out and abundant.

The distance covered is 100 miles. Home about 5:30. **The fare is \$8.00.** Tickets and reservations at St. Francis, Palace and Fairmont Hotel news-stands. Also at other hotels. Telephone or address "Wishbone Jaunt," St. Francis Hotel.

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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

"Cy" Warman, the poet and humorist, tells the story of an after-dinner speaker who was called on to speak on "The Antiquity of the Microbe." He arose and said, "Adam had 'em," and then sat down.

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a hook. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a hook yourself." "No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state."

A famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him bitterly: "Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?" "Well, I don't know," the other answered, with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"

An old north-country farmer visiting London put up at one of the finer hotels. He had barely turned in on the first night when the "huttons" rushed into the room and switched on the electric light, exclaiming: "Make haste, sir! Get up! The hotel is on fire!" The old man slowly raised himself on one elbow and, fixing the boy with a determined look, remarked: "Mind ye, if I do I winna pay for the hed."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was once on an electioneering tour in Ontario, and as the elections were bitterly contested, every effort was made to stir up race and religious prejudice. One day a Quebec Liberal sent this telegram to Sir Wilfrid: "Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial." To this the premier replied: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Robert E. Davis, editor of the Munsey magazines, on one occasion went visiting with O. Henry down on Long Island. "It was a very hot day," said Davis. "We had climbed an everlasting hill. Another greater hill stretched before us. The sun was a disc of brass, and dust and heat and clicking insects rose from the ground. We sat on a fence to rest. 'Is there anything else I can show you?' I asked him. 'Yes,' said Henry, wiping his forehead. 'Show me a return ticket to New York.'"

A woman entered Cossitt Library in Memphis the other day and solicited the assistance of a loan-desk clerk. "I am searching for a book called 'The Dentist's Infirmary,'" she said. "The president of our library club told me to get it." "The Dentist's Infirmary?" repeated the clerk, with a rising inflection, vainly trying to associate such a book with such a study class. "Yes," replied the woman; "it's all about devils and angels and such like." The light of understanding dawned on the puzzled face of the clerk. "Oh, you mean Dante's 'Inferno!'"

One hostess who lacked tact at dinner placed a learned and somewhat deaf college professor beside a debutante. The girl found the professor very unresponsive, but finally she noticed a dish of fruit, and in desperation asked if he liked bananas. After being asked several times to repeat the question, her voice being raised each time, attracting the attention of the whole table, she was horrified when the learned man riveted her with a disapproving look, and remarked very distinctly: "My dear young woman, I had hoped that I had misunderstood your question; but, since you persist, I must say that I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt."

Alfred H. Lewis was somewhat surprised on going into a restaurant one evening recently to be almost overwhelmed by the attentions of a man whom he scarcely knew, but who insisted on introducing him as the greatest writer of the age to several others, and on his sitting down to table with them. The riddle read itself a few moments later, when the effusive person handed across the table to the greatest writer of the age a card, on which he had written, "Dear old man, can you let me have ten dollars?" Not to be outdone in friendliness of diction, Lewis wrote on the other side of the card, "Dear old man, I can't," and handed it back.

Pett Ridge, the author of many stories of London's poorer class, was once asked to meet a man of whom his friends boasted that he had no sense of humor. To test this he told him the following story: An Irish police inspector entered a poor cottage in Ireland in search of a man who was "wanted." He looked all round the cottage, found nothing, and was just going out when he turned to the woman, saying: "But surely there must be another room here?" Upon which she opened a door and he walked into a bedroom. He there noticed a large sack under the bed and asked the woman what it contained.

"Oh, only some pots and pans I have no further use for," she answered. The inspector kicked the sack, and the man inside said "Tinkle, tinkle." "Yes," said the serious friend, "very interesting, but now, did they catch that man?"

Dr. Hedge and Dr. Bartol spent a summer together down East. One Sunday Dr. Bartol preached to a congregation largely composed of fishermen. Dr. Hedge was curious to know the effect upon them, and asked one old salt what he thought about the preaching and the sermon. The reply was: "Well, his ideas was absurd, and his language was preposterous."

Secretary of the Navy Meyer had some funny experiences when he was in the diplomatic service. While he was at Rome an American tourist called on him. "Have you been to Pompeii?" asked Mr. Meyer of his visitor. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and it was very strange and interesting. I think something must have happened there; the blessed place was mostly ruins!"

Ethel Barrymore, apropos of leap year, told a story at the Colony Club. "A girl," she said, "looked calmly at a caller one evening and remarked: 'George, as it is leap year—' The caller turned rather pale. 'As it is leap year,' she continued, 'and you have been calling regularly now four nights a week for a long, long time, George, I propose—' 'I'm not in a position to marry on my salary,' George broke in, hurriedly. 'I know that well, George,' the girl pursued, 'and so, as it is leap year, I thought I'd propose that you lay off and give some of the more eligible boys a chance.'"

In a recent debate at the Wichita High School the woman suffrage amendment was under discussion. "It would be unwise to give woman the ballot," declared a hudding Daniel Webster, in attacking the proposition. "Woman could not be relied upon to exercise good judgment in voting. She changes her mind far too often." The next speaker was a young woman. She arose and cast a pitying glance at her opponent. "I would like to ask my honorable opponent," she cooed sweetly, "if he ever tried to change a woman's mind, once it was made up?" The young woman got the decision.

The other day a dairy company's complaint clerk was called to the telephone. A woman's voice was heard. "This is Mrs. Mixin," said she. "I want to know if your cows are contented?" "Wha-a-at?" asked the amazed complaint clerk. She repeated her question. "I see that your rivals advertise that their cows are all contented," said she. "I will begin to take their milk unless I am assured that your cows are all happy." "The complaint clerk begged her to hold the 'phone a moment. Then he went away and gnawed a corner off his desk. When he got his voice under control he returned to the 'phone. 'I've just been looking up the books, mum,' said he, 'and I am happy to say that we have not received a complaint from a single cow.'"

Mark Twain and Augustine Birrell.

At gatherings when speechmaking was expected Mark Twain preferred to do his part after others had done theirs, for what was said before made opportunities for him later on. An instance of this occurred at a breakfast in London given during his last visit to England (relates William H. Rideing in his volume of reminiscence). Augustine Birrell, the Irish secretary, preceded him, and referring to the demands made on him in what is probably the most irritating and laborious of all parliamentary offices declared, "I am sure I don't know how I got here."

That gave Clemens the chance he had waited for, and he lost no time in making the most of it. No other American who ever visited London received half the applause bestowed on him; not Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Holmes, General Grant, or even Mr. Choate.

"Mr. Birrell," he began very slowly and with a more expansive smile than usual, "Mr. Birrell has just said he doesn't know how he got here." Then he bent over the Irish secretary and looked into his wine glasses. "Doesn't know how he got here?" very significantly. Mr. Birrell was puzzled behind his spectacles, and everybody was on the qui vive, just as the speaker liked to have them; it was a part of his game.

"Well, he hasn't—had—anything"—a prolonged pause—"anything—more to—drink—since he came, and we'll at least see that he gets home all right."

The inflection breathed encouragement; it said by implication what many more words could not have said better, that Mr. Birrell was in the hands of a self-sacrificing friend who would look out for him. It surely was not the sort of humor they were used to, but his lips in their frocks, deans, cabinet ministers, and judges—they as well as the rest of us yielded to it in uncontrollable laughter, while the speaker demurely shook his head as if he were compassionating the frailty of humanity.

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SAN FRANCISCO



## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Announcement has been made in Philadelphia of the engagement of Miss Pauline Persons to Lieutenant David Le Breton, U. S. N., both of whom are well known in this city. Miss Persons is the daughter of Dr. Remus Persons, U. S. N., who was stationed at Mare Island but is now connected with the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia. Lieutenant Le Breton is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Le Breton of New York and a brother of Miss Marguerite Le Breton. He is stationed at the Navy Yard in Boston.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Eaton and Mr. Rufus Hatch Kimball will take place April 10 at the bride's home, Riso Riva, in Montecito. Miss Cora Ouis will be Miss Eaton's maid of honor, and Mr. Kimball will be attended by his brother, Mr. Sherman Kimball.

The wedding of Miss Ysabel Brewer and Mr. Herbert Jones took place Monday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock at St. Bridget's Church on Van Ness Avenue. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marie Brewer, and Mr. Frank Jones was his brother's best man. Mrs. Jones is a sister of the Misses Marie and Elena Brewer and Mr. Louis R. Brewer, Jr. Mr. Jones is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, and a brother of the Messrs. Edward, Paul, Frank, and Clinton Jones, Mrs. Webb Ballard, and Miss Helen Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jay Foster have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Gordon Foster, and Mr. Eldridge Green, Saturday, April 20, at two o'clock in St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Worthington Ames, who will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James W. Keeney was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home on Buchanan Street in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Miss Marian Newhall gave a dinner-dance at her home on Green Street complimentary to the Misses Harriet and Janetta Alexander of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained a number of friends at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent of London.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess at a luncheon Monday in honor of the Misses Harriet and Janetta Alexander.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson recently gave a luncheon and bridge party at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained a dozen friends at a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Dearborn of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn.

The Misses May and Fannie Friedlander were hostesses Thursday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall of Bath, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Seymour was hostess at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harold Sewall.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess at a dinner last week at her home on California Street.

Miss Arabella Morrow has issued invitations to a bridge-tee, April 3, at her home on Spruce Street. The affair will be in honor of Miss Jane Wickersham, whose engagement to Mr. Stuart McNab has recently been announced.

Mrs. George Dearborn will be hostess today at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained twenty friends at a dinner last Saturday evening at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner Monday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, preceding an informal dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Monday at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. William H. Jordan will entertain a number of friends today at a bridge-tee.

President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University and Mrs. Jordan were entertained Friday evening at a reception given at the Hotel St. Francis by the Japan Society of America.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder and their daughters, the Misses Janet and Edith von Schröder, entertained a hundred friends last Friday evening at their home on Jackson Street. The

play, "Lost by Default," written by Mr. Felton Elkins, was presented to the guests, the cast including the Misses Josephine Parrott, Merritt Reid, and Janet von Schröder, and the Messrs. Edward Tobin and Wilherforce W. Williams.

General Jacob B. Rawles, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Rawles celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding at a reception at their home on Green Street.

Colonel William Sage, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sage gave a dinner recently at their home in the Presidio.

Lieutenant J. S. Woods, U. S. N., and Mrs. Woods entertained at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. *Intrepid* in honor of Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and their daughter, Miss Josephine Redding, left Tuesday for Santa Barbara. Mrs. Redding and Miss Redding will be in town a few days before returning to their home in Paris.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels and her nieces, Miss Rnhy Bond of this city and Miss Edith Wooster of Yonkers, sailed Saturday for Europe. Mr. Spreckels is expected to arrive next week in this city.

Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Master Charles Crocker left Monday for Europe, where they will spend the summer. They will be joined in Paris by Miss Ethel Crocker, who sailed a week ago with Miss Bessie Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus have returned from Coronado, where Mrs. Polhemus spent the winter. Mr. Polhemus has recently arrived from Guatemala after an absence of several months. They are established at the Hotel Monroe.

Miss Edith Hecht has returned from Europe and will spend the summer in San Mateo, where she has rented the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. King.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl left Monday for New York, where they will make a brief visit before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall are at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. Willis Goodwin have returned from an automobile tour in Southern California.

Mrs. A. P. Scheld of Sacramento has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their children spent the week-end at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones (formerly Miss Ysabel Brewer) are established for the summer in Mill Valley, where they have rented the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent (formerly Miss Lucy Gwynn Coleman) will spend the next few months in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson left today for their home in San Rafael, after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., left Saturday evening for New York, which is to be their home.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean have returned from New York, where they spent the winter.

Miss Innes Keeney spent the week-end in Menlo as the guest of Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mr. John Gayle Anderton has returned to Sonoma after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Sicken (formerly Miss Susan Harrold) have returned from their wedding trip and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harrold in Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker are established for the summer in their home at Woodside.

Miss Madeline Clay has returned from Saratoga, where she was the guest of Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Mrs. William S. Tevis has recently recovered from her recent illness and will divide the summer between her homes in Bakersfield and Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Caroline Land and her daughter, Miss Charlotte Land of New York, are spending a few weeks at the Hotel Monroe.

Miss Anna Peters has returned to her home in Stockton after a few days' visit in town.

Miss Helen Ashton has returned from San Rafael, where she was the guest of Miss Ruth Casey.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey (formerly Miss Alexander Shiels) have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their home on Lyon Street.

Mrs. Albert P. Niblack has arrived from Berlin and will spend several weeks with her mother, Mrs. William P. Harrington. Captain Niblack, U. S. N., who was formerly naval attaché in Buenos Ayres, has recently been appointed naval attaché in Berlin.

Miss Ruth Casey has opened her country home in San Rafael for the season. Since her return from Europe Miss Casey has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver.

Mrs. Laura Cropper Weller, who returned recently from Washington, D. C., is established at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson has gone to Los Angeles to spend several weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton (formerly Miss Maud Wilson).

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have returned to their home in Burlingame after having spent two months in town at the residence on Broadway of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Horace B. Chase and Miss Ysabel Chase have gone to their country home in Napa County to spend a month before going to Miramar, where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Luning of New York have been spending the past week in this city. Mr. Luning is a brother of Mrs. George Whitell and Mrs. James Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin spent a few days last week in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hannigan of Los Altos have taken an apartment on Van Ness Avenue. Judge Charles L. Weller and Mrs. Weller will

leave shortly for Annapolis, to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller).

Mrs. Jack Johnston and her little son have returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermer-Hesketh will arrive from London in April to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Marian Newhall will leave in May for Cleveland, Ohio, to be the guest of Miss Martha Calhoun. Miss Newhall and Miss Julia Langhorne are among the chosen bridesmaids for Miss Calhoun's wedding in June.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie arrived Sunday from Detroit, en route to their home in Pasadena, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. William G. Palmanteer and her daughters, the Misses Hazel and Ethel Palmanteer of Oakland, left Tuesday for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings have arrived from Mexico and will spend several weeks with Mrs. Rawlings's parents, Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner.

Miss Cora de Marville, who has just returned from a trip to Italy, is at her residence, Rue de Chailot No. 35, in Paris. She will pass the month of May at the Château de Saint Séries, in the south of France.

Mr. John Parrott, Jr., has joined his sisters, the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott, at the home in San Mateo of Mrs. Abbie Parrott. Mr. Parrott has recently been in Washington, D. C., where he took the examinations for the diplomatic service.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, will leave next month for Panama.

Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove arrived Sunday from the East. Captain Gove has recently been appointed commandant at Yerba Buena.

Rear-Admiral Chauncey M. Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomas, who have been spending the winter at the Hotel Victoria, sailed this week for Panama en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. John M. Elliott and her daughter, Miss Priscilla Elliott, have recently been visiting Lieutenant-Commander Mark St. Clair Ellis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellis at Mare Island.

## Good Friday Music Festival at the Greek Theatre.

Throughout the world it has become the custom to give Rossini's "Stabat Mater" on Good Friday, just as the "Messiah" is given wherever a choral organization exists at Christmastide. Under the auspices of the University of California a production of this masterpiece will be given in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley next Friday afternoon, April 5, at three o'clock, a performance that will attract hearers from all over the state. Tetrizzini will take a leading part in the work, singing the part of the "Stabat Mater," and by special request the "Ave Maria," accompanied by a full orchestra, harp, and solo violin. The combined strength of the San Francisco and Berkeley Choral Societies, the Wednesday Morning Club of Oakland, and the University Chorus will be utilized on this occasion, and eminent soloists will lend their aid, the whole supported by a symphony orchestra of sixty, with Paul Steindorff directing. Before the "Stabat Mater" some sacred numbers will be given by Tetrizzini, Mascall, and the orchestra.

The prices will be most moderate, reserved seats being placed at \$2 and \$1.50, while there will be accommodation for 5000 people at the rate of \$1. The sale of seats in San Francisco opens Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and in Berkeley at the usual places. In Oakland seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Mail orders should be addressed to Professor William Dallam Armes, care of University of California, or in San Francisco to Manager Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## The Bonci Concerts.

Following Calvé we are to hear the greatest of living tenors, Alessandro Bonci, in programmes of the rarest beauty and interest. Bonci is the only great operatic tenor capable of giving an entire recital, and his programmes will consist of old and modern French and Italian songs, charming ballads in English, and arias and romanzas from his

favorite operatic successes, such as "La Bohème," "Andrea Chenier," "Iris," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "Don Giovanni," "The Girl of the Golden West," "La Tosca," etc.

Bonci will sing at the Cort Theatre on two Sunday afternoons, April 14 and 21, and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Friday afternoon, April 19, at 3:15 Bonci will give a concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear a special Bonci programme on Tuesday night, April 16.

Young Parisian lady with best references wishes passage to France with a family; will take care of children; no salary. Box D, Argonaut office.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

When Lotta gave San Francisco the fountain which has been for thirty-five years the best known landmark in the city, she could hardly have looked forward to the time when the name of another California favorite would be linked with hers at that busy street intersection. But Miss Crabtree in her home in the East, long retired from the stage, graciously consented when she was asked to permit the placing of a tablet upon the fountain, as a memorial of the Christmas Eve open-air concert given by Luisa Tetrazzini, in 1910, on a stage erected close by Lotta's gift. On Sunday, March 24, 1912, the tablet was unveiled with formal ceremony. Mme. Tetrazzini was present, Supervisor Hayden and Mayor Rolph made brief addresses, 250 school children under the direction of Miss Estelle Carpenter sang, and the mayor's daughter unveiled the tablet. It was a unique occasion, celebrating one equally notable, and possible only in such a city.

Announcement is made that the First Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked is pastor, will soon begin the erection of a new and larger church edifice on the old site, the corner of Post and Mason Streets. The building will cost \$250,000, will have an auditorium seating 1600, and be equipped with a church organ of great volume.

Marching representatives of some 200 German, Austrian, and Swiss societies, bands, mounted officials and citizens in automobiles, in all a procession of 5000, paraded Sunday and finally halted at the corner of Polk and Turk Streets, where the corner-stone of a grand structure, to be called the German House, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. President John Hermann presided and Vice-President John Pope presented the speakers, among whom were Consul-General Franz Bopp and Mayor Rolph. The building will cost \$500,000 and will contain many lodge rooms in suites, with a large auditorium to be equipped with a stage. Architect Frederick H. Meyer made the plans for the building, copying some of the features of the Heidelberg Schloss and the Pellerhaus in Nuremberg.

A new St. Ignatius Church is to rise at the corner of Fulton Street and Parker Avenue. Archbishop Riordan laid the corner-stone Sunday, in the presence of many dignitaries of the church and a great assemblage of the people. Father Trivelli, president of St. Ignatius College, read a message from the Pope, who sent his blessing for the occasion. The Reverend Joseph M. Gleason of Palo Alto made the principal address of the day. The edifice will be a large and noble structure, costing \$300,000, and it is hoped to have it completed this year.

Eugene Gallois, for many years one of the prominent merchants of the city, as a partner in the firm of Raphael Weill & Co. since 1872, died in his apartments at the Fairmont Hotel last Sunday, aged sixty-seven. Mrs. Gallois, a son, Mr. John Gallois, assistant manager of the firm, and a daughter, Miss Jeanne, are the surviving members of the family.

Governor James H. Hawley of Idaho has been a visitor to San Francisco within the week in connection with ceremonies attending selection of a site for an Idaho building to be erected on the exposition grounds. Governor Hawley, when a lad, attended the old City College at the southeast corner of Stockton and Geary Streets; and by way of reviving old memories, Mr. W. J. Dutton gave a dinner at the Pacific Union Club on Monday night, the 25th instant, to a goodly group of Governor Hawley's schoolmates. Mr. Dutton's guests were Governor Hawley, Charles G. Yale, Crittenden Thornton, Samuel H. Daniels, Frank V. Bell, J. Scott Wilson, and William Mayo Newhall, all of whom were students at the old college in 1864.

Two weeks ago the Argonaut spoke of the exhibition in the New York book rooms of the Houghton Mifflin Company of rare Stevenson volumes, the Simoneau collection, which had been bound by Miss Cole, a noted art bookbinder of Boston. The books have been brought to San Francisco, and are now at Vickery, Atkins & Torrey's art galleries, where they will undoubtedly be inspected by many art lovers and as well by book lovers and the friends and admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson.

For thirty-five years the Dennison News Company, organized by State Senator Eli Dennison, has handled the supplies and news agents on the Southern Pacific trains and boats, but it is now going out of service, having sold its business to the T. C. Brown News and Hotel Company of Kansas City. Most of the train trade in the Western and Pacific Coast states is done by the purchasing company.

One of the interesting exhibits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be the old Indis, famous in her time as a battleship, with the vessels were built of wood.

She was the first seventy-four-gun ship in the United States navy, and came round Cape Horn in the early days of California. She has been at the Mare Island navy yard since 1854. With all her guns, spars, and tackle restored she will be moored in the yacht harbor fronting the Harbor View exposition site.

Captain Obed F. Bolles, for seventeen years United States Inspector of Hulls at the port of San Francisco, and before that master of Pacific Coast steamers, died at his home in Menlo Park on March 26, aged seventy-two. Captain Bolles resigned his position several weeks ago on account of illness. He leaves a widow.

Probate of the will of the late Mrs. Eugenia E. Mintzer, wife of the late William Mintzer, has been attacked by Mrs. Eugenia W. Lees, of Napa County, daughter of Mrs. Mintzer by a former marriage. The will disposed of an estate of \$200,000, of which Mrs. Lees was given \$1000 in cash, some jewelry, a 390-acre ranch in Napa County, and the income of \$40,000 during life, the fund being held in trust to go to her children at her death. The residue of the estate was left to the decedent's husband, William Mintzer, who died last November. Mrs. Lees alleges undue influence upon her mother, and asks revocation of the will. The defendants in the contest are Mauricia Williams Mintzer, Lucio M. Mintzer, and William Mintzer, Jr., all children of the testator.

The London Graphic publishes a portrait and sketch of England's "oldest woman novelist," Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, who recently celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday. Mrs. Macquoid entered the literary arena with George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Oliphant. A story called "Patty" is said to have been one of her greatest successes, and "At the Red Glove," a story of French life, first appeared anonymously in Harper's Magazine. Mrs. Macquoid recalls first meeting the author of "Pickwick" at a ball when she was sixteen, and says she did not expect to be among the living authors to celebrate the Dickens centenary. Mrs. Dickens was at the ball, and also Miss Hogarth, whom Mrs. Macquoid recalls as having a more attractive personality than the handsome, buxom wife of the novelist. Dickens, she says, danced with an abstracted air, and seemed to be looking at people more than attending to his partner. He forgot until the last moment that his host had requested him to take the daughter of Mr. Stansfield, R. A., down to supper, when he made a precipitate dash for the lady. Mrs. Macquoid also recalls her first meeting with George Eliot and Mr. Lewis at Millais's studio. At that time George Eliot called her attention to a rural landscape out of the window, sighed, and said it reminded her of her own childhood.

Old Berliners are lamenting the gradual disappearance of military uniform from the streets. A quarter of a century ago more officers and soldiers in uniform were to be met with in the principal thoroughfares than civilians, while now, though the Berlin garrison is far larger, the presence of the uniform is hardly noticeable. The main cause of the change is the increased cost of living. Tradition and custom require that the officer in uniform shall frequent only the best restaurants, sit in parquet seats in the theatre, and in general spend money freely. Few officers possess private means, while the pay of all ranks is small, and the result is that if the officer or soldier is to have any enjoyment or recreation in the capital he can have it only by clothing himself like the ordinary citizen who can suit his expenditure to his means.

The last musical attraction for the present season will be Alexander Heinemann, the lieder singer. While we have had an unusually busy year of music there has been a dearth of lieder singing, and the Heinemann concerts will be welcomed by the many who love that form of music.

Young Filipinos are adopting the American college yell. Thus is cast more doubt upon the Filipino's fitness for self-government.

The famous set of presentation volumes, inscribed by Robert Louis Stevenson to the old Monterey restaurateur, Simoneau, are to be shown by their San Francisco owner for three days at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, 350 Sutter Street, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the second, third and fourth of April. They have just returned from the hands of the binder, Miss L. Averill Cole of Boston, where they have been on exhibition. The intimate autograph inscriptions by the author, the wonderful bindings, and the weather-beaten chest of Monterey cypress, in which their owner has encased the books, make them extremely interesting and they should be seen before their retirement to private life.

Easter novelties and a bewildering array of all the latest Easter boxes and novelties at Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"This show cost the producer \$30,000." "I'm glad of it."—*Washington Herald*.

"Hello! Could you suggest the wrong number I ought to ask for, miss, in order to get 2-double 0-9-2 Mayfair?"—*Punch*.

"You told me to come back, and now when I come you say you'll throw me out!" "Yes—I hadn't time before!"—*The Johnsonian*.

"Does your cousin sing well?" "I've never heard her." "What! never heard her sing?" "Oh, no—sing well."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Whatever I try to do, I do with all my might." "That was what Ridgely said. He told me you got his last dollar."—*Washington Herald*.

"What is your favorite recitation?" "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." "But no one recites that now." "That's why I like it."—*New York Telegram*.

"I've got an hour or two to kill. I wish I knew what to do." "Just go over and ask Brown how the new baby is getting along."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Great Scott, man, I didn't expect to run across you in this village! What is a fellow of your ability doing among all these boobs?" "The hooahs."—*Baltimore American*.

Cook—Why didn't you come last Monday for yer dinner? Beggar—Why, I heard that you were washing and your mistress was doing the cooking.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"The children need something new every week. You have no children, hence you can't understand." "I understand, old chap. I have an automobile."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I'm afraid we might run into an iceberg." "The danger is very slight, auntie." "Well, give the captain a dollar anyhow, and then he'll be extra careful."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"When I was abroad I was constantly taken for a certain crown prince whom I believe I resemble." "I suppose you had to shell out some large tips." "No. I let the prince get the reputation of being a piker."—*Washington Herald*.

"Hilda, if you leave me now I shall refuse to give you a testimonial." "Ay tank ay not need testimonial. Ay got Bihle now and ay shall get husband next week."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Effie—Shall I put on my mackintosh and run out and post this letter, mother? Mother—No, dear; it's not fit for a dog to be out on a night like this. Let your father post it.—*London Opinion*.

American Heiress—But, dear, if I accept you every one will say you married me for my money. French Count—Don't let that worry you; you can pay my debts first and there won't be enough money left to excite comment.—*Satire*.

"I always was unlucky," he said with a weary sigh. "What's the matter now, old man?" his friend asked. "I've spent over \$500 on havin' my hoy taught to play the fiddle, and now his hay's all comin' out."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Isn't that Miss Yawler singing across the way?" "Yes. I wish she belonged to a grand opera company." "You surely don't think she can sing?" "Not at all, but grand opera companies never come to this town."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Desk Sergeant—What did you put that fortune-teller out of business for? Police Inspector—She's a humbug. I tried to find out from her what had become of the diamond pin I lost the other day and she gave me the wrong steer.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"What are your ideas about reform?" "About the same as everybody's," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have a general impression that myself and my personal and political friends are the only people who do not need it."—*Washington Star*.

"Time wuz," said Br'er Williams, "w'en a honest man could git a sack er flour an' a side er bacon fer his vote, but de Meat Trust' has hit him hard, an' now even de gumvint' investigates you ef you goes a-tradin' a honest vote eroun'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Well, thank heaven," he said, approaching a sad-looking man who sat back in a dark corner, "that's over with." "What is?" "I've danced with the hostess. Have you gone through with it yet?" "No. I don't need to. I'm the host."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Mr. Wright—Is your husband busy now? Mrs. Penman—Oh, very busy. Mr. Wright—What is he doing? Mrs. Penman—He's at work on a story. Mr. Wright—Writing a story, is he? Mrs. Penman—Oh, no; he wrote it a month ago. He's trying to sell it now!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Butler—There's a man below to see you, sir. Mayberry—What did you tell him? Butler—I told him you told me, if it was a lady, to say you were in, and if it was a

man, to say you were out. Mayberry—What did he say then? Butler—He said to tell you he was a lady.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Why do you insist on keeping that man as a member of your bridge club? He plays a wretched game." "That's the point. Each of us is always hoping that he can be rung in as the other fellow's partner."—*Washington Star*.

"Great sale, eh?" commented the advance agent. "Been a line in the lobby for several hours." "Same six people, though," explained the man in the box-office. "Same people you saw an hour ago. The line is being held up by a lady who is thinking of buying a seat."—*Washington Herald*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Oil for His Lamp.  
At after-dinner speech a star?  
No, say a moon, for, lo,  
The fuller that he gets, why then,  
More brilliant does he grow!  
—*Town Topics*.

A Ballade of Inclinations.  
One's a bibliomaniac,  
Others run to tapestries,  
China, rugs, or brie-à-hrac;  
Some devote their energies  
Unto butterflies and bees.  
I am bent a different way,  
Leaning to a life of ease.  
Give me three square meals a day.

Some are always on the track  
Of a dado or a frieze;  
Some grow happy o'er a pack  
Of strange things called Japanese,  
Going into rhapsodies  
Over bits of painted clay;  
But my longings to appease,  
Give me three square meals a day.

One with experts at his back,  
Gloating them with liberal fees,  
Looks for Sheffield plate, alack!  
And such strange inanities;  
Chippendale do others please,  
Peachblow vases some make gay.  
To the winds with fads like these,  
Give me three square meals a day.

ENVOY.  
Jades, enamels, ivories,  
Be the hobby what it may  
That excites your ecstasies,  
Give me three square meals a day.  
—*New York Herald*.

The Mule.  
The mule is stupid, so they say;  
He has no brain with which to think;  
But he can always turn away  
When he has had enough to drink,  
No matter if his foolish brother  
Insists that he must have another.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The London Baby's Plait.  
Please Father, dear Father, come home to us now,  
The clock in the steeple's run down!  
The suffragist ladies have started a row,  
And smashed all the windows in town!

And now the dear Mother is landed in jail  
With numerous ladies of note;  
They don't care a sixpence for pardon or hail,  
But they'd break all the laws for a vote!  
We babies are crying for Mother to come;  
Please Father, bring Mother right home!  
—*New York Globe*.

Speed Mania.  
They say to the farmer: "You'd better beware  
Of the gait you are going, my friend!  
You spend your good money for pleasure too rare,  
For common folk soon it must end."  
The farmer looks up as if seeing no wrong,  
Then he gave a quick twist to the wheel  
And turns on more power and travels along  
In his pellmelltoellomobile!

They say to the statesman! "Alas, and oh, my!  
It seems to us surer than fate  
That unless you are careful you will by and by  
Make a wreck of the old ship of state!"  
But statesmen are certain no longer they need  
Move along on a smooth, even keel;  
They throw to the "high" and rejoice at the speed  
Of their pellmelltoellomobile!

The world is agog with the rush of the craze;  
There is haste on the level and hill,  
And many inventors make many new ways  
Mankind through the distance to spill.  
If this sort of verse should be merely deplored,  
If it has not the proper appeal,  
I make my excuse—I have just climbed aboard  
Of my pellmelltoellomobile!  
—*Milwaukee News*.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Big Job Ahead.

It may be taken for granted that the civic centre project will grow as it gathers form, that again and still again the municipality will be asked to vote more bonds, that there will be many delays and—some graft. Nobody who has had any observation of such matters expects the job to be done within the period of the promise. Yet, even if all these apprehensions shall become realities (as they surely will) we think a long-suffering public will not be seriously aggrieved, provided there shall be a serious attempt to do the work honestly and with a reasonable diligence. Public pride will combine with private interest to make the enterprise "popular" and to get more funds for it from time to time as they may be demanded.

But this much is certain, the civic centre project will become a by-word and a sneer if the methods of its carrying-out shall resemble those employed in the creation of the municipal railroad in Geary Street. Ex-

perts have told us that somewhere from one-third to one-half the money provided for the Geary Street project has been frittered away—grafted away would perhaps be a more precise phrase. And here let us remark incidentally it is curious that after this exposure the whole matter appears to have been dropped. The mismanagement or misappropriation of approximately a million dollars has been shown up; but nobody appears to have suffered any inconvenience in consequence of it. Ex-Mayor McCarthy, under whose general responsibility this money was lost, has not been questioned about it. Mr. Casey, who as the officer directly in charge was subordinately responsible, is still the head of the Board of Public Works. Mr. Laumeister, aider and abettor of Casey, is still associated with him in the board. Why? Perhaps it might be considered bad manners to insist upon the question.

The civic centre project is precisely the kind of enterprise to develop into a colossal scandal provided it be not conceived in reasonable moderation, carried forward with reasonable diligence, and administered with reasonable honesty.

### The Campaign to Date.

Self-confidence is one of the recognized forces in the game of politics, therefore it is an invariable rule for political managers to "claim everything." This is why Mr. McKinley speaking for Taft, Mr. Houser for La Follette, and Mr. Dixon for Roosevelt, each in his public declarations foresees and declares high hopes for his candidate. This, too, explains if it does not justify the stupendous arrays of contradictory "figures" which crowd the newspapers from day to day. The truth is that the battle is not yet won for anybody, and that the assurances so definitely pledged by campaign agents are just so much buncombe, futile and valueless excepting as it may serve to stimulate the hopes and thereby sustain the activities of the party workers.

At the same time it is very plain that Mr. Taft is far and away in the lead, and that his prestige and his chances of nomination increase week by week. The roll of delegates definitely instructed for him now runs up to something like half the required number. It will be increased substantially by returns from various "sure" states, and something may be expected from states like Illinois and California, which have commonly been estimated in opposing columns. It now looks as if Illinois would split her delegation between Roosevelt and Taft, probably with the greater number for Roosevelt. California we regard as almost certain for Taft, in view of the special circumstances favoring his candidacy and of the contentions which have divided the progressive element into bitterly opposing factions. It looks, too, as if Taft would get the bulk of the Iowa delegation; while Michigan, once counted in the progressive column, seems tending toward Taft. In politics, as in some other things, nothing succeeds like success. And the prestige of success is now clearly with the Taft candidacy as against that of Roosevelt.

Nothing in the course of this campaign has been more becoming or more practically helpful than Taft's declination of repeated challenges on the part of Roosevelt to engage in a duel of detraction and vituperation. Not only does Taft avoid any personal reference to his chief antagonist, but he urges those who speak in his behalf to follow the same course. The Taft campaign is a restrained and decent one. At the same time it has been very frank. The country knows the views of the administration on every vital question, and it may declare its voice for or against in the light of complete and definite information. Mr. Taft now shows a disposition to limit his utterances and to leave the issue with the country, which we think may be commended on the scores both of propriety and policy.

The great vogue which Mr. Roosevelt has enjoyed is unquestionably a powerful factor in his favor. It is true that the situation is against him in that he has

broken faith personally and has undertaken to break down a fixed tradition dating from the day of Washington. But men definitely committed in a personal cause are slow to yield. Few are willing excepting under the pressure of great events and causes to throw over fixed habits of political thinking. And though the admirers and supporters of Roosevelt find themselves on the defensive at all points, multitudes remain definitely and determinedly loyal to him. It is not too much to say that despite the adversities of the campaign Mr. Roosevelt remains the strongest personal figure in the situation. We say personal, because personality is practically the whole of Roosevelt's stock in trade, whereas Taft has the prestige of possession plus the tremendous advantage which attaches to administrative influence.

Mr. Roosevelt's course in the campaign does not tend to make things easy for his supporters. He clearly overestimated his own prestige, and he has obviously been disappointed that sentiment for him has not become a raging wildfire. The expected furor has not materialized, and after all that has happened the threatened stampede at Chicago is a thing impossible. Upon a man of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament and of his overweening vanity the effect has been unpleasantly stimulating. It has brought to the surface the least pleasing aspects of a faulty character. It has led him into the amazing indiscretion of personally and vindictively assailing Mr. Taft; and it has prompted him to condemnation of methods in politics through which he himself has again and again profited in the course of his political life, and which he failed to rebuke at times when a word from him would have been effective. He is in the position of one who reprobates means by which he himself has ascended, now that these means turn to the benefit of another.

Nor does it escape the attention of thoughtful men that for all the vast volume of his talk Mr. Roosevelt studiously avoids discussion of definite public questions. He has roundly declared himself—always under adroitly defined conditions and limitations—with respect to reform ideas, but he never pins himself down to specific policies. The country does not know where Mr. Roosevelt stands with respect to the tariff or any other of the immediately pressing and vital issues of the day. His campaign stock in trade consists of more or less glittering generalities, highly seasoned with moral pretensions and trimmed out with fustian and bluster. Already he is fulfilling part of the *Argonaut's* prediction of less than a month ago. He is "hollering and bellowing like a mad bull." If the tide continues to go against him, as we think it surely will, in another fortnight he will be scratching and biting like a wounded tiger.

As Taft gains by poise and calmness, so Roosevelt loses through anger and vituperation. No fact in the situation is so marked as his steadily declining prestige. Multitudes still cling to him, loath to abandon a profoundly cherished moral hope; but there are many among his long-time admirers to discover that their idol has feet of clay—that ambition and a swollen head have overmastered the better elements in an always emotional character.

The persistence of the campaign for La Follette in the face of all ordinary political calculations is due beyond a doubt to the hope that Taft and Roosevelt will destroy each other, and that La Follette may possibly win as an inheritor of strength from both. At this stage of the contest La Follette's candidacy helps Taft. If later on it shall appear that Taft's candidacy is impracticable, then it is hoped that his supporters, already under some obligations, will prefer La Follette to Roosevelt. More than once in the history of the country similar situations have turned to the advantage of candidates in La Follette's position. A matter stands, Mr. La Follette has nothing to lose and everything to gain. Even if this year yields him nothing better, it will in the event of Roosevelt's fall be a



lish him in the progressive leadership above and beyond any possible competition. And it is probably his calculation that however things may go this year, progressivism will win in 1916. Mr. La Follette is still relatively a young man—he was born in 1855—and he is not one to be easily cast down by a defeat from which he may reasonably hope to rise stronger than before.

On the Democratic side of the situation there are manifestations of a confidence almost amounting to exhilaration. Out of the conflicting "figures" of rival campaign managers we get the impression that Wilson is slightly in the lead in the delegations thus far chosen; but his advantage is neither large nor decisive. We think now, as we did two months ago when Watterson and Harvey turned against him, that he is a beaten man. More and more we are convinced that the naming of the Democratic candidate will rest with the radical West rather than with the conservative East. No man of the Wilson or Harmon type, however highly he may be commended under "safe and sane" calculations, will have a chance in a convention where the loudest voice will be the voice of William J. Bryan. There are, we think, two possible nominees, and the name of one is Champ Clark and that of the other is William J. Bryan.

And therein, we think, lies the hope of the Republican party for another success. Following the contentions which now divide the Republicanism of the country, we think a man like Judge Harmon, if he could command his own full party support, might win. But mark the word "if." There is not one chance in a hundred that Harmon or any other man of conservative character and record can win the Democratic nomination. Western Democracy as personified by Bryan sees no advantage in party success if it must come through the elevation of one who stands for Clevelandism as against Bryanism.

#### Unionism and Syndicalism.

It is useless to disguise the fact that in the Lawrence strike and in the English coal strike we see the beginnings of a new social movement. Both of these strikes were successful. The Lawrence men got as much, and even more, than they asked, while the English government has been forced to pass an emergency law to compel a minimum wage. This is not a time for the study of precedents, but what would have been said by the economists of fifty years ago to a parliamentary interference with the wages of a million men? If coal miners are entitled to such a measure, why not the workers in all other trades? Why stop anywhere? In Lawrence there was no actual legislative interference, but it is well known that the unofficial pressure from Washington was as effective as legislation. In both cases we have the assertion of the principle that economic law must not be allowed to force us into inhumanity and that there are certain rights that must be protected by national force.

But the effect upon the labor movement itself is a different matter. The coal miners have now awakened to a sense of power. They know that they can devastate the country by laying down their tools, that they can produce a greater calamity than a foreign war. No wonder that the London *Times* should receive the news of a probable settlement with the statement that the worst is yet to come and that forces have been aroused that will not soon be laid at rest. We might say the same thing here of the Lawrence strike, for in both cases there has been the introduction of an element far greater than that of a wage dispute. The Lawrence strike was led by the Industrial Workers of the World and its keynote was Syndicalism as that word is understood in France and England and is beginning to be understood here. The same policy was avowed in England, and some of the English leaders are now under prosecution for an attempt to poison the discipline of the army. It is Syndicalism that produces the constant threat of civil war in France and that may lose fight after fight in the full assurance that some day there will be a fight that it will not lose.

The aim of Syndicalism is the general strike and the paralysis of the whole commercial world at one stroke. This is the only arrow in its quiver, and it therefore repudiates all legislative and peaceful methods. But as the general strike is a thing that must be waited for, Syndicalism prepares for its coming by promoting and fostering strikes everywhere in order that workers may be educated to a sense of their own power. It is the enemy of Socialism, because Socialism is content with a parliamentary representation that

coalesces at once with the old order and becomes leavened by conservatism. Socialism on its part hates Syndicalism because it is undemocratic and because its adherents are ready blindly to follow whoever is strong enough to lead them. Syndicalism has now won two great strikes, and in this country its forces, under the guidance of the Industrial Workers of the World, are so well organized that they can be moved rapidly and with considerable power to any point where the flame of discontent is worth blowing on. The Socialist *Call* describes it as "an aristocracy of revolutionary intellect." Perhaps it is too much to hope that Syndicalism and Socialism will mutually devour each other like the Kilkenny cats.

If we were able to look back upon the present time from some vantage point in the future we should be surprised that current events had so little meaning for us and that we were so blind to the now seemingly inevitable. That civilization can continue in a state of civil war is unthinkable, and it is equally sure that civilization itself will not be submerged. The tide of democracy is doing no more than embitter the relations between capital and labor and sow the seeds of irreconcilable hatred between them. The same problem of democracy and of its brood of social hatreds has occurred over and over again in the history of the world and it has always been solved in the same way—by some sort of dictatorship. The old Romans had the good sense to provide constitutionally for a dictatorship in all periods of a crisis, but then the Romans understood the art of government as it has never been understood since. Some form of dictatorship may eventually come in America simply because there is no other alternative, and it would be welcomed by that inherent love of stability that is the sheet-anchor of human nature. It would be welcomed, moreover, by every instinct of liberty that is now outraged by the sight of a democracy whose one passion it is to pass laws restrictive of freedom and whose one guiding principle is to "get" some one.

Who can say what would come after? Perhaps by that time we shall have learned to value our exceptionally able men and to invite them to do great things for us as a nation rather than for corporations and syndicates. Obviously such men as Morgan and Hariman are able to do great things, because they have done them in our sight—things that are incontestably great, as great in their way as nation-building. Nothing will be so amazing to the student of the future as the prodigality with which we have produced great constructive genius and the malign stupidity with which we have refused to employ it to the public account. During the last few years commerce has produced a greater weight of administrative intellect than all the politics of the country since its dawn if we except Hamilton and Lincoln. And we have been so incredibly fatuous that we have allowed the whole of that administrative intellect to be absorbed by trade and finance instead of using it for the public good as so much mental force that would work like a successful titan at any task entrusted to it. If the industrial war that is now advancing so fast toward an unbearable crisis can hasten the day when we shall realize our assets in human ability it will not have been fought in vain. But it might be done at so much less cost in pain and passion.

#### Recalling a Joke.

The humorous definition of the recall as "a movement to change the umpire every time he delivers a decision against the home team" has seriously annoyed Senator Dixon, who is managing, or mismanaging, Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. Why Senator Dixon should be annoyed is a little obscure, but he is annoyed and he says so. It seems that this unassuming little pleasantry was invented, or at least fathered by, the Ohio Manufacturers' Association, and as such it is quite a creditable performance, as manufacturers' associations, like Scotchmen, joke with difficulty. But Senator Dixon is angry and he threatens a terrible retaliation. It is not safe to make a joke when the senator is around, for jokes are apt to make people laugh, and then what would become of Mr. Roosevelt, who has a special patented and copyrighted brand of recall standing to his credit that is laughable enough already. So the senator issues a threat against the Ohio Manufacturers' Association. The future of the tariff, he says in effect, may presently be in the hands of the friends of Mr. Roosevelt, and then the manufacturers' association may have cause to regret their ill-timed levity. Their own special schedules, he suggests, may be low-

ered and then, to use a colloquialism, they will laugh on the other side of their mouths. And all because of a joke. Upon such little things do the fate of nations depend.

It is hard to see what the manufacturers' association can do in the matter. Would Senator Dixon be satisfied by the application of the recall to the joke itself? But can a joke be recalled? We know that judges can be recalled, but how about jokes?

#### Beneficence and Politics.

One thing after another serves to impress upon California the beauty of the new order of things brought into being under the pure inspirations and by the not infirm hand of our professional reformers. It is only a little while ago that Brother Pillsbury, duly equipped with a magic lantern outfit, was sent careering over the state under instructions to shed the light of his art upon a certain statute perhaps purposely made too abstruse for comprehension by means less graphic. Now another commission finds it necessary to instruct the public with respect to another statute which the minions of a soulless corporation insist upon misunderstanding. The case is worth attention because it illustrates one of the worst phases of corporate turpitude, namely, its inability to appreciate opportunities for beneficence with which it has been endowed by our reform dictatorship.

It appears to have been a custom on the part of certain public service corporations to make discriminating rates or to exact no rates at all from certain beneficent social agencies. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, for example, has granted free use of its service to churches, Christian Associations, etc. But in view of the coming into authority of the new public utilities act, it has withdrawn these privileges. The reasons are set forth in a circular letter under date of March 24 which reads in part as follows:

The public utilities act of the State of California became effective March 23, 1912. Under its provisions we are prohibited from making any concession or granting any preference or advantage to any person and are compelled to render charges for service in accordance with the existing schedule of rates on file with the railroad commission of the State of California.

Now this withdrawal of privilege has deeply offended the public utilities commission, which in the interest of beneficence—and pure politics—appears to have planned to continue free telephone service with only this difference, namely, that the grant should be made with its (the commission's) compliments. In a statement put forth by the commission, with reference to the circular letter above quoted, it is declared with spirit that the telephone company has misrepresented the law; and in proof of this declaration an analysis of said law is given to the public:

While Section 17 (h) of the public utilities act provides that the public utilities of the state shall charge no rate other than that specified in its schedules of rates on file with the railroad commission, the same section specifically provides, "that the commission may, by rule or order, establish such exceptions from the operation of this prohibition as it may consider just and reasonable as to each public utility."

This statement does certainly clarify a muddled situation. For while in one section the law restricts charges for telephone service to rates common to all users, another gives the commission power to modify or annul these rates. Plainly enough the commission "may, by rule or order," establish such "exceptions" from the operation of this prohibition as it "may consider just and reasonable." The fault of the telephone people appears to be that they are not willing to present with the compliments of a group of reforming politicians a free service which they are not permitted under the law to give with their own compliments. They are like a gross and selfish man who can not see the beauty of giving bouquets paid for out of his own pocket accompanied by the card of somebody else. Truly it is a graceless world!

But the remedy is with the commission. For has it not the power to make "exceptions" by "rule or order"? Nothing could be plainer than the opportunity which now lies before it. For while the telephone people have rudely refused to supply free service with the compliments of the commission, the commission is in a position to turn the trick on its own account. By all means let it act with the promptness, thoroughness, and generosity characteristic of those who have the giving out of things which other people must pay for. The law shows the way. Now "by rule or order" let the commission grant free telephone service, not at its own cost, but at the cost of the telephone company,



whomever and wherever motives of beneficence—or purposes of politics—may suggest. It would be in perfect accord with the system of political purity now in practice in California and it would be a proper rebuke to a selfishness which is so ungenerous as to resent giving simply because the thanks must accrue to others.

But why stop at free telephones? Why not free water, free insurance, free railroad passes? Why restrict a worthy principle to a limited operation? If the laws are not sufficient, then let us change them. The corporations may protest, but their objections merely illustrate their need to learn the blessedness of giving. And who, let us ask, gives so worthily as those who may not be in a position even to receive thanks? Possibly by a course of this kind of moral discipline we may be able to supply the element of "soul" of which corporations are traditionally lacking. But whatever the moral effect upon the corporations, there is no doubt about the value of this scheme as related to the fortunes of reform politics. A free telephone in every church, Sunday-school, Christian Association, lodge room, and reform political centre, through the favor of the public utilities commission, would be a notable mark of the beneficence of reform in the sphere of politics.

### Two Sample Uplifters.

Whoever would have thought that a day would come when Mr. Chester Rowell, social purist and political moralist, man of light and leading, intellectual champion of the ideals and hopes of the uplifters, would hear himself called a deserter, a practitioner of deceit, an unfaithful friend, a programme taker, a schemer, and a traitor—and this by a man with whom he has long been in close sympathy and in coöperative relations. And who would have thought that when these things were said Mr. Rowell would have to admit that from the standpoint of the man in the street all these things were true. "Oh what a tangled web we weave," says the poet, "when first we practice to deceive." Oh, what a crooked trail we leave, if we may assume the liberties of free paraphrase, when we abandon theoretical and sentimental politics and get into the game! We wonder if Mr. Rowell ever takes stock of the fact that he stands now in the precise place of those "practical men" whom only a short time ago he was denouncing as emissaries of the Evil One. And wherein is Mr. Rowell, for all his powers of intellect and his graces of culture, a better man than those lieutenants of organized politics in California whom it has been his practice to denounce in scathing terms? Is he not an inside counsellor in a scheme of arbitrary politics? Is he not assisting in the building up of a political machine designed to win, not so much through the power of moral ideas as through the forces of organization? Was he not last winter in personal attendance upon the legislature, with others counselling and directing its courses precisely as were certain men of his especial detestation under the old scheme of things? Is he not scheming for a senatorship—or permitting others to scheme for him—precisely as has many another man whom he has denounced with unrestrained eloquence? Has he not broken in sentiment even with the guide and providence of his own career, one whom he has known always to be wise, faithful, and under the guidance of intelligence and conscience? Is he not by his course in the *Republican* doing violence to the conscientious opinions of associates whose affection and consideration alone are preventing them from checking and rebuking him?

Mr. Spreckels in his interesting public announcements charges Mr. Rowell with "making false statements \* \* \* so worded as to be misleading and \* \* \* intended to deceive." In his own heart does not Mr. Rowell know that this is the truth? Mr. Spreckels charges Mr. Rowell with being a "deserter" of La Follette. Does Mr. Rowell, who understands moral values—no man better—believe he has fairly answered this reproach by proving that Spreckels is another? Mr. Spreckels charges Mr. Rowell with being a seeker of public office and with "using the progressive sentiment of the people as a means of building up a more or less personal political machine." Does Mr. Rowell in his own heart question the truth of these charges? Mr. Spreckels charges Mr. Rowell as an "unfaithful friend" and as one to "take programme." Does Mr. Rowell, in view of his desertion of La Follette, deny this to himself; does he, in view of his telegraphic instructions from Governor Johnson, followed by his flop to Roosevelt, find for himself a better name than that of programme taker? Mr.

Rowell's letter in reply to Mr. Spreckels is indeed ingenious. It is written with mastery of the arts of statement and of controversy. But it flounders and evades. It multiplies words, but it shies at the charges. In other words, Mr. Rowell writes, not without skill, but under the confusion of self-conviction. Manifestly he is conscious of the fact that he no longer stands in the position of one disinterestedly and courageously the champion of high ideas, but that he has descended to the state of an intriguing and shifty politician, scheming for factional advantage, dead to his earlier impulses, submissive to authority. Had he, even in his changed and degenerate political character, been faithful to his engagement with La Follette he might be compared with certain lieutenants of the old régime whom he has often condemned in severest terms. But he can not now be classed with them, for whatever their courses, no one of them ever espoused a cause only to abandon and betray it.

If Mr. Rowell's answers do not sustain his own pretensions they do have another kind of value, for they shed an interesting light upon the political character of his protagonist. Already we knew something of a man whose political career began with the subsidization of a prosecuting attorney and the employment of his official powers in a malevolent private quarrel. We saw him some two years ago active in the beginnings of a local reform movement, but abandoning it the moment it would not submit to his dictation. We gained some insight into the psychology of the man in connection with a marked postage stamp scheme. Mr. Rowell tells us that under the impulse of personal pique Mr. Spreckels, now the special champion of La Follette, withdrew from the La Follette League last December. The reason, it appears, was that something was "omitted" which Mr. Spreckels "wanted." Then with biting irony Mr. Rowell accuses Mr. Spreckels of "desertion." Unless Mr. Rowell is positively mistaken, the enthusiasm for La Follette which now so inspires Mr. Spreckels was not strong enough, only three short months ago, to overcome a resentment due to a fancied personal slight. Mr. Rowell's further charges against Mr. Spreckels are comprehensive. They include "unreasonableness," "pettiness of spirit," "personal pique." We must give Mr. Rowell's own proofs. In a letter to Mr. Spreckels, written Wednesday of last week, Mr. Rowell says:

Your withdrawal from the movement in California was apparently based upon the fact that I had omitted personally to escort you from your office across the street to the meeting, and your withdrawal from the national movement was based upon the fact that La Follette had not answered a letter promptly enough, and that you had heard that his managers were passing you by to the extent of directing inquiries to other persons in California.

We have perhaps pursued the subject far enough. Spreckels has shown up Rowell. Rowell has shown up Spreckels. The public is now in a position to judge upon a reasonable basis of information of the temper, the dignity, and the sincerity of at least two leaders in the business of political uplift in California.

### The Recall in Action.

Experience is falsifying the prediction that the influence of the recall would be mainly a moral one and that its actual use would be confined to cases of grave derelictions. Oakland and Berkeley have already been plunged into a sea of troubles through the fretting of a few busybodies who are empowered under the new law to throw their communities into a turmoil and to keep them there, and now the contagion is spreading to the smaller cities of the state. Venice, St. Helena, and Modesto are all in hot water. Their boards of trustees have done something to which some people object, and the board of trustees that can please every one has yet to be invented. In one case there is dissatisfaction with a small paving contract. In another case the red light district refuses to be virtuous at the word of command, and in the third case the issue of a saloon license has caused the trouble. Always it is something trivial, and of course the smaller the town the easier it is to corral the necessary amount of public opinion. The recall petition can be started at the chief saloon or at the Thursday night prayer-meeting, as the case may be, and then comes the election so dear to the hearts of those who thrive on ill-will. Money begins to circulate in secret ways and to drip down to the dregs of the community and all the ugly forces of political life come into play.

Stripped of all its democratic hypocrisies, its ridiculous appeals to the Peepul, the recall, whether judicial or otherwise, becomes a money move. It is one more

step toward the time when no man can seek a representative position unless he is willing to buy it in the first place and then to retain it by that process of subsoiling from which spring all the grosser forms of corruption. There is no need to mince words in describing the ordinary election methods of the day. They are often a saturnalia of wrongdoing, of secret iniquities, frauds, and compulsions. Political elections belong to those necessary evils that real statesmanship tries to minimize. They display the money power at its lowest point of degradation, in its most effective aspect for the debauchery of a community. The recall owes its popularity to two forces in our social life. It is defended on the one side by weak-minded and well-meaning people obsessed by ideas of a utopian purity and on the other side by all those who expect to profit by a secret and shameful circulation of money.

### After the Chicago Convention.

When, by methods which I can only characterize as infamous, the Chicago convention refused to nominate me, this meant that it refused to listen to the voice of the people, for I am the voice of the people.

When, after my Columbus speech, I declared that I would support the nominee of the Republican convention, I meant, of course, that I would support that nominee if it were myself.

No honest-minded person could have misunderstood my language, and anybody who asserts that it is capable of any other meaning is guilty of willful and deliberate falsehood.

I consented to be a candidate for the presidency in response to a universal demand. That universal demand was not listened to at Chicago—therefore the Chicago nomination is utterly without significance.

Accordingly, strongly against my own inclination, but in response to this universal demand, and to the will of the people of the United States, whom I not only represent but am, I will not be a candidate for but will accept an independent nomination for the presidency.

### Editorial Notes.

It is too soon to say that the English coal strike is at an end, but it is certainly nearly there. The official declaration must depend upon the vote that is now being taken, but large numbers of men are going back to work and even if the vote should be adverse the return movement will continue. The emergency act will give the miners nearly if not quite all that they asked and conciliation will do the rest. The coal situation here is still at an early stage, but in the absence of excitement or passion we may reasonably look for a good issue. No one wants a conflict of this kind during a presidential year, and there is every reason to hope that it will be avoided by the good temper that has so far marked the negotiations.

That Tveitmoe and Clancy are to be tried in Indianapolis instead of Los Angeles is not a victory for any one. Certainly Los Angeles has had enough of sensations to last her for some time to come, and she can have no complaint if she is spared a repetition of the peculiar methods that attended the McNamara trial. The new arrangement is a matter of convenience, and if any concession at all is implied it is to be found in the agreement of the defendants that they will not resist extradition to Indianapolis. The state at large has everything to gain from a legal process that will remove Messrs. Clancy and Tveitmoe to the furthest possible distance from home.

Mr. Roosevelt's espousal of the direct primary is so energetic and so enthusiastic that one might suppose this particular nostrum to have made its appearance now for the first time. But the direct primary has been the subject of common discussion for years. There is nothing new about it except its application to presidential elections. If the principle is so obviously beneficial as Mr. Roosevelt would have us believe why has he never said one word in its defense until now, when he thinks that it might have a bearing upon his own personal fortunes? That, of course, makes all the difference. The direct primary as an abstract principle makes no more appeal to Mr. Roosevelt than the tariff. But the direct primary as an aid to his own aspirations becomes of such tremendous import that even to hesitate in its instant adoption is a crime and a treason.

In the forests of New England and the Maritime Provinces there are employed 60,000 men and 22,000 head of horses in lumbering. There is a great loss of forest in that region.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A collection of autograph letters that has just been sold in London contained one addressed by Dickens to S. A. Chappell and of special interest as indicating the amount that the novelist was in the habit of receiving for his readings. The letter is as follows: "I am happy to accept your offer of fifteen hundred pounds for thirty public readings in London, the provinces, or elsewhere, as we may agree. Payment of the £1500 to be made, £500 on the fifth of April next, £500 when fifteen readings shall have been given, and £500 when the whole number of thirty readings shall have been given." The rate of £250 for a reading by Dickens seems a moderate one as such things go nowadays. The letter itself brought nearly as much at public auction.

Occasional news items from the interior of China help to prove the extraordinary complexity of the domestic situation. It seems absurd to speak of the nation as having any collective wish about anything, as being republican, democratic, monarchical, or anything else. Mr. William Purdon, who has just reached New York from the provinces of Kan-su and Shen-si gives us an angle of vision that is quite new. He says that the Mohammedans are in control of those provinces, that they are "superbly armed," eager and able to fight, and that they will have nothing to do with democracy in any form. They want to be "left alone." They were left alone by the Manchus and if they can not have the Manchus they will take their independence instead. It almost seems as though these Chinese Mohammedans had been hearing something about democracy and its incapacity to leave anything alone. But why are these Mohammedan Chinese more warlike than their Confucian and Buddhist compatriots, for all the authorities agree that they are so? They come of the same stock, so we must suppose that their pugnacity is due to their religion.

The English Royal Commission upon Vivisection has now issued its report, and as the report is something of a compromise it gives satisfaction to no one. The restrictions have been made more severe than before and the provision as to anesthetics in the existing law is retained. It provides that under no circumstances can demonstrational experiments on a living animal be performed except when the animal during the whole time is under an anesthetic of sufficient power to prevent pain and is killed before it recovers. A further finding of the commission is to the effect that "certain results claimed from time to time to have been proved by experiments upon living animals, and alleged to have been beneficial in preventing or curing disease, have on further investigation and experience been found to be fallacious or useless."

A minority report, signed by Dr. G. Wilson, contains the following objection to vivisection: "I am always face to face with this distressing conviction that, even admitting that experiments on animals have contributed to the relief of human suffering, such measure of relief is infinitesimal compared with the pain that has been inflicted on animals to secure it." Dr. Wilson takes up the only logical and unanswerable position against vivisection. There is a price, he says, at which human health becomes too dear. We are all agreed that there are some prices too high to be paid for any conceivable benefit, feminine honor for example. So far as vivisection is concerned, we need only ask ourselves whether the benefits to human health are worth their cost in animal suffering. And upon that question we shall never agree.

It has often been found necessary so to modify our translations from the French as to make them acceptable to our own peculiar notions of propriety. Now Mr. H. G. Wells has given us an example of the same process turned around so to speak. Those who have read "Ann Veronica" will remember how that dashing young lady and her lover defied the marriage convention and decided to roost upon the same branch without the sanction of authority. But in the last chapter they do actually get married, and we have never ceased to wonder why. We know now. It was a concession to our prejudices, for the novel has now been translated into French and the wedding chapter is omitted. Mr. Wells wrote it under compulsion, and hastens to get rid of it for a French public that is said to look leniently upon the ceremonial omissions that strike consternation to the Anglo-Saxon conscience. A name for this new process does not readily present itself. How would prophetic expurgation do?

James Madison had something to say in the *Federalist* about the "pure democracies" of which we are now hearing so much. He wrote as follows: "Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property; and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths." These words will at least serve to remind us that there have been pure democracies in the history of the world and that our present efforts in that direction are by no means the first.

A dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* says that the National Museum has received from England some facsimiles of the monumental brasses of the Washington family in Sulgrave and Brington parishes. The old church of St. Mary's contains three memorial brasses in memory of Laurence Washington and his family, the inscription being as follows:

Here lyeth buried ye bodys of Laurence Washington, Gent, & Anne his wyf by whome he had issue iiij sons & ij daughters he Laurence Dyed ye . . . day . . . ano 15 . . . & Anne Deceased th vj of October ano Dni 1564.

Laurence Washington was the great-great-great-grandfather of George Washington, and he seems to have erected the monument in his wife, leaving the date of his own death to be subsequently, but this was never done. The family eventually moved from Sulgrave to Brington, and here Robert Washington died in 1622, and the family coat of arms may still be seen on the sundial. Laurence Washington, grandson of the Laurence of Sulgrave, died in 1616, and is also buried here. Two of his sons, John and Laurence, became, respectively, Sir John Washington, Knight of Thrapston, and the Rev. Laurence Washington, rector of Purleigh, Essex, whose eldest son, John, emigrated to America in 1637, and was the great-grandfather of George Washington the President.

The Washington coat of arms consists of stars and stripes, so that it seems that the first President incorporated his arms in his country's flag.

It seems that the rule of the educational crank, otherwise called the educational expert, is just as mischievous in England as it is here. A recent inquiry shows that at a typical school in Wimbledon the working hours are five and a half hours a day for five days a week. This makes a total of twenty-seven and a half hours a week. Eighteen subjects are taught during these twenty-seven and a half hours, which, roughly speaking is one and one-half hours for each subject per week. These subjects include Morris dancing—whatever that may be—singing by note, Holy Scripture, nature study, painting, drawing, hygiene, drill, and the violin. It need hardly be said that these children learn nothing at all of anything, for even the violin can not be wholly mastered in ninety minutes a week. It would be a short time allowance for even such trifles as painting and drawing. Of course nothing will be done to abate the scandal, either here or in England. The expert is too firmly entrenched for that. But the day will come when the expert, as an administrator, will be recognized as the dangerous nuisance he is and then he will be put in his proper place. His proper place is on the mat outside the door, whence he will be occasionally summoned by lay administrators who are in need of some of the facts in which he deals. But he will be allowed no executive power by any people who value their freedom.

When the English suffragettes first went to prison for their militant exploits they succeeded in enlisting a good deal of public sympathy, but there is no public sympathy now, and for this there are two reasons. Of these the first is the wanton destruction of private property, but there is another and a distinctly curious explanation. A great many of the women arrested stated that they had no occupation and that they came from Scotland and from the north of England. They seemed to belong to the servant-girl class, and it has now been ascertained that they were mercenaries hired to do whatever they were told and paid at the rate of about \$7 a week with double pay while in prison. This is probably considerably more than they would receive at their usual avocations, so that they may be considered as well remunerated. But this disposes of a large percentage of the martyrdom which first appealed to the general sentiment. Martyrdom by proxy can hardly be considered to confer a very visible halo.

The Swiss government is the only one in civilization that offers work and a living wage to any one who needs it. And it is not only offered, but it is made compulsory, the alternative being the workhouse and military discipline. Therefore there is no excuse for begging or loafing, and both are prohibited by law. The nature of the work to be provided is determined by the local authorities, but it is usually of the nature of public improvement, and the pay is sufficient for necessities. The Swiss believe, and with good reason, that the unskilled laborer who is unemployed will soon become unemployed and that idleness is a danger to the state. Switzerland is, of course, a very small country, and it is possible to do things there that can not be done elsewhere. But the principle seems a good one.

Renewed efforts are being made to recover the treasure supposed to be on board the Spanish Armada galleon that was sunk in the Bay of Tobermory in Mull during the mad rush for shelter from Drake and the elements. There is no doubt that a galleon does lie under the water, for guns, coin, and plate have already been brought to the surface. But no one knows what ship it is nor whether she has treasure, for those were not the days of careful record. The *Valencura* was wrecked in that neighborhood, for Juan de Nova tells of the escape of a party of her men who were saved by "a savage gentleman O'Cahan," probably O'Callaghan, who sent them to another savage gentleman named Sorley Macdonnell, who in turn sent them to the mainland, where they were so lucky as to meet "a savage who spoke Latin," and finally they reached France. But if the ship is the *Valencura* it is still doubtful if she has treasure on board. Perhaps she had once, but the coast of Scotland three hundred years ago can hardly be regarded as a safe deposit vault. Archibald Millar many a long year ago tells us that he saw "a crown or diadem" lying under the water and that he deftly hooked it to the surface. Sir Walter Scott, writing in 1812, after a visit to Tobermory, says that "the fishers showed me the place where she lay in the Bay of Tobermory, and said that there had been a good deal of treasure and some brass cannon got out of the wreck. Sacheverell mentions having seen the divers sinking three score feet under water, continuing there an hour and returning loaded, whether with plate or money, the spoils of the ocean." The Sacheverell mentioned by Scott was Sacheverille, who wrote in the year 1688, and if the native divers were so busy in his day it is probably ill gleaming after such hands as theirs. But the recovery of an Armada ship would in itself be no small feat. SIOXEY G. P. CORYN.

A gift of \$2,500,000 which insures the acquisition of the projected site for its new buildings by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology means that one of the largest and most efficient technical schools in the nation is at last to have a plant commensurate with its possibilities.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Quivira.

Francisco Coronado rode forth with all his train,  
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of Spain.

To seek the rumored glory that pathless deserts hold—  
The city of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur at heel,  
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile!  
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin marshals of the throng,  
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks, with trumpet-note and song.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved of serf and lord,  
There walked as brave a soldier as ever smote with sword,  
Though naught of knightly harness his russet gown revealed—  
The cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers, and angry hearts grew tame,  
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray Padilla came;  
And brawny spearmen bowed their heads to kiss the helpful hand  
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men understand.

What pen may paint their daring—those doughty cavaliers!  
The cities of the Zuni were humbled by their spears.  
Wild Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow  
Of blades that won Granada and conquered Mexico.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally-call was blown  
Where Colorado rushes down through God-hewn walls of stone;  
Still, North and East, where deserts spread and treeless prairies rolled,  
A Fairy City lured them on with pinnacles of gold.

Through all their weary marches toward that flitting goal  
They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart and soul.  
He bound the wounds that lance-thrust and flinty arrow made;  
He cheered the sick and failing; above the dead he prayed.

Two thousand miles of hardship behind their banners lay,  
And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened their array,  
When came a message fraught with hope to all the steadfast hand;  
"Good tidings from the northward, friends! Quivira lies at hand!"

How joyously they spurred them! How sadly drew the rein!  
There shone no golden palace, there blazed no jeweled fane.  
Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met their view—  
A squalid Indian village; the lodges of the Sioux!

Then Coronado howed his head. He spake unto his men:  
"Our quest is vain, true hearts of Spain! Now ride we home again.

And would to God that I might give that phantom city's pride  
In ransom for the gallant souls that here have sunk and died!"

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn handful hore;  
But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once more.  
His soul still longed for conquest, though not by lance and sword;  
He burned to show the Heathen the pathway to the Lord.

Again he trudged the flinty hills and dazling desert sands,  
And few were they that walked with him, and weaponless their hands—  
But and the trusty man-at-arms, Docampo, rode him near  
Like Great Heart, guarding Christian's way through wastes of Doubt and Fear.

Where still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies toss,  
Among the dark Quiviras Padilla reared his cross.  
Within its sacred shadow the warriors of the Kaw  
In wonder heard the Gospel of Love and Peace and Law.

They gloried in their Brown-robed Priest; and oft in twilight's gold  
The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the tale he told.  
While round the gentleman-at-arms their lithe-limbed children played  
And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his guarded blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its curving shell,  
The Friar rose at dawning and spake his flock farewell:  
"—And if your Brothers northward be cruel, as ye say,  
My Master bids me seek them—and dare I answer 'Nay'?"

Again he strode the path of thorns; but ere the evening star  
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plumes of war.  
Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were most his own;

"My children, bear the tidings home—let me die here alone."

He knelt upon the prairie, hegirt by yelling Sioux.—  
"Forgive them, oh, my Father! they know not what they do!"

The twanging bow-strings answered,  
Before his eyes, unrolled  
The City of Quivira whose streets are paved with gold.  
—Arthur Guiterman.

The pit ponies of one of the English mines were brought to the surface when the miners stopped work some weeks ago. None of the animals had seen daylight since they were first taken into the mines, some as long as twenty years ago. All of them were bewildered, and many were as frightened as though they had been deposited on a new planet, but there were some which showed signs of joy, neighing and rolling over and over on the ground.

Argentina's most notable natural phenomenon, the famous "Piedra Movediza," or oscillating rock, near Tandil, has fallen down. The huge rock lay upon another rock near the edge of a cliff. It swung to and fro on being touched by the hand, but the fiercest hurricane had been unable to dislodge it. The cause of its collapse after so many hundreds of years is a mystery.

By the new telephone cable which is laid across the Channel connection can now be made from London to Switzerland in a practical way for the first time, so that conversations can be held between London and Geneva by way of Paris and Lyons and between London and Basel by the way of Paris and



## MME. SIMONE'S AMERICAN VISIT.

Five Months in Manhattan Did Not Give the French Actress a Following.

Fashions in plays change as surely if not as obviously as fashions in clothes. There was a time when "Frou-Frou" was immensely popular. Sarah Bernhardt made the Meilhac-Halévy tragedy of sentiment a great thing in Paris, and thirty years ago, on her first visit to America, was almost as weepingly powerful in it before audiences who knew little French of any kind and surprisingly less of Sarah's kind. Last week a country-woman of the great star revived the play for New York audiences and with little success. In fact, Mme. Simone gave us in this, her farewell production here, some of the best acting she has done during her stay of five months in Manhattan, but it was almost touchingly too late, and it was quite touchingly too old-fashioned. Some of the old fogies, of whom I am one, are given to memories of those old days, but they are memories for supper-time and after; they are too fragile for early evening show.

Several times I have sat down to write of Mme. Simone and her art, but on each occasion I have hesitated, hoping to have something to say more distinctly favorable. She came to New York last October and has appeared in five plays, speaking English and surrounded by American players. In Paris she has a reputation, gained in nine years on the stage, and her achievements have undoubtedly been of a high order. She was the wife of the actor-manager Le Bary, and had unusual opportunities for close study of the theatre before she decided upon her career. Her husband objected, but she persevered and won. Her debut was in a Bernstein play, and more than a momentary success. She played Andromache, a classic, afterward, and her method was spoken of as daringly original. She was the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler," and she has played the leading rôle in six or seven modern plays, none of which was above her abilities. When she made up her mind to come to America she plunged into the study of English, and with such determination, and aptitude, that she speaks without a trace of foreign accent. She is now the wife of M. Casimir-Perier, son of a former French president, and avowedly most enamoured of domestic felicity. But she is an actress, so, what would you?

Unfortunately, one can not act without a play, and good translations of French pieces that recommend themselves to American audiences are not as plentiful as the coin they would bring. Mme. Simone had no wide range of choice, and opened at Daly's Theatre in Henri Bernstein's realistic drama, "The Thief." Margaret Illington in earlier days, with the resources of her husband, a great producer and manager, to sustain her, brought out this play in New York, and her success is still recent stage history. Mme. Simone, with a differing method, yet quite as artistic, could not revive the old interest. Comparisons not favorable were made, and though her production was admirable in many particulars—the play was given as Bernstein wrote it, with the curtain falling on the farewell between the indiscreet wife and the boy who would have sacrificed everything for her—it was not carried forward on a tide of popular applause. Edwin Arden played the husband with force, and the cast throughout was notable for its finish and spirit. The play was the wrong thing, though it was originally written for her.

Next, Mme. Simone gave "The Whirlwind," by the same author. It has few of the positive merits of the drama that preceded it. When Mme. Olly appeared in it, some time previously, it was soon manifest that the public did not care for it. Mme. Simone could not make it attractive. For her third venture much was hoped. She moved to the Hudson Theatre and early in January brought out Owen Johnson's adaptation of Maurice Donnay's "The Return from Jerusalem." Arnold Daly had been engaged for the leading male rôle, and his work may be commended without reservation. Mme. Simone, too, seemed in better heart, though her earlier experiences had chilled her. She won more favorable notices, and really demonstrated the possession of talents that had not been shown in the Bernstein plays. But the drama, with its Jewish and Catholic racial and religious motives, its strong but not attractive character studies, drew more as a curious example than as an appeal to the healthy emotions of play-goers. It will never be popular in America.

For her fourth venture Mme. Simone turned to Rostand's second play, "La Princesse Lointaine," written two years before his great success, "Cyrano de Bergerac." It was Louis N. Parker's adaptation, under the title, "The Lady of Dreams," which she presented, and which deserves a better reception than it met. The actress was most attractive in this romantic piece. She is not beautiful, but she is graceful, and perfectly easy in the grand manner. It would have been better for her, had she made her first appearance in this work.

Then came "Frou-Frou" for her final appearances. I have said that it seemed old fashioned, but there are other disadvantages. Besides our memories of Bernhardt in the rôle of the frivolous and unfortunate Gilberte, we can remember Agnes Ethel, who was its most prominent interpreter here in English. Mme. Simone had never played the part in French, and it is remarkable that she could give so charming a presentation in surroundings so foreign to her training. In all of her productions she has been more than the first violin in an orchestra, as she herself expresses it—she has been

an efficient stage manager, and has brought her company of supporting artists to a notably high pitch of distinguished finish and reserve. Mme. Simone is no Bernhardt, to startle and overwhelm with bursts of magnificent enthusiasm, perfectly poised; she attempts no heroic flights, but manages her restraint with the art that conveys the effect of great reserve force. Neither is she a Duse, but she is more than a good actress if she is not yet to be called great. She has youth, the assurance which comes of perfect familiarity with all the conventions of society, a graceful bearing, and a voice which seems equally potent in comedy, pathos, or passion. She is an intellectual force, yet with no lack of truly feminine charm. I have said she is not beautiful, but that verdict must be qualified on occasion. One could wish for no more appealing figure than her Princess Lointaine, and in "Frou-Frou" she gave so sympathetic a countenance to the contrite and broken butterfly that there was no flaw in the illusion.

It is more than possible that Mme. Simone will return to New York a few seasons hence with a play that is exactly suited to her—one that is neither old nor handicapped with problems. For a long time she will still be in tune with the rôles of youthful passion, and given a good opportunity she can gain a position on the American stage which she has barely missed in this her first experience. With her command of the language, and her now intimate acquaintance with American theatrical inclinations, it is not to be believed that she will be content with this first, not wholly disappointing adventure in a foreign land. The critics have been kind to her here; sometimes patronizingly so, as is their nature, but seldom entirely impervious to her earnest, intelligent, and artistic efforts. What Mme. Simone thinks of New York may not have been fully expressed in the interviews which she has granted the reporters, but she has said some things discriminatingly complimentary. She was able to avoid the superintellectual here, and found us gay, care-free, and restful. It is a pleasure to say that our theatrical public, while it has hardly given her what was due in the way of appreciative support, has recognized the sterling quality of her art and aspirations.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1912.

Behind the temple sacred to the Nameless Dead and close to the wrestling amphitheatre in Tokyo there is to be found the grave of the celebrated robber, Nezumi Kozo, who stole from the daimyos long ago in the old Yedo days that he might relieve the sufferings of the poor. There is a superstition connected with this grave which has made it a much frequented spot. If a portion of the headstone is carried away it acts as a lucky talisman, particularly to those who speculate or are otherwise engaged in games of chance. It is usual for a person breaking a piece from the stone to make a vow that in case he is successful he will buy a new headstone to replace the one he has mutilated. Many prayers must have been answered, for the stones are piled high on either side of the grave, and an enterprising individual near by has the stones already for sale and only waiting the name of the donor to be engraved and then set up. A shelter has been placed over the spot, and from the roof hang gay lanterns and pilgrims' banners. A large money box catches all the stray sen which go for the upkeep of the grave. Gamblers and geisha are often visitors; students before their examinations feel more assured of success if they have a chip of Nezumi Kozo's headstone in the sleeve of their kimono.

Operations connected with the oyster fishing in Mexico are very simple, as in many of the lagoons the water is so shallow that the fishermen simply step down into the water, which will reach not much above the middle of the thigh, and with their hands pull off large masses of the shells. The principal use made of these oysters is to convert their shells into lime. No limestone is found along the Tabasco and Vera Cruz coast, and to bring it from farther up the rivers is a slow and expensive operation. The oyster beds, centuries old, have taken the place of the limestone quarries; immense quantities of oysters and shells are annually consumed in making shell lime. The process is extremely simple, but wantonly wasteful. No distinction is made between old shells and live oysters, nor would it be possible to do so. The entire catch is taken on shore, where a pile of wood is stacked up, and upon this the shells and oysters are heaped and a fire lighted. A few of the oysters are eaten as soon as brought in, but the percentage is insignificant.

It takes the Alaskan delegate nearly a year to cover his district in a campaign. He reaches the coast cities by boat, goes down the Yukon to the interior, and goes in as far as time and facilities permit to the interior camps. So closely is the population packed in the settled districts, however, that he is able to tell by midnight of election day, from the telegraphed reports from the more important cities, whether or not he has been elected.

A picturesquely patriarchal figure, who attracted the attention of thousands of American visitors to the "Passion Play" of 1910, has just died at Oberammergau, aged ninety-three. His name was Ledermann, and he was the oldest inhabitant of the village. He began acting in the "Passion Play" in 1825, at the age of six, and continued to appear regularly thereafter at each decennial performance.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A. K. Rubenstein, who has just carried off the honors of the second international chess masters' tournament at San Sebastian, Spain, is the champion chess player of Russia. This is the fourth time that Rubenstein has finished at the top in an international congress.

Sakitaro Yamaji, director of the department of public works of the Kwantung government, Port Arthur, is visiting this country to inspect the sewerage systems of the large Eastern cities, with a view to obtaining practical ideas for the improvement of the service at home.

Mrs. Francis White of Baltimore, at the age of eighty, will go to England in June, where she will enter Cambridge University for a course in English classics. At one time she was a prominent society woman of Baltimore, but has lived a retired life since her husband's death.

Charles Mitchell, one of the most picturesque Indians in Maine, owns a piano and a cornet, and is a skilled performer on both. He is a Passamaquoddy and spends much of his time in hunting and fishing. Often when traveling about the country he is arrayed in the garb of his ancestors.

The Reverend Bertram A. Dickens, a Methodist minister who has been preaching in northern Illinois since 1884, is a nephew of Charles Dickens, the novelist. The novelist's youngest brother, Augustus N. Dickens, was until 1866 a merchant in Freeport, Illinois, and the minister is the latter's son.

Bishop John M. Walden of Cincinnati has just rounded out the eighty-first year of life and the sixtieth year of his ministry by preaching his ten thousandth sermon. He spoke in the Walnut Hills Methodist Church before a large congregation. He is still robust and addresses his hearers with remarkable vigor.

Blacksmiths, school teachers, and farmers are common enough in Congress, but Daniel A. Driscoll of Buffalo, New York, is the only undertaker serving his country in the classic halls. He is a native of Buffalo, having been born in 1875. Not long after leaving high school he took up the undertaking business, eventually becoming so widely known that he went into politics.

Katherine Goodson, known in England as the "Paderewski in Petticoats," has come to this country to give a series of concerts, and is now playing in the East. She is a native of England, studied three years under Beringer and four more under Leschetizky, who was Paderewski's master. While touring Germany she was commanded to appear before the emperor and empress.

Miss Jane Addams has been accorded an exceptional honor in that she is the only woman who has been asked to address the Christian Conservation Congress in New York this month. In all of the seventy-five or more conventions of the Men and Religion Forward Movement its audiences of men have been addressed by men only. Miss Addams is famous through her social work at Hull House.

The Reverend James Earle Maloy, serving his first term in the Maryland senate, began as chaplain of the house of delegates in 1861 and continued in that capacity for so many sessions that he has almost forgotten them. He is seventy-seven years of age, is an active member of the ministry, and has charge of the church at Indian River, Delaware, where he ministers to a community of people of Indian ancestry.

Charles P. Le Bon, for twenty-five years a teacher of French in the Roxbury (Massachusetts) high school, has been awarded a medal by the Chamber of Deputies of France in appreciation of his services in the Franco-Prussian War. He was a dashing soldier and was twice taken prisoner during the struggle. Soon after the war he came to America and began teaching. Some time ago he was awarded a medal with the title, "Officer d'Academie."

W. T. Allman, now eighty-one years of age, has lived all his life in the house in which he was born, near Columbia, Tennessee, probably setting a record in that respect for this country. The house in which he lives is made of whipsawed logs, having been built by his father. For 106 years no deed has been registered to the property, as it has never been out of the family. The old deed is a peculiar document, written on heavy parchment paper, bearing the private seal of the grantor.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands is no longer the only female ruler in Europe, for, by the death of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the succession, owing to the complete extinction of male heirs, passes to his daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide. She is the eldest of six sisters, and was born at the Castle of Berg on June 14, 1894. She will thus be eighteen on June 14 next. Until that date her mother, the Grand Duchess Marie Anne, will continue to act as regent. In 1908 the late duke conferred on his eldest daughter the rank of Hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and Hereditary Duchess of Nassau. Hitherto it has been a strictly Protestant dynasty, but the new grand duchess and her sisters have been brought up as Roman Catholics. Her mother, who is an Infanta of Portugal, being of that faith. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has an area of 1090 square miles, and a population of a quarter of a million. It was declared an independent kingdom by the Treaty of London in 1867.



## THE STORY OF A VOICE.

## A Man's Soul and the Leavings.

The newsboys knew him as "Van." The sobriquet was an abbreviation of "Rip Van Winkle" and had been given him because of an unkempt beard and long hair, white and curling, set off by a narrow sombrero. He stood on Times Square corner morning and afternoon and sold papers. He did not sell many, for he had much competition, and his meek manner and shrinking personality were lost in the hawking warfare of youths about him. Besides he was half blind. He had a fashion of standing for minutes, his hand shading his eyes, a look of yearning and misery in his face, while he gazed always in the same direction. "Sun-worshipping" the lusty hawkers about him called it—because the mood usually came upon him in the evening when his glance seemed to follow the retreating sun. In spells of this sort passers-by held out their pennies to him in vain. Even on that busy corner he lived his own life and preserved its intensity in silence. And there was a certain dignity about him which made him impervious to the jostling companionship of his competitors. Only occasionally he called his papers, and then in a low voice of unusual sweetness—a voice with a peculiarly pathetic break in it; but he never sleeved any one to buy. About eight o'clock, when the silken shadows had begun to drape the harsh lines of Broadway, he took his way quietly homeward to a poor apartment house on West Fortieth Street near Tenth Avenue. On this journey he always passed the Metropolitan Opera House, where the great song-birds of the world held forth, and where smooth-running automobiles spilled the cloaked, décolleté wealth of the city. From the other side of the street he watched the pageant with faltering steps. It brought in his face a dumb, dry agony, hopeless in drouth as desert sands. In the poor patchwork of his life and prospects there was no oasis upon which he might stand to regard it—this sight familiar to every New Yorker and which is duplicated in front of any of the large theatres of an evening. The emotional stress adduced invariably caused a dangerous blurring of his failing sight. He waited while glaring billboards slipped away from him in darkness and came slowly back again. Then he stumbled onward, carried like a drifting autumn leaf by the passing throng, his haunting look of tragedy lost in the seething glamour of life. Yet this was a sensation of misery he rarely ever denied himself. During the year he had lived in his present lodgings, and, because his eyes had become so bad, sold papers for a living, he had nearly always passed that way of an evening. Nights when he felt too weak for it—this spectacle of jeweled crowd paying its homage to genius and art—he either went around a block or left for home an hour earlier.

How glad he had been when the Metropolitan had been closed for two months. Then he could imagine his own voice ringing up to its galleries, the applause of countless hands and the intoxicating "Bravos." It was not so difficult to imagine, for he had on one occasion dared to enter there. He had spent half of a week's earnings and heard Caruso. It was the ringing, passionate notes of the Caruso voice that always followed him when he stumbled onward from the spectacle which hurt his heart and his eyes—notes which became wild things biting into his innermost being. He ran away from them, or would have run from them could his limbs have carried him. It took him almost an hour to reach home, and, having arrived there, it was his custom to rest half an hour or so on the rude pallet which served him as a bed, and which took up almost half of the small, dust-laden room. A single window with unwashed panes looked out on a muddy street where bedraggled urchins played and quarreled together with shrill, bird-like cries. On the dresser, which possessed no top, lay a piece of cracked mirror, two or three toilet necessities, and a few relics. Propped by a thick paper-bound volume there was also the picture of a beautiful young woman, with merry eyes and smiling lips. Faded almost to indistinctness it represented the art of photography long out of vogue.

This last year, however, with his sight gradually leaving him, he had viewed it often with philosophy and reminiscent tenderness. He pledged it no more in long periods of intoxication and quasi-intoxication, in aftermaths of dumb indifference combined with latent consciousness massed in gloom. He had quit drinking through a terrible fear of becoming blind in intoxication. The doctor had told him it might happen so, that the optic nerves were beyond remedy. Besides he no longer made enough money to be able to afford it. The effort of will required was not so great as might be expected. The habit of drunkenness did not pertain to him—he had indulged it off and on, that was all. It had helped to destroy him, shadowed the few golden tones left in his throat still; but it had not made him what he was—a decrepit old man of seventy at fifty and suffering with heart disease.

Closing his wearied eyes and looking back on life as he lay on his pallet these early September nights, he wondered miserably at the overflowing measure of its adversity. But like the story of all failures it might be told in a few sentences—just as success is always written in a thousand shining paragraphs. He had come to New York from San Francisco when he was twenty-six and gifted with a tenor of wonderful voice. Back in the old town, where they had already paid in their homage, she had promised to wait on him. Her love had seemed one of those ideal things

which come to a man seldom. He had suffered a temporary affection of the throat due to change of climate and the newspapers had reported it to be serious. In six months he had completely recovered, but by that time she had married some one else. The news came to him unexpectedly in a letter from her for which he had waited for months. An attack of brain fever and complication of other things which robbed him of his voice for good and left him a physical wreck and penniless at the gates of a sanatorium eight months later was the consequence to him. Then he had begun to drift, and the current had swept him to his present condition. Six seasons in Cuba, where he went on a freighter, had almost finished him. He had come back three years ago, his eyes ruined, his body wasted by malaria and tropical poisoning—so that those who had known the former wreck of himself no longer recognized him.

While he stood with his papers on Times Square corner, his hat pulled down over his eyes and meeting his untrimmed beard, New Yorkers and San Franciscans in New York with whom he had associated often passed him by and always unknowingly. That was his one comfort—that they did not know him, that in all this great city his tragedy remained with himself. Had it been otherwise the sensitive pride that made a shrinking, uneasy figure of him would not have permitted him to sell newspapers on a street corner—the only way left him to eke out a living. And the disguise brought by misfortune he had assisted in every way possible. How very prosperous all these people, former friends and acquaintances, appeared. How terrible would have been their charity! What was the knack of their success? For he, too, had struggled—struggled as he drifted in a fate too strong for him.

There had been intervals of months and months when he had fought back at life, at the misfortune which seemed to dog his every footstep, when he had played the game fiercely or with sweetness and patience; but never had it brought him anything except, maybe, a more sumptuous meal. He realized that perhaps it was his own fault, that he had no longer the heart to put into the struggle—but what was the use? His voice and the woman were lost to him forever. The question had become a recurring milestone marking the years. He had been an artist, that was all, with an artist's sensitive nature, and loving only as such a nature can. And inside his wizened body, behind his shriveled face, with its fine brow and nose, he still retained that sensitiveness and capacity for suffering. This last twelve months, indeed, when he had faced the futility of his life soberly and looked on the unlighted end of the trail where success had flashed for a moment in the beginning and then forever gone dark—not an hour but had spent itself eating into his heart. There were two things responsible for this he knew—his passing of the Metropolitan Opera House every night—his longing to be back in San Francisco—to see the old town, the dear old town, once again before the white light of the day went from him never to return. It was twenty-five years since she had kissed him good-by at the Ferry station—and he had never been back since. He did not wish to be recalled by a single soul when he got there—from the unnumbered friendships of the past he had no desire to beg even one. His lone heart demanded only a sight of the city he loved, in which he had spent his youth and dreamed his first dream of success. Perhaps, too, he might catch a glimpse of her. She was now the wife of a wealthy merchant, having divorced her first husband. She would not know him if they happened to meet—he need have no fear of that. There was scant possibility of any one recalling him, even those who had caught glimpses of him on his first downward path in the East. The shadow of a man with the withered face covered with the gray thatch of beard would pass altogether unobserved. The thought filled him with bitter satisfaction. For he wanted nothing from any of them—either pity or charity, from whatever depth of kindness it might spring. It was there if he sought it—to the hearts of the people of the Golden Gate it pertained always—but never could he stand for it. Only the desire for San Francisco itself possessed him, the feel of the old town—and then an end. He had visions of cliffs rising abruptly from the sea and the leap of a body in the silence of the starry night. In that city of romance tragedy was never vulgar. And there was a sting of youth in the thought when in the flaring pulse of the single gas jet the faded photograph seemed to stare back at him mockingly.

Through recurring twilights, when he fancied he saw less and less, this longing grew upon him and dwelt with him night and day. But he had no money—not a single dollar saved. His small earnings scarcely kept him. And in a month or two months he might be totally blind. The idea of stealing a ride on one of the westbound trains became an obsession with him. The more impossible it seemed, the more it haunted him as the only way. To a lusty hobo the feat would have been nothing. But how was he ever to accomplish it—decrepit of limb, half blind, and with no experience in such things? One morning, however, he did not appear with his papers on the corner of Times Square. "Van is ill or blind," the newsies told each other. Could they have seen him, his pockets filled with doughnuts, on the "rods" of a through special carrying the general manager of a great railroad to San Francisco, they would not have believed their eyes. How had he done it?—the collusion of a guard, also a Californian and former friend, to whom he had luckily revealed himself at the very moment of arrest.

On one of those quiet nights of early fall, dreamful and sensuous as cider-down, which come upon San Francisco a velvet presence of desire, a man of thin, huddled figure and intensely haggard, unshaven face sat eating a doughnut in Union Square. He moved at length, tottering in his steps, to another seat around a central clump of evergreen. He had dragged himself from the special of the general manager fifteen hours before in Oakland and had slept twelve of them in a vacated shed upon which he had fortunately happened. Awakening after evening, he had crossed on the ferry to San Francisco and had limped this far into the heart of the city. He had five cents in his pocket and he wondered if the tremor of the rods would ever leave his bones. His sight was almost gone. The extreme strain of the ride and the flash of the track had proved damaging agents. He sank into a heap on another bench, scraping the dirt nervously with his foot and staring in an endeavor to control his quivering vision. Something bright came to view under the surface sand. He stooped and picked it up. It was a twenty-dollar gold piece. He sprang to his feet in the excitement of the find, the coin burning in his hand and filling him with new life. The lights of a saloon beckoned to him from a corner. He crossed the street and swung the doors. He came out feeling better for some lunch and a couple of absinthes frappés. His vision had become steady, his head raised itself on his shoulders. He was a San Franciscan again with money in his pocket. The name of a famous restaurant flashed through his fired brain and clung. He wondered what they were doing there tonight. It had been her favorite resort, and many dinners he remembered with her at the little table in the corner near the orchestra where she liked to sit. He recalled singing there once in pastime, and how from every table they had risen to him. The vision became a flood of memory carrying him where it would. He went back and had one more absinthe and came out again. The twirling red and white of a barber's sign caught his eye. And that was the beginning of an inspiration that led him blindly.

In another hour he stood hesitating, his heart pumping strangely, at the door of a large café where music and laughter issued. But no one would have recognized him for the same man. A clean-shaven face and trimmed hair showed above a snowy shirt bosom. His thin, broad-shouldered body, drawn erect in the exhilaration of drink, and something deeper than drink, was encased in a dress suit which fitted him perfectly. These things he had been able to rent at twice the customary price, the Irish dispenser after long reflection deciding to trust him and accepting the story he told accounting passingly for his condition. He swung the door of the café at length and entered. The absinthe had cleared his eyes, but he walked as if in a dream. The white intensity of his set features struck the merry-makers to half silence. He was vaguely, abstractedly aware that the interior of the café had been altered extremely, but he seemed to find the same table in the corner he had occupied with her. He ordered an absinthe without responding to the curious glances being flung at him. The madness in which he moved, the ethereal quality of intoxication which buoyed him, made the tragedy of his face remarkable, a fitting picture for its setting of luxuriant, curling gray hair, and where burned the melancholy of his large, wasted eyes. He took his drink and turned to the inspection cast upon him.

A man and woman or two he remembered, but they did not recognize him. Then two tables away from him his glance fell on a woman with brown hair, still beautiful in middle age, and smiling with the lips of a girl. She sat facing him and opposite a heavy-set person to whom she leaned forward in interested conversation. At sight of her the newcomer had risen tensely to his feet. The hush with which the room regarded him caused her to look up and she saw him, something growing in her glance which could not tear itself away from him. Her companion followed her look for an instant, revealing a coarse, hard-featured face as he turned, then tried to resume the conversation, but she made no answer. The silence of the room had riveted itself on the unspoken drama—the meeting gaze of this beautiful woman and standing, tragic figure of a man. The orchestra broke into the first bars of the Prison Song from "Il Trovatore." An entertainer cleared his throat to begin the measure. But another voice—a tenor of wonderful power and beauty—rose instead. The man had begun to sing to the woman—singing with the tears in his blinded eyes, and giving the song a divine, ringing utterance never heard before. For the time his former gift had returned to him—returned to him doublefold. It was then that two or three in the crowd recognized him and breathed his name; it was then that the woman recognized him beyond further doubt and got unsteadily to her feet, her hand grasping the table for support, while every note of that glorious, unrivaled voice poured burning through memory and heart. The audience now stood breathless in attention. Even the musicians sat open-mouthed in wonder. All but the first violin and piano had forgotten their scores. The song came to an end only in the final repeat, when the singer fell suddenly forward on the table. The woman ran to him, throwing her arms about him, weeping, and crying out his name. The crowd rushed curiously forward. A doctor among them made his way to the front and placed his hand on the man's heart. It had ceased beating.

BILLEE GLYNN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1912.



## MOLIERE ON THE PARIS STAGE.

M. Donnay's Play About the Famous Actor-Dramatist.

As a member of the Académie Française and a frequenter of its hall Maurice Donnay has for five years been familiar with that expiatory bust of Molière which adorns the meeting-place of the forty. And he has been heard to confess that no sentence has so often repeated itself in his brain as the inscription which makes the *amende honorable* to the actor who refused to join the immortals on the condition that he left the stage: "Nothing was wanting to his glory; he was wanting to ours." Even if he were not a dramatist jealous of his profession, that obsession might explain M. Donnay's devotion to the memory of the father of French comedy—a devotion which promoted him to deliver not long since a series of penetrating lectures on the life and genius of Molière. And now he has gone a step further in demonstrating his admiration for the great dramatist, for he has recast the subject matter of his lectures in the form of a play with the title of "Ménage de Molière."

Such a reversion to the life of the past is a distinct departure for M. Donnay. Hitherto, from the time when he began his career at the Chat Noir with such accommodating puppets as the Chinese shadow dancers of that delectable resort, he has been concerned wholly with the present and content with the rôle of boulevard amuser. His "Allieurs" was not more merciless to the men and manners of the day than his "Amants" was unsparing of the cult of the sham ménage, temporary fidelity, and virtue for a season. In fact, M. Donnay has always aired modern sentiments even through the lips of antique characters, for his free adaptations from the classics never failed to catch the atmosphere of the present. If he described the snobs of Athens sending their linen to be washed at Corinth he was merely poking fun at those Parisians who consign their laundry to London. And yet his earlier work was in one sense prophetic of his latest development, for beneath its irony lay the moral that life is a mystification or at least a blend of comedy and tragedy.

Now, in the matter of mystery and the mingling of laughter and tears the career of Molière offered M. Donnay a theme after his own heart. And especially as the problem of that career was sexual. For neither the guilt or innocence of Mary Stuart or the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask has so puzzled and divided historical students as the question as to the paternity of that Armande Béjart whom Molière made his wife. Laborious as has been the research devoted to the subject, it is impossible to decide between the three theories which make her either the sister of Madeleine Béjart, or her daughter by an unknown lover, or her daughter by Molière himself. If the latter revolting alternative is dismissed, as it is with anger by many good authorities, there remain the other two on which no decision is possible, and that fact adds a strange piquancy to the problem of M. Donnay's play. That problem, too, is further complicated by the play's acceptance of the fact that Madeleine was the mistress of Molière for some years prior to his marriage with Armande. Nor should it be forgotten that so far as the play is concerned Armande's relationship to Madeleine is treated as that of a daughter, though not by Molière.

Here, then, are the springs of the tragedy of the play. There is a highly wrought scene between Molière and Madeleine wherein the true connection of the two women is disclosed, and in another scene between Molière and his wife, typical of their matrimonial differences, Armande herself is made the mouthpiece of horrible suspicions as to her paternity. Such are the sombre shadows of the picture. Over the triumph of the man as a dramatist and actor and favored friend of the king there ever hangs the dark cloud of his domestic misery. He is torn one way by his not-wholly-dead passion for his old mistress, another by his infatuation for his new wife, and a third by the flagrant infidelities of the women to whom he has given his name. These things are ever in the background; they are the dark colors against which M. Donnay secures his emphasis of the marvel that the dramatist should have accomplished immortal work against such odds.

But, in addition, the sexual problems of Molière's life are accepted as a large factor in his success. This is to give the widest interpretation to that anecdote which credits the dramatist with saying: "I no longer need to study Plautus and Terence, or patch together the fragments of Menander. I need only study the life about me." And it is his own life above all, the life under his own roof, which M. Donnay makes him study. Hence the first act discloses Molière at his desk hard at work on one of his own plays, none other, in fact, than that "L'Ecole des Maris" which he wrote for the special purpose of enabling Armande to make an effective first appearance. That was a wise choice on the part of M. Donnay, for the comedy, it will be remembered, concerned a couple of sisters to whom two brothers were guardians, and in a sense was typical of his own relation to Armande and Madeleine. The situation, too, in that one of the brothers proposed to allow ample liberty to the ward he loved, was a poignant forecast of the more than liberty which Armande claimed as the wife of Molière. Perhaps these subtle touches escaped many of the patrons of the Théâtre Français, where the play was performed, but they heightened the interest for those familiar with the details of Molière's life.

Two of the other acts underlined the theatrical nature of the play, for one was set in the gardens of Versailles at the time Molière and his company were on the eve of giving a performance, and the other was located in the greenroom of the Palais Royal. In their staging these were by far the most effective acts, for the first revealed a lovely leafy glade in the park of Versailles with a distant view of the palace and afforded an opportunity for the introduction of a stately minuet danced by Armande and Madeleine and a group of court gallants; while the second was a spirited reproduction of that life behind the scenes in old Paris which has engaged the brushes and pens of so many artists and writers. Both acts were evidently constructed to throw into relief Molière's life as dramatist and actor, and George Grand, perfectly made up in seventeenth-century style, moved through them with the assured air of a man who has the world at his feet. Hence the compelling contrast of that other act which showed the famous dramatist at the deathbed of Madeleine and unsealed not alone the floods of his old-time affection for Madeleine, but let loose also her regret that she had taken the part of Armande against her husband. Over that deathbed, too, M. Donnay, taking a liberty with biography, brings about a reconciliation with Molière and his wife.

In perspective, then, the play leaves the impression of genius triumphing against adverse circumstances and using those very circumstances as the means of victory. For, as might have been anticipated from the many witty dialogues in which M. Donnay has in the past expounded his views as to the relations of the sexes, there was no shirking frank disclosures of those countless infidelities by which the fickle Armande tortured her jealous husband; had there not been full opportunity for such diversions in the line of "Amants" it is hardly probable that the dramatist would have tackled so literary a theme. Those contrasts of the play were vividly portrayed by Mlle. Leconte, who gave a lively interpretation of Armande, and the semi-tragic part of Madeleine was effectively played by Mme. Berthe Cerny. The Molière of M. Grand was a triumph of light and shade. Once more, however, M. Donnay seems to have been content to bestow great labor on a play which will hardly bear transplanting. Alone among such accomplished playwrights as Paul Hervieu, Henri Lavedan, Jules Lemaitre, and Henry Bernstein, he appears to be satisfied with making a national appeal. But it may be that he has his eye on the printed page, and certainly "Ménage de Molière" is conspicuous among recent French plays for its bookish quality. It is written in flowing verse and will probably achieve on publication a success which will endure long after the memory of the performance has grown dim. For, apart from a little license here and there, its story of Molière's life is securely based on the latest researches into the problems and triumphs of his versatile career.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, March 19, 1912.

The ancient ceremony of the Flitch of Bacon will be revived at Dunmow, England, during the pageant in August, recalling an ancient and interesting tradition. The custom of presenting a flitch of bacon to any married couple who could satisfy a jury composed of six bachelors and six maidens that their first year of life together had been passed in perfect harmony without ever a wish that the bargain might be undone was first inaugurated in the village of East Dunmow by the monks of the old priory there. This quaint custom seems to have dated from the reign of John, when it is said two couples were able to prove to an impartial court that they had passed through one year of unclouded happiness. Dunmow last saw the test of the flitch in 1855, when Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, effected a revival of it, but had the scene of the ceremony transferred to the town hall.

Rice in considerable quantities is raised in Mexico, but the method of cultivation is most primitive. No attempt is made at irrigation. Land is cleared by felling the timber and burning over the field. The soil is not plowed. Planting is done from June to August. A hole is made in the soil with a stake, and the seed dropped in and covered. It is planted in rows about a foot apart and at about the same distance apart in rows. No cultivation is given to the growing crop beyond an attempt to keep down the weeds with a machete or a hoe.

All the supplies required by the 6500 postoffices are furnished from Washington. They need six tons of stationery every working day and consume 25,000 pounds of wrapping twine every week. All of the locks on the mail bags are changed once in eight years. As fast as mail sacks wear out they are sent to Washington, where a hundred women are constantly engaged in mending them. There is only one man in the country with whom the decision lies as to when a mail sack is worn out and shall be used no longer.

Inspector R. Y. Cadmus, government wireless telegraphy expert, reports that all passenger steamers on the Pacific Coast to which the law applies, 187 in number, have been fitted with the required wireless telegraph equipment. It is said that there are more than a thousand passenger-carrying vessels on the high seas now equipped to communicate with each other and with stations on land.

## MASTERS OF THE HORSE.

"Let me acquaint the reader with a small portion of my private history," says Sa' adat Yar Khan, otherwise Rangin, Indian Muslim and poet, in a preface to his "Faras-Nama-e Rangin," a treatise in verse upon the horse. "Fortune had oppressed me," he goes on wearily, yet patiently, "and a great cloud of grief overshadowed my heart. I said to myself: 'This world is a transient one. . . . My wife and children—what are they but enemies? . . . trouble will fall on my solitary head, and I—I shall be alone with my grave.'"

About the year 1775 Rangin was a cavalry soldier, attractive in appearance, not averse to wine parties, and his ribald poems and daring wit made him the Villon of his circle (says a writer in the *London Times*). We are not enlightened as to the precise nature of the oppressions of fortune or the cloud of grief; but it appears certain that domesticity was a failure. Rangin hung up his latchkey and betook himself to the desert, a useful practice, and one to be encouraged by the wives of bored and brilliant husbands. He wandered until one day the desert, having accomplished its mission, became itself a bore. Upon this he returned, not immediately to his family, but, with a kind of approach shot, to two good friends in Lucknow. Whether his return was looked on as that of a saint or of a prodigal is not explained; he blesses the friends heavily, and in a manner suitable to either rôle, and they, in love and admiration, looked up his earlier works (which were far indeed from being saintly), and, finding among them a prose treatise upon the horse, requested him for their sakes to rewrite it in verse. Apparently their guest retained a large, desert capacity for doing nothing, a habit not to be encouraged in neurotic guests. The poet in Rangin quickened at the inescapable romance of the horse; the cavalry soldier warmed to his old comrade, and he turned his veterinary treatise into a poem of a thousand couplets. "I penned the verses in twenty days," he says; "I have presented to you a great sea in a pint-pot, for brevity spares both reader and writer." The Muslim tradition of the origin of the horse is itself the thought of a poet:

First God addressed the South Wind. "O South Wind, I desire to create out of thee a Being; so collect thyself." The Wind did so. Then God created out of it a bay horse, and said, "I have called thee Faras, and fixed Arabia as thy dwelling-place, and attached to the hairs over thy forehead Good Fortune!"

Colonel Phillott suggests that this may account for the objection of many *saises*, both Muslim and Hindu, to taking the forelock off polo ponies.

Rangin, the Muslim, beholds the horse with Eastern eyes of reverence, as one of a captive yet god-like race. "No animal surpasses the horse," he says with that lofty finality that is his characteristic, "unless, indeed, it be Man. Every person of understanding knows that horses are the noblest of animals." He has spoken with the gravity of the desert and with its unanswerable quality.

He next proceeds to enumerate the five grand defects of the horse. First and worst of these, transcending spavin, exceeding malformation, and even ill manners (which last are looked upon by Rangin as inherent), are placed "The Feathers." "The feathers" are those whorls where the different currents of hair meet; to them the first section of the book is given, and the pre-eminence is one of which they are certainly worthy, considering that their influences are momentous, predestined, and to a large extent sinister. It is a science akin, in its minuteness and intricacy, to palmistry; it is also exact, as becomes a table of laws from which there is no appeal. "If there be only one feather in the centre of the forehead it is not to be regarded as an ill-mark; but if there be two on the forehead, avoid that horse and do not dream of buying it." If there are three, four, or five feathers on the forehead, Persians will not even look at the horse; others call it a ram, saying "it will butt you to misfortune." The battle of the good and the evil feathers continues from head to tail. A feather low down on the forearm, if it points downward, is called "Driver-in of a Peg," and is lucky, but if it points upward is called "Up-rooter of the Peg," and is baleful. A feather under the girth is lucky, and is called "Width of the Ganges." A feather under the saddle is unlucky: "Buy not a horse with such a feather. Do not even keep him in your village."

If there are in the blaze hairs the color of the rest of the body, shun the horse; experts call that horse a scorpion.

A white spot on the forehead, sufficiently small to be concealed by the tip of the thumb, is called a star. This mark is sinister and ill-omened unless there is also some white in the legs.

If a horse has either the near or the off hind white, it is defective, and is called *arjal*. If the seller says to you, "Oh, but there is white on the forehead too," do not give ear to his specious words, for the Prophet has said that an *arjal* is bad; what else, then, is there to be said?

The best color for a horse is bay, the second khaki dun, the third a dun with a black mane and tail, called *samand*. This last would, with the addition of a black stripe down the back, be identical with an Irish "Shan Buic," and of an Irish "Shan Buic" it has been said (in illustration of his adroitness and agility) that he "would tend a slater." We are with Rangin in his high estimation of the *samand*. Low on the list comes the gray; many on this side of the world would give him (and preferably her) a higher place, and it is not long since that an Irish dealer of exhaustive experience averred that his fancy was for grays, and that he had seldom had a bad gray horse and never a gray mare.



## HAPPY ISLANDS OF EAST INDIES.

From Liverpool to Japan and Back, as Seen by a Writer  
Who Felt the Lure of the Far East.

To read "The Surgeon's Log" is to know pleasure, regret, and hope. Whether written by a surgeon is of small moment, as the book does not deal with accidents, splints, probes, bandages, and drugs. It is the intimate, chatty experience of the run-down London medical man who signs as ship's surgeon for a long voyage from Liverpool to India, Japan, Java, and elsewhere. Pleasure speaks from its pages, regret is felt that the volume is not larger, and hope is expressed that some day the author will tell the world more about the Dutch possessions—Java and Celebes, particularly—in the same charming vein that runs through this book. In the hands of J. Johnston Abraham these islands become new lands to us, populated by a quaint, smiling, happy, childlike people, unable to understand why the white man should work and worry.

Picturesque Port Said, at the entrance to the Suez Canal, is given an unsavory reputation. Ugly stories are told about it, the writer says, and his description of a gambling house fitted on purpose to fleece the unwary traveler bears out his assertion:

Suddenly, as we drew near one house, the strains of music came echoing into the empty sandy street. As if at a signal the decrepit chariot stood still, my guide got down and suggested I should go in. I thought rapidly, and then followed him. It was queer, and I wanted to know. He led the way upstairs into a large room where several men were playing "roulette." None took any notice of me, but apparently the bank was having a very bad time of it. Every one was winning. The music from the automatic piano was deafening. I looked on silently for some time, and then made a move for the door. An oily-looking Greek intercepted me. "Won't you try your luck?" he said. "I'm not drunk enough," I answered.

He shrugged his shoulders, and I passed out. On the stairs I paused, and then stole quietly back. The music had ceased, and all the confederates who had been playing so feverishly, and winning so much, had ceased also, and were preparing to resume the *sicista* my advent had so fruitlessly interrupted.

The Malay indoor bath may not be a thing of beauty, but it is effective in its crude operation, affording blessed relief from the sweltering heat without:

A Malay bath is strange on first acquaintance. I went down a ladder into a little square brick room, with only a tiny opening the size of one brick high up on the outside wall to give light. In one corner stood a harrel, breast high, into which water trickled from a pipe. Floating in the harrel was a dipper, made of a half coconut shell with a handle. One stood on the brick floor, and ladled the ice-cold water over one with the dipper. From the floor the water ran into a shallow groove, and then out and down the mountain-side.

The Singapore Chinaman who haunts the docks is as cool and slippery a sneak thief as ever operated, and his method is certainly unique. Right will prevail, however, and the outcome of the incident is one of the amusing phases of justice in the Far East:

"Have you locked up your cabin, doc?" said the mate in passing.

"No," I said.

"By jove, I forgot, too," said the chief.

He made a hasty stride to the side of the ship and looked over. It was lucky he did. Through his open port, which lay alongside the wharf, a Chinaman had inserted a long rattan with a hook on the end of it, and he was feeling about inside when we looked over. We shouted, and, dropping his rattan, he fled. Down the gangway the chief and I pelted after him, but we'd never have caught him had not a little wiry Malay policeman, who saw him running, skillfully grabbed him by the pigtail and held on till we arrived.

The chief thought rapidly, then he smiled grimly.

"Say, Jack," he said to the policeman. "You give him plenty stick. All right. Can do. You savvy—march."

The policeman's face broke into a broad grin. His eyes snapped with delight. He chuckled with guttural joy.

"I savvy," he said.

He didn't wait to have the order countermanded, for if there is one thing a Malay likes better than another it is beating a Chinaman. So he ran his prisoner off at once, and the last act of the drama we saw was the Chinaman running rapidly, with the Malay clinging to his rear, thwacking him, with immense gusto, all over the body with his malacca truncheon.

There is no going out between acts in a Japanese theatre, no crowding and disturbing as here. Instead the spectators devote the intermissions to tea parties and cigarettes and social chat:

As soon as the curtain fell a lot of little boys immediately rushed up and put their heads below it to see the scenery shifted. They were able to do this, of course, quite easily, as there was no orchestra or footlights to separate them from the stage.

In the interval the audience smoked, had food brought to them, and partook of tea in little parties. Our little geisha drew out mirrors and combs from somewhere, and inspected their elaborate headgear. They were noted belles, and probably had lovers in the audience of whom they were demurely conscious all the time. Everybody talked at once. The people in the box behind us had their whole tea-making outfit brought in by two attendants.

But it is in Java, "The Garden of Eden," and that other Dutch possession, Celebes, that memory lingers most fondly. None too well known, broadly speaking, the writer presents it as almost a new world, wonderfully enticing:

I wanted to inspect the inside of the typical Malay hut, and so the comprador—a greasy Bangali—took us out into his plantation, in the rear of which he kept his native wife and family. The coconut trees had notches cut in them for convenience in climbing, and a boy was sent up to pick some fresh ones for milk. Pineapples, pumilus, plantains, and durians were growing in the plantation. The native hut was at the far end, and, like all Javanese houses, the ground floor, of split bamboo, stood on props about five feet above the ground. It was approached by a short, roughly constructed path that led to a narrow veranda which was the sitting-room of the house. Inside was a large apartment, most devoid of furniture, cool and shady, light filtering through the walls of interlaced cane. This was

the sleeping room for the whole family, and there was a sort of kitchen tacked on behind. The whole building had a high peaked roof, thatched with atap leaves.

The Malay woman scuttled into the kitchen on our approach, but two little brown imps, a boy and a girl, playing on the veranda, were anything but shy, and kept close to us, smiling and laughing, and evidently quite accustomed to receive copper coins from visitors, judging from the practiced way in which they grabbed ours.

Peaceful as it seems, and doubtless is, the Dutch have provided against emergency and at the same time taken steps for personal comfort:

On the Macassar side the Dutch, always mindful of their comfort, had built a "Passagrahan," or government rest-house, which was an excellent little café-restaurant such as one might expect to find on the outskirts of Paris. We noticed, however, that though it looked so beautifully suhuran, it was loop-holed for rifle fire, and placed in such a position as to command the approach to the ferry completely.

It was kept by a half-caste, was beautifully clean, and supplied delicious iced lager. The view over the lake to the approaching ferry was temptingly cool, and some natives in sampans out fishing were looking particularly comfortable under their big sugar-loaf hats.

"For two pins I'd swim across," said the chief, mopping the perspiration from a very red face.

The proprietor of the "Passagrahan" knew only a little English, but the chief's sweeping movement interpreted itself. At any rate, the proprietor smiled grimly, and, pointing to what looked like a number of half-sundered logs on the near side of the ferry, made a peculiar snapping sound with his teeth.

"Crocodiles?" I said, and he nodded intelligently. "Stuff," said the chief, but all the same his ardor had evaporated.

It is there that the Durian fruit, claimed by many to be the most delicious in the world, and about which the natives make poetry and exalt to the high heavens, reaches perfection:

That evening, for the first time, I tasted the famous Durian fruit. Often had I passed the native merchant with his mass of mammillated spheroids, and smelt the sickly odor arising from them as he carved the segments for sale. I had seen Malays, and even little Dutch children, enjoying them with evident gusto, but had thought it must be an acquired taste, for the smell is as the smell of rotten onions, and the fruit is not supposed to be eaten till it falls off the tree rotting.

That evening, however, the steward supplied some for dessert, and the evident enjoyment of the officers at length induced me to try it. Then I was sorry I had deprived myself of such a pleasure so long, for, as Dampier saith, "Tis as white as milk, and as soft as cream, and the taste very delicious."

White residents of Java quickly adopt the dress of the natives, obtaining the greatest possible degree of comfort in such an enervating climate, where the only people who take work seriously are the Chinese. The "leading lady" mentioned headed a newly arrived English musical comedy company playing at Samarang, and, dressed in European clothing, felt out of joint with the world:

The Dutchwoman manages to keep cool and placid in Java by the very simple expedient of doing nothing and wearing almost nothing. It is very disconcerting at first to the fresh arrival, until one gets used to it, to see the startling debaillie they effect, even in public. At the Hotel Jansen several of these "abandoned creatures," as the "leading lady," stiffly uncomfortable in European clothes, called them, were loitering about in the inevitable cane lounges in the public veranda.

Imagine a lady in the corridor of an hotel lying at full length, hare-headed, dressed in a "kahaya" of white batiste, one thin white loose upper garment like a dressing jacket coming to a little below the waist, fastened in front with ornamental native pins and little gold chains, a sarong, very gorgeous in native colors, dropping to about six inches below the knee, bare legs, hare feet, and sandals or high-heeled shoes, and you have the Dutch East Indian lady clothed for the public eye.

In striking contrast are the sturdy young Dutchmen who have but recently come to the tropics, as they enjoy their sports while the village takes its *sicista*:

The chief and the second hailed me as I was coming back along the coal-wharf.

"Come on. We're going to the Petit Trouville for a swim."

The very idea was exhilarating; I joined them at once. We crossed the railway tracks and over a large field where a crowd of Dutch men-o'-war's men were kicking a football about in the broiling sun. It looked suicidal, but they appeared to be flourishing on it. Coming on to a shady road, we crossed a bridge over a creek and debouched on the native village of Tanjong Priok. At the near end, next the bridge, everybody seemed to be selling fruit, those who did not making up by displaying sherbet and "limonade."

It was the time of the *sicista*, and as we progressed the village became more and more deserted. Everywhere we saw limp, somnolent figures asleep on the "haleh-haleh" (string mattresses) of their verandas.

That the name "Garden of Eden" is not such a misnomer after all is the conclusion one reaches after being thoroughly introduced to Batavia's seductive beach resort:

Petit Trouville is unique. Imagine a thick plantation of palm, njamplong, and coconut trees along a silvery seashore, with a row of wooden bathing-huts near the beach, and a bamboo fence some distance out in the water to keep off sharks and water snakes. Amongst the trees are twenty or thirty little rustic arched with tables, chairs, and great cane lounges. Further back is a verandaed wooden restaurant with a billiard-room, a dining-hall, and an open floor for dancing.

On a Sunday afternoon, when the heat is of an intensity and the dust rises, making the eyes smart and parching the throat, when clothes are an irritating convention and tempers are frayed by "prickly heat," it is then that Batavia suddenly remembers the Petit Trouville, and with a gasp of relief pours down *en masse* to the cool shade of the njamplongs—the caress of the incoming sea-breeze, and the exhilarating embrace of the long combing rollers that tumble on the silvery beach.

Every one is dressed in white, the woman with big straw hats, the men in pith helmets. Merry groups are splashing about in bathing costume in the water, their heads protected from the fierce sun by enormous umbrella-like hats provided with the bathing costumes. Others recline in the arbors, or lie where the wax-like, scented petals of the njamplongs fall around them with every breath of wind, and the scent of the purple lantana is all-pervasive. Great patches of sunlight mingle with the dappled shade. Everywhere one hears the tinkle of ice in glasses, the deep bass of men's voices mingling with the lighter laughter of the women. Everywhere silent,

impassive, pigtailed, deferential Chinamen move around attending to the wants of the dominant race.

The swim at sunrise is one of the most important events of the day for the Malay, and we are given this scene at Soerabaya:

It was a little after sunrise when I started from the landing stage, and the activities of the day were just commencing. The men had already had their morning swim in the canal, and the sun was now brightening to a livelier green the tamarinds on the further bank. Little boys and girls, like glistering bronze fauns, were splashing and calling to one another in the warm water, and women with the slim bodies and wonderful carriage of the East, wearing great turquoise earrings, their softly rounded shoulders bared to the sun, fresh from the water, were coiling their glistening coal-black hair in pyramids above their shapely heads, putting in jessamine, rose, or tondjong flowers on either side behind their ears with slender, long, brown fingers.

One learns to be patient in bargaining with the islanders, who would be surprised to make a sale the first visit to the ship. Also there is the delicious uncertainty attached to the business of buying pearls, whereby the traveler may or may not obtain a really valuable one:

Squatting "dodok," they spread the shells on the deck before us as we lounged in our chairs enjoying an after-"tiffin" smoke, and from the numerous pockets of their belts produced little parcels of pearls, wrapped up in the Chinese paper. These also they deposited on the deck. The pearls had come from Papua, and probably a good many of them had been acquired in questionable ways. The first day they came they evidently did not expect to sell.

Each day the prices went lower, and each day we laughed and bargained. It was all part of the game.

"You can bet your boots," said the chief, "they won't sell you anything at a loss, so bargain away."

Of course we knew nothing whatever about pearls and their values; but nevertheless we all bought a number that took our fancy, and afterwards when I had mine valued in London I found I had really got them cheap. Then I was sorry I had not bought more.

Strangely enough, the Chinese are the great merchants of Java, and have nearly ousted the Dutch from the retail trade. By another queer turn of fate we are told the "export trade is largely in the hands of a number of Scotch firms. The Dutch do the governing, run the plantations, and get only remaining trade left over by the Chinese and Scots":

We turned into a Chinese shop where almost everything conceivable was sold, a huge emporium filled with European goods. The centre of the ground floor was laid out as a "hier-hall," and galleries filled with goods ran in tiers above. It was very cool and refreshing to sit comfortably there after the glare outside. White-clad Dutchmen with red faces dropped in for an iced lager; fat, white-robed Dutch ladies came shopping; little Dutch girls, with long pigtailed, came with governesses and elder sisters to buy toys—and the bland Chinamen and Paranak shop-hands attended to all their wants.

Is the traveler an epicure? Then further delights await him in this hospitable land. Nowhere else can one indulge in the "rijst-tavel," which, we are assured, is a feast to be marked with a white stone in one's life:

The "rijst-tavel" is a thing to be approached with awe, and described with the gourdmandizing enthusiasm of a Sala. It is unique. There is nothing like it anywhere else—it is the proud distinction of Java to have invented the "rijst-tavel." The returned Hollander thinks of it with longing retrospective memories; when seated in his beloved "Warmoestraat" restaurant he remembers he can have it no more. It is the one thing the loss of which he deploras.

First of all a waiter brought us each a mountainous plate of rice. This acts as the foundation, so to speak, of the meal. Chicken is added to this, and then the ceremony begins.

First one waiter approaches, holding in his hands a big circular blue china tray divided into a dozen or so compartments, each containing some different comestible. There were compartments with bits of fish, dry, shredded, and raw slices of duck, beef in little huttons, curries, chutneys, spices, coconut chips.

Waiter followed waiter in procession to our table. Each seemed to have an array of things different from his predecessors; pickles, salted almonds, grated Parmesan, slices of egg, slices of fried banana, young palm-shoots—they kept on coming. Then there were the "sambals." A sambal is anything made up fiery-hot with cayenne pepper—bits of hurried liver kept till almost deliquescent, fish-roe, sweetbreads, mysterious things to which no name could be put. They kept on coming.

The "Old Man" kept sampling each new supply; the people around seemed all to be doing likewise. It was immense, gargantuan.

"I shall die if I attempt to investigate any further," I said in despair.

"It's a noble death," said the "Old Man" cheerfully, as he helped himself to the twentieth—or was it the thirtieth?—dish. All this had to be eaten with a spoon and fork, and towards the end I gave up in despair. The "Old Man" went on steadily.

"You get used to it in time," he said.

Weltervreden is an eternal charm, a garden within a garden, where one may see much of historical value, and the writer presents just enough of it to leave the reader hungering for more:

Imagine a city in which every house is hidden in a garden of its own, so that one imagines one is all the time in the country, and this city surrounding an immense open space of park-land several miles square, and one can have some idea of the effect Weltervreden makes on a stranger. Truly it is a dream city of delight, with this great square, "Koningsplein," lined with immense rows of kanari and waringen trees, and its beautiful classic columned houses buried in masses of orchid's palms, and Madagascarese flame trees.

We drove past the residence of the governor-general and stopped for a little at the great Batavian museum, with its wonderful collection of Malay works of art, its priceless native manuscripts, its relics of the old Dutch East India Company, and what to us as Britishers was more interesting still, the greater part of the collections of Captain Cook.

Wherever the steamer touched we are given faithful pictures of native life, written with an eye to detail and thoroughness, told in simple language, and ever the author sparkles with good nature and touches on the human interest side of life. The many illustrations are from photographs taken by the author.

THE SURGEON'S LOG, by J. Johnston Abraham, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Cross of Honour.

The author, Mary Openshaw, describes her novel as the love story of Napoleon. Perhaps it would be more correct to call it one of the love stories of Napoleon, since there is no reason to believe that Marie Walewska occupied a higher place in the emperor's affections than many others. Indeed we may suppose that the author has used the *couleur de rose* with some prudence, since Napoleon's amours were not usually suited to the family circle.

The story opens in Paris at the time when the emperor was preparing for his march upon Russia. Adrian Nichola, a young Polish soldier and the cousin of Mme. Walewska, is ordered to return at once to his country and to spread the news of the movement that was to result in Polish liberation. At the same time we are introduced to Gaspard Gonthier, who believes that he has the Dauphin in his care and who is already plotting for the murder of the emperor and a monarchical restoration that must necessarily be to his advantage. The Dauphin myth is a tempting one for the novelist, and the author uses it to good effect. Then the scene changes to Poland. We see the arrival of the grand army and Mme. Walewska's ecstatic and even hysterical welcome to the man who was to save her country. The lady is represented as an angel of purity who is reluctantly willing to sacrifice her honor on the altar of patriotism. But Napoleon will have no such sacrifice. He will take nothing unless the heart goes with it, and so Adrian believes that his cousin, whom he passionately loves, is saved from the great soldier of whom he had hoped better things. But Mme. Walewska is a woman as well as a patriot, and no sooner has her offered sacrifice been rejected than she finds that, after all, she can give her heart, too.

The story leaves something to be desired from the point of view of historical accuracy, but as a romance it must be accorded a high place. The pictures of military life in Poland, of the advance of the army, and of the hardships of the march are vivid and realistic. Napoleon's correspondence with Marie is authentic, and so is the letter sent to her by the Society of Polish Patriots imploring her to remember her duty to her country and the personal contribution that she alone can make to the sacred cause. Among the dramatic incidents of the story are the attempt upon Napoleon's life and the interview between him and the supposed Dauphin. "The Cross of Honour" may be counted among the successful stories of the day, as a carefully constructed romance centering around one of the great epochs of history.

THE CROSS OF HONOUR. By Mary Openshaw. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20.

## The Colorado Desert.

This fine description by George Wharton James should find a specially receptive audience in the East and abroad, where deserts are usually supposed to be interminable sand dunes wholly devoid of attractiveness or charm. It need not be said that Mr. James writes not as a tourist or from the fleeting impressions of the traveler, but from a knowledge that is deep and intimate, and acquired by long experience. For over five hundred pages he tells us of rivers and mountains, cañons and springs, the men and the animals of the great desert, the resulting picture being one that can hardly fail to prove attractive to those who are tired of the more conventional routes and who wish to see unspoiled nature in her more restful moods. Mr. James writes ostensibly of his recent journey down the overflow of the Colorado River to the Salton Sea, but his book is a description of the desert as a whole and in all its phases. The volume contains over three hundred sketches from nature by Carl Eytel.

THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50.

## An Adventurous Life.

Mr. Hyndman is among the most prominent of English Socialists, but if he has any of the narrowness of his creed he keeps it well out of sight. He strikes us as a genial man of the world who has gained experience by much travel, and wisdom by a well-chosen intercourse. He seems to have visited most parts of the world, including America, and to have made it his business to hear and to know the best people everywhere. But he never ceased to be an idealist. Evidently he brooded constantly over human misery, and he tells us that he met the Marxian theories only when he was at the point of despair. Then he met Marx himself and became his sturdy follower and has remained so ever since, working unceasingly not so much to inflame the masses as to influence the leaders in thought and action. He argued with Lord Beaconsfield, who seems benevolently to have regarded him as a precocious child. One of the best things he tells us is of his interview with Lady Dorothea Nevill. She said to him:

"You are making a great mistake, Mr. Hyndman, in devoting yourself to Socialism. You will never succeed, at any rate in your own lifetime. I have had an excellent innings. I don't deny

that for a moment, and the turn of the people will come some day. But not yet, not yet. You will educate some of the working class; that is all you can hope to do for them, and when you have educated them, we shall buy them, or if we don't the Liberals will, and that will be just the same for you.

Threatening demonstrations, said Lady Dorothea, will follow each other from time to time and we shall "surrender a point from which we all along meant to retire, but which we have defended with so much vigor that our resistance has seemed to be quite genuine." And in the meantime the real intelligence behind the threatening demonstrations will be steadily purchased. The lady was certainly in the right of it. The real enemy of the third estate is the fact that its popular leaders are invariably for sale. And the more legible is the bargain sale price ticket attached to their foreheads the greater the enthusiasm of their followers.

Even in its lighter aspects Mr. Hyndman's book bears all the mark of deep conviction, while his style is always literary and often eloquent.

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

## Maurice Maeterlinck.

Mr. Montrose J. Moses says somewhere in this admirable dramatic appreciation of Maeterlinck that it takes a mystic to catch a mystic. We can appraise only those of our own capacities. All others are *terra incognita* and they are excluded from the sympathy that brings comprehension.

But Mr. Moses shows no lack of a sympathetic enthusiasm of his subject. Indeed he seems to suggest that Maeterlinck may yet mark an epoch and that his shoulders may be broad enough to don the mantle of Emerson. For Maeterlinck is still growing and still changing, although his changes are as those of one who mounts higher and higher in a balloon and to whom the widening landscape takes on a new garb. There was a time when Maeterlinck saw the universe as a mass of threatening and compelling forces and man as their slave. Now he seems to recognize a wider and a unifying law which enfolds all lesser antagonisms. But it was not so much a misinterpretation as the insufficiency of the narrower perspective.

Maeterlinck has already dug a deep trench in the thought of the world, perhaps a deeper trench than any man now living. Mr. Moses says that there are enough books about Maeterlinck in the Bibliothèque Nationale to keep an assistant busy for many weeks. He is the one philosopher of the day who is profound and who can at the same time talk to all men in their own language. He is the one philosopher of the day who can combine science and mysticism and who ransacks the material world for proofs of the spiritual. "If there is to be a cataclysmic change or even an evolutionary shifting in our religious belief it were wise to have Emerson and Maeterlinck to guide us into a harbor where we may take hearings of our spiritual assets, even though we may not be satisfied with their transcendental preachment."

But with all the author's enthusiasm he is sometimes incoherent and difficult to understand. He makes sentences that seem to have no definite meaning and he writes obscurely of an author whose chief literary characteristic is lucidity and simplicity.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The Position of Peggy.

Mr. Merrick's latest story deals with theatrical life and in a way hardly likely to encourage the histrionic aspirant. It is true that none of his characters are overburdened with ability, nor indeed with any very intelligent ambitions, and perhaps his sketch is all the more true to life upon that account. We have Christopher Tatham, the rather colorless hero, who gives up the stage in disgust, takes a job as a clerk, and finally writes a successful play which he sells outright for \$75. There is Elsie Lane, who had tried unsuccessfully for every engagement in sight except that of a "pathetic child actress (accustomed to dying)," and who herself dies of consumption as an alternative, and we have Peggy, who remains faithfully betrothed to Tatham until some little trick of pose and speech brings fame and money, after which she naturally discards him. There are other lesser characters, some of whom mean well but can not act, while others can act but unfortunately drink. It is a rather drab and cheerless picture without much attempt at emphasis and therefore with no impressiveness of its own. Mr. Merrick's characters are all in the humbler dramatic ranks and he allows us to see them at home and tramping the streets rather than in the glare of the footlights.

THE POSITION OF PEGGY. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.20 net.

## The Man with the Black Cord.

This is a detective novel of the approved type that begins with an apparently insoluble mystery and that clears up the whole thing in the concluding pages. The scene is laid near Vienna. Leopold Erlach, rich and re-

tired, disappears in an inexplicable manner from his bedroom. Doors and windows are fastened securely from the inside, the bed has been occupied, and the garden gates are bolted. There has been no alarm and there are no signs of a struggle nor of robbery. The story, which is translated from the German, is ingeniously told and is eminently readable from first to last.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK CORD. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

## Italian Cathedrals.

This fine volume by Mr. W. W. Collins, R. L., is not one to be overlooked either by lovers of Italian architecture or by students of church history, and it may be said that the author combines architecture and history in a manner as acceptable to the expert as to the general reader. His table of contents contains the names of twenty-five Italian cities, and a glance at the luxuriously large text shows us that the treatment is adequate and the style irreproachable. But attractive as is the letter-press, the illustrations are still more so. Of these there are fifty-six, all of full-page size and in colors. They are, of course, the work of Mr. Collins himself and therefore a delight to the eye.

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ITALY. By W. W. Collins, R. L. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50 net.

## Brief Reviews.

Mr. Stephen Berrien Stanton has made occasional appearances in the verse columns of the magazines, and he now publishes a volume under the title of "Foam Flowers" (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net).

"The Road to Joy," by Louise Collier Willcox (Harper & Brothers), is a tastefully executed booklet of helpful and homely philosophy that can be read in an hour and remembered for very much longer.

"Constructive Carpentry," by Charles A. King (American Book Company; 70 cents), explains the problems that arise at the different stages in the construction of the shell of a house until it reaches the point where it is ready for the inside work.

Dame Curtsey's first "Book of Guessing Contests," by Elyse Howell Glover, is now in its fourth edition, so perhaps the author is justified in producing "More Guessing Contests by Dame Curtsey," containing many novel ideas. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents.

"How to Save Money," by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net), is intended to tell us how to save systematically and profitably, to expose get-rich-quick schemes, including fraudulent stock, and generally to serve as guide, philosopher, and friend to those who would make provision for the future.

## New Books Received.

WAYWARD FEET. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE. By Margarete Böhm. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF RURAL SCHOOLS. By Ellwood P. Cuhlerley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Riverside Educational Monographs.

THE FUGITIVES. By Margaret Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE NEW HISTORY. By James Harvey Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Essays illustrating the modern historical outlook.

FARM BOYS AND GIRLS. By William A. McKeever. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Intended for rural parents and those interested in rural work.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF EDUCATION. By Irving King, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60 net.

A book of sources and original discussions with annotated bibliographies.

CARNIVAL. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

BEYOND THE LAW. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

The winning novel in the Melrose prize competition.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Volume VIII: The Age of Dryden.

MANUAL OF EXPERIMENTAL BOTANY. By Frank Owen Payne, M. Sc. New York: American Book Company; 75 cents.

A laboratory manual for a complete high school course.

THE THREAD OF LIFE. By H. R. H. Eulalia. Infanta of Spain. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Authorized translation from the original French.

THE LEGEND OF LOVE. By Howard V. Sutherland. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.

EARTH FEATURES AND THEIR MEANING. By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

An introduction to geology for the student and the general reader.

ELEMENTS OF SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A text-book.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCIPLES. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

A study of the heroism and eloquence of the anti-slavery conflict.

POLLY OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF. By Emma C. Dowd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A novel.

A CURB TO PREDATORY WEALTH. By N. V. Marshall. New York: R. F. Fennno Company.

A plea for the graduated property tax.

FREIGHT CLASSIFICATION. By J. F. Strombeck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net.

Thoughts on sociology.

SHAKESPEARE'S "COMEDY OF ERRORS." Edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company; 30 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

THE EDUCATION OF SELF. By Dr. Paul Dubois. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

From the latest French edition of "L'Education de Soi-Même."

MARGARET OF FRANCE. By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

A biography.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company.

A play.

THE BURGUNDIAN. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

An historical novel.

HECTOR GRAEME. By Evelyn Brentwood. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

THE OLD NEST. By Rupert Hughes. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A novel.

THE GENIUS OF THE COMMON LAW. By the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., D. C. L., LL. D. New York: The Columbia University Press.

Issued in the Columbia University Lectures.

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF COLONIAL DAYS. By Carl Holliday. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

From the year 1607 to the year 1800.

IN QUEST OF GOLD. By Charles Edward Knowles. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

A romance based on the expedition of Ferdinand de Soto to Florida.

THE UNKNOWN WOMAN. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

MANY CELEBRITIES AND A FEW OTHERS. By William H. Rideing. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A volume of reminiscences.

IN SEARCH OF ARCAEOY. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

THE WOMEN OF TOMORROW. By William Hard. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net.

A consideration of a new environment.

THE LIFE OF DAVID C. BROERICK. By Jeremiah Lynch. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net.

A new edition.

ODO NUMBERS. By Sewell Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

Being further chronicles of Shorty McCabe.

RED EVE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20.

A tale of the middle ages.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE. By Gordon Holmes. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.25 net.

A detective story.

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## THIS AND THAT, THEATRICAL.

The varying tastes of theatre-goers are often surprising to themselves; that is to say, A, who loves farce, marvels at B, who loves tragedy, and vice versa. But sometimes the farce lovers and the emotionalists come together in mutual enjoyment, and find their differing tears of mirth and sympathy mingled in one congenial stream.

It is the popular idea that only the women love to have "a good cry" at the theatre; but go any time to see a highly emotional piece, like "Mme. X," for instance, and it is easy to see that the male, in spite of his haughty repudiation of a tear-producing faculty, can devote himself to the weeps with a simple, thorough-going abandon that is actually child-like. And, like the women, he comes away feeling much refreshed thereby.

This is one reason of the holding powers of "Mme. X," as evidenced by its appearance in Mme. Bernhardt's repertory, and its recent revival here in San Francisco.

Our confirmed theatre-goers do not like to be made to think, but they love to be made to feel. Sometimes one involves the other, and the author of "Mme. X" had a contention to establish; not exactly that there should be an equal standard of morals for man and woman, but that if the man may be forgiven for his infraction of the marriage bond, so may the woman. We are thus made to realize that if the husband had not steeled himself to the wretched wife's plea for forgiveness twenty years of the inferno of an outcast's life would not have been her fate, nor would a lovely and loving woman have been changed to a hideous and repulsive hag.

In its Anglicized form "Mme. X" is not a fine play, whatever it may be in the original. It has offensive crudities which deface and make puerile the second act. The pathos of the last act is too self-conscious and long-sustained. But it makes its strong and successful appeal to men and women because its ruling theme is the might and selflessness of mother-love.

The filial love and respect of the French is proverbial, and the American, with a bluff and slangy exterior, has also his subterranean seas of sentiment. So France and America have joined in weeping over Mme. X's sordid yet awful tragedy. That pure, crystal stream of maternal love, remaining undefiled in spite of twenty years' contact with the foul banks of a muddy life seems to start an answering stream from the springs of sympathy. The tears fall, masculine and feminine, although one may sometimes see a practical-minded man gazing at his fair seat-partner with a troubled look, as of sounding one who has failed in the quality of enjoyment he has offered.

"I am sorry," he says, trying considerably to avoid looking too directly at the sunset flush on her eyelids, at her tomato-colored nose: "I am awfully sorry you are so cut up. It is a dismal play. We ought to have gone to see Elsie Janis."

"Oh, no," she responds with a mighty sniffle, and a final blast on her handkerchief: "I just love it. I am b-having a perfectly lovely time."

The practical man has been forced for his pleasure to fall back on the morbid aspects of the play; to feel the thrill of horror and repugnance at seeing the transformed, repellant wreck of a refined and beautiful woman gloat avidly over her draught of absinthe; to let his imagination play a little over those twenty years, some of the details of which he can divine much more vividly than the woman at his side. He is interested in the dramatized processes of a French court of law, and, in fact, delivers himself over to the excitements of melodrama.

But, the next time he takes her to see Elsie Janis and Joseph Cawthorn, and this time they mingle their tears of mirth in mutual sympathy, for everybody, whether man, woman, or child, enjoys "The Slim Princess." It hits off a catholicity of tastes, for only the unlucky wretch whose main preference is for the excitement to be derived from funerals could fail to enjoy an entertainment that is clean-minded, simple, clever, amusing, jolly, prettily musical, and pervaded with the magnetic and charmingly decorative presence of that talented sprite, Elsie Janis.

Doesn't it begin to look, by the way, as if melodrama was losing its hold? Are we becoming realists, or idealists, or comedysts, or what change has come over the spirit of our dream?

There is no longer an equivalent in town for the old Morosco or Central Theatre melodramas. But—why—! Yes, there is, too, come to think, I had forgotten. We are moving picturists. The moving picture programmes are crammed with artless melodramas, and at five cents per head the former patrons of Morosco and the Central Theatre are happy.

In this pictured drama of the films, the gore is no longer a vivid crimson, nor do the screams penetrate the tympanum, but the melodramatic thrill is nearly all there.

All the celebrated melodramas will probably figure in the films, for that is the public's demand for evening

entertainment, must be appeased. Everything is grist for the moving picture mill that changes its programme daily and nightly. I wonder that they did not seize upon the Dickens centenary as a motive, and give appropriately to the date a succession of old Dickens plays.

One of the liveliest impressions left in my memory of melodramatic horrors was in "Nancy Sikes," played by Nance O'Neil. At least I think, but I am not sure, that it was thus named, instead of "Oliver Twist." That was my first experience of the fabled horrors of the murder scene in "Oliver Twist," and I never want to repeat it.

I do not know whether all the Nancys make themselves up in that scene as did Nance O'Neil, with an eye to be such a delirium of horror, but I sincerely hope not. I could imagine the children of impressionable women viewing that act being birth-marked for life with a fearful crimson splash. I know that when, after hearing the dreadful, sickening death-blows, I saw Nancy dragging herself like a wounded, writhing worm to the room in which the quaking ruffian tried to hide himself away from the sight of that terror he had wrought, I, too, had to avert my gaze. With the light turned full upon her, this lovely actress exhibited herself in the likeness of one whose face was beaten to a gory, sightless pulp. I hid her from sight with my programme; a woman near me covered her eyes in horror, saying to her husband, "Tell me when it is over."

No wonder this horror seldom visits our stage.

To celebrate the Dickens centenary, this play was revived in New York, but, I should judge from printed accounts, with some of the horrors eliminated from the murder scene. Marie Doro, looking, in the illustrations, as might be expected, thoroughly and only feminine in her boy's dress, is Oliver Twist; Lyn Harding is Bill Sikes, Constance Collier is Nancy, and Nat Goodwin is Fagin. Commentators on this production recall the fact that "Oliver Twist" was the first of Dickens's stories to be dramatized.

To search through the years for dramatizations of Dickens's stories is to realize how few they are. Long years ago I saw a then pretty girl actress named, if I remember aright, Katie Putnam, play the title-role in "Little Emily." Everybody, young and old, who keeps up with the theatres, since Max Figman revived "Old Curiosity Shop" during his last engagement here has seen that play. The older generation remembers Lotta as the Marchioness, alive to the finger-tips with the spirit of elfish fun, and her doubling up in the same play, all fun and capers rigidly eliminated under the white dress and long curls of a priggish, fat-legged little Nell.

There was, of course, "The Only Way," from "A Tale of Two Cities," belonging to the present epoch, although now played out, and—Is that all? It seems so, although I have undoubtedly heard echoes from the past of Sam Weller's figuring as a confidential and disturbing witness in a mimic court.

The mystic will always make its appeal, because we are like children in their love for fairy stories. In spite of an ever pervasive lurking fear that psychic exhibitions may be founded on trickery, we always have a subterranean hope that there may be something in it.

I dared the horrors of a cheap vaudeville performance recently in this hope, and I was once more struck, as I always am in performances of the kind, by the very evident necessity of having the woman of superior refinement and appearance to her fellow-performers. We saw the usual cabinet act, the binding of the woman, the instantaneous exit of the property instruments when she was left in curtained solitude, and then came the telepathy act. Several experiences of the kind have made me lose my first innocence, and now I feel a sad skepticism creeping in. There is such a family resemblance in all acts of the kind; such a comfortable vagueness in the pronouncements issued by the seeress; such an apparent pachydermatous insensibility to public ridicule on the part of young inquirers of either sex, who wish to know whether or not they are going to be mated. One can but suspect them to be confederates.

Alack the day! I lived through four dire turns, only to learn that I had lost the ability to scare up a pleasant thrill of credulity in cheap vaudeville telepathy. But I did learn anew the power of suggestion. They gave us, in the programme, a series of magnificent views from different aspects of Niagara Falls. I believe, indeed, that we saw more of what they are than the tourist can learn during a brief stay. We had been living through dreadful banalities: the hard-faced girl who screams at an inanely jocular young man's persiflage that the audience heavily abstains from laughing at; an author-actor who orates the most popular socialistic sentiments at the house, and metaphysically whacks them on their frontal bones for applause; a solemn solo dancer, who induces a deadening sense of the awful sameness of all created things in cheap vaudeville. And then came the spectacle of those wild forces let loose. We saw

the creaming of the mighty waters as they hurled themselves over the cliff, and sent up giant clouds of mist. We saw the rapids boiling over the rocks, and the tiny boats venturing as near as they dared. And on safe, shady paths only a few feet away from those mighty floods hurrying and leaping by, we saw the insect people, surveying with infinitesimal wonder this marvelous manifestation of the vast forces of nature. And something cool and wholesome and refreshing seemed suddenly to pervade the theatre.

We had been breathing warm-storage apology for air, thickly crammed with other people's bacteria, cheap perfumes, and the smell of stale smokers' and harbered men. Perhaps it was only the mechanical workings of a ventilation plant, but it pleases me to think that that vision of clean, resistless floods cleared the air, and refreshed us by the imaginative perception of life out in the open.

At any rate, I'll take moving nature pictures any time in preference to the cheap people of cheap vaudeville.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Fortune's Song.

Fortune sang a golden song  
'Neath my latticed pane,  
When the world lay, bleak and gray,  
Drenched with winter rain:

Swift I raised my eager eyes, dazzled with desire,  
Poverty sat smiling there, close beside my fire.

Beckoned me with sun-browned hand,  
Led me to the door,  
Where a single star, afar  
Streamed the moorland o'er:

Sweeter, clearer, Fortune's song, breathed from  
golden lute;  
Poverty beside me smiled, but his lips were mute.

Fared we fast, and fared we far,  
Down the Open Ways,  
Met the Spring a-wandering,  
Through the smoke-sweet haze:

Drank from moorland hither's cup, couched with  
dappled fawn;  
Poverty, amid the fern, sang at each new dawn.

Naught we recked of jeweled pomp,  
Arras-prisoned hall;  
Peasant's fire and lonely byre  
Heard our brother-call:

Down the widespread Wander Trail, 'neath blue  
moorland skies,  
Poverty sits by my fire, smiling comradeswise.  
—Martha Haskell Clark, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

## Blackbirds.

Sailing, sailing, sailing over the treetops high,  
When the light is red in the west, a low, lone  
bar—  
Wheeling and drifting and whirling across the sky  
Till out of the day comes night and the evening  
star.

Sailing, sailing, sailing careless and reckless as  
Youth!  
Sons of the wild March winds and the untrod  
way—  
Buccaneers black that chatter and mock at ruth,  
Wanderers asking of Time but a song and a  
day.

Sailing, sailing, sailing! Strike off these shackles  
of mine!  
Chains of convention, links that are all-fool's  
gold—  
And it's up and away! with never a bond to  
confine  
While the sea and the heavens are wide and the  
heart is bold!  
—Ingram Crockett, in *Outing*.

## In the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

Here is no mound of turf, like to a bed  
That minds us of the body sleeping there:  
Each grave is just a garden, very fair  
And fragrant with the spirit of the dead.

Ah, Shelley, spirit tameless, swift and proud,  
And Keats, whose name no water can efface,  
Surely the solemn quiet of this place  
Should wrap your restless yearnings like a shroud.

It were not meet your mortal part to lay  
Within cathedral portals—No, ye two,  
With Mother Earth who crowned her songs to  
you,  
Beloved children, needs must leave your clay.

Here, for the housing of their honored dead  
Have men put rows of lofty cypress trees,  
To mark the aisles, and, for the eye that sees,  
To hold up yon blue vaulted roof o'erhead.

The small, sweet nightingales with throats a-fire  
Give forth a flood of the divinest song  
And fill the shadowed aisles with anthem strong,  
A sursum corda by a hidden choir.

Into a breathless pause within this swell  
Of song, down from the dome surmounting all,  
The soaring skylark lets his solo fall  
To thrill the hearts uplifted to its spell.

Into sad souls its benedictions stream,  
And o'er all doubts and fears with triumph  
sweep:  
"Peace, peace! They are not dead, nor do they  
sleep,  
But are awakened from the long earth dream!"  
—C. W. Bull.

Alexander Heinemann, the famous lieder  
singer, and one of the world's greatest ex-  
ponents of the vocal art, will give a series of  
recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, opening  
on Sunday afternoon, May 5.

## The Builder of a City

Every year the big railroads of the country discover new fields which give indication of developing into good freight and passenger possibilities. In most cases the road extends its line or builds a branch to cover the territory long before the section is a paying proposition from a reasonable business standpoint. But the railroad has faith. It looks ahead and sees the district settling up, sees the wilderness converted into comfortable farms, laden orchards and vineyards.

Then the company begins to realize something on its investment. It has been responsible for the building up of the country and is entitled to the transportation business which it has been the means of creating.

Not dissimilar is the street-car in its relation to the city. Whenever a reasonable business opportunity presents itself, the street-car company is not only willing, but ready, to extend its rails, add more cars, and employ more men.

Year after year the United Railroads has continued to broaden its scope in San Francisco, having faith in the future, seeing with a keen business eye that the city must spread and grow, and its faith has been justified. Where the car goes, there also go the homebuilders and business houses. Traffic may be light for a long time, the extension may operate at a loss, but gradually the district becomes well populated, because the cars are there, and in the end the undertaking justifies the faith of the company.

The extension of the Masonic Avenue line into the Sunset district by the United Railroads means much for that section of the city. It will give the residents thereof quick and easy transportation to any other part of town, and at the same time will induce more people to build along the line of the extension.

This is only in keeping with the business policy of the company, for since the fire of 1906 it has extended its system to almost every nook and cranny of the municipal boundaries, with the result that there are few inhabited spots in San Francisco without better and closer transportation facilities than a commuter has ever received.

Without an adequate transportation system San Francisco would still be in the small town class and the centre of business activity would still be on Van Ness Avenue, and Market Street would not be graced with its many blocks of handsome and notable buildings. It is the history of every city that business follows the lines of transportation, but such lines can only be built when it is believed that they will some day become part of a paying investment. With this fact in mind, it required the strongest courage to begin the rebuilding of the car lines after the great conflagration. Again faith was uppermost, and in the last five years the United Railroads has expended over \$13,000,000 in San Francisco to better its car service. It is constantly improving its roadbed and heavy rails of the latest type are being laid wherever a section of old track is torn up. On all reconstructed lines heavy girder rails have taken the place of the light rails formerly in use, and on streets where traffic is heaviest the heaviest rails used on any street railway in the world have been put down.

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Complete Kitchen and Bakery Outfits  
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## THE SERIOUS IN VAUDEVILLE.

That is one of the mysterious attractions of vaudeville—you never know just what you are going to see or hear. The comedy juggler may turn out to be the saddest thing since the campaign of the people's favorite for mayor; the reciter of "Ostler Joe" may amazingly prove to be the greatest inciter of amusement that ever mistook his calling. When the acts do not exactly bear out their titles they frequently are something much better—they could not possibly be worse.

Of one thing be assured. The programme at the Orpheum this week offers two sensations that are rarely equaled at that famous house of entertainment, though they were announced with the modesty that is the inveterate habit of Gerald Dillon, maliciously alluded to sometimes as the duplicity agent for the theatre. One is a "symbolical play," and the other is Charles Kellogg, the "nature singer." The play was on the programme last week and should have been reviewed, for it is eminently worthy of serious notice, but it is not yet too late to call attention to its merits. Mr. Kellogg is in the first nights of his engagement, but the wonder of his gifts will not long be a secret to the theatre-going public.

"Everywife," by George V. Hobart, is evidently suggested by and patterned after the play by Walter Brown which was so successful in New York last year, but which has not yet been brought across the continent. This tabloid drama in four scenes is clearly devised to suit all tastes in a vaudeville audience. The opening and closing pictures are seriously sentimental, but the street and club scenes are spiced for more robust appetites. Everywife and Everyhusband are seen at table in their own cosy home, attended by Happiness as a deft handmaid. Rhyme and Reason call and wait the progress of events. Jealousy, a sinister feminine figure in green, comes in and renews her acquaintance with the husband, taking advantage of the wife's temporary absence to embrace her old friend. Surprised and shocked by this act, which she sees as she returns to the room, the wife is first indignant and reproachful, then despairingly tearful. Everyhusband, prompted by Rhyme but reproved by Reason, rushes away in a temper.

In the next scene Broadway at night is shown, and a stage door from which emerge male and female revelers, with much hy-play of invitation and coy reluctance. Everyhusband joins the group and is evidently welcomed. Then enters the best-drawn character in the play, Squabina, a chorus girl, who is a joy to every spectator and auditor, merry or sad. Squabina is not averse to enjoying a good supper with a chance acquaintance, but she is unemotionally wise and defensively colloquial. To Everyhusband's invitation she responds frankly, and unreservedly. When Reason, standing by, cautions the reckless married man she joins in the plea for his return to a sober course and leaves him. This interview, with its accompaniments, is a bit of realism that glows like a Montana ruby in a gilt setting. It is the saving clause of the work. Squabina could not be done more deftly, more convincingly.

Then comes a scene in a club, with Drink, Gamble, and other appropriate companions for Everyhusband. Here Reason finally makes himself heard, and his counsel is taken to heart. The "stein song" in this episode is a well-worn but effective interpolation.

Again the home, with Everywife recovering from illness, Everyhusband at her side, and Happiness once more in attendance, with added responsibilities in the form of a small, white-clad bundle.

There you are. A lesson in morals and domestic duties, with diversions and white-light temptations on the side. Drawn with broad crayon strokes and not much art, but with something of more than passing interest. Undoubtedly it is a good advertisement for the greater play which will one day come this way. One of its features, the explanatory remarks of Nobody, a colored servant who advances to the footlights and introduces every scene, requires an apologetic allusion. They serve, partially to clear away any chance for misapprehension on the part of the audience, and completely to cover the brief lapses so necessary for shifting the scenery. But they are a clumsy intervention. In the Brown play the character adds more distinctly to the force of the story told.

Sixteen people are seen in the cast of "Everywife," and though some of the ap-

pearances are only momentary, no little care has been devoted to them. In all its details the little play is notably well done, and as a whole it deserves to rank with the best of the dramatic sketches seen in vaudeville. Philip Quin as Everyhusband, Gladys Granger as Everywife, Edna Ross as Happiness, Amanda Wellington as Jealousy, J. M. Colville as Reason, Roland Rushton as Rhyme, John A. Boone as Gamble, Lew Virden as Drink, and Gertrude Dunlap as Squabina are all actors of accomplishment. Miss Dunlap and Mr. Colville fairly contest for first honors with Mr. Quin.

Last Monday morning Mr. Charles Kellogg, the "nature singer," gave an informal reception on the Orpheum stage which was attended by professors from Stanford and Berkeley, newspaper men, and other distinguished visitors interested in the scientific aspects of the exhibition he gives in the course of this week's programme. Perhaps not all were interested in the beginning, but their attention never wandered after Mr. Kellogg began his experiments. He deserves a more illuminating and distinguishing title than "nature singer." He is a naturalist because he was born in the forest of the California Sierra and grew to man's stature among the creatures of the woods. The birds and animals have in him a confidant and friend. He has never harmed one, and he has no fear of any of them. It is a gift of nature that he is able to imitate with exactness their varied calls and songs. He chirps and trills, but does not whistle, all the melodies and phrases that the wild things of the woodland rehearse.

This in itself would furnish material for a unique vaudeville act, but it is but a part of Mr. Kellogg's application of the gift. The late Professor Le Conte of the State University was the first to experiment with the higher vibrations in musical tones, and to discover that there was a realm above, in which the vibrations, become inaudible by their rapidity, could be detected and measured in various ways. Tyndall received suggestions from Le Conte in this field and worked them out in experiments described in his books. Mr. Kellogg demonstrates the effect of these vibrations on a gas flame guarded by long glass tubes. With his phenomenal "bird" voice he can make the flame dance, die down, take on a singing tone, and go out. No description in limited space of these curious effects can fully set out their scientific interest and value. Mr. Kellogg hints at the possibility of extinguishing a conflagration by vibrations. There is a great field here for students and inventors, the mere border of which has been invaded.

There is much to be seen on the Orpheum stage this week which is not designed to point a moral or adorn a tale of science, for the laughs must have provocation and the amusement-weary must be thrilled. Ce Dora furnishes the thrills, riding a motorcycle about the inside of a mammoth globe of steel lattice-work, and apparently suspending the law of gravity, as she sweeps about the cage on a roaring machine at fifty miles an hour in every possible circumambient line. There are plenty of reckless people in the audience who would not take her place if paid at the rate of, say, fifty dollars a round, and she rides nearly a hundred circuits in a minute. That would be some salary, too.

Jock McKay, the Scottish comedian and piper, is drily humorous. He says a Scotchman is not stingy, but careful. And he is careful to get at least half the applause he merits. The Whittakers are newly from Lunnon music halls, and give a scene from "Dick Whittington," contrived mainly to exhibit Mr. Whittaker's ability as a cat impersonator. It is a long way to travel for such a little thing, yet it is undeniably well done and worthy of better recognition. Art Bowen makes caricatures and sings. It is a draw game.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

Ola Humphrey, the California actress who left the stage to marry Prince Ibrahim Hassan, a cousin of the present Khedive of Egypt, has come back to America and will go into vaudeville. Her story of married life under Oriental auspices is not a captivating account, for it is summed up in the word "impossible." She lived in a palace in Cairo, but refused to become a Mohammedan; in Paris the prince would not allow her to go to the theatres. What are palaces and royalty when compared with the glare of the footlights?

Blanche Bates will soon be here with what is said to be the most delightful success in which she has appeared in years. It is a comedy by Avery Hopwood and called "Nobody's Widow." Bruce McRae is Miss Bates's leading man.

Alice Lloyd's coming engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be limited to one week. Miss Lloyd and her company, under the management of Werba & Luescher, will appear in the musical novelty, "Little Miss Fix-it."

## Red Wine of Quality.

The Italian-Swiss Colony's choice Tiro, Zinfandel, Cabernet and Burgundy are California's most popular red wines. Try them.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Klaw & Erlanger will present their musical comedy de luxe, "The Pink Lady," at the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement of two weeks beginning Monday night, April 8, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of this visit. The same scale of prices prevails for the Saturday matinées and evening performances, but for the two Wednesday afternoon performances a special scale has been arranged which will appeal to patrons of the theatre for these two limited occasions.

It seems quite unnecessary to introduce "The Pink Lady" to theatre-goers of San Francisco. The fame of this remarkable success has preceded it. It was adapted from the French farce, "Le Satyre," by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, the author of "The Belle of New York" and "Leah Kleschna," made the adaptation, and to his richly humorous story Ivan Caryl adjusted a score that accentuates its action and fits into what is typical of the newest possibilities of a modern musical comedy. In keeping with the advanced aim of the book, lyrics, and score, Klaw & Erlanger have made a production which is aptly described as "classy." It is a revelation in color harmony and tone effects that are tasteful and effective throughout.

A company of ninety people gives the piece its dash and go. Herbert Gresham staged this force and in the handling of a pink of perfection chorus he was ably assisted by Julian Mitchell. A special orchestra travels with the company and brings out all the charm of the Caryl score. These players were in the orchestra pit of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, during the run of over 400 performances of "The Pink Lady" in that city. Their presence here will be a detail worth listening to.

There are no stars or featured members of the cast, but rather a well-balanced organization selected for the individual fitness of each to the artistic total. Among the better known members of the company are John E. Young, Olga de Baugh, Marguerite Wright, Octavia Broske, Minnie Jarbeau, Josie Intropidi, Louise Kay, Raymond Bottomly, George Majeroni, Harry Depp, John J. Scannell, George Reed, Jack Ryan, Alfred Fisher, and a chorus of more than forty girls.

The Orpheum offers for next week five entirely new acts. McIntyre and Heath, assisted by Otto J. Johnson, will present their minstrel classic, "Waiting at the Church." The names of these artists are household words in every city in the United States, and they have long been synonyms for mirth and that typically American form of humor in which the negro is the butt. Their last appearance in vaudeville in this city was with the Orpheum Road Show eight years ago. Since then they have been appearing in musical comedy as two of the most successful stars in the United States.

John E. Henshaw, the famous musical comedy star, and Grace Avery, the dainty ingénue, will appear in their clever farce, "Strangers in a Strange Flat," of which Mr. Henshaw is the author. The little play has witty dialogue and amusing complications and is constructed so as to permit the introduction of the players' specialties.

The musical prodigy, Master David Schooler, "the boy Paderewski," and Miss Louise Dickinson, "the juvenile Mary Garden," will be included in the attractions of next week. Schooler studied in Europe and received the personal commendation of Paderewski, who predicted for him a great future. Miss Dickinson is the possessor of a high soprano which she uses to the best advantage.

The Three Shelve Boys, a novelty in the way of contortionists, will introduce a number of new athletic feats. Tom Brown and Siren Navarro, a clever quick-changing team of colored artists, will amuse with a skit entitled "A Chinese Courtship."

Next week concludes the engagements of the fearless Ce Dora, the girl in the golden globe, and Art Bowen. It will also be the last of Charles Kellogg, "the Nature Singer."

## Belasco on Dramatic Criticism.

David Belasco recently said some good things about the dramatic critics of the country. These are his conclusions:

"In America alone is the critic truly cosmopolitan. The Frenchman, the German, the Englishman, all are the rankest provincials when it involves the judgment of the work of an alien dramatist or actor. Particularly is this true of the Frenchman, though he is supposed to be the critic of all critics. For the French critic there is absolutely none other than French actors and none other than French dramatists; he is as insular as a Chinaman in his outlook on the theatre. The English and the Germans are scarcely less self-satisfied and complacent. And they are not one whit more hospitable to foreign actors and foreign drama.

"It is my knowledge of this fact that has kept me from sending David Warfield to England long ago. Now I believe I can declare, without charge of boasting, that Mr.

Warfield is the greatest character actor in the world. I know that, and so does everybody else who has ever seen him. I would not, however, risk his reputation by sending him to England to be judged by tradition-ridden British critics. Then there is Maude Adams, the most charming and most winsome woman on the English-speaking stage today, and as an interpreter of a delicate and ineffable type of character absolutely without a peer on the stage of any country. And yet Charles Frohman does not see fit to send Miss Adams to London, for reasons which I am pretty safe in saying are identical with mine for not sending David Warfield there.

"Nowhere else are dramatic critics so fair, so temperate, so unbiased by traditions, either racial, national, political, or artistic, as in the United States. The very fact that the American critic does not seek to make his work the vehicle for exploiting his own literary style, his own learning and erudition, makes what he does say all the more valuable, not only for the dramatist and the actor, but for the public at large."

## Mr. Francis McComas' LATEST PAINTINGS

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Safest and most magnificent theatre in America

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Matinee Every Day

## A MARVELOUS NEW BILL

McINTYRE and HEATH; JOHN E. HENSHAW and GRACE AVERY; MASTER DAVID SCHOOLER and MISS DICKINSON; THREE SHELVEY BOYS; BROWN and NEVARRO; THE FEARLESS CE DORA; ART BOWEN; NEW DAY-LIGHT Motion Pictures. Last week, CHARLES KELLOGG, "The Nature Singer."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Book and Lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan.  
Music by Ivan Caryl.

Prices: Evenings and Saturday Matinee, \$2 to \$25c. Wednesday matinee, special prices, 25c to \$1.50.

## CORT THEATRE WILL L. GREENBAUM presents

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Gasparri, Tenor;  
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Scenes from "Cavalleria  
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Grand Concert

This Sunday aft, April 7,  
at 2:30

Seats \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at the Cort.

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Calve in Fresno—Next Friday, April 12.

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Extraordinary Programmes

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Sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday, April 10. MAIL ORDERS now to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

BONCI IN OAKLAND  
Friday aft, April 19

Knabe Piano used.

Coming—The Pianist Quartet.  
Alexander Heinemann.

## The BEEL QUARTET

ST. FRANCIS BALLROOM

Next Thursday night, April 11, at 8:15

Programme—Beethoven's "Septet" (for Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, French Horn, Clarinet and Bassoon) and Beethoven's "Quartet" Op. 59, in C major.

Tickets \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.



## VANITY FAIR.

What a lot of curious publications there are that one never heard of before. For example, who knows anything about the *Steward*, an organ, we may suppose, of the waiter fraternity? And yet there may be hundreds of our fellow-citizens to whom the week would seem incomplete without a copy of the *Steward*, to whom it represents the periodical literature of the world, and who reverently read its editorials on the subject of tips and whatever else waiters think about. And, speaking of strange publications, let us record with exultation the appearance of a new monthly devoted to the interests of barbers. We picked it up casually a few days ago in a tonsorial emporium while waiting for the lord high executioner to disentangle his mighty intellect from the intricacies of a baseball report, and we noted with a certain sense of sympathetic wonder that a certain expert whose name has unaccountably escaped us would furnish a series of articles on how to sharpen a razor. A series of articles, mind you. Not a paragraph or a column, but a whole series. Somewhere on this sublimity sphere there is an individual to whom the razor is the greatest fact in life, who dreams about razors, who habitually talks to his wife about razors—if he talks to her at all, which is unlikely—and who has made the razor both a study and a hobby. Probably he has quite a pretty gift with the pen, too, when writing upon so inspiring a topic. We should like to know that man for a few minutes and to admire his skill in bringing every subject around to the subject of razors.

But to return to the *Steward*. This great engine of public opinion ventures to believe that the outcry against the restaurant cloak-room with its fees and its purchased privileges is an unreasonable one. The cloak-room, he seems to say, is a convenience and not an integral part of the act of eating. Why should it not be paid for. One can eat without that convenience just as one can eat without having one's boots cleaned. It is an adjunct to eating, an aid, an accompaniment, so to speak. Why not pay the exacted fees and why should not the right to exact those fees be regarded as an asset of the restaurant?

But in one respect the *Steward* is upon the side of the public, and for this let us thank whatever gods there be. The *Steward* admits that the customer has a right (fancy a customer having a right) to use the room or to leave it unused without resulting peril to life or limb. If he prefers to wear his hat in the restaurant, to lay it on the ground, or to sit upon it, he should be at liberty to do so without attracting the unpleasant attention of the youthful pugilists who are humorously called attendants, without being pursued to his table by terms of obloquy, without having his hat snatched from his head, and without audible reflections upon his improbable parentage or the virtue of his sainted mother. The restaurant proprietor should guarantee the diner against loss of life and limb, and he should undertake to curb the ferocity of the attendants in every possible way. It seems a fair compromise from the point of view of the *Steward*.

It is evident that the matter might be argued at some length, but not here. Putting the question of assault and battery upon one side, there seems to be no reason why the restaurant should not provide a peg to hang one's hat upon just as it provides a knife and fork and a table. The hat may be wet and one may have also a wet umbrella, and while it is humanly possible to eat in face of such difficulties one should be able to assume that when a restaurant offers its hospitality the prices charged include the conveniences that enable one to do so with decency and comfort. The subject is now closed forever.

If there should be a verification of the reports that reach us from Paris there seems to be no hope of avoiding a war between America and France. Thousands of indignant women voters will stand up like one man and Mr. Knox will be compelled either to send an ultimatum to France or to resign. And, by the way, it was one of the newly enfranchised sex who was heard to comment upon a recent newspaper headline, "Knox in Danger," with the question, "Is Knox a man or a place?"

The trouble is thusly. It is said that when American buyers go to Paris to purchase models of the new gowns they are shown, not the new fashions, but others that are arranged for that purpose. When the American customer makes her purchases and then goes herself to Paris later on she is consternated to find that the perfidious Frenchwoman is dressed quite otherwise, and so she has to fit herself out anew from collar to attic or be branded with ineffaceable ignominy. Now this is no laughing matter. Shopkeepers have had their windows broken before now for less than this. So there.

Mme. Catharine D. Groth, Bachelor of Letters at the University of Paris, has issued a treatise upon the subject. One might suppose that a lady of such impressive attain-

ments would have soared above all considerations of dress and fashions, but one can never tell. Mme. Groth says that the Parisians have been simply forced into this horrid crime in protection of their trade. If they allowed the cream of their creations to be copied it would have the effect of discouraging wealthy women from coming to Paris at all except to go to the Moulin Rouge. Mme. Groth has consulted an eminent couturier on this point and the great one condescended to speak as follows: "We tried all methods. We tried to hide our models so that they could not be copied. We found that did us more harm than good, for it made the buyers suspicious. After experimenting in various ways it was deemed most advisable to create a few models at the beginning of the season, which would make the buyers believe we really meant those styles to take the public fancy. The buyers would pick out their models. After they had left we would create new ones for our own purposes. These are always more beautiful, and it is these that are decisive in setting the fashion. Sometimes they are the natural evolution of the first models, in which case the contrast does not occur; frequently they are the reverse, which explains the contrast. For in the latter case the original designs are old-fashioned almost as soon as the real season opens."

Now if it is supposed that we can allow this matter to rest where it is then we have amended the constitution in vain and our women might just as well be looking after babies and doing all the other menial things to which they have been hitherto confined. If diplomacy should fail to adjust this matter the American navy must go straight to Paris.

De Pachmann will have cause to remember Quincy, Illinois, that is to say if he is well served by his press-clipping bureau. Here is a report of his recent recital which doubtless he will paste in his clipping album with a red line around it to remind him of the virtues of humility: "There was a splendid house at the De Pachmann concert last night, and the Scherzo Club ladies were a little ahead on that concert, although it took \$650 cash for the pianist, and then there were the theatre, advertising, and other expenses." It seems too bad that the Scherzo Club ladies should have to pay \$650 for "the pianist." They would have made quite a profit but for that.

There was something like a panic among the American ladies in London when it was announced that Mr. Whitelaw Reid was too ill to present them at court. These presentations must be performed by the ambassador himself. No one else could take his place, and if absent treatment had actually the virtues ascribed to it Mr. Reid would have renewed his youth in about ten minutes. It is estimated that about fourteen ladies wrestled in prayer for his recovery, and it is strange that Providence should have remained indifferent to so much wealth and social distinction.

But the king played the part of Providence to perfection. The groans of the agonized ones reached his ears and the British constitution was swept upon one side with a stroke of the royal pen. He issued an edict to the effect that for presentation purposes Mrs. Reid should assume all the functions, powers, perquisites, prerogatives, and rights of the ambassador himself, and then peace settled upon the distracted cohorts, tears gave place to smiles, and the milliners and dress-makers set to work with redoubled energy. Among the Americans presented by Mrs. Reid were Mrs. J. B. Duke, Mrs. B. Y. Grant, Jr., Miss Margaret Perin, Miss Broadhurst, and Mrs. Broadhurst.

In stories of frontier life in America we sometimes read of judges who gamble with prisoners or decide knotty problems of evidence by the aid of the dice. This very thing has just happened in Berlin, and upon no less an occasion than the trial of Count Gisbert Wolff-Metternich and others on a charge of swindling at cards. One of the attorneys for the defense denied that rouge et noir was a game of chance. Success, he said, went always to the man who was most clever at rapid mental arithmetic. "Get a pack of cards," said the judge, and a pack was produced instantly. There is never any trouble in finding a pack of cards anywhere in civilization. Now if it had been a hymn-book there would have been delay. The judge and the prisoner began to play, and it was noticed with sorrow that the judge was by no means a novice. The prisoner assumed the correct professional attitude. "Faites votre jeu, Monsieur le Président," he cried in French as he noted his first winnings on his cuff. In five minutes the judge had nominally lost a considerable sum and the game came to an end. The judge had won nothing, except experience. He was satisfied that rouge et noir was not a game of chance.

Then came the turn of Police-commissary von Manteuffel, who gave a demonstration of card swindling. He had of course acquired his uncanny knowledge in pursuit of his profession, but those who witnessed the display

may be excused for registering a vow not to play cards with the police commissary even when he was off duty. He explained that cards of a new pack are always arranged in a certain order and that it was possible to shuffle them and to keep mental track of the changes. They could also be marked with the finger-nail in such a way that only the most suspicious could detect it. In proof of what he said he thoroughly shuffled a pack of new cards and announced that the seventh from the top was the nine of clubs. It was. Loud applause in the court which was suppressed in the interests of public morality. Herr von Manteuffel then explained that the black and red cards could be separated into separate packs and then marked by means of an almost imperceptible bend, one pack outwards and the other inwards. When the cards lay on the table the gambler could tell the black from the red by the slight bend that only he would notice. So of course he, too, had to play his little game with the judge to show how easily he could cheat him. And he could, too. The prisoner himself supplied a note of comedy to the proceedings by complimenting the police commissary on his skill in cheating at cards, and the judge, not to be outdone, advised the prisoner to watch carefully for his future benefit. It all went merry as a marriage bell.

Camembert is the name of a commune, a few houses about a Camembert church, in the prefecture Vimoutier and the department of Orne. The cheese got its name from the fact that it originated near there, but there isn't a cheese factory nearer than three miles away, now and not enough people live in Camembert to run one of any size. Caen, the principal Camembert market, is in Calvados. The cheese is carted to the shore and carried across the mouth of the Seine to Havre in boats. It is made, however, on the north-eastern side of the Seine and from there comes to Havre direct. The cheese is shipped unripe, even to home markets near at hand in French cities. It is seldom over four weeks old when it leaves the factory and often only two or three.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was a reminiscent annoyance that moved a young widow on a blustery March morning, who entered her drawing-room to find that the wind had overturned the vase which contained her husband's remains. "Pshaw," she said, "now isn't it just like George to throw his ashes all over my new Kirmanshad rug!"

A short time after the concert began a man rose and said: "Is there a Christian Scientist in the audience?" Another man rose in his turn. "I am a Christian Scientist," said he. "Then, sir," said the other, advancing towards him, "I will ask you to change places with me, as my seat is in an abominable draught."

An especially enthusiastic lady tourist had kept up her Gating fire of questions until she had thoroughly mastered the geography of the country. Then she ventured to ask the hrakenian how he had lost his finger: "Cut off in making a coupling between cars, I suppose?" "No, madame," he said, "I wore that finger off pointing out scenery to tourists."

A Scotch gamekeeper who had been left in charge of an estate was being questioned by an English visitor. "Are there many deer on the place?" "Hundreds, sir." "Many bares?" "Thousands, sir." "Well, now, are there many gorillas?" asked the Englishman, satirically. For a moment the gamekeeper hesitated, then he replied, "Weel, sir, they— they come like yersel, just noo and then."

Robert Henri, the artist, was talking at the annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts about certain old masters. "Take, for instance," he said, "Morland. The illustrious and indefatigable Morland painted in the course of forty years 4000 pictures. And of these— Mr. Henri smiled his quiet and intelligent smile. "Of these," he continued, "no less than 8000 are still extant."

Apocryph of the downfall of Ernest Terah Hooley, the English promoter, Senator La Follette said the other day in Washington: "The English law doesn't allow a man as much rope as the American law. A very wealthy American once said to an Englishman: 'Oh, yes, you have a good trade here in England, perhaps, but, as far as Napoleons of finance go, why, I have never once met a Napoleon of finance in all my visits to London.' 'No, probably not,' the Englishman replied. 'You see, we keep our Napoleons of finance in jail.'"

Tommy Deagen, soldier of fortune and distinctive character, worked for the trolley company in the old days—"the good old days," he called them, but that was largely his point of view. He had worked five or six days, and he had worked hard, as conductor. He liked the work and he found it worth while. One day as he hopped off his car at the division office he saw a crowd of conductors standing around. "What's this, boys? A strike?" he asked in surprise. "Nope," was the reply; "this is pay day. Didn't you know it?" "What?" said Deagen; "do they pay you, too?"

General Marion Maus has a keen and delicate taste in literature, and at a recent dinner at Vancouver Barracks, discussing a popular novel of little worth, General Maus said: "The pathos of the book is really bathos. It reminds me of a private's widow. The good woman was about to sell her household furniture, her rugs, plated ware, and what not. As she was going over these articles her eyes filled with tears, a host of memories rose to her mind, and, laying aside a half-dozen knives, she said: 'Oh, dear! I can't let these go! They've been in poor George's mouth too often!'"

On one occasion Senator Tillman was so much pleased with a speech he made that he printed it in pamphlet form. "I congratulate you," Senator Bailey said, a few days later, "on that speech which you have circulated as a pamphlet. I happened to see one this morning, and it contained some of the best things I have ever seen in any pamphlet on that subject." "I am very proud to hear you say so," said Tillman, much gratified. "What were the things that pleased you so much?" "Why," explained Bailey, "as I passed the Senate restaurant this morning I saw a girl come out into the corridor with two cherry pies wrapped up in it."

Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster at a luncheon in Newport said of a young girl who had just returned from Paris: "She studied, you know, under De Reszke. They tell a story about her. One afternoon in presence of the whole class she sang an aria of Puccini's. All the while she was singing the maestro walked up and down muttering 'Mon Dieu! Peste!' and such like expressions. When she finished her body— I let him expectantly, and us to hear the final verdict. M. de

Reszke strode up to the girl, laid his hand on her shoulder in a gentle, fatherly way, and delivered his verdict in a murmur: 'Ma chere,' he said, 'marry soon. Goodbye.'"

## VOTES FOR CONGRESSMAN BLOOP.

"Why the big moan from the kitchen this morning?" asked Mr. Blaha as he tapped on the end of the cold storage egg which cost four cents.

"It's Virginia, our new cook," said Mrs. Blaha. "She wanted to come in and get you to promise to vote for Congressman Bloop. I told her you were too busy messing eggs all over the sporting page of the newspaper so that I can't put it on the shelves, and that you couldn't be disturbed."

"Admit her," said Mr. Blaha grandly. "We will not refuse audience to the humblest of our subjects."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Blaha. "Come in, Virginia."

"Ah jess want ter say dis, Mistah Blaha," said Virginia; "dat Congressman Bloop am de greatest man in dis yere country an' Ah want yo to promise to vote fo' him."

"Why do you think Congressman Bloop is the greatest man in the country, Virginia?" asked Mr. Blaha. "Has he succeeded in securing a conviction against the watermelon trust, or has he put behind prison bars malefactors of great wealth who insist on cornering the visible chicken supply of the country?"

"Ah don't know nuthin' er tall erbout dat," said Virginia, "but Ah does know dat he done sent mah old man a whole lot of seeds fo' de gyarden. He am suttenly a mos' kind man an' Ah want yo to promise foh to vote fo' him."

"What kind of seed did he send you, Virginia?" asked Mrs. Blaha, deeply interested. "Well, ma'am, dey was doggonyou seed an' gyranium seed an' Ah don't know how many mo' kinds. He am suttenly a kind man. Ah kaint work fo' you all any more, Mister Blaha, ef you don't promise to vote fo' dat Congressman Bloop."

"Oh, he'll vote for him," exclaimed Mrs. Blaha with great earnestness.

"Well, Ah dess want er answer," said Virginia. "Is you, or haint you, dat's all Ah wan't to know. Ef you haint, Ah'm goin' right over to Mistah Blinkin's to work. Dat 'ar congressman dess sit up nights down dar in Washington er-thinkin' up all de nice kinds of seeds fo' to send to mah old man an' me too, and Ah'm a-goin' ter work hard to git him elected agin. You jist say rite now, Mr. Blaha, is you, or haint you?"

"You say Congressman Bloop sent you hegonia and geranium and divers other sorts of seed," said Mr. Blaha, gracefully sidestepping the main issue. "Now, Virginia, how hig a garden have you?"

"We haint got no gyarden," said Virginia, "but we is a-goin' to have a winder box."

"Your husband, your children, and yourself eat regularly, I believe?" continued Mr. Blaha.

"Yes, sah, we is a powerful fambly to eat," replied Virginia; "hut is you, or haint you?"

"Will you serve the begonias and the geraniums to your family stewed in butter, or haked?" asked Mr. Blaha, spearing another piece of toast.

"Dey haint ter eat," responded Virginia; "dey am to look at."

"Ah!" said Mr. Blaha; "then did Congressman Bloop send you no seeds of the waffle tree?"

"What yo' all talkin' about?" demanded Virginia. "Dess tell me, is you, or haint you?"

"You are a good cook, Virginia," observed Mr. Blaha, "but you have not kept pace with the marvelous things done by the Department of Agriculture. Did Congressman Bloop send you any seed of the biscuit plant?"

"Ah haint goin' ter hear any more o' dis yere foolishness," said Virginia; "is you, or haint you?"

"And did Congressman Bloop send you seed for the wheat cake plant?"

"Ah'm goin'," said Virginia, "is you, or haint you?"

"Or the egg plant or the coffee tree," continued Mr. Blaha. He hurried into the front room and brought back several volumes of the encyclopedia and he showed Virginia pictures of the egg plant and the coffee tree. "There, Virginia, you see I am telling you the truth."

"Yessah," said Virginia, "you suttenly am."

"If Congressman Bloop is your friend, why didn't he send you some seed for the coffee tree so that you could raise your own coffee?"

"Dat's right," said Virginia, "Ah suttenly could use dat egg plant an' dat coffee tree."

"But those plants," continued Mr. Blaha, "are nothing compared to what the Department of Agriculture and Mr. Burhank have secured. Now let us take the milk gravy tree, which when tapped in the morning yields a plentiful supply of rich nourishing milk gravy."

"Dat congressman didn't send me no milk gravy tree," said Virginia gloomily, "dess doggonyou and gyraniums."

"Yet how simple it was to produce the milk gravy tree," said Mr. Blaha. "But there are many little dwarf food trees designed especially to grow in a small flat and adapted to the needs of people of small means. For instance, there is the wonderful waffle tree I have already spoken of, which is no more

than two feet high and can be grown in any window box. And then there is the ham and egg tree, the new dwarf variety being—"

"Stop right where you is, Mistah Blaha," said Virginia, firmly. "Ah won't git sore about nothin' else, but Ah'm goin' home tonight an' take a look at dem yer seed dat fool congressman sent me an' ef dar haint no seed for dat little ham an' egg tree Ah will suttenly bust dat statesman in de face ef he ever asks mah ole man to vote for him agin."


"She'll stay," said Mr. Blaha in a satisfied tone as Virginia retreated to the kitchen.

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Blaha, "but Jim, I wish you would vote for Congressman Bloop."

"What!" yelled Mr. Blaha.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blaha, "I've just set my heart on raising some cute little waffle trees."

—Richard Henry Little, in Chicago Tribune.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mattheas have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Louise Mattheas, to Lieutenant Truman D. Thorpe, U. S. A. (retired). Lieutenant Thorpe is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thorpe of Oakland. The wedding will be an event of the early summer.

From New York comes the news of the engagement of Miss Katherine Baxter and Mr. Russell Burrage. Miss Baxter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Baxter, formerly of Denver, but who now make their home in Tennessee. She is a sister of Mrs. Cornelia Baxter McKee of Paris. Mr. Burrage is the son of Mr. Albert C. Burrage of Boston. The wedding will take place April 9 at the Church of Heavenly Rest in New York and will be followed by a reception at Sherry's.

The wedding of Miss Frances Martin and Mr. Duval Moore will take place April 10 at the bride's home in Ross. Miss Hazel Dimmick of Philadelphia will be the bride's maid of honor. Mr. Kenneth Moore will be his brother's best man. Miss Martin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and a sister of the Messrs. John, Walter, Howard, and Lewis Martin. Mr. Moore is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore of Ross.

The wedding of Lieutenant David McDougal Le Breton and Miss Pauline Persons will take place April 29 in Philadelphia. After a honeymoon spent in Europe Lieutenant and Mrs. Le Breton will reside at Charleston Navy Yard in Boston.

The wedding of Miss Grace Whittle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Whittle, and Mr. Leslie Wehh Symmes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Symmes of Berkeley, will take place soon after Easter.

Miss Margaret Postlewaite and Mr. Thomas Dean will be married April 27 at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Postlewaite.

Mrs. James Dougherty of Portland has announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Angela Kinney, to Mr. Chester Murphy. Mr. Murphy is a nephew of Mrs. Milo M. Potter of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Schlacks entertained several friends at a luncheon on Saturday, when Miss Helen Gould of New York was the guest of honor.

Mrs. John G. Kittle was hostess at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent of London.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George Klink entertained a number of friends at a dinner Monday in the red room of the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Belle Parker Burns entertained at a dinner at the Palace Hotel Saturday evening in honor of Miss Ernestine Craft of Montreal and Mr. George Gunn, who are to be married this spring. Miss Craft is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Birmingham.

Mrs. C. C. Moore entertained about thirty of her friends at a luncheon last week at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Frederick J. V. Skiff.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Eugene Freeman on Wednesday in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George A. Pope was hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Pope will leave shortly for Burlingame, where they will reopen their country home.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst was hostess at a luncheon the early part of the week.

Mrs. Charles Crocker entertained the members of the Spinners' Club at a musicale on Wednesday at the St. Francis Hotel.

Captain Ode C. Nichols, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nichols entertained at a reception Saturday evening at their home in Presidio Terrace.

The Messrs. Arthur and Reginald Paget, who are visiting in San Francisco from their ranch at Bishop, Inyo County, entertained a few friends at the theatre and supper Monday evening.

Mrs. William Waldron was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Fredrick Parker, who leaves next week for Chicago, where she will reside.

Miss Marie Louise Bryant was the guest of honor at a tea and bridge party given by Miss Susette Newton on Thursday.

Mrs. William L. Breyfogle was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at the Palace Hotel on Thursday in honor of her niece, Miss Franc Pierce.

The Friday Evening Club has issued invitations for another dance to take place April 12 at the California Club.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker closed their home on Laguna Street Saturday and have gone down to San Mateo, where they have taken possession of their country home, Uplands.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Reid, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Merritt Reid, have gone to San Mateo, where they have taken the Bonner house for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent will leave the latter part of the week for Los Angeles, where they will make their home.

Misses Harriet and Janetta Alexander, who have been visiting in San Francisco for several weeks, left last Thursday for New York with Miss Jennie Crocker in her private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters and Mr. Peters's son, De Witt Peters, have gone to Santa Barbara, where they have taken a house for six weeks.

Mr. Henry K. Hadley has taken a house at Monterey, which he will occupy in a few weeks. While there he will compose the music for the Bohemian Club jinks.

Mrs. Thomas A. Driscoll and her two little sons have returned to their home in Hillsborough after a visit of several weeks in Santa Barbara with Mrs. Driscoll's parents, Admiral Bacon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell and the latter's daughter, Miss Louise Janin, are expected to arrive this week from Europe, where they have spent the past year. Mrs. Mendell's son, Covington Janin, is to remain at school in the East.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, mother of Mrs. William S. Tevis, left Monday for New York, where she will make an extended visit.

Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin, who has been visiting in Honolulu for the past two months, will return to San Francisco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham have returned to their home in Santa Barbara after a brief visit in town.

Miss Minnie Houghton, who has been in Southern California for several weeks, has returned. She has recently been the guest of Captain and Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, who planned to sail two weeks ago for Europe, were delayed in New York because of the coal strike in England. They will remain abroad four months.

Miss Johanna Volkman, accompanied by her brother, Daniel, will leave shortly for Panama, where they will remain several weeks. Others who plan to make the same trip are Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis.

Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore sailed last week on the *Chiyo Maru* for Olongapo, where they will be stationed indefinitely.

Mrs. John Simpson is visiting in Kansas City as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Bishop Sidney Partridge and Mrs. Partridge.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant is again established in her home on Buchanan Street, which has been occupied during the winter by Mrs. James Coffin. Mrs. Coffin has returned to Ross, where she has opened her house for the summer.

Mrs. J. Selby Hanna will leave next week for Chicago, where she will join her sister, Mrs. Charles Huse. They will both return to California for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins have reopened their country home in Menlo Park.

Miss Marian Zeile left this week for New York, where she will spend the Easter vacation with her sister, who is attending an Eastern school.

Mrs. Frank Pixley sailed last Thursday for Panama as the guest of Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomas. She will join her husband later, in New York.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb and her daughter, Mrs. James King Steele, have returned from San Gabriel, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. D. P. Thompson and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Thompson, of Portland, are staying at the St. Francis Hotel.

Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman opened their country home, Skyacres, in Ross, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Ethel Shorb will leave about April 15 for Europe, where she will spend several months. Miss Gertrude Mills is at present the guest of friends in Sacramento.

Mrs. Ward Barron and Mrs. Worthington Ames have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Miss Louise Boyd is convalescing after an illness that confined her to a hospital for several weeks and has returned to her home, Maple Lawn, in San Rafael.

Miss Marian Newhall is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, at their home in San Mateo.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge expect to leave this week for a two months' visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton will be at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for the early summer, but will go later to their country home near St. Helena, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., will spend this month as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Francis McComas, at her home in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sahla, will go abroad this month. They will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin.

Dr. and Mrs. William E. Hopkins have returned from Europe and are at present in New York. They are expected to arrive in San Francisco the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page and their daughter, Miss Dorothy Page, have closed their home on

Broadway and are established in Belvedere for the summer.

Miss Angela Coyle has returned after a two months' visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker have gone to San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt left Tuesday for New York after a few days' visit in this city. She came west to meet her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clifford Woodhouse (formerly Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt), who arrived Saturday from the Orient, where they have been traveling since their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse accompanied Mrs. Kruttschnitt to New York and may reside permanently in the East.

Mrs. James Coffin and her daughter, Miss Natalie Coffin, have returned to their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear are established for the summer in their home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson left Saturday for their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall have closed their town house and are established for the summer in their new home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden and will spend the summer at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley returned Monday to their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown left last week for Southern California en route to their home in Aspen, Colorado.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Mr. Arthur Goodall returned Saturday to Oakland after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Major C. L. Tilden, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tilden, and Mrs. Tilden's daughters, Misses Alexine and Marion Mitchell, left last week for the Orient.

Captain Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bane, who was formerly Miss Bessie Louise Dickman, will arrive here from Manila April 13 after an absence of several years.

Lieutenant Edward D. Jones, U. S. N., and Mrs. Jones (formerly Miss Ona Rodgers), have gone to Fort Trumbull, New London, Connecticut, where they will spend the next few years.

## The Calve Concerts.

Mme. Calvé will again appear at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, April 7, giving a concert and scenes from "Cavalleria Rusticana," the latter in costume, with scenery, and the support of a splendid grand opera orchestra under the direction of Brahms Van Den Berg. The handsome young tenor Gasparri will be heard in the rôle of Turiddu, and every one knows that Calvé as Santuzza is even greater than as Carmen. Besides in "Cavalleria" there is more opportunity for Calvé to sing, for Carmen is really an acting part even more than a vocal one.

The selections from Mascagni's masterpiece that will be given are the "Prelude" by the orchestra, "Siciliano" by Turiddu, "Raconte" by Santuzza, and the great dramatic duet by Santuzza and Turiddu.

In the concert portion of the programme Calvé will be heard in several of her favorite numbers, including, by request, the air from "The Pearl of Brazil" with flute obligato, and Gasparri's offering will be the two romanzas from Puccini's "La Tosca."

Mr. Van Den Berg will play piano solos by Rachmaninoff and Moskowski.

Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday at the Cort Theatre.

Next Tuesday afternoon, April 9, Calvé will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, in an entirely different concert programme, but by special request will repeat her condensed version of "Carmen."

Calvé appears in Fresno on Friday, April 12; San Jose, Monday, April 15; and Stockton, April 17, and then journeys to Southern California.

## Bonci, Greatest of Tenors.

Of course Caruso is admitted to have the most remarkable tenor voice in the whole world, but it is of a purely dramatic quality, and he uses it only in operatic singing. Alessandro Bonci, considered by many authorities to be the greatest living tenor, has a voice of an entirely different genre, so that comparisons in this case are indeed odious. Bonci's great superiority over any other living tenor lies in his ability as a musician, and he is the only great operatic tenor who can hold an audience for two hours in a song recital. As an artist Bonci stands supreme as the two programmes he is to sing at the Cort Theatre under Will Greenbaum's management amply demonstrate.

At the opening concert, Sunday afternoon, April 14, Bonci will sing a group of old Italian classics, by Pergolesi, Haydn, Gluck, and Carrisimi; a group of songs in English by Cadman, Rogers, and De Koven; a group of French works by David, Chaminade, and Massenet, and then a group of modern Italian compositions.

The operatic numbers include the aria from Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto," Massenet's "Manon Lescaut," and Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West."

On Sunday afternoon, April 21, Bonci's farewell programme will include numbers from "Don Giovanni," "Iris," "La Bohème," "La Tosca," and "Andrea Chenier," besides some charming songs in English, Italian, and French.

Seats for the Bonci concerts will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday, April 10. Mail or-

ders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Bonci will repeat his opening programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland on Friday afternoon, April 19.

On Tuesday night, April 16, Bonci will sing for the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

## Beel Quartet's Beethoven Programme.

The most important chamber music programme given in this city for many years will be the one arranged by the Beel Quartet for its final concert of the season, to be given at the St. Francis Hotel in the Colonial Ballroom next Thursday night, April 11, at 8:15. The evening will be devoted to two of the most beautiful works of Beethoven: the septet for violin, viola, violoncello, clarinet, contrabass, French horn, and bassoon, the players being Sigmund Beel, Nathan Firestone, W. Villalpando, L. Prevati, H. B. Randall, F. E. Huske, and W. H. Decker; and the quartet, Op. 93, in C major. While both numbers are by the same composer they are of quite a different genre and show the great master in two entirely distinct moods.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the newsstand of the St. Francis.

The season of the Beel Quartet has been the most successful ever given by a local organization, and Mr. Beel has plans for a most interesting series for the season of 1912 and '13.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Official returns of the election held on Thursday, March 28, to authorize the city to sell bonds for \$8,800,000, the proceeds to be devoted to new municipal buildings, show that 45,129 votes were cast favoring the project and 4035 against the proposal. A city hall, public library, and art museum are being planned for construction by the city with the funds secured; the exposition will donate a million-dollar auditorium, and an opera house of equal cost is proposed, to be erected by popular subscription, all to be grouped at the "civic centre."

Immediately following the election authorizing the city to sell bonds for a fund with which to build a city hall and "civic centre," action was taken by the municipal authorities to begin a condemnation suit that will gain possession of the land required, from Marshall Square through to Van Ness Avenue. Some seven blocks are comprised in the plot, embracing 108 parcels of land with 172 owners.

Governor Vessey of South Dakota last Saturday selected a site for the building which his state will erect at Harbor View for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A pencil sale lasting two days, for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, closed Saturday evening, after being vigorously conducted by a large number of charitable women. The deserving charity will receive about \$6000 from this enterprise.

The individual savings deposits in California, according to the last bank statement, aggregate \$390,373,000, divided among 765,528 depositors, an average of \$510 to each account. Of this San Francisco is credited with \$172,437,000, belonging to 249,218 depositors, an average of \$691 to each individual account.

After more than two years of litigation the \$15,000,000 estate of the late E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin will now be settled. The appeal of Beatrice Anita Turnbull to the Supreme Court from a judgment entered in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County in her action to recover a part of the estate was dismissed last Saturday. The lower court held that Baldwin was not married to the mother of the claimant, and that judgment is thus affirmed. The widow, Lillie Bennett Baldwin, will receive \$1,400,000; Clara Baldwin Stocker, daughter, \$6,000,000; Anita Baldwin McClaughry, daughter, \$6,000,000; Zella Robinson Selby, daughter, \$150,000.

Andreas Dippel, the general manager of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, arrived in San Francisco Monday and made contracts with Mr. W. H. Leahy of the new Tivoli Opera House for an annual visit of his company for the next three years. The new Tivoli will be opened a year hence and at that time the seasons of grand opera will be inaugurated.

Alfred Williams has been chosen president and general manager of the Ocean Shore Railroad, to take active charge at once. It is said that \$383,000 realized from the recent assessment will be devoted to improvements on the line.

Bids on contracts for the building of the Geary Street municipal street railway from Fifth Avenue eastward to Kearny Street, aggregating \$225,000 were accepted by the Board of Public Works on Monday and contracts awarded. Six months' time is allowed for the completion of the work.

Charles Carpy has been elected president of the board of directors of the French Hospital Society. The directors, fourteen of the fifteen being reelected, are Emile L. Bareilles, Constant J. Auger, Joseph Palacin, Orlando Bozio, Jean Bergez, P. Alexandre Bergerot, Martin Cervieres, Jean P. Casenave, Clement Lamaysou, Germain Pouchan, Jean Laclergue, Albert Nogue, Octavin Danglede, Marcel Lemer.

A reception was given at the St. Francis Hotel Monday evening by the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West to Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelanovich (formerly Miss Eleanor Calhoun), who has just returned to her native state after a long residence abroad. The princess has been a successful actress in America and in Paris, and one of the features of her visit will be her appearance again on the stage in a play to be given for charitable objects at the San Gabriel Mission in Southern California.

Forty-one weeks, running from February 20, 1915, to December 4, 1915, is the term to be covered by the Panama-Pacific Exposition. In settling upon these dates and the time covered, the board of directors have acted with an evident desire to demonstrate to the world that the climate of California permits of all the year open-air exhibitions.

By a vote of 20,500 favoring the project to 600 opposing it, the city officials were authorized to issue \$1,000,000 in bonded in-

debtedness of \$6,000,000 for a municipal telephone and telepathy service. Some curiosity is shown as to the development of this novelty in municipal improvements.

On Saturday, April 13, the registry of voters qualifying to vote at the presidential primaries will close.

The baseball season of 1912 opened on Tuesday at Recreation Park. A monster assemblage saw the San Francisco Seals defeat the Oakland Oaks by a score of 8 to 7.

## Emilie Blanckenburg's Concert.

Next Tuesday evening, April 9, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, a concert will be given by Emilie Blanckenburg, assisted by Reinhold Essbach, tenor; Louis Newbauer, flutist; Dr. H. J. Stewart, accompanist. Miss Blanckenburg will sing operatic selections from Wagner, Verdi, and Donizetti, and songs by Dell'acqua, David, Schubert, Schumann, Nevin, Lang, and Stewart, and also be heard in three duets by Hildach, with Mr. Essbach. Mr. Essbach will sing an aria from Flotow's "Stradella." Mr. Newbauer will play obligato solos for Miss Blanckenburg's selection from David's "Perle du Bresil," and for the mad scene from "Lucia."

The list of patronesses of Miss Blanckenburg's concert includes a score of ladies socially prominent.

In a ship which came from Spain to the golden land of Mexico in the early part of the sixteenth century there was stowed away with other products of civilization a printing press. This press was set up under the direction of Mendoza and the first book printed on it, in 1532, was the "Spiritual Ladder of St. John Climacus." This book was the first one to be printed in the New World. Other printing presses were brought to the New World by the Spaniards, and on one press which they set up in Peru six books were printed. A hundred years passed by before the English ventured into the field of print in New England. This was when Stephen Daye, in 1639, published the Freeman's Oath at Cambridge, Massachusetts, together with an almanac. A year after this first effort on the part of the English colonist the Bay Psalm Book was issued, which is so rare that a copy is worth its weight in gold. The Cambridge Press, which issued the Psalm Book, thereafter turned out one book a year for twenty-one years, a trifling production, but quite sufficient to meet the demands of the time.

Martin Beck, head of the Orpheum Circuit, who has heretofore devoted his theatrical efforts to vaudeville, has entered a new field and produced a three-act play, "The Glass House," by Louis Anspercher. Miss Kathryn Kidder, who is Mrs. Anspercher, and Edwin Arden will take part. Mr. Anspercher has already been represented in the theatre by "The Embarrassment of Riches" and "A Woman of Impulse."

Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet," have just seen produced in New York their joint play called "Milestones." The milestones are milestones of time, the three acts of the play being labeled "1860," "1885," and "1912"; so that the principal characters perform the somewhat trying feat of passing from youth to age within the space of an evening.

The swiftest water craft ever built is the motor boat *Dirie IV*, constructed for Commodore Heckscher, Melville, and Burnham, of New York, and she defended the Harmsworth trophy at Huntington, Long Island, last year, developing a record speed of forty-seven miles an hour over a measured course. She is forty feet long, seven-foot beam, and has two 250-horsepower motors.

The Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland, which is considered one of the world's very greatest musical organizations, will give a series of three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, under the Greenbaum Auditorium, the dates being Tuesday night, April 23, Friday afternoon, April 26, and Sunday afternoon, April 28.

The first appearance of John Mason under the Frohman management will be in Henry Bernstein's latest drama, "The Attack," now being performed at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. He will play the rôle of Alexander Merital, the part in which Lucien Guitry has achieved great success in the French production.

Christine Nielsen, who has been singing the leading rôle in "The Wedding Trip," has been engaged to support James T. Powers in "Two Little Brides."

Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess" is in the last nights of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

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tic) and Argonaut..... 4.25  
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.  
She—I just love a good skate. He—I  
would, too, if it wasn't for the morning after.  
—The Oriole.  
"Does he know his own failings?" "He  
ought to. His wife keeps the list."—Birming-  
ham Age-Herald.  
"Waiter, this fowl is like ruhher." "Yes,  
sir. That's why we call it spring chicken."—  
Harvard Lampoon.  
"Is he a man of pronounced views?" "Yes;  
but they are pronounced by his wife."—Bir-  
mingham Age-Herald.  
"I understand your son is studying at  
Yale." "Ahem! My son is at Yale."—Bir-  
mingham Age-Herald.  
"Did you hear the new opera in New  
York?" "Yes." "It was sung in English,  
wasn't it?" "I was told so."—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.  
"How dreadfully stout the general is get-  
ting!" "Yes, isn't it fortunate? Otherwise  
he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals!"  
—Punch.  
"Has that young man nerve and origi-  
nality?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but  
they use them all up in selecting funny hats."  
—Washington Star.  
Gentleman (engaging groom)—Are you  
married? Groom—No, sir. I was thrown  
agiu a barbed-wire fence and got my face  
scratched!—The Tattler.  
Mrs. A—What did your husband say when  
he saw the bill for your new gown? Mrs. B  
—I didn't hear. I started to play on the  
piano.—Boston Transcript.  
"The doctor is such a polite man. He al-  
ways sees his patients out right to the door."  
"Yes, he once had a magnificent fur coat  
stolen!"—London Opinion.  
City—Isn't it beautiful! All Nature is  
smiling today! Country—She aint smilin'!  
She's laughin' laughin' at you easy marks who  
are out here huyin' lots!—Puck.  
"What is your objection to Dr. Foodlam?"  
"His unreasonableness; he told me I should  
have to take more nourishment, and then  
charged me so much that I couldn't afford  
to take any."—Sotire.  
"Why is she so angry with him?" "Be-  
cause he agreed with her." "You mean dis-  
agreed." "I mean what I said. She remarked  
that of course she was not perfect, and he  
agreed with her."—Houston Post.  
Minister—My dear little boy, why don't you  
carry an umbrella when it is raining like  
this? Dear Little Boy—Since pa has stopped  
going to church he never brings home any  
more umbrellas.—London Tit-Bits.  
Mrs. Dalton—If you run for office don't  
count on my vote. Dalton—All right, Mame.  
But if I am elected I'll pass a law making it  
a penalty to wear a hat like the one you  
just bought.—Chicago Daily News.  
Mrs. Much-wed—Henry, I'm not going to  
put up with this a bit longer. I'll take the  
baby and go away to mother's. Mr. Much-  
wed—Yesh, an' (hic) I'll take the jewelry an'  
(hic) go away to uncle's.—Pall Mall Gazette.  
"How'll you get off for the opening game?  
You killed your grandmother off last season."  
"I'll ask to get off for grandfather's wed-  
ding. What's the matter with the old gentle-  
man getting married again?"—Louisville  
Courier-Journal.  
"But why do you advertise that you want  
to sell this car because you are going to  
leave the city? You know that isn't so."  
"Yes, it is. If I ever sell this car for what I  
ask for it I'll have to leave the city."—De-  
troit Free Press.  
An Arkansas preacher pawned his watch  
and the following Sunday preached four hours  
because he had no timepiece. At the conclu-  
sion of the sermon there was a special col-  
lection raised and sent to the pawnbroker.—  
New Orleans Picayune.  
Mrs. Bangs—The people in the next suite  
to ours are awfully annoying. They pound  
on the wall every time our Annie sings. I  
wish we knew of some way to drive them  
out of the flat. Mrs. Wangs—Why not have  
Annie keep on singing?—The Manhattan.  
"I understand your boy Josh is experi-  
menting on the lines of perpetual motion."  
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "And I  
feel some encouraged about it. I thought for  
awhile that the only thing Josh was goin'  
to take in was perpetual rest."—Washington  
Star.  
"I'm going to tell you a great secret."  
"Yes?" "And I wouldn't have you tell any-  
body I told you for all the world." "You can  
trust me. I never told a secret yet. I've got  
such a poor memory that I never remember  
who told me, nor what it was."—Cleveland  
Plain Dealer.  
Clerk (to woman who has fingered over  
everything in the store without buying any-  
thing)—Excuse me, madam, but are you shop-  
ping here? Customer—Certainly. What would

I be doing? Clerk—I thought perhaps you  
might be taking an inventory.—Woman's  
Home Companion.  
Mr. A—A more deserving medical man  
than our friend Richard does not exist. He  
very frequently accepts no fees from his  
patients. Mr. B—You don't say so! Mr. A—  
He generally settles with the heirs.—Tit-Bits.  
THE MERRY MUSE.  
At the Going Out of Lent.  
Gone the grievous days and gloomy,  
Days of penance and of prayer;  
Now a something blithe and bloomy  
Breathes adown the April air.  
Little birds are singing sonnets,  
Drowning dullard discontent;  
Bless me, what a change in honnets  
At the going out of Lent!  
Well, the preacher's had his innings,  
And a mighty score he's made—  
All our slippings and our sinnings  
In his righteous balance weighed.  
We've been mournful, melancholy;  
Many a moody hour we've spent;  
Hey, for just a fling of folly  
At the going out of Lent!  
We have had a feast of reason;  
Let us taste the tang of mirth!  
Sooth, it is the sunny season  
Of the lyric things of earth!  
There is love among the sparrows,  
And, with mischievous intent,  
Cupid sharpens up his arrows  
At the going out of Lent! —Life.  
In Memoriam.  
Once I had a meerschau yellow;  
Nevermore I'll know its fellow.  
How one whiff of it would banish every care!  
And its loss I still deplore,  
But I'll never see it more,  
For my wife has got it put away somewhere.  
And my pair of slippers oldest  
That I loved when nights were coldest,  
When close to the cheery hearth I drew my chair,  
Now from mortal eye are hid,  
Like the gold of Captain Kidd,  
For my wife has got them put away somewhere.  
'Tis a rule that's ne'er unheeded  
That what's sure to be most needed  
She must hide away with skill beyond compare.  
To the things that once we knew  
We can find not e'en a clue  
When my wife has got them put away somewhere.  
Oft I've told her, "Burn it, break it,  
Or to some poor family take it;  
Let me know it's gone, and save me from despair:  
But do not, I beg and pray,  
Let me hunt till I am gray  
For the thing I know you've put away some-  
where."  
When the sea gives up its dead,  
When the Judgment Book is read,  
When the last cold-storage chicken is laid bare:  
Then perhaps we'll find some trace  
Of the secret hiding-place  
Of the things my wife has put away somewhere.  
—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.

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July 1, 2, 3, 15, 16, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31.  
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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### "Rule of the People."

Incidents in connection with the movement in Alameda County in behalf of Mr. Roosevelt exhibit interestingly the difference between "rule of the people" as a sentimental theory and as a working fact. One Hill, a citizen inspired by "progressive" ideas and full of enthusiasm for Roosevelt, undertook upon his own motion to organize a campaign club. This, he thought, was a proper way under the theory of rule of the people to go about the business of organizing loose sentiment into a concrete force. Mr. Hill contrived to enlist some eighty or more persons in his movement, and his club was in a flourishing condition when it attracted the notice of Governor Johnson. That worthy saw in a club organized spontaneously and without authorization from his machine a menace to rule of the people as he understands it. Orders were given therefore to the effect that Mr. Hill's club was "irregular"—that such movements to be "regular" must be

marked with the sign manual of Mr. Johnson himself. Mr. Hill saw no reason for altering his plans; in his simplicity he thought he had quite as good a right to work up sentiment for Roosevelt as anybody else. But his associates had been better instructed in the ethics of rule of the people. There were instant desertions from Mr. Hill's club, a notable one being that of Mrs. Morris, representative of the newly enfranchised element, who abandoned her office in the Hill club to accept one rather more conspicuous in a new club properly marked with the Johnsonian brand. Rule of the people is a truly beautiful theory. We hear much of it from the mouths of Mr. Johnson and his associates. But when it comes to action their practice appears to be more autocratic and more arbitrary than anything we have yet seen in the sphere of politics. The Alameda incident serves a purpose, however. It exhibits very definitely the spirit and the requirements of the newest political dynasty in California. The "people" are to "rule," of course, but they must wait upon the initiative of Mr. Johnson, and they must proceed by the methods which he prescribes and under the leadership which he authorizes. I am the people, says Mr. Johnson in effect, and he seems for the moment to be making this claim work. How long it will work it will be interesting to observe.

### Progress of the Campaign.

The truth of history requires it to be said that the overwhelming victory of Mr. Roosevelt in the Illinois "preferential primary" is a distinct jolt to Mr. Taft. And it is a bit disconcerting in view of the almost unbroken series of successes since the campaign got under way. It need not be taken seriously so far as the nomination is concerned, for Taft's success at Chicago is already a practical assurance. But it does make plain an important fact, namely, that in one great state a large proportion of the Republican party stands sentimentally opposed to Mr. Taft. It would be easy by reference to the Lorimer scandal, the failure of the Beef Trust case, and other incidents to qualify and to explain, but qualifying and explaining would not alter the fact. Manifestly Mr. Taft, regarded as a popular candidate, is not as strong as the country had been led to believe by results in New York, Indiana, North Dakota, and elsewhere. This is far from saying that his case is hopeless. As a candidate duly nominated by his party he will probably get pretty much all the votes cast against him on Tuesday in the Illinois preferential. There is no indication of fixed distrust or animosity. But candor requires it to be said that his general status is to an extent weakened by the returns from Illinois.

This success, while in a measure it tends to dignify Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for the nomination, can hardly be said to bring him within the chances of success. With his own state (New York) against him, with Indiana against him, with Wisconsin, Iowa, and Pennsylvania certain to reject him, he is now a candidate practically without hope. Some other minor successes will undoubtedly be won as the campaign goes on. But there is practically no chance of getting enough votes to win the nomination. The most that he can now hope for is a sufficient strength in the convention to save his face.

The significance of the result in Illinois, therefore, relates less to Mr. Roosevelt than to Mr. Taft on the one hand and the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be, on the other. The testimony of this election will tend mightily to stimulate Democratic hopes. It will be taken as indicating that Mr. Taft is personally weak, therefore as favorable to Democratic chances in the November election. And in this connection the victory of Champ Clark in the Illinois primary is a fact of value. It will tend to put up Clark stock by indicating that he is relatively strong in a Republican state where Taft is relatively weak. It is hardly too

much to say that it goes towards assuring Mr. Clark's nomination.

The progress of events tends steadily to confirm a forecast presented through these columns so far back as December—that Taft would be renominated and re-elected, and that the Democratic candidate would be either Clark or Bryan, probably the former. As time goes on we grow in the conviction that this forecast sums up the prospects of the year.

Mr. Taft's practical retirement from any personal part in the campaign is to be commended at the point of taste. If indeed the utterances of the candidates could have been limited to the discussion of public issues, it might properly enough have gone on as it began. But Mr. Roosevelt's course has so vulgarized the situation as to make silence on Mr. Taft's part a necessity. The President of the United States can not afford to bandy words in personal contention with anybody; and an ex-President of the United States should have been the last man to put a campaign upon this low basis. That Mr. Roosevelt gains support from the multitude by his exhibitions of rage and ill-feeling we can not believe; that he loses in the respect of all men of a fine sense of propriety hardly needs to be said.

The campaign in California has still a full month to go. California has been widely supposed to be a Roosevelt state. In 1906 Roosevelt got here an overwhelming vote. Since that time the state administration has passed into the hands of the progressive faction. And this faction had things its own way in a special election on constitutional amendments only a few months back. Now the whole forces of the state administration, which include the party organization, are actively exerted in behalf of Roosevelt. Hopes of Taft's success are based upon several circumstances: first, a manifest decline in the standing of the Johnson administration; second, a split in the progressive ranks due to the unwillingness of the element headed by Mr. Spreckels to abandon La Follette; third, the special relationship of California industries to the Taft policies; fourth, a sense of gratitude on the part of our people with respect to the cordial part Mr. Taft has played in connection with our exposition project. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* it will be a close fight, with the chances favoring Taft. The forces of organization and of high personal energies are enlisted on both sides. The outcome is a matter of importance, not only with respect to the presidential situation, but as related to our future politics in California. If Taft shall carry the state as against Roosevelt it will mark the downfall of the Johnson régime. If Roosevelt shall succeed as against Taft, it will be the assurance of a continued lease of power to Johnson and his associates.

### The Japanese in Mexico.

It seems that the direful portent of a number of Japanese fishermen catching fish in Magdalena Bay is still considered important enough to justify long and alarmist dispatches from Washington. There is no scintilla of evidence that the Japanese government has any ulterior interest in these people nor that they themselves have any other motive than to catch fish where fish happen to abound. It may be that most of them have had a military training, and considering Japan's recent history it would be strange if they had not. It may be also true that they are trying to establish themselves legally by some sort of lease or concession from the Mexican government, but if so they are doing no more than every mining adventurer in Mexico, whether American, German, or British. The Monroe Doctrine has nothing to say to such domestic arrangements. It is not infringed when a German or an Englishman buys a farm or a mine in Mexico or when a Japanese buys a fishing station.

But what are we to do about it, even supposing that these military fishermen might eventually prove embarrassing under circumstances highly unlikely, hap-



pen? What have the alarmists to recommend? We can hardly demand of Japan that she keep her fishermen away from Mexico. Even Congressman Hobson would not go so far as that. Nor can we order Mexico to expel them so long as they behave themselves and do no worse than catch fish. The folly has even gone so far that we are asked to believe that England has made secret representations to Washington on the matter, being unable to adopt an anti-Japanese attitude herself on account of her alliance. That England can have no conceivable interest in these Mexican Japanese and that secret dispatches are not usually disclosed to newspaper reporters probably never occurs to those who read this sensational nonsense.

This periodical scare about the Japanese in Mexico may be good "copy," but it is poor patriotism and hardly likely to increase our moral status abroad. These Japanese fishermen do not constitute a danger one-half so grave as the procession of Poles, Russians, Greeks, Letts, Syrians, Lithuanians, Portuguese, and Armenians who, we are told, formed prominent "divisions" in a recent great strike. A certain calm confidence in our own destiny, a certain lofty indifference to the hundred and one dangers that may conceivably await us on the road ahead would have a greater protective power than this increasing tendency to shy at shadows and to suspect the presence of an enemy behind every tree.

#### Johnson and La Follette.

Governor Johnson makes elaborate explanation of his flop from La Follette to Roosevelt. He does not deny that he had plighted his political troth to La Follette and given him repeated assurances of devotion. He does not even claim to have been released by Mr. La Follette from his engagements. He declares that La Follette exhibited signs of weakness, particularly that he made an untimely and foolish speech before a group of publishers on a certain "dreadful Friday" at Philadelphia. It then became evident that La Follette could not win, and the matter was considered by a conference participated in by the two Pinchots, Medill McCormick, George L. Record, Gilson Gardner, "and others." This conference, which appears to have been made up largely of members of the famous "tennis cabinet"—that is, of Roosevelt's friends—decided that the expediencies of the situation called for the dumping of La Follette with the substitution of Roosevelt, who appears to have been a willing horse, ready saddled and bridled, merely waiting somewhere in the background for the signal to "go." Mr. Houser, La Follette's campaign manager, was called in, and he proved to be in a state of profound mental confusion. In his opinion it was all off with La Follette. At this point Governor Johnson's statement is explicit. "Houser," he declares, "was positive in the judgment that to continue the campaign for La Follette would be mere folly." On the basis of a state of affairs thus defined, Mr. Johnson joined the movement for Roosevelt. In brief, according to his own statement, Governor Johnson upon becoming convinced that La Follette could not win, and upon hearing from La Follette's manager that in his opinion the case was hopeless, abruptly abandoned his chief and turned to another candidate. Apparently Mr. Johnson's standards of political loyalty are low. No matter how definitely committed he may be, he holds himself free to abandon his candidate the moment his fortunes are seen to decline.

Governor Johnson's statement is not a creditable one. In politics or in other affairs men of true-blue quality do not deem themselves justified in abandoning a leader because circumstances for the moment are against him. Adversity on the part of a leader commonly arouses the chivalric sense of those in immediate following. It is a point of honor among men of honor to endure through hard times as well as through good times. It is only the coward and the quitter who abandons his chief in the stress of emergency. But Mr. Johnson, by his own statement, did just this. He turned from a champion in distress to another whom he thought better situated to sustain the "cause," as if any cause needing to be served by bad faith were worth serving.

If this were a true story still it would not, we repeat, exhibit Mr. Johnson in a creditable light. But now comes Mr. Houser and puts another face on the whole matter. He admits his disappointment at the state of La Follette's campaign at the time of Johnson's flop, confesses his hopelessness and confusion of mind. But he denies point blank the main charge of Mr. Johnson's statement. He did not abandon

the campaign on the part of Mr. La Follette; he did not assume authority to speak for La Follette, and did not speak for him. He did nothing, said nothing, which could fairly justify Mr. Johnson or any other man pledged to La Follette to abandon his candidacy without further ceremony. There you have it! There is a lie out somewhere; and the issue lies between Johnson and Houser.

If there is in Mr. Houser's statement the suggestion of a moment of weakness and vacillation there is none in that of Mr. La Follette, whose version of Governor Johnson's conduct is presented in a communication to Mr. Spreckels under date of April 8. "The attempt," he says, "of any of my former supporters to justify their desertion of my candidacy by making Houser their scapegoat is a cowardly perversion of fact." Continuing, Mr. La Follette declares:

They know that no one had authority to withdraw me as a candidate and that no one ever professed to have such authority or even attempted to assert it. And they know, one and all, that I persistently refused to withdraw in favor of Roosevelt or any one else, and stated to them again and again that having once entered upon the contest I would not back out.

They furthermore know that I refused to permit Roosevelt's candidacy to be coupled with mine or to combine with him in any way. Pinchot and others who professed to be my supporters but who were in fact supporters of Roosevelt became very insistent just as soon as my candidacy began to show promising strength in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and elsewhere, that Roosevelt's name should be joined with mine in resolutions of indorsement and that combinations should be made on delegates by placing Roosevelt men on my tickets. This was while he was still protesting that he was not a candidate. I refused to consent to this.

Mr. La Follette gives to Governor Johnson the faint praise that he was more manly than the Pinchots, McCormick, and Gardner, who eagerly seized the opportunity afforded by his (La Follette's) illness to make public a support which they had long been giving under cover to Roosevelt. Johnson did call on La Follette and in terms withdraw from his support. His statement as La Follette gives it was that his candidacy had "flattened out," that he could not "win," but that Roosevelt could. Still assuming Johnson's good faith La Follette pointed out that the California primary election would not be held until May 14, something more than two months ahead, and that it might be well to wait to see if his (La Follette's) candidacy was as hopeless as he thought. "But," says La Follette, "he declined to wait." He hastened, as Mr. Spreckels puts it, to climb aboard a more showy band-wagon.

There will be few, we think, to approve of Mr. Johnson's conduct either as it is reported by himself, as it is qualified by Mr. Houser, or as stated by Mr. La Follette. He had espoused the candidacy of La Follette and had attached himself to it by the most positive commitments. He was bound in honor to hold faithful to it so long as La Follette stood faithful to his engagements. But coming into touch with the Roosevelt boomers he suffered a change of heart, and then, with a cold-blooded indifference to his pledges, he cast off La Follette and joined the movement for Roosevelt. This act finds no justification in political or any other kind of morality, and succeeding events show that it had none in political judgment. If Mr. Johnson had been sincere and faithful—if he had been a man of sound quality—he would at least have held to his engagements with La Follette until the campaign had gotten far enough along to show the relative strength of the two candidacies. There is no name for Johnson's course by which its bad faith may be obscured. And despite his disclaimer with respect to a vice-presidential candidacy there will be many to believe that this prospect was in his mind. Most certainly it was in the minds of those close political and personal friends with whom, according to his own statement, Mr. Johnson was "in continuous telegraphic communication." Under his own standards Mr. Johnson may acquit himself; but under the standards of men of even ordinary sensibilities he stands branded as one faithless to engagements, disloyal to friendship.

Incidentally this whole matter throws an interesting light upon Mr. Roosevelt's inner councils. There were in the little company of those who decided to drop La Follette for Roosevelt the two Pinchots, both men of moderate calibre and without effective relationships even in their own state: Medill McCormick, a well-known social and political crank; Gilson Gardner of the delectable Scripps newspaper outfit; George L. Record of New Jersey, a man of no particular character; Judge Ben Lindsay of Denver, and a few others of the same

stripe. If there participated in this conference any man of established political character the fact is not developed. It seems to have been an assemblage of third-raters brought into subordinate notice by Roosevelt's personal favor during his presidency, and of course eager to again get into public view through their relationship to him.

It continues to be an interesting and significant fact that Mr. Roosevelt's support is limited to precisely this type of man. For four years, as governor of New York, Mr. Roosevelt was associated with large men in and out of public life. For eight years, as Vice-President and President, he stood in the most advantageous possible social and political relationships. Not only did he "mix" with the most effective men of the country, but he brought many through his favor to an important part in the responsibilities of government. It might be presumed that some of these men would stand in coöperative relations with Mr. Roosevelt even in his latest activity, unwise and presumptuous though it be. But it does not appear that any of them are with him. Mr. Root, Mr. Strauss, Mr. Choate—men of this stamp have no part that the public has been able to discover in Mr. Roosevelt's present candidacy. Where his interests are concerned we read only of the Pinchots, the McCormicks, the Records, and the Gardners—either men of small consequence or men of so little consequence as never to have been heard of before. No strictly first-class man in the public life of the country so far as we can discover is giving to Mr. Roosevelt a personal, cordial, and open support.

#### Dr. Burk on Education.

Dr. Burk's attack upon the modern high school would be more effective if it were less sudden and less passionate. He himself has been engaged in educational work for many years, and as president of the San Francisco Normal School he is not wholly without responsibility for present conditions. His position has been one of considerable influence, and it is hard to resist the conviction that if he had used that influence with suavity and persuasiveness he would have done much to remedy the evils he now denounces in a way so spectacular. A pamphlet that is justly described as "startling" is not a well chosen weapon for such a work. Sensationalism is hardly consonant with high educational aims.

There is no doubt that our school system has many weak points, but Dr. Burk can hardly be congratulated on some of the examples that he selects. Party politics, for instance, is hardly a legitimate part of school work, and yet Dr. Burk is filled with consternation to find that a number of high school boys had never heard of Mr. Pinchot and that others described Mr. Gompers as "a politician without scruples." The latter reply seems to be a mark, not of ignorance, but of a pleasing intelligence, while even the young hopeful who described Mr. La Follette as "a famous Democrat" was not wholly without that inner light that helps us to grasp great truths. Certainly Mr. La Follette is not "the governor of California," as stated in another examination paper, but here, too, there is, or was, the glimmering of a fact. At least the error is a pardonable one on the part of a schoolboy who had missed the newspapers for a few days and who was not well versed in the precision of political terms.

No one questions that our schools ought to be made better, like most other human institutions, but they will not be reformed by fulminations. The fault lies mainly with the public at large that has been content to relegate to a few scholastic experts a duty that they are not qualified wholly to perform without the guidance and counter-balance of intelligent public opinion. The expert naturally looks upon learning as an end in itself. The layman, the man of the world, knows that learning is a means to an end, and if the expert and the layman had mutually aided each other a satisfactory middle ground would have been found. The public is more to blame than the schoolmaster.

Mr. William Hawley Smith, author of a recent educational work entitled "All the Children of All the People," quotes with approval an engine driver's definition of education which is as terse and as apt as anything ever said on the subject. Education, said the engine driver, is whatever "puts a man on to his job." There we have the whole object of education in a nutshell. The school ought to be able to make some intelligent forecast of the nature of a pupil's approaching "job" and to fit him for it, whether it require a knowledge of "Caesar's Commentaries" or of the principles of



housebuilding. Nor can any pupil be regarded as ill educated even though he has been given no more than a knowledge of the three Rs and a love of knowledge for its own sake. The men to whom the world has owed the most, and will always owe the most, are not so much the learned men as the men who loved learning. The love of learning implies a certain moral excellence. The mere possession of learning is a far smaller matter.

### The Grand Jury Report.

The report of the grand jury in the matter of the hold-over city commissions seems to leave us on the rim of one of those vicious circles that the machinery of our municipal government appears designed to create. The grand jury brings charges of malfeasance in office against certain members of the board of public works, the board of fire commissioners, the board of health, the board of police commissioners, and the civil service commission. It finds that these officials have committed well nigh every civic offense that it was in their power to commit. They have played ducks and drakes with the public money, they have shown a lack of administrative capacity that would shame a commission of housemaids, they have delayed public work or performed it with squalid wastefulness, they have been guilty of innumerable illegalities, and, generally speaking, they have disgraced themselves in every way open to them. There is nothing new in this report of the grand jury. The main facts were made clear enough in the public investigation. Every one knew what was going on long before then, and it may be said that every one knew what would go on from the moment when Mr. McCarthy was declared mayor of San Francisco. So far as the news value is concerned the grand jury might as well report that the sun is still rising in the east and setting in the west.

But when the grand jury proceeds from the region of fact into that of recommendation it is on more debatable ground. It advises the "summary removal" of the inculpated officials by the mayor, a counsel that is delightfully easy to give but not quite so easy to follow. Now the mayor, being compelled to proceed in a certain orderly and formal way, may naturally ask—and indeed he has asked—upon what grounds the grand jury demand such a summary and drastic procedure, in other words upon what evidence they have reached their conclusions. To this the grand jury reply that they can not divulge the evidence except under the stress of an indictment, which they alone can bring. In short the mayor is asked to take radical and responsible action upon facts that are concealed from him. Those facts may be patent enough in other ways and through other channels, but at the moment the mayor has to deal with the report of the grand jury, and with nothing else. The grand jury asks him to dismiss certain officials because those officials have committed certain acts. He asks the nature of these acts and the grand jury is unable to tell. It would be hard to imagine anything more inept, more farcical. Children at play would hardly imagine anything more absurd.

Now if the grand jury are satisfied that the officials in question have been guilty of misconduct worthy of dismissal why do they not bring indictments against those officials and so place themselves in a position to produce their facts? If the evidence is so good that the mayor should act upon it without even knowing what it is, surely it is good enough for conclusive action by the grand jury, who do know what it is. Why should the mayor be asked to take a leap in the dark and so involve himself in endless difficulties which he had no hand in creating? We all know the nature of those difficulties. Other officials, summarily dismissed by other administrations, have brought action for reinstatement and have won their case. Some of the officials now named by the grand jury have already rushed into print with assurances that they will resist dismissal by every legal means. And we need no reminder of the uncertainties and delays of the law.

So far as the mayor's attitude is known it seems to be one of a commendable prudence. He has asked for the evidence and it has been refused, and while he does not say that the grand jury incident is thereby closed so far as he is concerned he would be almost justified in doing so. He had nothing to do with the appointment of these commissions. He had nothing to do with their misconduct. They were virtually appointed by the electorate, who knew that they would misconduct themselves, and who might have known that the tax bills would be proportionately heavy. It may be that the mayor has enough evidence of his own upon

which to act, but he will be justified in refusing further to notice a grand jury report that urges him to certain far-reaching deeds and that refuses to say why it so urges him.

### Strikes and the Suffrage.

It is a curious paradox that over a million English coal miners who are fully equipped with votes in the most approved democratic way should go on strike in order to obtain a remedy for their grievances at the same moment that a large number of Englishwomen were committing acts of violence in order to obtain the votes which the miners apparently found so little helpful. The paradox is peculiarly emphasized in England because the strike of the men and the rioting of the women occurred simultaneously. But a somewhat similar situation may be found all over the world. On the one hand are those who have no votes and who believe that enfranchisement will give them all that they want. On the other hand are those who are enfranchised and who seem to believe that the vote can give them nothing that they want. Europe has been steadily enlarging her democratic frontiers for the last half a century. She has enfranchised millions of men who firmly believed, as women now believe, that the vote was the royal road to social and political reform, in other words that the vote would give them what they wanted. And yet discontent has outpaced this vast broadening of political power. Strikes and all other forms of non-political revolt were never so numerous or so widespread as now, and among the very people who most loudly proclaimed that the vote would be the panacea for all their ills. England, for example, has not only lowered the franchise until it includes nearly all adult men, but she has passed a succession of democratic laws almost without a parallel in the history of the world. And yet when a million men have a grievance they do not vote, but strike. A few years ago they had neither votes nor strikes. Now they have both. These same men and a vastly greater additional number, all with votes, threaten that they will tie up every trade in Great Britain in May. Wherever we look, in England, in Portugal, in Mexico, we see this same demand for votes and we see this same failure of the franchise to do any of the things that it was supposed to do. We see the voting power pushed into a corner in favor of irregularity and violence. And yet the unenfranchised women of the world seem still to believe that the vote can do all those things that it is so obviously incapable of doing, that it has so lamentably failed to do all over the world.

The value of the vote has of course been absurdly exaggerated. Liberty may exist without the vote and slavery may exist with it. The world is governed not by votes, but by public opinion; not by laws, but by the acquiescence of the people in the uncodified principles of self-restraint and justice. Without those principles there will be anarchy. With those principles there will be order and progress. The vote is no more than a means of record and wholly useless without the support and concurrence of public opinion.

### Editorial Notes.

Reasons for the collapse of the Socialistic experiment at Milwaukee are not far to seek. Socialism is an abstraction rather than a concrete thing. It is an idea rather than a working plan of government. Given authority, it disappoints those who support it because in meeting the responsibilities of government it must fly in the face of its own ideals. At the same time it becomes an offense to conservative elements by the uncertainties of its operation, its inefficiencies, and the discredit which it promotes as a "freak" régime. That an administration made up of mere theorists without training in responsibility or in the habits which sustain it should manage public affairs discreetly is of course unthinkable. The attempt has failed at Milwaukee, as such attempts must always fail. The Socialistic administration has not only been ineffective, but it has been costly. That the lesson will serve other communities which all over the country are being urged to "try out" the Socialistic idea is perhaps too much to be hoped for. It will take repeated experiences to expose and explode a theory calculated in so many ways to appeal to sentimentalists and innovators always more than willing to play with new devices at the cost of others.

By way of correcting a misconception, the Fresno *Republican*, upon the authority of the "secretary and treasurer of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League during the first half of its existence, and president of it during

the second half," and who "therefore has first-hand knowledge of the facts," contributes a statement concerning Mr. Rudolph Spreckels's relationship to the League movement. "From the beginning," says the *Republican*, "until now, Mr. Spreckels has not contributed a single cent to its state funds nor to any of its state campaign expenses. He contributed \$500 toward the San Francisco expenses of the first primary election, four years ago, and expended larger amounts, in one case several thousand dollars, in subsequent local campaigns in San Francisco. He also expended considerable sums at various times on private investigations of his own, during campaigns, but nothing on the campaign itself or in contributions to the campaign fund. He contributed nothing at all to the Lincoln-Roosevelt League fund, in the Johnson campaign, but did give \$500 toward a separate clerical bureau, conducted in Johnson's office. This was the entire sum of his contribution, direct or indirect, to the Johnson campaign."

The fatal accident to Calbraith P. Rodgers during an aeroplane flight at Long Beach was caused by his own carelessness. There seems to be no doubt about that. His mechanic says so, and every one who knew his temperament is in agreement with the mechanic. Rodgers had flown so often, so far, and so safely that he supposed himself to be master of the conditions, and the aviator who allows himself to despise his elemental adversary is in sight of his last flight. Such men as Grahame-White and Charles G. Grey tell us that nearly all the accidents that have occurred were from preventable causes, such as faulty mechanism, the carelessness and over-assurance of the aviator, and the desire to eclipse some previous performance or to break some record. Aviation has a peculiar appeal to the sensationalism of the day, and the long list of fatalities is the result. The fate of the unlucky Rodgers will not in the least delay the progress of aviation, but it may do something to shorten the era of recklessness that is already marked so red in the annals of invention.

Nobody, we think, will be much concerned about anything Abraham Ruef may give to the public from his cell in San Quentin. His word was a thing of little value even in the days of his evil power, and the incidents of the past five years can hardly have improved its credit. Furthermore, Ruef has made so many statements and so many denials that they have completely canceled each other. Of course he will now speak or be silent as he or his advisers may think most politic—he in hope of gaining his freedom, they in pursuit of their own purposes. We think Judge Dunne is not likely to be frightened by Ruef's threats into dismissing the indictments standing against him. If Ruef is to get free from the penalty of his crimes, it will have to be through methods which will place the onus of his release upon whoever shall authorize it—that is, upon the state administration. Nobody, we think, will take the trouble to consider the effect of anything that Ruef may now say or withhold. Public opinion long ago came to its final judgment of men and things as related to Ruef, and nothing now coming from his cell at San Quentin will change any man's opinion. The obvious facts in the present situation are the wish of the administration to release Ruef, and its fear of doing it openly and above board.

The hard fate of "the most beautiful girl in the world" ought to appeal to Mr. Carnegie, and since he caused all the trouble the least he can do is to give her a public library. Mr. Carnegie found this young woman somewhere in a typewriting office and passed upon her the judgment of Paris that has now been so widely advertised. She had not the least desire for notoriety. In fact she shrank from it, as well conducted girls always do. But he obtained her photograph and personally interested himself in its wide publication, and with the inevitable result. This victim of Mr. Carnegie's vulgarity finds herself overwhelmed with offers of marriage, with vaudeville invitations, with the solicitations of photographers, and with all the unsavory concomitants of modern publicity. In fact her life is made a burden to her. No doubt Mr. Carnegie thought that she would derive pleasure from the whole ugly business of notoriety. He would himself. But it seems hard that such annoyance should be inflicted by a vulgar old fellow who happens to have money and who can not believe that the whole world is not patterned upon him. Mr. Carnegie ought to be better employed.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Egypt is actually a Turkish province, although the British control is so complete and tenacious that the sovereignty of Turkey is of the most shadowy kind. None the less Turkey has the nominal right to order the Egyptian army to cross the frontier into Tripoli and to help in the discomfiture of the Italian invaders. But although Turkey has wisely refrained from issuing orders that would not be obeyed there has been a desire on the part of many Egyptian officers to volunteer in her cause, and these officers have asked Lord Kitchener's permission to absent themselves from their posts for that purpose. Lord Kitchener's reply, quoted in the *Fortnightly Review*, shows a certain sardonic humor that must be classified among the finer weapons of diplomacy. He says he would gladly give the desired permission, but he fears that the upward pressure in the junior ranks of the Egyptian army would compel him to place the absentees on the retired list, which would be a grievous return for patriotic valor. So he advises them to curb their heroic ambitions, so natural to Egyptians, and stay at home. To a number of nomad Bedouins who made similar applications Lord Kitchener expresses his surprise that they should wish to fight at all. Not having regarded them in the light of warriors, he had never included them in the Egyptian conscription, an error that should be henceforth corrected in view of their martial inclinations. Thereupon the Bedouins decided that there is no place like home.

Professor Bernhard in the course of a lecture delivered in Berlin announces the arrival of a new disease. He calls it "pension hysteria," and he attributes its devastating ravages to the pension legislation in which Germany was a pioneer. He points out that as soon as physical disabilities become profitable they also become interesting. The man who knows that a headache or a pain under the pinafore may result in a pension and therefore nothing to do forever and ever will naturally feel a tender inclination toward headaches and pains under the pinafore. He will watch for them like angels' visits, and it need hardly be said that he will get them. Possible pension beneficiaries all over Germany are therefore spending their spare time in looking at their tongues, taking their temperatures, and feeling their pulses. In fact they are becoming first-class valetudinarians, for we all know that nothing can be worse for one's "innards" than an undue solicitude. The royal road to health is that divine carelessness so much recommended by philosophy, but there can be no such virtue where a pension is the reward of ill-health.

The pupils of Lake Forest Academy in Chicago are subjected every year to what is called the General Knowledge test. This test consists of a number of questions on the things that every one is supposed to know and that are not included in the curriculum of the year. There was one question, and only one, that was answered incorrectly by every boy in the school, and that question was, "Who were the twelve disciples?" Therefore the religious newspapers are gravely concerned at what they call a lamentable display of ignorance. And yet this particular question was probably the least important of the lot. It is hard to see in what way a boy would be advantaged by knowing much about the twelve disciples. Such a question belongs to the domain of religion, and we are now fairly well agreed that a boy is religious enough for practical purposes if he is truthful, honorable, brave, and unselfish. No spectacle could be more horrid than that of a boy who knew all about the twelve disciples and who yet told lies, but on the other hand we need not be at all anxious about the boy who knows nothing of the twelve disciples, but who never tells lies nor plays a game unfairly. Yet the unco guid are gravely concerned about the state of the latter and relatively indifferent to that of the former.

With some surprise we learn that Emile Olivier, the famous minister of Napoleon III, is still alive. Perhaps it was as well that there should be no speedy reunion between Olivier and his imperial master in that section of the elysian fields reserved for emperors and their ministers. There might have been recriminations. There might have been "words," for it was Olivier who persuaded Napoleon into the Franco-Prussian War and who declared in the French parliament that "it is with a light heart that I assume full responsibility." He was known henceforth as "the man with the light heart," and it seems that he has still a light heart, for he emerges from the retirement on the Riviera with the assurance that there will be no European war this year, that rumors to the contrary are an absurdity. One would suppose that the man who entered into the Franco-Prussian War with a light heart would have emerged from it with a heart permanently heavy, but Olivier under the weight of his eighty-seven years and of his memories is as debonair as ever.

The reminiscences of the late George Smith, the English publisher, show us Anthony Trollope in a new light. Trollope was a good deal of a sport, for when Smith offered him £2000 for a serial Trollope asked for £3000 and offered to toss Smith for the difference. But Smith would have none of it, for what, he asked, would his bankers think if they heard of such a deal? They would close his account. "But I felt uncomfortable," said Smith. "I felt mean—I had refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said, 'Now that is settled, if you will come to my club where we can have a little room to ourselves for five minutes I will toss you for £1000 with pleasure.' Mr. Trollope did not accept the offer." Of course he didn't. He felt that he had already lost £1000 by accepting Smith's offer for his serial. Why should he risk more?

London *Daily Chronicle* reminds us that the White Chalken, once the home of Whistler, has been bought by Claude Lowther, but it was Harry Quilter who occu-

piated it immediately after Whistler, and the artist never gave him for it. "Over the doorway of the White House," writes Quilter, "at the time when it passed into my hands, was an inscription passably irrecurrent, but decidedly amusing, which had been painted up by Mr. Whistler himself, mainly for the purpose of annoying his friend and architect, Mr. E. W. Godwin: 'Except the Lord build the house they labour but in vain that build it.—E. W. Godwin, F. S. A., huilt this one.' This pearl of wit I had chipped off the stone."

The Italian news censorship has now been extended from telegrams to letters. Private communications are opened and clumsily resealed, and this must surely mean overtime for the postal authorities. All telegrams to other countries, whether they relate to Tripoli or not, must be translated into Italian and passed by the censors. It seems amazingly childish, seeing that a traveler can reach Switzerland in a few hours and telegraph or write whatever he pleases. But it will be noticed that officialism is always childish. We need not go so far as Italy to discover that.

Any lingering doubts of the reality of the new Chinese civilization are dispelled by the news from Nanking. The National Assembly having expressed only a lukewarm approval of votes for women that august assembly was invaded by a horde of Amazons who reasoned gently with the recalcitrant members, broke all their windows, mauled the guards, and generally presented such unanswerable arguments that the assembly consented to reconsider the matter. How thankful must have been these legislators that they had no pig-tails.

Dr. C. S. Myers, a well-known European psychologist, is of opinion that the color sense of the ancients was undeveloped. After a careful examination of the Iliad he finds the color red mentioned several times, one word, *zanthos*, is used for yellow, and a much less definite name, *chloros*, is used for green. The other colors are not mentioned at all. He finds the same peculiarity among the Murray Islanders, who have words for red, orange, yellow, and green, but none for blue, and of course none for the higher colors of indigo and violet. The suggestion is a curious one and provocative of reflection. It would be interesting if Dr. Myers would correlate these colors with sounds and tell us if undeveloped races were similarly indifferent to the higher musical notes. The color green would presumably correspond with the note Fa and those who have no perception of the blue, indigo, and violet ought to be similarly deficient to the notes above the Fa. But are they? The idea that we become sensitive to the higher color vibrations as we advance in evolution is a suggestive one. Perhaps one day when women get votes and we have passed enough laws giving everything to everybody and forbidding every one to do anything we may become sensitive to the ultra violet rays, and what a good time we shall have then painting pictures in actinic colors.

Mr. William Watson has his little bone to pick with the New York reporter. That disreputable and conscienceless individual represented Mr. Watson as saying, "I do not as a rule consider that what Kipling writes signifies much." Now Mr. Watson wishes it to be known "that I never uttered either the words above quoted or anything resembling them." But we knew already that Mr. Watson had been misquoted. No "lit'ery gent" would ever speak of another in such a way as this, and least of all Mr. Watson. And now it only remains for Kipling mentally to retract what he said under his breath, and knows he said, when Watson's words were called to his attention.

The Italian commanders in Tripoli are gravely troubled by the determination of the Senussi Arabs to join in the fun. The Senussi have never been favorites in Constantinople, and therefore have felt under no obligations to fight for the Turk, but as the conflict has now become a religious one they are gradually joining the fray, and their help means much. Their number exceeds 100,000 well armed and well mounted warriors, and they are said to possess \$10,000,000 in cash reserved for the great day of the Jihad or Holy War. The religion of the Senussi is a sort of mystical Mohammedanism, but those who know them well say that they are Freemasons with a constitution, rites, and ceremonies identical with those of the Western fraternity. The main body of the Senussi live in the heart of the Libyan desert, where they are said to have built a great white city and to have stored a vast collection of war material in readiness for the day that every Mohammedan believes will come when the green flag will float triumphant over the world. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Swiss engineers have convinced the Russian government that it is perfectly feasible to bore a tunnel through the Caucasian mountains near Tiflis in order to join the Black and Caspian seas. This will be a tremendous undertaking, as the tunnel will be about sixteen miles in length and the Russian government had practically decided that it was beyond the limit of possibility. However, the Swiss experts have reported that the tunnel could be built within seven years without much difficulty, but at great expense. A Paris firm of bankers, it is understood, is supporting the enterprise, which will be put into execution about the early part of 1913, and with Swiss engineers in control.

Second only in point of interest to the effort of the United States athletic team to win Olympic honors at Stockholm will be the invasion of Great Britain by five American and one Mexican golf professionals who will attempt to win the British open championship at Muirfield, Scotland, on June 24 and 25.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Daniel Periton's Ride.

All day long the river flowed  
Down the winding mountain road,  
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,  
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;  
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,  
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;  
The dripping banks on either side  
But half-impregnated the turbid tide.  
By farm and village it quickly sped,—  
The weeping skies bent low o'erhead,—  
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down  
Into the streets of pent Johnstown,  
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,  
Down from the dam of shale and straw,  
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,  
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,  
Babbled of death on the mountain-side;  
And all day long with jest and sigh,  
They who were doomed that day to die  
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar  
They had heard so oft and despised before.  
Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes  
Turned oft to the lowering, woful skies—  
And shuddered to think what might befall  
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.  
So all day long they went up and down,  
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom  
Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,  
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care  
Old Periton's only son and heir.  
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,  
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,  
And profit and loss a more honoured game  
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.  
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,  
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;  
Then saddled his horse,—a black-pointed bay,  
High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;  
Raw-boned and deep-chested,—his eyes full of fire;  
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;  
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,  
And lean, hony head—his dam gave him these;  
The foal of a racer transformed to a coh  
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.  
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,  
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvelous sight young Periton saw  
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.  
Seventy feet the water fell  
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!  
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest  
To the rock on which the foundations rest!  
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow  
Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,  
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,  
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,  
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,  
Held up by that heap of stone and straw  
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!  
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears  
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears.  
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,  
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,  
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,  
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,  
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.  
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping knees  
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease  
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,  
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,  
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down  
With the message of warning to periled Johnstown.  
Past farm-house and village, while shrilly outrang,  
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,  
His gallant young rider's premonitory shout,  
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar  
As never had shaken those mountains before!  
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:  
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?  
A mile farther on and behind him he spied  
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!  
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,  
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"  
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down  
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,  
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;  
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;  
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;  
His hair felt the touch of the eyegre's breath;  
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;  
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—  
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!  
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,  
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"  
Then the tide reared its head and leapt vengefully down  
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,  
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;  
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere  
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;  
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,  
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away";  
But none of these merits a nobler lay  
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay  
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,  
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,  
Roaring and rushing and tearing down  
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!  
In the very track of the eyegre's swoop,  
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,  
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,  
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw  
In the desolate Valley of Conemaugh!  
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed  
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead.  
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four  
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;  
And under it all, so the searchers say,  
Lay the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,  
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.  
A goodlier statue man never saw—  
Dan's foot on the stirrup, his hand on the rein!  
So shall they live in white marble again;  
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,  
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

—Albion W. Tourgee.



## BACK TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Scotch Toryism Views with Horror Sir George Trevelyan's "Senseless Panegyric."

The historical literature of the last few years had justified the belief that the War of the Revolution was no longer in the domain of international controversies, and that the Anglo-Saxon race was of one mind as to its causes and equities. But it seems that there is still some heat in the embers of the old feud and that a venerable Toryism can find a quavering voice of protest if only the provocation be enough. In this case the provocation has been furnished by Sir George Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox." Addressed to an English-speaking world, supposedly in unison upon the ethics of the great quarrel, it has found a stern censor in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, whose voice will at least command the respect that is customarily given to the defenders of an ancient and obsolete creed. Following are paragraphs from the review of the book in the current number of the magazine:

"The first volume of Sir George Trevelyan's 'George the Third and Charles Fox' (London: Longmans) is out of date in the very hour of its publication. It represents the views of the desperate Whigs, which will never again be expressed by a serious historian on either side the Atlantic. It possesses all those qualities which shine in orations delivered on the Fourth of July, to the accompaniment of squibs and crackers, by pious Yankees. It might be read at Coney Island with the help of a megaphone, and illustrated by the familiar set-pieces which display one brave American boy putting to rout a whole company of George III's 'lobsters.' As a piece of history it belongs to the dark ages. Its method is simplicity itself. Whatever the English government did was wrong, merely because the English government did it. The American rebels were blameless patriots, repelling with honor and courage the wanton attacks of a 'criminal' and a 'brutal' monarch. Above all, Charles Fox was a person of blameless character and lofty ideals, inspired by pure and devout love of his country, and from the cradle to the grave completely careless of his own profit and advantage. Such are the foundations of Sir George Trevelyan's argument, and it is not his fault if the whole world will not accept his shifting sand for solid rock.

"Sir George Trevelyan is incapable of discovering the truth concerning the American revolution, because he refuses to contemplate its origins with a just and tranquil eye. For him the Stamp Act and all the measures that followed it are crimes against nature. 'Lord North,' he writes solemnly, 'throwing open the casket of Pandora, invited Parliament to wreck the prosperity of Boston and extinguish the freedom of Massachusetts.' And again of the same statesman he says that he 'embarked upon the policy of taxing America for the relief of the British treasury.' A writer who bases his researches upon such blind prejudices as these will wander forever in the dark. The American rebellion was rendered inevitable on the day whereon Wolfe defeated the French before Quebec. The future lay clearly exposed before the statesmen of the time, French and English alike. Choiseul warned Stanley, as Parkman tells us, that the colonists in America 'would not fail to shake off their dependence the moment Canada should be ceded.' Thirteen years before—again we quote Parkman—the Swedish traveler Kalm declared that the presence of the French in America gave the best assurance to Great Britain that its own colonies would remain in due subjection.' Benjamin Franklin's was the one dissentient voice. For a reason little flattering to the Americans, he did not believe in the likelihood of revolt. 'If the colonies could not agree to unite against the French and Indians,' he wrote, 'can it reasonably be supposed that there is any danger of their uniting against their own nation, which it is well known they all love much more than they love one another. I will venture to say union amongst them for such a purpose is not merely improbable, but impossible.' Thus Franklin, and the event proved that he had a far dimmer view of the future than Kalm or Choiseul.

"In truth, the apathy and disunion of the colonists had hampered the British, fighting in their defense, at every step. Provincials in character as in name, they had cherished no other thoughts than of their own ease and prosperity. They were incapable of taking a larger, wider view of their imperial responsibility. There is abundance of evidence to this effect in the pages of Parkman and elsewhere for those who are willing to accept it. And if the colonists were careless of their duty before the conquest of Canada, they fell far deeper into the pit of apathy when Wolfe's victory had saved them from immediate danger. In 1764 Bouquet delivered Virginia and Maryland from the Indians who harried them. Virginia and Maryland rewarded him by a refusal of aid and by base ingratitude. They made it clear to him 'that they would take no burden upon themselves which they could lay upon the British soldier—that, in fact, they would even allow sick Highlanders to be dragged out of hospital to the front to defend able-bodied Americans.'

"As the colonies were not disposed to protect themselves, it did not seem unreasonable that they should be asked for a contribution to be used in their defense. Here, indeed, we may discover the origin and propriety of the Stamp Act. It was not a crime against man; it was not an outrage upon virtue. There was nothing

in it to stagger 'humanity' or to inflame the Whigs. Only by an indirect stroke was it designed to save the British treasury from expense. The sum which it was expected to raise—£100,000—was to be spent in the colonies and for their protection alone. 'The measures on the part of the mother country which aroused the resentment of the British provinces,' writes Parkman, 'far from being oppressive, were less burdensome than the navigation laws to which they had long submitted.' Prudent and moderate as were the measures, they inspired the agitators of Boston to deeds of lawless violence. At last we may all know, if we will, the truth of the heroic 'Boston Massacre' and of the valiant 'Tea Party.' The honest research of American scholars has made these hypocrisies clear, and only the excitement of an annual festival, the Guy Fawkes' Day of America, could justify the Whiggish heresies of Sir George Trevelyan.

"As in Sir George Trevelyan's opinion the American rebellion was 'infamous' in its origin, so it was 'criminal' in its conduct. He would, we suppose, have preferred that the British should have made no attempt to defend their rights and perform their duties. He would, perhaps, have left the Loyalists to suffer outrage and insult, unprotected and unavenged. Happily the government which he loads with reproaches was not of this mind. Hampered as she was by the incompetence of Germaine, by the open treachery of Fox, by the natural difficulties of a campaign fought at so great a distance from its base, by the interested hostility of all Europe, Britain acquitted herself honorably. No other nation at that time could have achieved what Britain achieved. Had she been served by a wiser, stronger, honester minister than Germaine, had she rid herself of traitors, there is little doubt but that she would have fought the Revolution to a triumphant finish. As it was, she came within actual sight of success. 'We are at the end of our tether,' wrote General Washington in 1781. General Greene's biographer speaks still more plainly. 'Great Britain,' says he, 'desisted from the contest exactly when she ought most to have pressed it.' And the Whigs would have us believe that Great Britain continued a hopeless struggle out of sheer wantonness, 'to wreck the prosperity of Boston and extinguish the freedom of Massachusetts.' Happily it is in the eyes of Whigs alone that surrender is the whole duty of man, and to prosecute what the nation believes a righteous war the most despicable of crimes.

"Sir George Trevelyan's book, as we have seen, is wrapped in a mist of prejudice, and nowhere is his prejudice darker than in his glorification of Burke's protest against the employment of Indians in civilized warfare. The protest might perhaps have been reasonable had it been made with fairness and justice, though many wise men thought it impossible to exclude the Indians from the contest. In Burke's mouth it was merely an opportunity of insulting his country and of 'convulsing his audience by a parody of Burgoyne's address to the Indians.' Burgoyne was an English soldier, fighting for his country, and therefore a fitting subject for the ponderous ridicule of Mr. Burke. Nor did that eminent Whig think it worth while to mention that the Americans had fought side by side with Indians two years before, and had incurred no blame. He preferred to believe that his country was always in the wrong, and he finds in Sir George Trevelyan a devout disciple."

### How the Witches Were Tried.

When the witchcraft delusion of 1692 seized the province the people would not wait for the workings of the established tribunal of justice (observes the *Boston Herald*). It was too slow to suit them. No doubt they feared that it would be "reactionary" or inclined to be too respectful to the letter of the law. So they cried out for a special court to hustle along the trial of the witches, and Governor Phipps meekly yielded to the clamor and named seven judges to conduct the trials.

It was distinctly a popular court, and was controlled absolutely by the popular will. Not a single one of the seven judges was a lawyer. Two of the judges were clergymen, two were physicians, and three were merchants. The common law was thrown aside, rules of evidence were ignored, and the judges and juries were left untrammelled by any "quibbles of the law" to follow their own feelings and the popular will.

Says Washburn in his "Judicial History of Massachusetts": "The trials were but a form of executing popular vengeance. Juries were intimidated by the frowns and persuasions of the court, and by the outcries of the multitude that crowded the place of trial, to render verdicts against their own consciences and judgment." He cites one case, that of Rebecca Nurse, in which the jury actually had the courage to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Whereupon "the accusers raised a great outcry and the judges were overcome by the clamor." The jury was sent back, returned with a verdict of guilty, and the woman was accordingly executed. Thus promptly and effectively did the popular will succeed in bringing about the judicial decision it wanted.

Witchcraft delusions are no more, but from time to time other decisions hardly less unreasonable and dangerous arise.

Since 1838 the United States has spent nothing building wagon roads, except in military reservations and national cemeteries, and in Alaska and the Philippines.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Sison, a Filipino, who has been made chief of the medical staff of the Philippines General Hospital, the greatest in the Orient, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in 1908. He has been on the hospital staff, is instructor in the medical department of the Philippines University, and in his new position displaces an American.

Dr. Lewis Hart Marks of New York, who has just established an institute for scientific research at Frankfurt, Germany, has been congratulated by the Kaiser on this latest development in the "German-American intellectual alliance." The institute is unique, being, it is said, the first example of a foreigner working with foreign support pitching his tent on German soil for scientific research.

Miss Edmee Chandon, the first woman in France to receive an official position as astronomer, has the privilege of using the government observatory as a recognition of her services to science. She is a native of Paris, of average height, lithe and slender, with pleasant, keen eyes. From childhood she had always been attracted towards astronomy, and all her training has been towards that study.

Miss Mamie Morrison, registrar of voters at Rough and Ready, California, has made a new record by hunting up every voter in her district, often spending ten hours a day in the saddle. Miss Morrison is a typical Western girl, the daughter of pioneer parents of an historic mining section, is absolutely fearless, and, known as a splendid horsewoman, has never seen a horse that she can not ride.

Charles Frohman, the "Napoleon of the Theatre," was a night clerk in the business office of the New York *Tribune* at the age of thirteen. A year later he was advertising clerk by day and at night sold tickets in the box-office of a Brooklyn theatre. He quit newspaper work at seventeen and took a theatrical company to Chicago. Before he was twenty-one he organized and took Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels to Europe.

Nathaniel T. Meginniss, trust clerk of the Supreme Court of Maryland, and a grandfather besides, is undoubtedly the oldest law student in this country. He has just celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday, is taking the regular law course in the University of Maryland, from which he will receive his sheepskin a year hence. Nearly three years ago he began the study of law, that he might be better fitted for his clerical duties. He never thinks of his age, and is right in the thick of all the things which interest the younger men.

Professor Arminius Vambery, professor of languages at Pesth University, at Budapest, has just entered his eightieth year, with no diminution of the vigor which has characterized his long life. He was born of devout Jewish parents, and in his youth was by turns a tailor's apprentice, pupil of Piarist Friars and of Lutheran pastors, and tutor of "languages imperfectly learned." In later years he became an adviser, and for a time, as nearly a friend of the Sultan Abdul Hamid as any mortal could be. Among the honors accorded him is the Japanese Order of the Holy Treasure.

Benjamin F. Bush, head of the Gould railroad properties, whose word is law over nearly 14,000 miles of line, began his life by carrying the rod for a surveying gang back in Pennsylvania. Having ability and ambition, he did not remain long as rodman. In a short time he was locating and division engineer. He is a recognized authority on coal and fuel problems, is a member of the American Society of Mining Engineers—and is independently wealthy. Though a member of many clubs and associations, they do not see much of him, for he is essentially a home man.

Frank A. Hardy, living in Miami County, Ohio, has just given up the office of justice of the peace, at the age of ninety-four years. Now the only offices that he holds are those of member of the soldiers' relief commission for Miami County and notary public. In the course of his life he has held office for 109 years, accomplishing this record by continuing in two or more positions at the same time. He served in the war with Mexico and the Civil War. During his twenty-five years as justice of the peace only four of his cases were taken to a higher court, and in three of them his judgment was sustained.

Sir Joseph Thomson, on whom King George V has just conferred the Order of Merit, is one of the most distinguished scientists of the day. He has a worldwide reputation in his profession, attained by his important researches into the problem of the constitution of matter. Since 1884 he has been Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, and since 1905 Professor of Physics at the Royal Institution. In 1906 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics, and he has received many other foreign honors. Among his scientific works are "The Application of Dynamics to Physics and Chemistry," "Recent Researches in Electricity and Magnetism" (1892), and "The Conduction of Electricity Through Gases." Professor Thomson was born in 1856, near Manchester, and studied at Owens College there, proceeding later to Trinity, Cambridge. The Order of Merit was founded by King Edward in 1902, and is restricted to those of the highest eminence in various ~~branches~~, both ~~of~~ military. It has been held by such men as Lord Lister and Sir Joseph Hooker.



## BARBARO'S BABY.

How Its Coffin Figured in a Mexican Courtship.

Out of his door three blocks from the plaza in the beautiful city of Morelia went Barbaro in haste. He was strong and broad, of the servant class. Halting before Gil, the cobbler, who sat at his bench some distance away, he seemed to be held by Gil's prying eye. "When one gets along badly with one's wife," said he, looking tragic and aghast, "one had better leave." Having thus justified himself he disappeared into the many-streeted future.

In the poor little rented room from which he had escaped sat his wife, Martina, with two children; and Gil came prying about, wondering how many weeks he had best wait till he ran off with her, or took her without running off. Martina was calm and indifferent. "God wills," said she.

After a time her third baby was born. It was a poor place for a baby to come to—two chairs, a board bed, and a few pots on the *brascero*; and the other children somewhat soiled. So the youngster, having endured it a week, began to pine. The cobbler put his head in at the window, peered all about, and said: "It is going to die."

She looked at it in ease. One baby more or less is not to be considered at this stage of the game. The Lord kills about 60 per cent of them anyhow. When it gave a gasp the following morning and was quiet, and Gil, sticking his head in, said, "It's dead," she remarked, absent-mindedly, that she guessed it was, and added, "God wills."

Gil now had an inspiration and used up all his savings to buy her a rich coffin, by way of courting her. You can court some women with coffins. She put the baby in, and leaving the other children in the beans, took the burden under her arm and sauntered out by herself toward the graveyard. It was a happy morning; and the baby had gone to heaven. Everything was dreamy and cheerful; she saw some queer shoes in a window and stopped to look, the coffin resting on her hip. In the plaza it was pleasant, so she sat down and stared at the sky, might even have taken a nap, but a band went by. She started up and ran to see what it was, leaving the baby on the bench surrounded by trees, fountains, and church towers. Why, that was a queer band, and there was a baboon bowing from the top of something. Her face was full of absent-minded interest, and her jaw hung a little down. The baby would wait; she ran round the corner to see where the band went, and yonder there was a fight, and a saint coming down the street; and a good deal going on.

Barbaro had got a job as *mozo* in the rich home of Doña Luisa Negrete. The big house, with its *patio* full of vines, was on the prettiest street, next the finest church. Luisa was blonde, tall and drooping, emotional and active, with great eyes which opened and closed heavily but nervously. She was only twenty years old, and her dark, Indian-like husband died. Then her baby was born. Her doctor adhered to the mediæval custom of keeping the room dark when anybody had fever. For a week Luisa was exceedingly ill, and she could feel her child, but not see it plainly. She yearned and hugged the little thing up warm; but it got weaker and could hardly even cry. Poor girl—she wanted it so. "Oh, doctor, can't I, can't I have the shutters open today?" she pleaded; "I want to see it."

"Not for three days," said he; and Barbaro, who had begun to worship her, entered and knelt down, and the chambermaid knelt down; then the doctor said: "Señora, the baby is dead."

She uttered a moan which rent Barbaro's heart. What would he not do to bring her baby back! She wanted it so.

The doctor called him out. "Here is money; go get a fine coffin. You must manage things."

In the sunshine the *mozo* is a child. What a quantity of money! That would keep him for months. He went through the plaza, and suddenly came to a halt, rubbing his eyes. Why, as for fine ones, the very finest in the world was there by itself on a bench, unless the Lord were playing tricks with him. Some coffins have over them an air of the elegant. He approached it with awe; the white lid was exquisitely adorned. He looked about fearfully, and no one was observing him. For some excitement round a corner had made everybody run. The trees waved happily at him, while a church bell promised everything good, no matter what you do. The money rattled in his pocket and could be his forever. Many good things oft concentrate to make a bad one. To steal was sacred; and it was not without pity that he seized the little white casket and fled.

When Martina came back she stared all about; she walked from one side of the park to the other, and in and out, for an hour; then she said "God wills." But she would go to the graveyard, asking people occasionally if they had seen a little angel (the dead ones are called *soi*). Nobody had. She wandered into the walled cemetery and said to some who stood looking at a stone: "Have you seen pass here a little angel?"

They had not; and after a time she bethought herself to take one more look in the plaza, wrapped her *rebozo* round her head, and walked out of the white-walled square.

Not till he ran into Doña Luisa's *patio* did his fear permit Barbaro to perceive the coffin's weight. Even then only terror, not reason, possessed him. He went to the sick room; yet without noise. The door was open; Luisa's aunt was coming; the mother was unconscious; and the maid stood before the door in the darkness. At a window was a faint

light; and near it on a chair Barbaro set the casket down and took off the lid. Behold, a naked child! His flesh crept and he went down on his knees shaking. To hide it! To conceal all! To lie! Such were his inevitable thoughts, while the little thing lay peaceful. He called forth all his powers, shut his eyes, put in his hands, and lifted it out. He hid it on a chair in the dark; and now, as though some supernatural thing had come to haunt him, there broke out on the stillness an infant's wail. Barbaro, who had risen to his feet, tottered. From that it came—that—that! His hands had touched it, his eyes had seen it dead. And now how wildly it was shrieking!

The maid gabbled out. Luisa, with gasps, sought to raise herself and could not. "Barbaro! Barbaro!" she cried. "It is alive!"

"Si, señora," muttered he, frozen.

"Barbaro! Give it to me!"

"Si, señora," said he, thickly, and could not pull his foot from the floor.

"Give it to me—now! I want it now!" The child still screamed.

"Si, señora." He stared into the reverberating dark, and could not move his frozen body.

"Barbaro! Barbaro!" she pleaded, and broke her heart.

The maid groped where the noise came from, found the little naked thing, and took it to Luisa, who seized upon it. It nursed; and was still; and wrapped all in her arms, warm. Peace reigned, and Luisa said gently: "Barbaro, we must never have that doctor here again. He said it was dead."

"No, señora."

"Go tell him never to come any more."

"Si, señora."

Barbaro was slowly melting; ah—he had brought happiness to her. Presently he wept. Now he felt about till he found the dead one, and putting it in the coffin went out, carrying it.

Mexico is a dream anyhow—but doubly did Barbaro walk in one. He came to the plaza, looked about, and put the coffin, with its new burden, where he had found it. After that he could scarcely tear himself away, but stared at it; and went off forty feet, and turned to stare. Suddenly he got scared and tore down the street, filled all the while with faithful yearning for Luisa, and joy.

When Martina wandered into the plaza again there was the coffin with which Gil had enhanced his courtship. Gil came, too, peering around, having gotten wind of the disappearance. Why, she said, that was rather queer; and she picked the burden up and went off indolently with it on her hip. All the way to the graveyard Gil made love to her, and nigh persuaded her to marry him, but did not carry the coffin. However, she didn't mind the coffin.

A gravedigger had dug the grave. She and Gil came along presently and put the little angel in, and the dirt in after. What a glorious day! As they wandered out Gil, knitting his jagged eyebrows, and bent as if working at his bench, said: "Martina, give me a kiss." She blushed idly. "Oh, be still," she said.

"Won't you marry me?"

"The priest won't do it, because of him," she said.

"If they won't, we'll go off into another town," he responded.

"Well, wait till after my saint's day. My uncle always gives me twenty reales on my saint's day."

"There's the kiss, then."

"You're so rough; go on."

When Luisa and the baby got well, they made, in the vines, a picture ravishing. She so fair, her neck so pretty, and the child cuddled up. She gurgled liquid happiness at it all day. And Barbaro, passing yonder every five minutes, bringing her things, worshiped her as a dog worships.

But his conscience hurt him; the thing he had done was dreadful, it weighed on him. Yet what joy he had given her! Whose baby could it be? At least they thought it dead. But at last he could stand it no more, went into the church one morning, and knelt at a confessional. He had to wait awhile for the priest, and the solemnity of the place made his sin the heavier. The priest having come, he told him.

"Then you must hunt," commanded the man of God. "Seek the death records, see the authorities, leave no stone unturned till you find the mother and restore the child."

Barbaro came out of the church crushed, and a little later, suffering, looked again into the *patio*. He would see her in her joy for the last time; before he dragged his accursed, heavy limbs away to seek her doom for her. She held the baby up—it laughed at her; all her hair flowed down. He wept, and went out staggering under God's command, as Abraham, when he went to slay his son, might have staggered. Poor thing—she wanted it so.

Never telling his secret, Barbaro searched for two days. The death and burial records, the visits of the health officer, enabled him at length to find a clew. Such and such a case, the officer decided, must be the one. So they went out together to find the house.

It proved to be his old home, and Barbaro stood in the sun a long time and looked at his door, feeling weak. He shut his jaws hard and approached, gazing at the entrance as though he believed some horrible thing would come out of it. Now he straightened himself and knocked, and Martina let him in.

"It's you," she said, as though giving him information.

"True," he replied, and sat down in the room.

She went and looked out of the window, and then

returned to the *brascero*, paying little attention to him sitting there. Gil put his head in, leaned on the window sill, and puffed a cigarette in silent contemplation. "I see," said Barbaro, "that our Pepa has grown fat."

"God wills," replied Martina.

"I see," said Barbaro again, "that Tomas will be strong and big."

"Yes, he is big," she said.

There was a pause; he was like the wood of his chair. "How did your last one turn out?" asked he.

"All right," she replied.

"Hm. Was it in good health?"

"Oh, yes, it had good health."

He waited a long time, she stirring the beans; Gil puffing his cigarette in at the window where the sun came in.

"Where is it now?" asked Barbaro.

"In heaven," she replied.

"But did it not then have good health?"

"Oh, yes, it had."

"How, then, did it die?"

"God willed."

"Ah, yes," he sighed heavily. "God takes many."

When did he take it?"

"Two days before Corpus Christi."

"Hm. There was a story that some one left a coffin in the plaza on that day; was it you?"

She took the spoon out of the beans. "I laid it down a minute."

He rested his chin in his hands. "Did you find it?"

"Oh, yes; I buried it."

Now Gil withdrew from the window to spit, and chuckled in the street, and presently thrust in his head again.

Then it was that the emotion of Barbaro, roused to double strength by Martina's indifference, broke out; he arose and cried, passionately: "You talk about your baby as if he were a dog—heartless woman! I'll tell you then what you don't know. I found that coffin, I found that baby. I took it to my *niña*, who had just lost hers; and what do you think?" His eyes were glittering. "Our baby was alive—alive!"

She turned slowly toward him; the spoon fell into the beans. "Is it so?" she said, surprised.

"So! My God—it is there still—my *niña* has it and thinks it hers, for I changed them!"

The woman stared a moment. "Well," she said, "God willed."

He gazed on her in an agony at her callousness. She gazed on him; Gil puffed and puffed, sending little clouds of smoke across the room. Then Martina turned and stirred the beans. Barbaro, sinking to his chair, sat there with his head in his hands. At length he said: "Martina, don't you want that baby?"

"Why, yes," she said; "only it is probably well placed."

"Martina, if you'll take it, I'll come back. I'll be faithful. I'll work hard. I'll take care of it. Martina—I want that baby, I want that baby!"

"I don't see what you want to hang around me for," she said, querulously, looking at Gil.

Barbaro saw but one chance to win her. "Come and look at it!"

She seemed anxious to do so, wrapped her *rebozo* round her head, and went away with him. Behind the vines in Luisa's *patio*, they stationed themselves; and now Luisa, the maid, and the child came out. Beside an urn they made a glorious group. Luisa, dressed in a pink and white gown that clung to her and showed her throat, sat and nursed the baby. Her big eyes were half closed, her face was full of happiness. The baby's clothing was dainty and rich; the place was one of luxury.

Surely, thought Barbaro, that picture must win Martina, yet felt within him a perverse hope that it might not. Martina, holding the vines apart with her hands, stared long. At last she turned to him and said: "God had done all, and well. Evidently He wills it that it stay."

Barbaro drew his breath out long and slow, with his lips pursed as if to whistle. Life was changed. He led her out of the door; and she went off alone to the cobbler's street, where the cobbler stood at her window, puffing his cigarette, waiting. And a load was lifted from Barbaro.

When he could he came timidly into the *patio* again, and approached his mistress with his dog-like worship in his eyes. The baby was asleep, and Luisa smiled at him. He stood ten feet away, twirling his big hat in his hands. "Niña," he said.

"What is it, Barbaro?"

"The baby—is it all right? It is—it is a good one, no?"

She laughed a sweet laugh. "Yes, it is a good one, Barbaro."

"Niña."

"What is it?"

"I want to work for you forever; I want to be the *mozo* here and never go away."

"I'm glad, Barbaro. Be faithful and you may."

"You'll let me stay?"

"Till you die, if you want to."

A pause.

"Niña."

"Yes?"

"I love that baby, Niña."

"I know you do, Barbaro."

"Because," said he, "it seems God willed that I should bring it to life."

"Yes, Barbaro."

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.



## AN EDITOR'S REMINISCENCES.

William H. Rideing's Pictures of Celebrities from Close Acquaintance—Bohemian Days in New York.

From an unusual journalistic and editorial experience, covering a period of over forty years, William H. Rideing, long directing head of the *North American Review*, has produced a very welcome volume in "Many Celebrities and a Few Others." Naturally his reminiscences deal largely with writers, but included in the field are statesmen, soldiers, actors, and painters. He knew them intimately, and as he knew them so he writes—intimately and with rare good nature. There is no bitterness, but here and there a touch of sadness—a sigh for the past. No man could be better fitted for the undertaking. Beginning as a reporter under the masterful Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, then, as now one of the finest, cleanest, and best edited dailies in this country, he mounted the heights, and his own struggles, freely told, are not the least interesting pages in the book.

Having served an improving apprenticeship on the *Republican*, the writer listened to the call of the big city and returned to New York, where he was given an opportunity to work on "space" on the *Tribune*, of which Whitelaw Reid was then managing editor:

I had seen him in Broadway (one saw everybody in Broadway in those days), dark, tall, straight, and handsome, but haughty in hearing; a man not likely to be mistaken for a trifler, irresolute and vague of purpose, or for a renegade to amblion. There was an air of puissance and of assured authority about him, and a glance revealed a martinet. However, he was very kind to me.

"Your letter persuades me," he wrote, "that you are the sort of man I wish to attach to my staff, but there is no vacancy. Still, if you come to New York, I think I can promise you at least enough work to pay your board bill."

I reminded him of that letter when I was lunching with him last summer, at Dorchester House, the palace he has occupied since he became with distinguished success ambassador to the Court of St. James. Time and affluence have mellowed him; velvet-gloved diplomacy has increased his charm. "Think of it, my dear," he said, taking me over to Mrs. Reid, "Mr. Rideing did me the honor to serve with me on the *Tribune* ten years before we were married!" How could he have been nicer! I am willing to expose my vanity in quoting him.

After three weeks as a space writer, without earning enough to cover his meagre expenses, his opportunity arrived, and we have the following incident, faithfully representative of newspaper life:

I had just time to catch the Boston express for New York, and, sitting on one trunk in the baggage car, I made a desk of another, and dashed off my article as the train whirled along through the night. I appreciated the value of the facts I had obtained, and knew that I could elaborate them to any extent I pleased. My pencil flew over the paper with a facility of which I had not thought it capable. When we reached Forty-Second Street it was close upon midnight, and no horse-car was visible. I could not afford a hack, so I set off at a run for the office, and never stopped until I dropped my article on the city editor's desk. The next morning the article appeared "double leaded" on the front page; it made a stir, and in the afternoon he came to me and told me that there was a place for me on the regular staff with a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

And what a staff crowded the editorial rooms of the *Tribune*! Such men as Horace Greeley, John Hay, George Ripley, Isaac H. Bromley, Bayard Taylor, William Winter, Clarence Cook, and Reid himself worked within the shabby walls, elbow to elbow, pens scratching and pencils gliding softly. Hay was very kind to the younger men, and always had encyclopædic knowledge on tap to aid them in their moments of dilemma:

Hay delighted everybody in the office by his wit and kindness. One evening he cried out to Bromley and Bishop: "All done, fellows!"

"What have you been writing about?" Bishop asked.

"I've been going for them kings again, and if they only knew it, they'd be shaking in their boots."

On another occasion long afterward, when the anti-imperialists were urging that the United States should not retain the Philippines but give them away, or sell them to Germany or Japan, Hay said:

"That reminds me of the young woman who had got religion and was telling her experience in a conference meeting. Wishing to adduce proof of the thoroughness of her conversion, she said: 'When I found that my jewelry was dragging me down to hell, I gave it all to my sister.'"

No picture of the *Tribune* would be complete without reference to Greeley's personality. He could swear like a ship's mate and look angelic the while, seemingly unaware of his language, certainly unaware of the amusing side to his fits of rage:

His squalls usually blew themselves out without uprooting anything. One morning he came down to the office in a rage because there was a misprint in one of his editorials. Bounding upstairs into the composing-room, and shaking a copy of the paper folded across the page to show the offense, he shrieked: "Show me the man! Show me the man that did this!"

A very old compositor was pointed out to him. Mr. Greeley looked at the culprit, who shrank under his gaze. All his indignation subsided, not another word was spoken. He turned and crept downstairs as if he and not the old compositor had been the offender.

He wrote in another editorial of "champagne and Heidsieck," referring to the lavish living of the Erie conspirators, and when the tautology of the phrase was explained to him he said: "Well, I guess I am the only man in this office that could make a mistake of that sort."

When the editor of the first *Scribner's Magazine*, now the *Century*, strongly advised against the attempt to earn a living by magazine work alone, saying "there is not a man in America who is doing it, or who can do it," no other than Richard Watson Gilder came forward with kindly words of encouragement, spurring on ambition:

A young fellow, eager, slight, nervous, and endearing, with dark, deep, swimming eyes, sat on the other side of the desk and while he listened to his chief threw sympathetic glances

at me. I never saw gentler eyes than those were: their glow was enveloping, it warmed by the courage and the inspiration it communicated. That was Richard Watson Gilder, the assistant editor, and as he saw me to the door he clasped my hand, and whispered, "Try us with something. I hope you will hit us right in the hull's-eye."

Muckraking was yet to be discovered, and the tone of the dailies had not begun to sink to the level it so generally occupies at present:

When Robert Bonner once threw a story hack to its author and was asked why he rejected it he replied, "Because cousins marry in it."

"But don't cousins marry in real life, Mr. Bonner?"

"That may be, but never in the New York *Ledger*."

That illustrates the pruniness which circumscribed us. Hardy, Wells, and Eden Phillpotts had not cleared the horizon. The off-hand colloquialism which began with Kipling and runs riot in his imitators was not permitted.

In "A Corner in Bohemia" we are introduced to lovable souls, happy with little, striving, hoping, waiting for their ships to come in. Among them was Charles Warren Stoddard, of "South Sea Idylls," who once drifted in from San Francisco with a huge ulcer, "much too big for him, which he had borrowed from Joaquin Miller":

He had a heseeching, wistful, propitiating manner, shot with gleams of humor that played as the sun plays through clouds. When he smiled at you it was with a mute entreaty for sympathy.

"Charley" would take from us anything he wanted, and we could spare, as he took the air, or as a child takes things, as a natural right, without constraint or the awkward protestations of gratitude of the ordinary receiver; a night's, a week's lodging, the freedom of one's table, one's pipes, one's gloves, one's money, but when his ships came home—they were always belated and unlucky—restitution never failed, and what was his at once became ours.

"Oscar's" was the gathering place of the clan in New York, and many men, long since world famous, met there for a bite, a sup, a pipe of fragrant tobacco, and a yarn. "One afternoon I was told that I must be at Oscar's that evening as Aldrich (Thomas Bailey Aldrich) was coming":

He came early and stayed late. He was a good Bohemian then, and though his circumstances changed materially in later life, he always loved a quiet pipe, and was never happier than in the company of people of his own profession. He did not reserve himself for those who had won their laurels, but met as comrades those who were young, struggling, and unknown, without either condescension or the manner of benevolent tolerance from the heights of superiority.

I can see him now, sitting at the round table at Oscar's, holding a briar pipe that was oftener between his fingers than in his mouth, and swinging it in graphic curves as he talked to us. He used it like a painter's brush or pencil. He was dressed in a quiet suit of tweeds, the sobriety of which was relieved by a flowing crimson scarf gathered at the neck by an antique ring. He was partial to crimson in those days, and it became his complexion and the light curls apostrophized by Bayard Taylor.

Though Aldrich could be brusque and outspoken, yet beneath the surface glowed one of the most kindly natures. Position and fame did not change him, and we find the warm heart of the man asserting itself, after he had become editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the rejection of a manuscript:

He was confident of a story into which he thought he had put his best, and was bewildered when Aldrich handed it back to him.

"Isn't it well written?" he asked.

"Very well written."

"I thought you would like some of the touches in it."

"There are beautiful things in it."

"Then what's the matter with it?"

"It isn't interesting."

That was all Aldrich said, and the author took it as irrevocable. Aldrich did not even say he was sorry, but perhaps it was to show his sympathy that he invited the disappointed young man to lunch with him. Luncheon did not lighten the gloom of the guest, and before they parted, Aldrich, hesitating as he approached the subject and almost stammering, said, "Is there any trouble—anything the matter—besides that story? Because if you are—hard up, you know, I—I can let you have a little money."

Famous authors were usually poor business men, but Mark Twain, we are told, knew his own value, and had no unbusinesslike indifference to the substantial recognition of it by editors. No editor dared take liberties with his manuscript, and as for criticism the writer expresses the belief that the only critic Twain "ever listened to with patience, and respected and obeyed, was his wife." Underneath his humor lay a deeply serious nature:

How mistaken were the people who, not knowing him, imagined that everywhere and on all occasions his attitude and point of view were those of the jester! I never knew a more earnest man than he was, or one whose aroused indignation was so overwhelming. When anger moved him you could see his lean figure contract and his eyes ominously screw themselves into their sockets. Every fibre in him quivered, and out of tune—almost a whine. Then he would let himself out in a break, like that of a dam unable to hold the flood, in language as candid and unshrinking as the vernacular of the Elizabethans. Epithet would be piled on epithet, one following another with cumulative vigor and distinctness, and the disclosing and illuminative effect of explosives. And not a word missed its mark, not a word seemed superfluous or exchangeable for any other word; each fitted the use he made of it as a cartridge fits a rifle or a revolver; each told.

The author relates frankly that at the end of ten years' free-lancing he had been unable to earn more than "fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars in any one year," although he had become a successful contributor to the leading magazines. Writers were not paid the fat checks of the present, for we find Alden in receipt of \$7.50 for a full-page poem. In the midst of a depressing period, wondering what he would attempt next, the author was suddenly summoned to Boston, and within twenty-four hours began his editorial connection with the *Youth's Companion*, which was to continue for so many years. He had long been a con-

tributor to its columns, having begun at the age of seventeen. A little later he became managing editor of the *North American Review*, at the same time retaining his place with the *Youth's Companion*, no conflict of duties arising. In these positions he came into close personal touch and intimate friendship with world leaders.

One would hardly believe that the man who had braved every danger in the heart of Africa, commanding where his lightest word was law, would prove shy and timid in company, but this is the description applied to Henry M. Stanley. "He would stand aside instead of asserting himself in a crowd":

He would allow himself to be trodden on without remonstrance; never was there so patient a lion. So, when he entered the House of Commons, he was never as conspicuous as he should have been, on his merits.

"There are only one or two subjects on which I should care to speak," he said to me one afternoon at "tea on the Terrace." "For instance, when African questions have come up, I have thought my knowledge of that country sufficient to be of service; but, somehow or other, another fellow is always on his feet before me, and though he may never have been in Africa, the Speaker gives him the floor."

That was the only time I ever heard him bewail his ineffectiveness in Parliament, the only murmur of discontent.

But if Stanley was shy and retiring, Paul Du Chaillu was no modest violet. Self-assertive and overdoing he is, his clamorous "I" arousing disapproval:

"Ten lions in twenty minutes—not a had record, eh? After breakfast I went out again. Lighted a cigarette. Heard a noise in the hushes to the left. Another lion. Bang! Killed him! Went a little farther, took a sip from my flask. Noise in the bushes to the right. Another lion. Bang! Killed him! Had a nap and a sandwich. Getting tired of it. This time a sound in the hushes right ahead. The biggest lion you ever saw—thirty feet from his muzzle to the tip of his tail, every inch of it. Levelled my gun and aimed."

The Marcelliane could stand it no longer. "See here, if you kill that lion, I'll kill you."

The warning was promptly taken. "Bang! Missed him!"

Du Chaillu claimed too many lions, and listening to him one had the not unpleasant feeling of reverting to childhood and sitting in the lap of the amazing Munchausen.

Of Field Marshal Lord Wolseley we have this domestic picture, at the time when he was the hero of the hour in England:

Lord Wolseley, with his wife and daughter, were in another part of the garden, to which we were led by the hutter through one of those airy, fragrant English sitting-rooms, its tables laden with flowers and its French windows reaching to the level of the velvet lawn, and there we found him with one arm linked in that of the elder lady, and the other in that of the younger, vivaciously humming a tune and kicking his heels with all the liveliness of my old friend Grossmith in the part of the major-general in Gilbert and Sullivan's nonsensical play. I had caught him quite unawares in the bosom of his family, and unhampered by the least formality of consciousness of observation. A trying situation, hazardous to dignity, upsetting to decorum, it might have been, but instead of that it made our reception facile through our mutual appreciation of the humor of it. Strangeness and the hesitating preliminaries of introduction were canceled by the little surprise. We were established by the first peal of laughter.

One could not have asked for a blither companion, and he made our visit a round of delight. His knowledge of books and authors seemed encyclopædic. When he took us through Moor Park I was convinced that he knew every word Swift had ever written, and every word written about him.

Thoughts of old campaigning days in India are recalled by the unconventionality of the man and his readiness to meet adventure:

He was one of those enviable persons who can do almost without sleep. You could part with him late at night, yet find him up with the dawn before the rest of the household had stirred. One night he went to London to dine with Lord Randolph Churchill, and as there was no train to Farnham at the hour of his return, he chose to alight at Aldershot, and to walk thence home, a distance of twelve miles or more, long after midnight.

"Couldn't you have had a carriage?" Lady Wolseley demanded in the morning.

"Yes, my dear, but I wanted the exercise."

"You might have met footpads," she protested.

"Lucky for them that I didn't," he laughed, throwing himself into a sparring posture which gave assurance of as good a defense as ever brought down the curtain on a three-to-one encounter in a melodrama. Despite the sapping of all those wounds of his, he at fifty-five stood like a man whose vigor had never met with drains.

The book is embellished with many full-page engravings of noted editors and others, and is an entertaining addition to the library. It possesses historical value, and holds much in the way of reference.

MANY CELEBRITIES AND A FEW OTHERS. By William H. Rideing. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50 net.

The sum of \$125,000,000 was taken to Canada in 1910 by 125,000 Americans, who were attracted to various provinces of the Dominion by lands that were procured practically for the asking. Iowa and other states of the Northwest declined in population or failed to show normal increases in the decade between 1900 and 1910. Western members contend that this condition of affairs is directly traceable to the more liberal laws governing the disposal of the public domain in the Dominion. While the population of the Northwest is decreasing or failing to increase the population of Canada is increasing at the rate of 1000 a day. Canada is drawing on this country to increase her population, and the farming regions of the border states are yearly losing thousands of citizens who are attracted to the provinces by lands given in patent to settlers at low prices and on terms that are favorable otherwise.

The coffee tree in the valley of the Amazon yields four times as much fruit as in Mexico. But it is not a native. It was introduced from Africa. In 1860 Brazil exported thirteen sacks of coffee; last year it exported more than 12,000,000 sacks.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Heart of Life.

Pierre de Coulevain's latest novel has at least one distinctive feature. She herself under her own name becomes one of the characters of her story, playing the part of the mutual friend of Maia de Couzan and her husband and eventually bringing the divorced couple to the point of remarriage.

From the modern standpoint, which looks only for incident without a background, "The Heart of Life" can hardly be described as a novel at all. But call it what we will, it remains a great and a successful piece of analytical work. There was no particular reason why Maia and her husband should be divorced, that is to say, no evident reason. There was no quarrel, only the sudden repulsion that follows realization and that is usually responsible for the trouble that goes by the name of incompatibility. Maia had married to gain liberty, and although she believed that she loved her husband it was a love so immature and so uninstructed that there was no opportunity for the development of passion, which palliates, tolerates, and eventually welcomes. Pierre de Coulevain in her unavowed effort to bring the young people together tries to explain to Maia that the trouble between them is not ethical nor even temperamental, but physiological, and that the majority of young wives entertain a feeling of hatred toward their husbands, or what they think is hatred, for the first few days after marriage. There are very many such conversations between the older woman and the younger one, and while the idea of reconciliation is never broached we admire the fine skill with which the wife is instructed in the laws of life and gradually persuaded to look upon her husband with a new interest and to tolerate ideas that had seemed repugnant. Then comes the seemingly accidental meeting between husband and wife, the subsequent meeting at which they shyly shake hands, and when the husband finally meets with a balloon accident we know at once that the chasm has been bridged. Every good woman, says Pierre, looks upon a husband as a child who must be mothered, and the man who is independent of mothering has troubles ahead of him.

The basic idea of the story is, of course, French. Maia's marriage was of somewhat the conventional type which requires that young people shall marry first and fall in love afterwards, if at all. Usually they do fall in love, because patience or necessity will keep them under the same roof until the period of repugnance has been passed and nature asserts herself.

The author tells her story in a leisurely way. Her figures live, move, and have their being in front of a vast background of scenery, religion, philosophy, and national life. No one is ever in a hurry or moves quickly. We have discussions on the church, on vivisection, on Christian Science, upon all the affairs of the day, but they all move forward in an inconsequential and yet definite way toward the goal. When Maia finally remarries her husband we feel that we know everything about her that can be known. She has ceased to be only an individual. She is a part of a social system that has been shown to us with all its prejudices, its pieties, its orthodoxies, and its heresies.

THE HEART OF LIFE. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Wagner.

Probably Wagner would be more popular than he is but for the assumption that some kind of mystic sense is needed for his comprehension and that his appeal is only to the musically and the mystically elect. Mr. Filson Young tells us that Wagner himself deprecated the priming of his hearers beforehand with leading motives and musical characterization and wished nothing more than that his hearers should have a reasonable and sympathetic acquaintance with the narrative and its characters. It is to supply this one essential that Mr. Young has written his book. He tells us the story of the Wagner operas in a simple narrative style, deriving his narratives from the poems of the operas, from the stage directions, and from the music, while Mr. Eric MacLagan supplies a number of lyric translations that lighten and brighten the text in an acceptable way.

THE WAGNER STORIES. By Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Free Will.

The struggle between Free Will and Determinism has already produced a library of volumes, and now comes a particularly lucid disquisition from Professor Harrell Horne. And yet in a sense we are disappointed, for the author's position is purely a judicial one. Of course we all know that we have free will, and probably no one ever doubted it except as the result of a quarrelsome disposition, but we should have liked some definite partisanship from a clear a thinker rather than an impartial and cons. No determinist ever sincerely believed that he had chosen to choose between sugar in his coffee or no sugar in his coffee, and it is from the best of acts that we may draw the

most profound conclusions. And if we may choose between sugar and no sugar we may also choose between heaven and hell.

Dr. Horne covers the whole ground. He gives us a sketch of the issue. He displays the determinist arguments to be drawn from physics, biology, physiology, sociology, ethics, and theology. And then he rebuts all these arguments seriatim, concluding with a chapter on "The Difference It Makes." Certainly it makes a great difference, the difference between a dead and a living world. Dr. Horne leaves us with a hearty inclination to echo Dugald Stewart's conclusion. "There is a fallacy here somewhere, but the devil himself can't find it."

FREE WILL AND HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY. By Herman Harrell Horne, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Blind Who See.

Marie Louise Van Saanen in this successful story touches upon a problem of some delicacy. She shows us a young and beautiful woman married to a blind musician and, apparently, happily married. But after a time the wife begins to feel that she is missing something. She becomes aware of unsounded depths in her own nature, of an emotionalism that might be brought forth but that is not. Psychologists must determine for themselves how far the sense of sight is essential to marital felicity. The facts of life would seem to give it a high place.

When a married woman begins to yearn for her undeveloped possibilities it is easy to foresee the result. She will find the missing factor somewhere, and Nona Lette finds it, or thinks she does. Allen Dietrich has the virile, masterful personality that is well qualified to give Nona what she wants and to develop her passionate possibilities to the utmost. Allen is everything that the husband is not, and when he tells Nona that she must choose between them she chooses him. There is an elopement to Paris, a period of bliss with the yearned for possibilities all on the surface, and then, of course, disenchantment and penitence. The processes follow each other with unflinching regularity, but all husbands are not forgiving and to some roads there is no turning.

The author tells her story with skill and delicacy and as one who knows how to tell a story.

THE BLIND WHO SEE. By Marie Louise Van Saanen. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

## Talk of the Town.

Mrs. John Lane gives us a volume of eighteen essays mainly devoted to the most inspiring of all subjects, the follies and insincerities of the day. Mrs. Lane is usually shrewd, but sometimes she deviates into conventionality, as, for example, where she depicts the helplessness of the man who is confronted with the tragedy of a lost button. Now it is a matter of fact that nine men out of ten can sew on a button better than a woman, while it is a further fact that the majority of tailors are men, and that it is the ambition of the average woman to have her dresses made by a man rather than by a member of her own sex. Mrs. Lane further twits the man with being unable to cook, whereas all the best cooks in the world are men. We are further told that "no man . . . can dust a room, make his bed, or do a little necessary sewing," whereas most men can do all these things and, when they have to, they do them better than women. Men, we believe, are usually preferred for ship's stewards, and they dust rooms and make beds, while a sailor's skill with the needle is proverbial.

But when Mrs. Lane avoids the shoals of sex comparison she is usually discerning and always humorous. She has a keen eye for the lighter things of life and a deft and humorous touch in describing them.

TALK OF THE TOWN. By Mrs. John Lane. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

## Stellar Evolution.

It is to be wished that Dr. See had found himself able to express his stellar evolutionary theories in such a form that a lesser portion of eternity would be needed to absorb them. His second volume occupies about seven hundred large pages, and while we must admire the vast and elaborate industry of its preparation we may at the same time wish for the greater condensation that perhaps was impossible.

Dr. See's first task is an attack on the Nebular Hypothesis which accounts for the circular motion of the planets upon the theory that they were thrown off by a rotating nebula. But Dr. See discards that theory in favor of one more consonant with observation and recognized fact. Moving bodies will naturally proceed in a straight line unless there is some modifying interference. In the case of the planets Dr. See supposes some resisting medium, and the effect of such resistance would be a gradual widening of the ellipse. Since the resistance would be greater as the planet approached the sun, the aphelion distance would be constantly lessened and the orbit would become more circular. But of what nature was the resisting medium and why has it disappeared? The theory is an intensely

interesting one and fully deserves the expert criticism that it will receive.

Dr. See's theories on the capture of planets is no less important, especially at a time when there is much agreement that the moon was once a part of the earth. The planets, in other words, were not born of the sun, but are his adopted children. He captured them from the depths of space and held on to them by means of the medium whose resisting power was instrumental in rounding out the elliptical courses of the planets. The asteroids, 660 in number, were "certainly captured," and if the asteroids why not also the satellites?

The problem is too vast for lengthy discussion or, indeed, for present discussion at all. Dr. See advances his theories with an elaboration that does not impair his lucidity, and while a conservative habit of mind forbids us from putting on mourning for the Nebular Hypothesis without further proof of death, there is no doubt that astronomical speculation is heavily in debt for this weighty and well arranged work.

RESEARCHES ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE STELLAR SYSTEMS: THE CAPTURE THEORY OF COSMICAL EVOLUTION. By T. J. J. See, A. M., LL. M., Sc. M., Ph. D. Lynn, Massachusetts: Thomas P. Nichols & Sons.

## Mr. Wycherly's Wards.

Those who read "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly" should have a welcome for what is practically a continuation. Indeed we may reasonably ask for a third volume, since the chief character in "Mr. Wycherly's Wards" is left just as she is emerging into womanhood and with obvious possibilities before her.

Miss Esperance is now dead and Mr. Wycherly finds himself the guardian of her two nephews. As Mr. Wycherly's delightful irresponsibility would hardly be equal to the care of two guinea pigs we foresee complications, but these are avoided through the mediation of a friend who finds a suitable housekeeper. The housekeeper has a niece, and so the third of "Mr. Wycherly's wards" appears on the scene and becomes the heroine. Jane-Anne's mother was a lady's maid and her father a freak journalist, and this mixed parentage, together with a foreign education, produces a character that is novel and interesting.

As has been said, we want to know more about Jane-Anne. The boys are admirable, but boys are only boys, whereas girls are girls, and we do not willingly say good-by to Jane-Anne.

MR. WYCHERLY'S WARDS. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## The Book of Khalid.

Khalid was born in Palestine, transferring himself to America as an immigrant, eventually returning to Palestine and compiling a narrative of his adventures in the new world. It strikes us that Khalid is a very courteous gentleman who would rather see everything *coulour de rose* and who would never be guilty of the impropriety of a frank criticism. He writes exaltedly and orientally, with occasional ascents into poetic diction, but while he has doubtless told us many of his thoughts, he certainly has not told us all, nor nearly all. As the impressions of an Oriental his book has a certain value. From the literary point of view its value is still higher, but it can hardly be accepted as a full and frank statement of American impressions. It leaves us still unsatisfied as to what its author really thought about us.

THE BOOK OF KHALID. By Ameen Rihani. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

## Children's Stories.

Mr. Penryn W. Coussens explains that his object in compiling this fine volume of stories for children is to bring together all the literature of the world that has won an assured place for itself in the children's library. When we see how large is such a collection—and it might be even larger—we can only wonder at the stream of silliness with which so many modern writers for children continue to dilute the youthful mind.

Mr. Coussens selects eighty-six stories by writers to whom every nursery in civilization has erected a statue. Here are the Grimms, Aesop, Andersen, Asbjornsen, and a dozen others who gave to the world the masterpieces of childish fiction that owe their abiding power eventually to their truth, in spite of their fairies, giants, ogres, and goblins. Mr. Coussens has taken pains to keep his text as close to the original as possible and to speak in language acceptable to his audience. The volume contains ten colored illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF STORIES. By Penryn W. Coussens. New York: Duffield & Company.

## The New Schaff-Herzog.

Volume X of the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge has made its appearance and is in every way a continuation of the high standard set by its predecessors. Its 517 pages treat of 695 topics by 164 collaborators, and we are struck with the care with which these collaborators have been selected so as to concentrate the best available knowledge upon every department. In some cases a single topic is divided among

two or more authors, as in the case of "Sacred Music," the first portion being by Professor Benzenberg, the second by Professor Köstlin, and the third by Dr. Waldo S. Pratt. Another example is furnished by "Christian Science." First we have an authoritative presentation by a Christian Scientist, then a judicial estimate, and finally an attack from the orthodox theological standpoint. Other valuable contributions are on "Socialism," "Serpent Worship," "Semitic Languages," "Savonarola," etc.

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. Volume X. Reusch—Son of God. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$5 per volume, \$60 per set.

## Briefer Reviews.

William R. Jenkins Company has published a little volume entitled "German for Daily Use," by E. P. Prentiss, containing a collection of sentences necessary for travelers in Germany, together with the coinage and general information as to hotels, boarding-houses, etc. Price, 50 cents net.

The American Book Company has published an edition of "Cicero" containing ten orations and selected letters, with an explanation of grammatical principles, notes, and vocabulary. The editors are J. Remsen Bishop, Ph. D., Frederick Alvin King, Ph. D., and Nathan Wilbur Helm, A. M., and the price is \$1.25.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a little volume of "Preludes and Interludes," by the late Amory H. Bradford, D. D. (\$1 net). These were originally varied from week to week during the last year of Dr. Bradford's life, and they will be valued not only for their intrinsic value, but as a memento of a devoted life.

Those interested in South Africa should not overlook a volume of short stories by Thomas Lane Carter just published by the Neale Publishing Company under the title of "Out of Africa" (\$1.50). Mr. Carter knows his subject thoroughly and he has the wisdom to write of daily life and of every-day people rather than of politics and great events. His stories are thoroughly readable.

"Israel's Prophets," by Dr. George L. Petrie (Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25 net), may be said to supplement "Jacob's Sons," which was published a year ago. Each chapter is a portrait of one of the sixteen prophets whose books constitute a large part of the Bible. The author's object is to show the prophets as men, and apart from such special characteristics as theology has invested them with.

A volume of some value to the theological student has been issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company. It is entitled "The Holy Gospel," and it consists of a comparison of the Gospel text as it is given in the Protestant and Roman Catholic Bible versions, with an account of the origin of the several versions. The text is arranged in parallel columns in such a way as to display the contrasts at a glance. The price is \$1 net.

Under the title of "Königskinder" Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson have collaborated in the production of a guide to Engelbert Humperdinck and Ernst Rosmer's opera of the same name. The opera is described for the benefit of the music lover who has not a technical knowledge of music in order that he may familiarize himself with the leading motives and thus follow the performance more intelligently. The publishers are Dodd, Mead & Co. and the price is \$1 net.

Professor Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik" has been translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title of "Elements of Phonetics, English, French, and German" (75 cents net). Its object is to "clear away many misconceptions that exist as to the spoken languages of England, France, and Germany," and to inquire into the best methods to acquire correct speech. The subject is discussed scientifically and the little volume has an evident practical value.

The entire machinery of the Federal government is lucidly set forth by Victor P. Hammer, LL. M., in a little volume entitled "The United States Government" (Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25 net). The work treats of the foundations of American government, the development of the Union, the legislative and executive branches, and the United States courts. The subdivisions are carefully and completely treated and such documents as the Declaration of Independence and the constitution are given in full.

Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., LL. D., explains that his "History of Classical Philology," just published by the Macmillan Company (\$2 net), has been written with the desire to give a comprehensive and comprehensible knowledge of how classical studies were first developed, and of that gradual evolution which has made classical philology a science. The author covers a period from the seventh century B. C. to the twentieth century A. D., dividing his subject into eleven chapters beginning with "The Genesis of Philological Studies in Greece" and ending with "The Cosmopolitan Period."



## A LONDON LITERARY LION.

John Masefield, Poet, Novelist, and Playwright,  
Whose Works Are Realistic and Powerful.

The bold mortal who in London of today would disclaim any acquaintance with anything Masefield ever wrote would incur ostracism, social and literary, as rigorous, as deadly as a Bostonian would have incurred ten years ago had he shown hesitancy in quoting Henry James (says a correspondent of the New York Sun).

The fate of the Texan who queried once, "What are Howells," would be bliss compared to what they would do to any one not conversant with Masefield's biography.

Ten years ago today's lion of letters was rising glasses and bouncing over-lively toppers in a Sixth Avenue saloon. The man whose poems are regardless of their length featured by the stodgiest of London periodicals never went to school. This great psychologist and dissector in chief of feminine souls sailed before the mast at fourteen, and favors in his verse the short and snappy vocabulary which gives King James's Bible and sailors' discourses their characteristic flavor.

Galsworthy, the courteous, the refined, the gentlemanly, goes about proclaiming very faintly that John Masefield is the man of the hour (and the man of tomorrow, too) in poetry and in the playwriting craft. He gives more for "The Tragedy of Nan," he says, than for any play written within these past ten years. So there.

Thirty-eight years ago John Masefield was born in Shropshire of English parents. He was a clever boy whose pet aversion was schools and books. He also had a trick of starting on long and unpremeditated tramps without giving sufficient notice to his family. And his family felt so keenly the responsibility which attached to bringing up a young individualist of that ilk that the responsibility found itself very soon shifted onto other shoulders.

The captain of a merchant vessel was, in consideration of a shilling a month, or was it only sixpence, entitled to the services of Johnny boy, who had then just crossed the fourteen-year mark. The seven seas knew him for several years. Then, sick and tired of the sea, he took to the land and tramped and tramped, then sailed some more and then tramped again.

During that roving, lazy, somewhat Whitmanesque youth he now and then would dash off lines with an almost Whitmanesque breadth. Witness his ballad of London town.

One day he met a man who was to exert upon his life and destinies a potent influence for good, Jack B. Yeats. Both spent some time together in Devonshire in the spot that may go down to posterity as a historical landmark at the mouth of the Gara River. Jack B. Yeats has since purchased in that historic location Snail Castle, so called, he says, on account of the predilection gastropods show for its thatched roof.

A whole summer Masefield and Yeats spent there loafing, talking, and indulging in a sport which from a grown-up's point of view appears rather "tame" when indulged in by other grown-ups. They built little boats and sailed them down the Gara River. The Gara River is at its greatest width about four feet from shore to shore and its greatest depth is never over two feet.

Those toy ships caused Masefield, then twenty-seven or twenty-eight, to yearn for the sight of real ships, and his next voyage took him to America. He tried his hand at many things and failed in every one of them. He finally found himself stranded in New York at the beginning of a sultry summer.

Two friends, in the same desperate straits, were at that time sharing a garret in Greenwich Village, where he joined them. For several days they lived on doughnuts and on the sandwiches of the free lunch counters, while they tramped about the city looking for work. Masefield used to call at livery stables, little eating houses, bucket shops, factories, bakeries, and general stores, offering his services at rates which none might call exorbitant. Perhaps he seemed too boyish for employment, for he always looked very young, and perhaps people shunned him for the uncouthness of his appearance. He was burned to a dull brick color by the sun, for he had passed two months as a common laborer on a farm. He wore the red shirt and the dungarees of the sailor, and an old slouch hat with a broken brim. Those to whom he applied for work were sometimes kind, sometimes rude. But whether they were rude or kind, they refused, one and all, to have anything to do with him.

His friends fared as he fared, so that in ten days' time their condition was almost desperate. "We reduced our expenses to tenpence a day among the three of us," he wrote to a friend in London. "We did our own washing and dried it out of the window. One of us slept each night on the floor upon a pile of newspapers, with a coat for a pillow. Once or twice a week we went to the Eighth Avenue pawnshops or to a clothes store in Bleeker Street, where we raised money on our gear, to enable us to buy tobacco or an occasional egg. Once we sallied out and

sang songs in the street, but it came on to rain and we were all soaked through before the citizens had had time to get out an injunction."

They were living in this way when Masefield's good star sent him to the Colonial Hotel on Sixth Avenue, which has since been torn down. He was in the habit of going there at lunch time, for those who bought a glass of beer at the bar were entitled to a free lunch and a sight of the papers. The proprietor noticed the young fellow, liked his looks, and offered him a job. Masefield accepted, put on the white apron requisite, and cleaned glasses behind the bar for a long time.

After several months of that life, which from a financial point of view was not very profitable, but which enlarged greatly his store of experience and broadened his views on life and the human animal, Masefield returned to England.

The friend with whom he had once launched the stone-keeled *Monte* and the fierce looking *Moby Dick* prevailed upon him to pause a little and to describe for the benefit of the public his adventures on land and sea. This led to some more or less regular hack work, which led to marriage, which led to more regular work, and the tramp settled down.

Thirty-eight years old and the father of two children, he has probably recovered from his acute and seemingly chronic attacks of wanderlust. And strangely enough London is lionizing him. I say strangely, not because I disapprove of this sudden Masefield craze, but because he seems to be writing the very stuff which in the parlance of editorial chambers "the public does not want."

His novels, the best known of which are "The Street of Today" and "Multitude and Solitude," are frankly pessimistic, and, to summer readers at least, depressing. "The Tragedy of Nan" ends with one ptomaine poisoning, one murder, and one suicide; "Mrs. Harrison," another striking play of his, ends with a suicide by poison. "The Everlasting Mercy," a long-winded poem of eighty-four pages, records the grossest dissipation of a saloon habitué, who in the end is converted by a Quakeress.

Finally "The Widow in the Bye Street" is the story of a journeyman who kills a shepherd when catching him with a rather dissolute person he was courting.

Take "The Tragedy of Nan." The scene is laid in the house of a small farmer at Broad Oak on Severn in the year 1810. In those days English law still allowed a death sentence to be inflicted upon the flimsiest evidence and for the most trifling misdeed. Nan Hardwick's father had just been hanged for sheep-stealing. Nan, a beautiful young girl, is living with her uncle, Farmer Pargetter, kind of heart but very weak. His wife, a cruel shrew, and his daughter, Jennie, a shallow, empty-headed creature, take turns in making Nan's life unendurable. Jennie is in love with a village swain called Dick Gurvil. Dick, in the course of a peasant festivity, proposes to Nan. She joyfully accepts him. Dick, however, has some misgivings because he does not know anything about Nan's father. Very cleverly Mrs. Pargetter manages to reveal to him what he didn't know and to frighten him into announcing that very night his engagement to Jennie. This he does for very practical reasons, being led to believe that Farmer Pargetter will be rather liberal toward his son-in-law.

In the third act officers of the crown come to offer Nan the realm's apology and £50 compensation. Her father had gone to his death owing to a miscarriage of justice.

And the ever practical Dick Gurvil would be perfectly willing to forsake Jennie once more in order to win Nan's "treasure." In a frenzy of indignation Nan stabs him and then goes to throw herself into the sea.

Primitive passion, primitive love, primitive greed, and also primitive poetry.

In the last act a poor old fiddler, mentally unbalanced, Gaffer Pearce, and heartbroken Nan exchange mysterious words about the tide which is rising in the moonlit night. With the simplest, crudest terms at the disposal of rude country folks they draw a wonderful picture:

Gaffer—First there come a-wammerin' and a-wammerin'. Miles away that wammerin' be. In the sea. The shipmen do cross themselves. And it come up. It come nearer. Wammerin', wammerin'! 'Ush, it says. 'Ush, it says. 'Ush, it says. And ther come a girt wash of it over the rock. White. White. Like a bird. Like a swan a-gettin' up out of a pool.

Nan—Bright it goes. High. High up. Flashing.

Gaffer—And it wammers and it bubbles. And then it spreads. It goes out like soldiers. It goes out into a line. It curls. It curls. It go toppling and toppling. And on it come. And on it come.

Nan—Fast. Fast. A black line. And the foam all creamin' on it.

Gaffer—It be a snake. A snake. A girt water snake with its 'ed up. Swimming. On it come.

Nan—A bright crown moon it. And hungry.

Gaffer—With a rush. With a roar. And its claws clutchin' at you. Out they go at the sides, the claws do.

Nan—The claws of the tide.

Gaffer—Singing. Singing. And the sea a-roaring after. Oh, it takes them. They stand out in the river. And it goes over them. Over them. Over them. One roarin' rush.

Nan—Deep. Deep. Water in their eyes. Over their hair. And tonight it be the barvest tide.

Gaffer (as though waking from a dream)—The salmon-fishers 'll lose thir nets tonight. The tide 'll sweep them away. Oh! I've known it. It takes the nets up miles. They find 'em high up. Beyond Glorster. Beyond 'Artbury. Girt golden flag-flowers over 'em. Apples of red and apples of gold. They fall into the water. The water be still there, where the apples fall. The nets 'ave apples in them.

Nan—And fish, Gaffer?

Gaffer—Strange fish. Strange fish out of the sea.

Nan—Yes. Strange fish, indeed, Gaffer. A strange fish in the nets tomorrow. A dumb thing. Knocking agen the bridges. Something white. Something white in the water. They'd pull me out. Men would. They'd touch my body. (Shuddering) I couldn't. I couldn't.

For honest realism and lyricism expressed in the most commonplace words read the dialogue between Nan and Dick:

Nan—It be always 'ard for a man to give up, even for a child, they say. But a woman 'as to give up. You don't know. You never think per'aps what a woman gives up. She gives up 'er beauty and 'er peace. She gives up 'er share of joy in the world. All to bear a little one; as per'aps 'll not give 'er bread when 'er be wold.

Dick—I wonder women ever want to 'ave children. They be so beautiful afore they 'ave children. They 'ave red cheeks, so soft. And sweet lips so red's red. And their eyes bright, like stars a-shining. And od, such white soft 'ands. Touch one of 'em, and you 'ave like shoots all down. Beautiful. Love-lee.

Nan—It be a proud thing to 'ave beauty to raise love in a man.

English writers of today could be thus far classified rather simply. On one side those who draw upon their imagination and upon the romance of the past; on the other side the social philosophers who photograph modern conditions with more or less dispassionate fidelity. Under neither of these heads could we fittingly catalogue Masefield. Masefield seems to be mostly Masefield. Hence perhaps his sudden jump into fame. Four years have done it, for his first book did not see the light of print until 1908.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

The autobiography of T. DeWitt Talmage is to be published this spring by E. P. Dutton & Co.

To the Thistle edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, which Charles Scribner's Sons publish, a volume entitled "New Letters" has just been added. This completes the edition and brings the number of volumes up to twenty-seven—eight of letters and miscellanies, twelve of novels and tales, two of Stevenson's biography, one of poems, and four of travels and essays. They are handsomely bound in red and gold, and are printed from new plates made by DeVienne on a fine rough-edged water-marked paper. The letters in the new volume number one hundred and sixty-two; they were never put before the public till last spring, when the two-volume edition of Stevenson's letters was completely revised, and, with these new letters added, was reissued in a new four-volume edition. The Thistle edition is sold only by subscription.

One of the best sellers among the spring novels is Payne Erskine's "The Mountain Girl," published by Little, Brown & Co. This firm of publishers was equally successful early last season with Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway."

A New York library includes "African Game Trails" as among the works of fiction most in demand.

Especially timely seems "The Record of a City," by George F. Kengott, published last month by the Macmillan Company, as it is a careful and comprehensive study of Lowell, Massachusetts, a great factory town. It takes up the interrelated sociological and economic questions in its thorough discussion.

During the course of the rambles in France which are described in her latest book, "In the Heart of the Vosges," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Miss Matilda Betham-Edwards took occasion to visit Monte Carlo and she handles the place and its fascinations—in contrast to many writers on the subject—without gloves. To all intending visitors, Miss Edwards's advice is "visit the suicides' cemetery first." The spot and the reflections it is likely to induce, she thinks, will prove a good mental prophylactic against the fascinations later revealed to every Monte Carlo visitor.

## New Books Received.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF FORTUNE. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

"Being the memoir of Baron Clyde, who lived, thrived, and fell in the Doleful Reign of the so-called Merry Monarch, Charles II."

THE BIG FISH. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A tale of treasure seeking in South America.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.20 net.

A novel of the stage.

THE PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Bertrand Russell, M. A., F. R. S. PEOPLES AND PROBLEMS OF INDIA. By Sir T. W. Holderness, K. C. S. I.

THE SCHOOL. By J. J. Findlay, M. A., Ph. D. LANDMARKS IN FRENCH LITERATURE. By G. L. Strachey. ANTHROPOLOGY. By R. K. Marrett, M. A. ARCHITECTURE. By W. R. Lethaby. CANAAN. By A. G. Bradley. ROME. By W. Warde Fowler, M. A. THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By A. F. Pollard, M. A., Litt. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; each, 50 cents net.

New volumes in the Home University Library.

ONE OF US. By Ezra Brudno. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

JAPONETTE (THE TURNING POINT). By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

LITTLE CORKY. By Edward Hungerford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

A CHILD'S JOURNEY WITH DICKENS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

A contribution to the Dickens centenary.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING JOHN." Edited by Henry M. Belden, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

TALES OF A GREEK ISLAND. By Julia D. Dracoulis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

Stories of life and character in modern Greece.

AFRICA OF TODAY. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

With thirty illustrations and a map.

THE LABYRINTH OF LIFE. By E. A. U. Valentine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A story of life in the American colony in Paris.

OLIVER'S KIND WOMEN. By Philip Gibbs. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE BANDBOX. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

ELIZABETHAN ADVENTURES UPON THE SPANISH MAIN. By Albert M. Hyamson, F. R. Hist. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Adapted from the "Voyages" of Richard Hakluyt.

THE ONE-WAY TRAIL. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of the cattle country.

THE STAKE. By J. Cady. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A story of the New England coast.

THE PENDULUM. By Cora G. Sadler. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25.

A novel.

ECHOES OF CHEER. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

FOOD FOR THE INVALID AND THE CONVALESCENT. By Winifred Stuart Gibbs. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

A volume of dietetics.

RACE SUICIDE. By M. S. Iseman, M. D. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.50.

A general consideration of a national problem.

THE PAGAN TRINITY. By Beatrice Irwin. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

RECIPROCITY. By Asenath Carver Coolidge. Watertown, New York: Hungerford-Holbrook Company.

A story of love and mining.

THE TRAGEDY OF ETARRE. By Rbys Carpenter. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.25 net.

A poem.

ABOUT ALGERIA. By C. Thomas-Stanford. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Algiers, Tlemcen, Biskra, Constantine, Timgad.

THE DEFENDERS. By Foy Gillespie. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$1.50.

A novel.

INDIAN STORIES. By Major Cicero Newell. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 50 cents.

Narratives of a disappearing race.

RETURN TO NATURE. By Adolf Jeist. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Authorized translation of "Kehrt zur Natur Zurück."

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Volume XII. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$5.

The concluding volume.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, 1910. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Showing the operations, expenditures, and condition of the institution for the year ending June 30.

THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST. By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Being the notes of a traveler concerning the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite National Park, and the Grand Cañon. With illustrations in color.

L'ARCHITECTURE ANTIQUE. Par Francois Benoit. Paris: H. Laurens.

Manuels d'histoire de l'art. Ouvrage illustré de 148 gravures, de 13 cartes et de 997 dessins schématiques par l'auteur.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK, 1910. Edited by Frank Moore Colby, M. A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$5.

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### THE PINK LADY.

"The Pink Lady" is production, pure and simple. While there are no personalities in the company, there is a great quantity of persons, mostly young and averagely good-looking. These young things show the usual deplorable lack of vocal training so noticeable among players of the coming-up ranks in the theatre; but, while I refer to an absence of a proper development of the speaking voice, there was little vocal method observable in the feats of the songsters in "The Pink Lady," Olga De Baugh being the only one who sings in an experienced manner.

In fact, the company consists principally of players of undeveloped talent. But, in spite of this, so much money, time, and training has been expended on the show that, curiously enough, it gives in the ensemble impression a fairly finished effect. Probably this would not be the case if the piece were anything but the lightest of the light. But it calls for no great talent, except such as lies in the heels and the muscles, and in that matter the company is very well equipped.

All the talent displayed is of a rather modest brand. George Reed, as the detective, has some ability as an eccentric dancer and poseur; Olga De Baugh, "the pink lady," carries her clothes well, and plays the violin dextrously and even sweetly; Josie Intropodi, as Mme. Dondidier, has a good deal of ability in the line of burlesque; John Young, while not moving his audience to a first-class brand of irresistible laughter that refreshes the whole system, still is quite amusing; Octavia Broske, as a handsomely indignant countess whose aristocratic poise has been mistakenly disturbed, quite contrived to fill the bill in her song, "Donny did, Donny didn't." Harry Depp, by sheer physical vehemence, made a little, just a little, something of a success in the particularly idiotic rôle of Bébé; in fact, Mr. Deppe deserves more commendation than that just set down, from having made so much of the comic dance in the first act and the screen business in the second. Roland Bottomly—well, I have to thoughtfully scratch my head to think up his qualities. Mr. Bottomly has good looks and a voice, which, however, he rides so hard that once or twice the hard-pressed stead broke down under him. So, also, has Miss Marguerite Wright; an untrained voice, by the way. This young lady was rather a pleasing, modest little figure in the rôle of the fiancée.

As "The Pink Lady" is adapted from the French, it goes without saying that Lucien Garidel, so liberal in his favors toward young womanhood, had no "fiancée" at all. Evidently Angèle, when she trod the boards in Paris, was of the same class in life as the showier Claudine, whose resplendent pink costumes testified to liberal expenditures on the part of her admirers. Angèle, in the French version, was evidently a sort of Nichette—one of the less soiled of the fair doves that gather Parisian smuts on their snowy plumage. One may easily deduce this from the fact that, in France, a *jeune fille bien élevée* is not usually chaperoned by two single young men, one of whom is ardently desirous of falling heir to her wounded affections. Nor does the same *jeune fille* go unattended to such halls as that represented in the last act, unless she is an independent-minded American young woman touring in Europe, her soul filled with a thirsty curiosity concerning the goings-on of Parisian ladies of irregular life, which she would be quite too shocked to feel or to gratify at home. However, she goes in droves, chaperoned only by the chauffeur of the sight-seeing car or some chance-made acquaintances of the gentler sex to whose party she attaches herself, to the Bal Tabarin; and it is upon the Bal Tabarin, or similar lively indiscretions of the kind, that the "ball of the nymphs and satyrs" in the last act is modeled.

You see that the authors of "Le Satyre," as it was in the original French, set themselves to keep up a reckless pace of fast and furious fun. Well, "The Pink Lady" keeps it up pretty well, if the spectator is not given to reflection. If he is, it rather palls before the evening is over.

There are a number of lively dances, one of which, a whimsical sort of an affair, is extremely well done by an instinctive little dancer much prettier in the regions about her head than her head, whose name does not matter. Some of these dances may be of the famous proscribed ones, about which such unregenerate curiosity, if

so, I think it would be a kindly and considerate act of the management to let us know it in some way, else how will we be aware of the educational enlightenment that is otherwise being thrown away on us.

There are, from the musical comedy point of view, a lot of good choruses in "The Pink Lady," which are sung in very good style with innumerable accompaniments in the way of dance-and-comedy and back-stage-processional effects. There are, of course, ranks upon ranks, a tremendous multiplicity of banked-up girl; just girl. This smiling and light-heeled aggregation is all there in matter of glitter-embroidered costumes, distracting foot-and-leg gear, and dizzy, becoming head dresses.

There are times, however, when the most glowing and stage-struck imagination of girlhood might well recoil, appalled at the sort of job laid out for the chorus girl. There is a character in "The Pink Lady" called "Désirée," who is presumed to be a tempter of the first order to incandescent man. Désirée's habitat is Paris, and man is her prey. She seizes him in his weak moments, generally attacking him by way of the lips, upon which she presses her own artificial rosebuds in a long, lingering, but thoroughly business-like osculation. Well, of course, I wasn't in the right attitude. I should on each occasion have been in a state of receptive sympathy toward the flattered male under fire. I should have conceived the flame of Désirée's embraces entering his veins, and tingling through his being, and all that sort of thing, you know. But, instead, I found myself devoured by an enormous compassion for Désirée. I imagined, with a sympathetic shudder, her olfactory as they traveled from one kisse to the other and sampled the exhalations of cocktail-imbibing, tobacco-chewing, sausage-fed man. All this, I know, is entirely the mistaken attitude. And I am afraid that any one else reading this heart-to-heart confession may, from force of suggestion, be moved to like compassion.

Poor Désirée! and poor other Désirées that have similar business laid out for them! I hope they like their job, and that a too lively imagination has played me false, but I do think that Désirée ought to have her payment made proportioned to the number of kisses she bestows nightly. For she does them with a shudder-inducing, workman-like thoroughness that makes one think of admonitory stage directors timing the osculation, during rehearsals, with a stern, hard-hearted, business-like timepiece. I think, however, that this irrelevant side excursion may enlighten readers as to the animating motives of "The Pink Lady." It is taken from the French, and therefore there are many airy fairy nymphs of highly indiscreet manners on the horizon, and of course there is a heretofore irreproachable husband seduced into explosions of licentious gawgity at the "ball of the nymphs and satyrs." There are numerous but not too improper revelations of the female form divine, and in fact it is the same old thing. As has been said it rather palls before the evening is over, and "The Slim Princess" didn't pall at all. Which seems to argue that wholesome gawgity in musical comedy, given bright and gay accessories, does not satiate as does unwholesomeness.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Verdi is dead, so we have to take Mascagni's word for it that the following incident is related just as it is published. At his home in Genoa, one evening in 1890, Verdi sat down to his piano and played some of the music from the score of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Boito and Tebal dini were present at the time. When the "grand old man" of music came to the end of the duet between Alfredo and Santuzza, he cried out, "Enough of this sort of thing," and rose from the piano. Quite a long time afterwards Mascagni heard the sequel to the incident. On the morning after it occurred, Tebal dini met Verdi, and remarked that the latter looked tired. Verdi explained that he had sat up to a very late hour of the night. "After you left," he went on, "I went back to the piano and once more tried over 'Cavalleria,' and it gradually conquered my prejudice and made a great impression on me. There is so much sincerity in its melodies that, in spite of myself, I could not help going on with it, and now I must admit that the work pleases me vastly." And he added, "Here is a young man who will make a name for himself."

During the performance of "The Rainbow" at the Liberty Theatre in New York one evening last week a late arriving box party began such a chatter that the audience was visibly disturbed. Finally, near the end of the first act, Henry Miller, the actor, stopped the action of the play and addressing himself to the party said that there was a night school for children down the street. After that there was no further annoyance.

Mrs. Langtry, "the Jersey Lily," decided to enter vaudeville, and has signed at Martin Beck's London office a contract which calls for her appearance in America in theatres controlled by Mr. Beck for twenty weeks, with an option for twenty weeks more.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Paris in Spring.

The city's all a-shining  
Beneath a fickle sun,  
A gay young wind's a-blowing,  
The little shower is done.  
But the rain-drops still are clinging  
And falling one by one—  
Oh it's Paris, it's Paris,  
And the springtime has begun.

I know the Bois is twinkling  
In a sort of hazy haze,  
And down the Champs the gray old arch  
Stands cold and still between.  
But the walk is flecked with sunlight  
Where the great acacias lean,  
Oh it's Paris, it's Paris,  
And the leaves are growing green.

The sun's gone in, the sparkle's dead,  
There falls a dash of rain,  
But who would care when such an air  
Comes blowing up the Seine?  
And still Ninette sits sewing  
Beside her window-pane,  
When it's Paris, it's Paris,  
And springtime's come again.

—From "Helen of Troy, and Other Poems," by Sara Teasdale.

#### The Poet from His Garret.

Arrogantly,  
Above the dazzling city, darkness-zoned,  
I look down on the fools that scoff at me,  
As one enthroned.

Sadly the street  
Its never-ending monotone uplifts.  
Across the silent heavens, fearing-fleet,  
The pale moon drifts.

Long, long ago  
A maiden watched from every storied tower,  
And to the meanest churl that sighed below  
Might cast a flower.

Canst thou not see  
My deep-red rose that lies beneath the lamp?  
Nay, o'er the luckless petals, wantonly  
A thousand tramp.

—From "Hard Labor, and Other Poems," by John Corlier.

#### First Pathways.

Where were the pathways that your childhood  
knew?  
In mountain glens? or by the ocean strand?  
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest land,  
The distant hills were blue?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden haze  
Over a mellow city's walls and towers?  
Or where the fields and lanes were bright with  
flowers,  
In quiet woodland ways?

And whether here or there, or east or west,  
That place you dwell in first was holy ground;  
Its shelter was the kindest you have found,  
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire  
I doubt not that a golden light was shed  
On those first paths, and that they also led  
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys penned  
Heard the caged lark sing of the April hills,  
Or where they dammed the muddy gutter rills,  
Or made a dog their friend;

Or where they gathered, dancing hand in hand,  
About the organ man, for them, too, lay  
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way,  
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words are  
sweet

To all her children—never a rebuff;  
And that we only saw, where ways were rough,  
The flowers about our feet.

—From "Horizons and Landmarks," by Sidney Royce Lysaght.

#### The Easter Parade.

First came a pansy—gold and purple dressed,  
Happy faced—gay—with sparkling glints of light;  
Proudly it marched ahead of all the rest,  
Glittering and glancing in the sunshine bright.

Followed the sentry lines of mignonette,  
Brown helmeted and slim and straight and tall,  
Their swaying stalks glistened with dew all wet,  
A gallant army from the garden wall.

Then onward like a living field of flame  
The poppy regiment with banners gay,  
Swaggering, cantering to loud acclaim,  
Flaunting their scarlet cloaks along the way.

Halt! Soft and steady down the avenue  
Heaves a great column—silver green and white.  
The dashing Easter lilies burst in view  
And stately—bowing—pass on out of sight.

The sturdy hyacinths—a thousand stroug,  
In brilliant rainbow uniforms advance,  
Then comes an army—golden eyed, along  
The primrose legion—famous in romance.

Make way! The rose's perfume fills the air,  
Trembling with beauty—blushing—on they come,  
The briars, the moss buds, slim-stemmed blossoms  
rare,  
Needing no music nor the beat of drum.

Again a pansy—gold and purple dressed  
Leading the violets—woodland born and sweet,  
And now a daisy with a yellow vest  
Cheers on its comrades' marching feet.

Army of bloom time—blessed, pure and bright,  
Faith and rejoicing to our hearts they bring  
Waking the world to gladness and to light,  
Nature's eternal message of the Spring.

—Kate Masterson, in Life.

## Some Street-Car Problems

Now and then somebody raises the question of more street-cars for lower Market Street, especially during the busy hours of the day—the rush hours of morning and early evening.

Under present conditions the point has been reached at which it would be a detriment to put more cars on that great chief artery of the city. The loss in speed would be greater than the gain in seating capacity. This matter has been studied closely by the United Railroads, which is constantly endeavoring to improve street railway transportation conditions, and if the situation could be cleared simply by adding more cars, that action would have been taken long ago.

But, aside from loss in speed as stated, more cars could scarcely be operated on lower Market Street during the rush hours. If one is in any doubt on the subject, let him take close observations during the closing hours of the day, when thousands are hurrying home. He will observe that the cars follow so closely behind one another towards the Ferry that any addition worth while would simply act as a clog, an obstruction.

Better time is being made since the mounted police were posted along Market Street, and street-car efficiency can be still further increased as drivers become educated to the rules of the road as laid down by the police.

It is probably true that in the outlying districts more cars could be operated, but it must be remembered that nearly all the cars that run in the outlying districts also run in the congested districts, and to add to their number would, as will be plainly seen, only add to the congestion in the downtown section.

If the travel could be made to originate in the outlying districts and be distributed into and through the business sections, the problem might be simplified. It would be much easier to transport the crowds to Market Street than to take them away, as is evidenced at every great parade, pageant or street carnival. It is comparatively easy to bring the people downtown. It is a tremendous problem to take them home and do it on time when the factories, stores, and office buildings pour forth their thousands of human beings, all intent on getting home and determined to do it at the same time. No street railway in any city in the world has ever yet been able to solve the rush-hour problem.

Another necessary feature of every street railway service is a schedule or time-card that will best accommodate the public. It is interesting to know how closely the United Railroads' cars follow the schedule, when number and duration of stops are taken into consideration. Many things may throw the schedule completely out of line. A careless teamster on Market Street may pile up a line of cars reaching from Kearny Street to the Ferry. Who is blamed by the street-car passengers? Probably nine-tenths of them don't know the real cause of the trouble, care less, and take what comfort they can in finding fault with the car service and the company.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Pink Lady" starts in Monday evening for its second and final week at the Columbia Theatre and remains there up to and including Sunday night, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

There has never been offered a legitimate musical production quite upon the scale of this happy combination of hook and score, and these very qualities are the details of greatest force in making "The Pink Lady" exceptional. Coupled with the cleanly outlined purposes of Mr. C. M. S. McLellan's hook and Ivan Caryll's score is the artistic and comprehensive production which Klaw & Erlanger have made of the piece. It is a revelation in every sense and sets a new standard for achievement along these lines. Here the color schemes are blended into the moods and phrasing of the story and its musical accompaniment. To those wearied of the hodge-podge of horse play and low comedy that has so long stood as the basis for musical comedy action, "The Pink Lady" is a tonic, and it appeals with singular force by these very attributes. The theatre has been crowded and the charm of good music and a legitimate purpose in outlining its story have met with such responses as have been the portion of this piece everywhere.

Novelty and variety will abound in next week's Orpheum programme. Six out of the eight acts will be entirely new.

McIntyre and Heath will for the last week of their engagement present two distinct changes of bill. Sunday matinee till Wednesday matinee they will present their immense hit, "Georgia Minstrels." The remainder of their engagement will be devoted to their minstrel classic, "The Man from Montana."

Jessie Millward, an actress of distinction and ability, who was prominently associated with the late Sir Henry Irving, and John Glendinning, a gifted English actor who is remembered as the "Laird" in the original production of "Trilby," will appear next week only in the powerful one-act play, "Reaping the Whirlwind," which was secured by Miss Millward in London last year.

The gifted little English comedienne Lucy Weston will be one of the delights of the coming bill. Miss Weston is equipped with a budget of the smartest and brightest comedy ballads, and sings them in an inimitable fashion, and her beautiful gowns are changed with each song.

The Irish drama of today owes much to Seumas McManus. He is the warmest advocate of Irish literature, Irish art, and Irish drama, and was the prime factor in the movement that denounced the hideous and untruthful caricatures of the Irish and their mode of life that is unfortunately so prevalent in stage plays. Arthur Hopkins has persuaded Mr. McManus to permit the presentation of one of his best dramatic efforts. The result is that the Seumas McManus players will present next week at the Orpheum "The Lad from Largymore," which is described as a perfect gem and a humorous and truthful portrayal of Irish life as it really is today.

The Stewart Sisters and Escorts, a sextet of singers and dancers, will present a tastefully arranged act. It includes the State Dance, the War of the Roses, a picturesque number, and a pantomime, "A Cracker-Jack Poker Game."

Wormwood's famous canines and comedy monkeys will also be seen. Professor Wormwood is one of the best-known animal educators. The monkeys are real comedians and the performers of many tricks, which include extraordinary stunts on the bicycle. The dogs are of a studious turn of mind and excel in feats of arithmetic.

Next week will be the last of the Three Shelvey Boys and David Schooler and Louise Dickinson.

Alice Lloyd, the famous vaudeville headliner and the most popular leading lady in the English Christmas pantomimes, will make her first appearance at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, April 22, offering the musical gayety, "Little Miss Fix-It." This merry comedy with music has already enjoyed much success. Numerous amusing situations, tuneful songs and clever dialogue, pretty girls, and splendid stage pictures have combined to furnish an evening of thorough delight. Miss Lloyd will sing her popular song hits, which are almost a dozen in number. The sale of seats will open Thursday morning next. Miss Lloyd's engagement will be limited to one week.

Following Alice Lloyd at the Columbia Theatre will be seen David Belasco's celebrated star, Blanche Bates, in the Avery Hopwood comedy, "Nobody's Widow." This will be the first appearance here of Miss Bates in a comedy since her Frawley days.

The Columbia Theatre management announces that Maude Adams's coming engagement in this city is to be limited to eight performances. Charles Frohman is sending his star on a very limited tour of the Pacific Coast. Miss Adams's engagement in Chicago closed last week and but a half-dozen stops will be made by the company between the Windy City and the Golden Gate.

## The Bonci Concerts.

Bonci, the greatest of all lyric tenors, the only operatic tenor who can hold an audience spellbound through an entire recital programme, and an artist whose work may well serve as a model for all students of the vocal art, is announced for two concerts at the Cort Theatre, the first of which will be given this Sunday afternoon, April 14, at 2:30, when he will offer a programme consisting of old Italian classics, modern Italian works, a group of songs in English, another in French, besides selections from his favorite operatic rôles. Among the latter will be the aria from Cimarosa's "The Secret Marriage," the "Dream" from Massenet's "Manon," and the aria from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West."

The second and last concert will be given just a week later (Sunday afternoon, April 21) with a complete change of programme.

Seats are now on sale at the music stores, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Cort Theatre after ten o'clock.

Next Friday afternoon, April 19, Bonci will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse at 3:15. Seats for this event will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear Bonci on Tuesday night at its final reception of the present season.

## The Flonzaley Quartet.

The Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland, one of the world's greatest musical organizations, will give three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Tuesday night, April 23, Friday afternoon, April 26, and Sunday afternoon, April 28. The personnel of this organization has been the same since it was organized some nine years ago by Mr. E. J. De Coppel, a Swiss banker whose fond is ensemble music and the collecting of rare and valuable instruments. For over six years De Coppel maintained this quartet at his own villa, listening to its playing every night until a state of perfection was arrived at that placed the Flonzaleys at the head of the great quartets. Then this patron of art gave his permission to allow his pet organization to be heard by the world at large, and supplying it with four instruments valued at over sixty thousand dollars he launched it on its public career, which has been a succession of triumphs.

At the first concert a genuine novelty will be a quartet by Maurice Ravel, one of the most brilliant composers of the modern French school. Works by Beethoven and Haydn will complete the offering.

At the second event there will be quartets by Dvorak and Mozart, and a sonata a tre for two violins and cello, by W. Friedmann Bach. This last work was only recently discovered in a private library in Boston.

At the farewell concert, Beethoven's Quartet in F minor, Op. 95, and works by Haydn and Glazounow will be given.

The sale of seats will open next Thursday, April 18, at the music stores. Mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Flonzaley Quartet will not appear in Oakland.

Twice this year a colored composer has led a white orchestra in a prominent New York playhouse (says the *Crisis*). In another land and in another age this would be hut natural, for J. Rosamond Johnson, notwithstanding his negro blood, is a composer whose music is known everywhere. "Under the Bamboo Tree," "Lazy Moon," the "Congo Love Song"—all these and many more songs are his. Johnson was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1873; studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, and then came to New York. He has developed a new and distinct school of negro music, has written light opera for Klaw & Erlanger, songs for May Irwin, Lillian Russell, and Anna Held, and set Dunbar to rare music. His long partnership with the gifted Bob Cole is well known. All things considered, he stands as the most versatile composer of colored America and one of the striking musical geniuses of the land.

"I have no sympathy for a literary stage," says Henry Miller. "No one was more surprised than myself when I was accused of having such sympathy because I produced 'The Great Divide' and 'The Servant in the House.' Both plays were built on themes of elemental simplicity. The former was a straightforward story of sex love, possessing the definite clash of character that makes drama. The second play sounded the note of paternal love that is always effective when well handled. The great backbone of the theatre, the vigor and strength of drama, is absolutely dependent upon primitive passions and basic emotions."

The final attraction of the Greenbaum season will be Alexander Heinemann, the famous German lieder singer and baritone. He will give three quite exceptional programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being two Sunday afternoons, May 5 and 12, and Thursday night, May 9. Heinemann's singing will worthily close a remarkable musical season.

## The New York Craze for Building Theatres.

It is now the open season for prophets. The theatre-building craze has unlocked the floodgates of prophecy and everybody is showing how the business is on the downward path (says the New York *Globe*).

Meanwhile the facts are that seventeen new theatres are being planned—\$2 theatres, that is—and that ten are actually being built and are supposed to open their doors some time next season. Contrast with this the circumstance that the average run of the plays produced this season has been between four and five weeks, and then try to explain why New York needs more theatres.

Lee Shubert, however, who is responsible for the building of three of the new ones, has an explanation.

"All these new theatres are being built," he says, "because New York has to be considered as the manufacturing centre. It is here that we have to turn out the plays to be sent on the road. In spite of the complaints of had business there have been so many successes in New York this season that we have several times been in need of a theatre when we wanted to bring a new play in. You have got to have a New York indorsement for a production before you send it on the road. Occasionally one of them gets by on the strength of a Chicago run, but for the most part we have to have a New York verdict. So we must keep submitting plays for indorsement by the New York public in order to have enough attractions to fill our out-of-town theatres with."

"This year we have been hampered in this respect by the unusual number of successes. Most of our New York theatres have been filled by attractions that have been doing so well we could not move them. On the other hand we have had several plays we wanted to bring in but could not because there was no theatre available."

"It has been a remarkably good season in New York, and the standard of plays very high. Well, it has to be high now. A play that is merely a good play is no earthly use. It has to be a great play in order to make any money. If you have only a good play the sooner you close it the less money you lose."

William Harris, on the other hand, in an interview, predicted freely that it would not be long before some of the new playhouses now being erected were transformed into garages. He said that the trouble was a dearth of first-class plays to fill them.

Apropos of the need for plays it is a curious fact that very few managers ever produce one the manuscript of which comes in unsolicited through the mail. Charles Frohman never has, nor has Henry B. Harris nor David Belasco.

This is not due entirely to any prejudice or unwillingness to give the unknown author a hearing. But it is true that the manuscripts which pile in on managers' desks through the mail from all parts of the country are nearly all hopeless. The man or woman who can write a good play goes about selling it in an altogether different method. He first writes or tells the manager his scenario. If the manager is interested he is always willing to have the play read to him. After that he gives a decision.

Theatrical men have tried all manner of devices to get more plays. On two different occasions, once in New York and once in Chicago, Henry B. Harris spent thousands of dollars just to obtain a good scenario. He started a competition, offering substantial prizes. But even that failed. The authors who won the prize were unable to turn their winning scenario into anything worth producing. So all the money was wasted, to say nothing of the time of the unfortunate man who had to read all the thousands of scenarios turned in.

## Some Alkaline German Plays.

Hermann Bahr, whose excellent comedy, "The Concert," was on view in Baltimore last week, has done a number of other pieces of equal cleverness, and it is a wonder that some astute Frohman does not have them clawed into English (says H. L. Mencken, in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*). For example, "Der Meister" (The Master), which was presented in German in 1910 by the Irving Place Theatre Company of New York. The protagonist in this curious play is a German surgeon of high attainments, a man so thoroughly intellectual and so accustomed to dealing with hard facts that he dismisses all emotion as weak and childish. The conflict of the action arises out of his effort to enforce his principles of logic and equity upon the less philosophical but more human persons about him. In the end, of course, he fails miserably. When his wife deceives him and he promptly forgives her, telling her that he assumes no right to order her acts, he gets for his pains, not her gratitude, but her hearty scorn—and in addition his more conventional brother denounces him for neglecting the family honor. Altogether, the piece is an incisive study of the part played by emotion in human life, and its popular success in Germany indicates that it would be equally well received here.

Another characteristic Bahr comedy is "Die Kinder" (The Children), a sort of satire upon

the domestic tragedy of the Ibsen brand. At the start we observe the progress of a love affair between the daughter of an eminent physician and the son of a proud count. The physician, occupied by his work, takes no notice of it until the young man comes to him to ask his daughter's hand. Then he throws a bombshell upon the scene by confessing that the suitor is his own son—that he and the dead count, in years gone by, deceived the count. Sensation! Enter the count himself, at the gallop. The news he brings is both astounding and comforting. He, too, has a confession to make. The supposed daughter of the physician is really his daughter! And so the tragedy turns to comedy and wedding bells bring down the curtain.

Somewhat alkaline stuff, of course, for American audiences—but what of "Measure for Measure," what of "Camille," what of our common farces, with their joyous celebration of infidelity? Let it be said for Bahr that he handles his theme with good taste and good humor. Much of the comedy arises out of the fact that the supposed daughter of the physician is intensely proud of his humble origin and of his struggle upward against great odds, and in the complementary fact that the supposed son of the count is intensely proud of the ancient lineage of his family. A joke upon the worshippers of ancestors—and no less upon those who worship the humble than upon those who worship the magnificent. Certainly the American people are ripe for a such a play.

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Coming—ALEXANDER HEINEMANN.



VANITY FAIR.

Miss Margaret C. Cummings of New York is an estimable young woman. She is also a school principal and she employs her spare time in uplifting the race. All these things keep her pretty busy, but she found enough leisure to address the members of the National League for the Civic Education of Women on the subject of turkey trotting, bunny hugging, and grizzly bearing. These amusements, it seems, are rife among the poorer classes of New York. It is depressing news. We had hoped that the poorer classes of New York were content to leave that sort of nastiness to their betters, but if bad manners are filtering downward to the proletariat there seems no hope for us.

Miss Cummings explained to the women who want to be educated in civics just what she had been doing to wean the untutored masses away from the bad example of the classes. She had given dances in the school gymnasiums, and the first thing she noticed was that all the girls wore very big hats, big enough to cover and conceal two heads instead of one. Under the cover of those hats the boys and girls were dancing cheek to cheek and no one could see what they were doing. Miss Cummings thought that was rather dreadful, but to us it seems like a sign of grace. Why, up on Fifth Avenue they dance in just this same way, and with no hats to cover them. They don't mind a bit. So Miss Cummings stopped the dance and told the girls to take their hats off, and those that refused were expelled. It must really be quite jolly to be able to reform people by force, and no doubt the civic ladies looked forward to the day when they would be able, metaphorically speaking, to expel any one who persisted in drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, or staying away from church. One of the delights of the uplift movement is the ability to order people about.

Then Miss Cummings saw another sad sight. The girls were putting their arms around the boys' necks as they danced. We ourselves have seen the same shocking spectacle, but they were not poor girls who were doing this. They were rich girls, and therefore it would have been very wrong and unconstitutional to remonstrate with them. Miss Cummings called the boys apart—the boys, you will notice, not the girls—and she said: "You mustn't allow the girls to do that. Your necks are your own. Tell them not to do it." And the boys said: "Miss Cummings, we can't tell them that. They would curse us." Now this is a moral journal and it shall never be said that we advocated cursing. It is a thing that real ladies rarely do, but if anything would make a lady curse it would be a reproof such as this. No wonder the boys said "we can't tell them that." Another time Miss Cummings was so shocked by the bunny hugging that she closed the dance and sent the bunny huggers away. Then she followed them and found that they went to an arch under the Queensboro bridge and continued to dance, the poor little devils, thus turned out of Eden. So she sent for a policeman and had them stopped. That's the way to deal with the lower classes when they refuse to be moral. Just send for a policeman.

Miss Cummings's suggested remedy is of the feminine type. She says that these people ought to be allowed to dance in church. But what good would that do? Suppose they turkey trotted and bunny hugged in church? When they did these things in the gymnasium Miss Cummings turned them into the street, and when they continued to dance under the arch of a bridge she sent for a policeman. Even a clergyman could do no more. It does not seem that these young people were actually immoral. They were only vulgar, and they were only doing what their betters are doing in the Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms. It appears that when vulgar people happen also to be poor their morals must be corrected by the police, whose virtue is of course beyond dispute.

And while upon the subject of turkey trotting and bunny hugging let us look at a report from Washington to which we would draw the prayerful attention of Miss Cummings. If she could find time she might run up to Washington and take a moral policeman with her. For it seems that they are all doing this very same thing in the best circles. They call it the "Jelly Wobble," and it consists of a series of "prolonged tremblings or shakings of the body, combined with swaying from side to side." But a description is unnecessary. We know all about it. We have seen it and we know exactly what it is intended to imitate. We have our own Barbary Coast.

All the best people are doing the Jelly Wobble. Mrs. Alice Longworth is enthusiastic about it—*cela va sans dire*—and so is Mr. Hitchcock, Preston Gilson, Margaret Draper, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter, and the Misses Meyer. But Miss Helen Taft will have nothing to do with it, and it is said that the patrons disapprove of it heartily. Miss Cummings should show up in Washington without delay. Having invited a group of New York to the gymnasium, she ran out into the street, followed them

to the railway arch and sicked the police on to them, she is doubtless panting for new worlds to conquer in the cause of virtue, and she could surely find them ready to her hand in Washington.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch has been having a perfectly gorgeous time at Albany while the suffrage bill was under consideration, and she tells us all about it at the protest meeting held subsequently in New York. It was all due to the perfidious Murphy, who said that the women must not vote, and it was so. Harriet called Mr. Murphy "Charley" all the way through the meeting, presumably as a sort of preparation for the real work of politics. But she was especially hard on Senator Pollock, of whom she hoped better things. Senator Pollock, she said, decided to be ill as the day for the vote drew near. He had either a pain under his pinafore or in the space where women keep their brains, and on the morning of the day of battle he told a friend that he would go and sit in the park. But Mrs. Blatch was not to be circumvented in that way. Her own post was in the corridor like a wolf outside the fold, but she sent one of her lieutenants to the park with orders to capture the senator by force, but presumably he also had his outposts, and when they were driven in upon the central body he began a strategic movement to the rear and brought up in his hotel bedroom. And he locked the door, too. He might have left word at the office that he was changing his shirt and would be doing so all the afternoon, but he knew that a little matter of that kind would be no bar to a suffragette. He was an unprotected male, as Mark Twain said when the continental chambermaid tried to come into his bathroom, and he was resolved to protect his honor at the peril of his life and so he wisely locked the door. Mrs. Blatch said she was ashamed of him, and quite right, too.

Then Dr. Anna Shaw was asked to read the replies from eminent men on the subject of the suffrage. Now there is reason to believe that Mrs. Shaw would have done this in her usual effective manner. But unfortunately none of the eminent men had answered the letters. So there was nothing to read. The only thing of the kind was a letter from Mr. Taft's secretary enclosing a clipping of a speech to the effect that when he was a boy of sixteen he had leanings in the direction of woman suffrage, but that as he had now waited for so long he was willing to wait a little longer. Mr. Taft's speech was a delicate and tactful suggestion that hope deferred maketh the heart sick and that his hopes for woman suffrage had now been so long deferred that in his miserable disappointment and dejection he really did not seem to care any more whether women got the vote or not. Mrs. Blatch was quite sarcastic about this speech.

When Edward Bellamy said that men would be more covetous of a decoration, of a bit of red ribbon to stick in their coats, than they would be of money he was laughed at. And yet he spoke the words of truth and soberness. The love of money is a great passion, as well as the root of all evil, but the love of distinction is a greater. Indeed we may believe that the love of money, when it passes a certain point, becomes the love of distinction. It is the winning of a race. It is something that lifts us above our fellow-men. It is a badge of achievement. In England men yearn for titles. In France they yearn for decorations. In America they yearn for cascades of dollars. It is all the same thing. It is the craving for distinction.

It is a pity that there are no titles or decorations in America. They would, to some extent, take the place of the gold lust. Of course there are the toy titles, the rank and the insignia of the many orders and societies. And how popular they are. How proudly our best citizens will strut through the streets decked out in finery that would make their wives weep tears of pure pity, carrying their imitation swords, with helmets upon their heads or blazing with gaudy aprons and pinchbeck jewels. Suppose some of these beautiful things were to be conferred by real national authority. In comparison with such a bliss mere money would become a filthy lucre in fact as well as in name.

Americans can get no decorations at home, and so they go abroad for them. You can easily get them in France. No matter what your nationality you can get a decoration from the French government if you can but prove that you have done something in the public service. At least you may say you have and say it in the right ears. Then you will get the Legion of Honor, perhaps not of a very high grade, but then, bless your heart, they will never know the difference at home. In France they will give the Legion of Honor to a servant who has kept his place for a certain number of years. They will give it to you for writing a book, although the real service is in not writing a book. They will give it to you for being a newspaper editor like James Gordon Bennett, or a physician like Dr. Maguire, or a dentist like Dr. Spaulding, or a politician like Perry Belmont. All the Americans who go to Paris get the Legion of Honor. They ask for it early and often.

They demonstrate in an incontestable way that they have served humanity and saved the world. For example, what would have happened to horse breeding but for that distinguished American, Alfred Vanderbilt? The facts were notorious, so Alfred got the ribbon. Of course J. P. Morgan has all the orders that there are, and probably he is the only recent American who got them without asking for them.

It is strange that we hear so little of the decoration-hunting man and so much of the title-hunting woman. On the whole the title seems the better worth having. It is something that is permanently associated with your name, whereas a decoration is effaced in a moment when you take your coat off, and it really doesn't amount to much when your coat is on. But a title sticketh closer than a brother. It follows you like a shining shadow and can not be forgotten.

The dressmakers' convention at Chicago with its 3000 delegates must have been an impressive sight. Fancy 3000 dressmakers all intent upon wheedling money from the pockets of husbands, fathers, and lovers, and all specially trained to do it.

It seems that we are to have a novelty in millinery. Tiny electric lights will be worn in the hair, and these will be supplied from a small flat battery "concealed in the corsage."

It will have to be very small and very flat to be concealed there. We believe this to be a figure of speech, a *façon de parler*. Nothing can be concealed in the modern corsage except the wonderful works of God, and even there the concealment is inadequate. The corsage is too tight to conceal an effective battery, however small and flat. We do not wish to pursue this subject, fearing to be led into improprieties foreign to our nature, but we register our conviction that the battery will not be concealed in the corsage.

"Last week," writes the editor of the *Etude*, "we heard 100 crippled orphan children singing, and music had for us a new and sweeter meaning. The crutches, the handgates, the braces, the pains, the aches, the fears and tears were all wiped away for the moment by the wonderful magic of song. Smiling faces made it hard to realize that their cruel deformities really existed. Music, the comforter, had come. Sometimes we think that the highest office of our art is to take the mind away from the perplexities, the griefs, and the cares of everyday life. We agree with Shelley that 'music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.' Music is the anodyne of the world. When you are tired, and worn, and worried; when the great problem seems harder than ever; when there does not seem to be any way out, take a little rest and go to your piano, your violin, or your singing. This kind of rest may bring the solution of your difficulties far quicker than hours of worrying. Psychologists are coming to realize that music has a utilitarian worth which in this age of tension is quite as important as bread and butter. When you fail to find mental comfort, turn to music, and the relief is almost sure to come."

Reader—Is it true that it takes a genius to live with a genius? *De Ruyter*—I'll ask my wife about it when I go home.—*Puck*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day, when Mr. Everts was Secretary of State, he was entering the elevator at the department to go to his office, and looking around on the crowd of passengers, remarked: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up."

Marrit's wife, at the end of the usual breakfast-table quarrel, hurst into tears behind the coffee urn, and, as she searched for her handkerchief, wailed: "You said, the second time I refused you, that you'd rather live in eternal torment with me than in bliss by yourself." "Well, I had my wish," growled Marrit.

Italian workmen are, as a rule, not fond of strikes; they usually resort to other means to get what they want. A company of Italian navvies engaged in the construction of a railway in Germany had their wages reduced. They said nothing, but during the night each of the men cut an inch off the end of his shovel. In reply to the engineer who took them to task about it, one of them said: "Not so much pay, no lift so much earth. So much longer last work. Italian no fool like German. Italian no strike."

A minister had traveled some distance to preach, and at the conclusion of the morning service, waited for some one to invite him to dine; but the congregation dispersed without noticing him. When the house was nearly empty, the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said: "Brother, will you go home to dinner with me today?" "Where do you live?" "About eighteen miles from here." "No; but you must dine with me," answered the gentleman, with a flushed face, which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted.

When Fraulein Braune came to this country, she discovered that she had not yet mastered English as it is spoken, though she had studied her English grammar carefully. "Ach yes, I shall remember," she said; "this window above the door is the *transom*—the *transom*. I did not know that word. And you call this a *register*? Yes, I shall learn that name." Not long after, the dignified German lady astounded some visitors by asserting, "Oh, no, I have not found this country cold. I have been very comfortable. I sit all day with my feet over the *transom*."

General Caprivi, a stolid, ruminating kind of man, with much sound sense and some kindness of heart, received a message from the emperor one day, while he was at dinner. He rose and went to his imperial master at once, when the following conversation took place: "I want you," said William the Second, "to take Bismarck's two places as chancellor and Prussian prime minister." "I am at your majesty's orders," answered the general. "Have you no conditions to make?" "It is not for me, sire, to make conditions." "Very well. Come here tomorrow morning. What are you going to do now?" "I shall go home and finish my dinner, sire." A very good, soldierly answer.

In London lately, where Charles Frohman revived "Peter Pan" for the ninth consecutive season, J. M. Barrie came into the Duke of York's Theatre one day toward the end of the rehearsal period. Mr. Barrie even in a theatre housing one of his own successes has more the manner of an obscure understudy in the company than the author of the play. But this day, catching sight of him, a prominent actor in the company trotted over to the playwright with this idea on his lips: "I say, Mr. Barrie, I have now been playing this part for eight years; might I not be featured on the programme during this tour; say, as a reward, a sort of *ordon bleu*, you know?" "Featured?" asked Mr. Barrie, who in reality is not at all familiar with the idioms of the stage. "Yes," continued the actor. "Can't I have the word 'and' before my name so that the programme will read 'and Mr. Blank'?" "Why not 'hut'?" replied Mr. Barrie without moving his eyes a hair's breadth from their steady, far-away gaze out into the dark, empty auditorium.

A man who was caught in the act of skinning a neighbor's sheep, covered his embarrassment by declaring that no sheep could bite him and live. The logic of this is equalled by that of the Yankee soldier who once had a narrow escape from an enraged gander. The men of a certain Maine regiment, which was in the enemy's country in 1862, considered the order "no foraging" an additional and uncalculated hardship. One afternoon about dusk, a soldier was seen heating a rapid retreat from the rear of a farm-house near by, closely pursued by a gander with wings outspread, whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and from whose beak issued a succession of angry screams. The fugitive was not reassured by the cries of the gander's owner: "Hold on, man, hold on! He won't hurt you!" "Call off your gander! Call him out the fleeing soldier. Neither

man nor gander stopped until inside the camp-lines, when the soldier's friends relieved him of his fierce pursuer with the aid of the butt of a musket. "Did that gander think he could chase me like that and live!" the soldier exclaimed, as he surveyed the outstretched bird; but he said nothing of the baited hook, with cod-line attached, which might have thrown light on the unfortunate gander's strange actions.

In one of the interior counties of Maine a case was called that had long been in litigation. The chief justice—who at that time was plain Judge Peters—thought it impracticable to keep the suit longer in court, and advised the parties to refer the matter. After due deliberation they assented, agreeing to refer the case to three honest men. With a grave smile, in perfect keeping with judicial dignity, Judge Peters said that the case involved certain legal points which would require one of the referees, at least, to have some knowledge of law; therefore he would suggest the propriety of their selecting one lawyer and two honest men!

A prisoner was being tried in an English court for murder; evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it a hat found near the scene of the crime—an ordinary, round, black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defense, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a hat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on. So the man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity, he said: "If you please, my lord, may I 'ave my 'at'?"


Mr. Choate's talent for multiplying words which might not signify a great deal, but which not only sounded well but helped to create with a jury the impression that he sought to convey, is well known. On one occasion, in defending an insurance company against which a claim had been brought for the loss of a ship which was declared by the defense to be utterly unseaworthy, Mr. Choate made a great impression by including in his plea these swelling words: "And so, gentlemen, overhurdled with her well-nigh priceless cargo, and carrying her far more precious freight of human life, the vessel started on her voyage, painted but perfidious—a coffin, but no ship!"

While traveling together three Southern politicians—Legendre, Semmes, and Ben Hill—lunched in a railway restaurant. Messrs. Semmes and Hill attacked the bill of fare to the extent of one dollar and Mr. Legendre contented himself with a seventy-five-cent meal. Breakfast ended, the three gentlemen each handed the waiter a silver dollar. Twenty-five cents was due Legendre, however, and this amount the waiter returned to him on his tray. Mr. Legendre replaced the quarter on the tray to "tip" the waiter. The waiter, placing the money in a glass on his tray, passed it to Mr. Semmes as a gentle reminder of what was expected of him. Mr. Semmes was, however, husily conversing with his friend Mr. Hill at the time, and in an absent-minded way appropriated the tip-money under the impression that it was his change. The waiter was dumfounded, and Mr. Legendre, somewhat embarrassed, beckoned to him and dropped an additional quarter on the tray to soothe his feelings. This the waiter passed to Mr. Hill, with the hope that he, at least, had "caught on," and that Mr. Semmes might finally be brought to a knowledge of his mistake. Again he made a serious error: Mr. Hill dealt with the tip-money just as Mr. Semmes had done in the first instance. The waiter was dumfounded, but before he could attempt an explanation, the party hastened away for their train.

There are good men in California, very good men, and shrewd men, too (according to Eli Perkins). One day a real good young man, who used to teach a Bible class in San Francisco, boarded the Union Pacific train at Ogden. He was going home to Boston as a delegate from California to the Massachusetts Sunday-School Association. He was neatly and sweetly dressed, and spent most of his time reading the *Christian at Work*. After a while he got introduced to a Colonel, a Professor, and a Doctor, who said they also lived in Boston, and they invited him to take a quiet game of euchre. During an animated religious conversation, three aces were thrown on his side of the table, after which one of the Bostonians gayly remarked, with the greatest coolness, "I wish that we were playing poker. I don't know that I have been favored with such a hand for years." Our religious young man from San Francisco immediately saw the game of the sharpers, looked up innocently, and remarked: "I have been favored also. I have a pretty good poker hand myself." The three looked at each other significantly. "They call you Professor?" asked the young man from San

Francisco. "Yes." "And they call you Colonel?" "Yes." "You are from the East. I believe?" "Yes, from Boston." "Well, gentlemen," he continued, rising, "you had better take the next train back. We meet it just the other side of the Grand Cañon. You can't make a cent at this. They have been teaching it in the Sunday-schools in California for years."

Bismarck was no favorite with women, least of all with clever women who dared to think for themselves and imagine that they could fathom questions of state. He was never tired of snubbing strong-minded ladies, putting them down, and stamping on them. One day he paid a visit to the Russian embassy at Berlin, where he behaved as usual, flouting even the mistress of the house, the Countess Schouvaloff herself. He took his leave at length, to the relief of everybody, and presently the family mastiff was heard harking at the great man as he passed through the courtyard. Immediately the countess ran to the open window, and Bismarck heard her voice, saying to him in a tone of gentle entreaty, "Oh, please, M. le Chancelier, don't hite my dog."



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Klothe McGee and Mr. David Madison Willis. Miss McGee is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McGee of Washington, D. C. Mr. Willis is the son of the late Mr. Amrose Madison Willis of Virginia, and for several years has resided in this city.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Eaton and Mr. Rufus Hatch Kimball took place Wednesday at the home in Montecito of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eaton. Miss Cora Otis of this city was the bride's maid of honor, and Mr. Sherman Kimball was his brother's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball will spend the next few weeks in Southern California and will reside in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Alhertine Detrick and Mr. John Jerome Alexander, Jr., of Portland, will take place April 18, at the home in Berkeley of the bride's father, Mr. Eddington Detrick, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Frances Martin and Mr. Duval Moore took place Wednesday at noon at St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross. Miss Hazel Dimmick of Philadelphia was the bride's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marian Miller, Vera de Sabla, Virginia Newhall, Gertrude Thomas, Frances Newhall, and Margaret Belden. Mr. Kenneth Moore was his brother's best man and the ushers included the Messrs. John Martin, Jr., Walter Martin, John Neville, Willard Barton, Harry Weibe, and Arthur Hooper. A reception was given at the home in Ross of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will reside in Ross upon their return from their wedding trip.

Mrs. George A. Moore was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Frances Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin entertained at a dinner last week, at their home in Ross, in honor of their daughter, her fiancé, Mr. Duval Moore, and the bridal party.

Miss Martin was hostess at a luncheon complimentary to her maid of honor, Miss Hazel Dimmick of Philadelphia.

Mrs. St. George Holden gave a tea on Thursday to her friends to meet Miss Milward Holden, the guest of honor, and whose engagement to Mr. Austin De Camp was then announced.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall and Mrs. George Gardiner, who are visiting here from their Eastern homes.

Mrs. Charles E. Green gave a luncheon Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Marie Louise Foster, fiancée of Mr. Eldridge Green. Miss Edith Lowe was hostess yesterday at a bridge tea, at her home in Sausalito, in honor of Miss Foster.

Miss Isabelle McLaughlin was hostess recently at a dinner at her home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Marion Stone.

Mrs. James C. Jordan entertained a number of friends at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Haldimand Putnam Young.

Mrs. William Romaine was hostess last week at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Frank Powers was host at a dinner at the University Club in honor of Mr. E. S. Heller.

Mrs. Kinsey J. Hampton was hostess at a bridge tea complimentary to Mrs. George Apple, wife of Major Apple, U. S. A.

Captain J. C. Johnson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnson entertained a number of friends at a bridge and supper party in honor of Major Apple and Mrs. Apple.

The Misses Sadie and Carrie Murray, daughters of Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray, were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening at the Presidio.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Camilla Martin will leave next month for Europe, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy spent the weekend in Burlingame.

Mrs. George M. Pullman of Chicago arrived

Sunday evening from Pasadena and sailed Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels arrived Tuesday from New York. Mrs. Spreckels is at present visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy, at their villa in Cannes.

Mrs. R. P. Scherwin has returned from Honolulu, where she went for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris left Wednesday for New York, en route to their home in England.

The Misses Cora and Frederica Otis left Sunday evening for Pasadena, to be bridal attendants at the Eaton-Kimball wedding. They will be joined by their father, Mr. James Otis, with whom they will go to Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro have returned from a visit in San Diego.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet and Miss Julia Van Fleet have returned from a few days' visit in Inverness.

Judge Charles Slack, Mrs. Slack, and the Misses Edith and Ruth Slack will leave in a few weeks for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence Breeze and their children will leave next month for New York and will visit Mrs. Breeze's home on the Hudson.

Mrs. Philip King Brown and her children returned yesterday from Miradera, where they have been spending the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Columbus Wheeler (formerly Mrs. Beryl Whitney Graydon) arrived a few days ago from Rocklin, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney. They will spend several weeks in this city before returning to their home in the East.

Mrs. Edward Griffith and her son, Mr. Millen Griffith, have opened their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and the Misses Marion and Mary Julia Crocker spent last week at their country home in Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark and their children will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin have returned from Europe after a year's absence.

Miss Augusta Foute spent the weekend in Menlo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Mr. Southard Hoffman will move next week into an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have opened their country home, Uplands, in San Mateo, for the season.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, will leave shortly for Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant returned last week from Europe and has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott in Burlingame. Mrs. Grant and the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant are in England.

Miss Frances Jolliffe has returned from the East, where she has been spending the winter.

Mrs. George Harding left this week for her home in Philadelphia. During her visit in this city she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. James W. Keeney.

Miss Minnie Houghton spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne have rented the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who will spend three months at Stag's Leap, in Napa County, the country home of Mr. H. B. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes have returned to their home in Salt Lake City after a six weeks' visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have closed their town house and are established for the summer in their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle has gone East to spend the summer with relatives.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, will spend the summer in Ross, where they will occupy the Barbour cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Thompson are established for the summer in their home in Mill Valley.

Miss Julia Langhorne has recently been visiting the Misses Sara, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham in New York.

Mrs. George F. Ashton and the Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton will leave the end of next week for San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Eleonora Sears is en route to her home in Boston after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan in Burlingame.

Mr. Felton Elkins has rented the home in San Mateo of Miss Frances Howard, who has decided to extend her visit in Europe.

Mrs. William J. Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Miss Margaret Mee will leave shortly for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Marian Miller and Miss Marian Zeile left Thursday for New York to join their sisters, Miss Leslie Miller and Miss Ruth Zeile, who are attending Miss Spencer's school.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page have opened their home in San Rafael for the summer.

Miss Esther Denny has returned from a visit in Stockton.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge left Thursday for New York for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann have been visiting in Los Angeles for the past week. They were joined by their daughter, Mrs. Kaspar Fischel, and the Misses Inez and Sepha Fischel, who were returning from their European trip. They will all return to San Francisco during the week.

Mr. Frank Stimson has gone to Tahiti on a pleasure trip.

Dr. Herbert Allen has gone to Europe to remain six months.

Mr. Donald Jadwin has arrived from New York for a few weeks' visit with his sister, Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, in San Rafael. Mr. Jadwin will be one of the attendants at the wedding of Miss Marie Louise Foster and Mr. Eldridge Green.

Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler and her daughters, the Misses Lilius and Olive Wheeler, will arrive in

New York next week after having spent six months in Europe. Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Olive Wheeler will return to this city early in May. Miss Lilius Wheeler will remain in the East to await the arrival of the Misses Beth and Jean. Wheeler, who are attending school in Florence.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and her daughter, Miss Josephine Redding, are en route to New York, where they will make a brief visit before sailing for Paris. Mrs. Redding came to this city early in the winter to spend the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne have recently been visiting in Pasadena.

Lieutenant David le Breton, U. S. N., left

Thursday for Philadelphia, where he will be married April 29 to Miss Pauline Persons.

Lieutenant Harrison Bane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bane have arrived from Manila and will spend several weeks with relatives in this city and Berkeley.

Captain George Goodrich, U. S. A., and Mrs. Goodrich (formerly Miss Julia Reynolds) have returned from their wedding trip and are established at the Presidio.

## California Club Vaudeville.

The California Club vaudeville, scheduled for the afternoon of April 16, is attracting much attention in club circles generally, for the programme, as arranged by the chairman, Mrs. Arthur Cornwall, will be a unique one. With the California Club contributions there will be several professional numbers. Moving pictures and living pictures, songs and dances, even the acrobatic "stunts" which are the thrillers in real vaudeville will be in the list of acts on the California Club bill.

Sons and daughters of California Club members are scheduled for certain acts on the programme. Musical sketches and the living pictures are to be the particular numbers for the young people. Mrs. E. L. Baldwin will present several groups of living pictures, copying the Dulac illustrations of the "Arabian Nights."

Mrs. Rodney Kendrick is busy with a sketch, which she is revising for presentation at that time. The fifteen or more characters in the play will be taken by the California Club women, that act being the club's own for the day.

Tickets for the vaudeville may be obtained from any of the California Club directors or from the vaudeville committee. The performance is to be given at the Cort Theatre.

It is possible that S. F. B. Morse might have stuck to his determination to continue a painter, had it not been for a letter, the authorship of which was for a time unknown to the public. He had studied in Europe, and on returning home did some excellent portraits. He was one of the founders of the Charleston, or South Carolina Academy of Fine Arts. When the time came to choose artists to paint the great historical pictures for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, John Quincy Adams thought that the competition should be open to all artists, as the Americans were not sufficiently able. Morse felt sure that he would be chosen to do at least one or two of the pictures. But a caustic reply to Adams's criticism of American painters came out in the press and was attributed to Morse. His name was rejected by the committee, though it was later proved that James Fenimore Cooper had written the letter. The rejection ended Morse's artistic ambitions. He had for some time been thinking and experimenting with telegraphy and now he gave himself to it wholly.

One of the charming French watering-places within easy reach of London is Hardelet, on the Picardy coast, a few miles south of Boulogne. The pine forest immediately behind the sand-hills belongs to the French government, and is open to all visitors throughout the year. Hardelet has all the amusements of a foreign place, among them being one of the best golf courses on the Continent. The first tee is on a tower of the ancient castle built by Charlemagne. The president of the golf club is the Duke of Argyll, who has built a chalet at Hardelet.

as also has M. Blériot, who contemplates establishing a summer school of aviation there.

The voyage to England now costs on the best ships about half the rate charged by the *Britannia*, the first mail steamer to cross the ocean, seventy years ago. One can go first class for three cents a mile; second class for half of that, and third class—with better accommodations than the best in the *Britannia's day*—for about 80 cents a hundred miles, and these rates include meals.

When one raps on wood after telling of a piece of good luck he is perpetuating a custom that originated with the Germans. The purpose of the raps was to drive away evil spirits who were thought to be offended by human well-being. There were three raps to correspond to the three persons of the Trinity, and wood was used because that was the material of the cross.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn (formerly Miss Edna Bowman) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood was brightened by the advent of a daughter on April 8, 1912.

An English gentlewoman who has traveled a great deal would like to chaperone two or three girls during a tour of six months, or longer, in Europe. Highest references given and required. Box R. Argonaut office.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

It is announced that the plans for the exposition of 1915 have been completed and that final arrangements for the beginning of actual construction work are now being made.

The Greek Theatre at Berkeley was crowded to capacity on Good Friday, when one of the most notable programmes of devotional song ever attempted on this coast was given. Baritone Mascal sang Faure's "Sancta Maria." Then Tetrassini sang the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." Then came Rossini's "Stabat Mater," rendered by the 300 well-trained voices, Tetrassini's voice again soaring in the "Inflammatus." The other soloists were Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. Carol Nicholson, Henry Perry, and R. N. Battison. The choruses were made up of the best voices in singing societies on both sides of the bay. The great orchestra was led by Paul Steindorff.

During March 759 sales of San Francisco real estate were recorded for a total of \$4,624,304. Only twice since the fire of 1906 has this large total been exceeded, and in both cases a large sale was the cause of the large totals. The total building contracts recorded during the month of March were \$2,146,011 in amount.

Rules for the competition of architects in plans for the new city hall have been drawn up. The first prize is to be \$25,000, and \$20,000 more will be awarded to the twenty designs next in order of merit. More than one hundred architects have been enrolled as contestants.

Commissioner J. E. Black received last Friday the deed of the site chosen for the Missouri building on the exposition grounds at Harbor View.

The Supreme Court has reversed the Superior Court in the litigation over the estate of Claus Spreckels, sustaining the appeal of Claus A. Spreckels, Jr., and Rudolph Spreckels from the decision of the lower court, by which the partial distribution of the estate was denied. In the lower court John D. and Adolph B. Spreckels, and a daughter, Mrs. Emma C. Ferris, joined in opposition to the petition for distribution and were successful. The property involved includes not only the estate of Claus Spreckels, but the estate of the widow, Mrs. Anna Spreckels.

Nine cars of overland mail, delayed for days by the floods in the Mississippi Valley, arrived on Friday last and kept the force at the postoffice hard at work through the night.

All the contents of the mysterious tin box that Mary E. Pleasant, the old negro servant of the late Thomas Bell, known as "Mammy," was believed to have deposited seventeen years ago with the Donohoe-Kelley Banking Company have been distributed to their rightful owners by Judge James M. Seawell in the Superior Court. "Mammy" was given a home by Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Sherwood, and made a will leaving them her estate. But the diamonds and jewels story was a myth. The tin box, discovered a year ago, was the last "chance" to reveal the hidden fortune, the "location" of which "Mammy" never communicated to any one. When the box was opened by Judge Seawell the imaginary wealth of the negress was dissipated forever. The papers in the box were worthless.

Estimating expenses of the schools for the coming year, the board of education asks the supervisors to arrange matters so that it will have a fund of \$2,471,055 to meet the demands. The receipts from the state for high and primary schools are estimated at \$618,635, leaving \$1,852,420 to be raised by the city and county.

Andrew M. Davis, one of the best-known merchants in California, died at his home in Berkeley April 5, at the age of fifty-eight years. Heart trouble was the cause of death after having caused him much suffering for two years. Mr. Davis first became connected with the Emporium when he and his two brothers and his father merged the Golden Rule Bazaar, which they conducted on Market Street between Kearny Street and Grant Avenue, with the new company and for many years conducted their business as a department of the Emporium. He became one of the largest stockholders in the company and filled the office of secretary for years. Surviving Mr. Davis are his widow, Mrs. Georgie M. Davis; two daughters, Mrs. Arthur Nahl and Helen Davis, and one son, George. There are also two sisters, Mrs. Myrcilla Peixotto and Mrs. Rebecca Benjamin; two brothers, Eugene and Percy L., all of San Francisco, and one brother, W. I. Davis, of New York.

Mr. Ettore Patrizi, editor of *L'Italia*, the leading Italian newspaper on the Pacific Coast, left last week for a four months' tour of Europe, principally Italy. Owing to the great interest shown by his Italian countrymen here, he will make a special trip to Tripoli to get exact and correct news regarding the

war now raging there between the Italians and Turks. He will send letters with photographs of Tripoli and surroundings which will be of great interest to the Italian people. Mr. Patrizi will be in close touch with General Caneva, who is in full charge of the Italian forces in Tripoli. During his stay in Italy he will visit his relatives, and call on Mascagni, the famous composer, and others prominent in the Italian operatic and political circles.

The fifth trial of Michael Joseph Conboy, police officer, charged with killing Bernard Lagan in June, 1909, was begun this week.

Mayor Rolph has surprised the managers of athletic clubs which hold permits for boxing exhibitions with the sanction of the board of supervisors and the mayor. They have kept on sending the regular batch of free tickets to the mayor's office, but as regularly have received them back with a polite note stating that the courtesy was appreciated.

The Rev. John Hemphill took charge of Calvary Church as its pastor nearly a quarter of a century ago, when Calvary was the largest Presbyterian church on the west coast. The Rev. Dr. William Rader succeeded him as the active head of the church, and the Rev. Mr. Hemphill was made pastor emeritus on a salary of \$100 a month. Recently an agreement was entered into between him and the church whereby he was to be paid a lump sum of \$6000 now and to draw no further monthly salary. The arrangement was carried out on Tuesday of this week.

Through an order of distribution signed by Superior Judge Graham Blanche Bates, the actress, is given the rosewood furniture contained in the Sacramento Street home of the late Mrs. Sarah A. Forhes, who died March 18 at an advanced age. Miss Bates had been a warm friend of Mrs. Forhes for several years prior to the latter's death and was always entertained at the Forhes home on her visits to this city. It was her expressed admiration for the rosewood furniture which led to her being made a beneficiary in the will. Upon her death Mrs. Forhes left an estate valued at \$75,000. After the bequest to Miss Bates she left a few minor legacies and gave the residue of the estate to her husband, Arthur W. Forhes, a retired capitalist, and her son, George Henry Roundey.

The new board of directors of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to serve during the ensuing year is as follows: Frank B. Anderson, Henry E. Bothin, John A. Britton, W. H. Crocker, E. J. de Sahla, Jr., F. G. Drum, John S. Drum, D. H. Foote, A. F. Hockenbeamer, C. O. G. Miller, William G. Henshaw, John Martin, Samuel Insull, Louis Stoss, and George K. Weeks. The following officers were reelected: President, F. G. Drum; first vice-president and general manager, John A. Britton; second vice-president and treasurer, A. F. Hockenbeamer; secretary and assistant treasurer, D. H. Foote; assistant treasurer, Joseph C. Love; assistant secretaries, Charles L. Barrett of San Francisco and Morris K. Parker of New York. The net revenue of the company for the past year was nearly six and one-half million dollars, sufficient to pay three and a quarter millions interest on the bonds and leave almost as much for a balance.

Four new piers for North Beach, to be constructed west of the present grain sheds, are planned by the state board of harbor commissioners. The expenditure of an amount between \$1,125,000 and \$1,500,000 is contemplated.

Discussions enlisting general interest are taking place in Paris over the proposal that the government take over the monopoly of all the gambling tables at French watering resorts, and even develop new state-owned gambling centres. It is recognized that this course would result in an enormous income to the country, estimated at \$50,000,000 annually. Although the scheme is opposed by many on moral grounds, its supporters point out that the government would thus have a strong instrument for the revival of not only decayed provincial resorts, but also the lost splendor of the famous Palais Royal in Paris.

The Vatican officials are said to have refused an offer of 2,000,000 lira (approximately \$400,000) by moving picture men for the privilege of taking "movies" of the Pope receiving Easter pilgrims. This is the most stupendous offer ever made by the motion picture men for a series of pictures, but it was admitted such a set of films, if perfect, would be the greatest money makers ever taken.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Redd—Was your trip across the ocean expensive? Greene—Oh, yes; I couldn't even keep that down.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Giles—Pecken has a bad case of matrimonial dyspepsia. Miles—How's that? Giles—His wife doesn't agree with him.—*Chicago News.*

She—So you are sure that your new play will be a success? He—Positive; why, even the manager hushed when he read it.—*New York Globe.*

Tommy—Pop, what is sound advice? Tommy's Pop—Sound advice, my son, is generally nine parts sound and one part advice.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Griggs—Wealth does not necessarily bring happiness. Briggs—No; but if it should prove disappointing one can easily get rid of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sillicus—Do you believe in long engagements? Cynicus—Sure. The longer a man is engaged the less time he has to be married.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"We can stop off at Milan for an hour." "Can't see much in an hour." "I only want to get a local label pasted on my trunk."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"What happened to that ticket you organized as a split from your party?" "That ticket?" echoed the restless politician. "Oh! It got punched."—*Washington Star.*

Bella—He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt. Della—Well? Bello—He has no life insurance, and I pitied his poor old mother.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

"I call 'em the cutlery family." "Why so?" "Well, the daughter spoons, the father forks out the money and the mother knives the other guests."—*Courier-Journal.*

"You are engaged for the box-office. All you will have to do is to receive money." "Thanks. I think I should like to have a few rehearsals."—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"Did ye see as Jim got ten years' penal for stealing that 'oss?" "Serve 'im right, too. Why didn't 'e huy the 'oss and not pay for 'im like any other gentleman?"—*Sketch.*

"I've spent all my money, my race horse is lame, my wife has eloped with my jockey. What more can happen, I wonder?" "Your wife can come back."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"I think the doctor is about through with me. Told me my ailment is practically cured." "What did you have?" "Three hundred dollars, originally."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Knutt—My dear, I'm drunk. It's a pity you ever married me. I'm sorry for the poor children (*hic*). Now for the Lord's sake let me come to bed quietly.—*London Opinion.*

Gillet—So you consider that your last employers treated you unfairly? Perry—Worse than that! I was an agent for their bottled water and they gave me Kentucky for my district.—*Life.*

"I tell you," insisted A with emphasis, "there is a popular demand for Roosevelt." "Maybe so, maybe so," granted B, in a conciliatory tone, "but the supply far exceeds the demand."—*Boston Herald.*

Optimistic Wife—I think cook is improving, don't you? Husband—Why, at dinner tonight everything but the black coffee was horrible. Optimistic Wife—I know that. But usually that's had, too.—*Life.*

"You must take exercise," said the physician, "and, by all means, worry less. Play golf." "Doctor," replied the patient, "you mean well, but a man who plays my kind of a golf game can't help worrying."—*Washington Star.*

Bald One—I would give anything for your splendid head of hair. Woolly One—Would you, really? Bald One—Yes, I would like to go to the barber shop just once and feel that I was getting my money's worth.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Store Proprietor (hiring a new clerk)—You know how to work a cash register? New Clerk—Yes, sir; I was one of the first to get on to it. I can work anything from a taximeter to a gum slot, but they watch you closer nowadays.—*Sotire.*

"Johnny," said the minister, reprovingly, as he met an urchin carrying a string of fish one Sunday afternoon, "did you catch those today?" "Ye—yes, sir," answered Johnny. "That's what they got for chasin' worms on Sunday."—*American Boy.*

"Takes us some time to train a girl," remarked the head of the large department store. "And then you lose a lot of girls through marriage." "Yes; but things even up. A lot of girls get tired of their husbands and come back to us."—*Washington Herald.*

"I understand that he was critically ill." "He was as soon as he became convalescent." "As soon as he became convalescent?"

"Yes. He was dangerously ill, and then as soon as he became convalescent he became so critical there was no pleasing him."—*Houston Post.*

"Are you ever frightened when you make a flight?" "I had one good scare," replied the businesslike aviator. "Some one told me the money they were putting up for the exhibition was counterfeit."—*Washington Star.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

Only a Campaign.

Each lifts an Ananias club  
And smites the nearest head.  
The old-time wounds with salt they rub  
And fill our souls with dread.  
The spear which brothers shall not know  
Ferociously they raise.  
Man waits in ambush for a foe  
And tells him with a phrase.

With friendships of the past forgot  
They rally to the fray.  
The Golden Rule is quite forgot  
In this fierce game they play.  
Yet hope survives that peace will reign,  
Despite these methods rude.  
Cheer up! It's only a campaign.  
Thank heaven it's not a feud.  
—*Washington Star.*

When Betty Strings the Beans.

Let lofty hards address their praise  
To royal acts of queens,  
Laud maidens when they sing or dance  
As inclination leans.  
Though beautiful such poses are,  
I love domestic scenes,  
And therefore I would tune my lay  
When Betty strings the beans.

So deftly do her fingers fly  
And strip the tender greens  
I have wild dreams of what might be  
If nothing intervenes.  
I think of heart strings—apron strings—  
I wonder what it means?  
I think perhaps she strings me, too,  
When Betty strings the beans.  
—*McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.*

The Searchers.

Smith started out, in answer to  
A write-up of a distant land,  
Where fruits and flowers always grew  
And south winds warmed a coral strand;  
But soon a letter came along—  
He had not been away a year—  
And this the burden of Smith's song:  
"You have to earn your living here."

Again Smith moved, and he was most  
Enthusiastic o'er the view;  
'Twas where, to quote the agent's boast,  
The easy money hushes grew;  
But back a postcard winged its flight  
To those at home who held Smith dear;  
And this was all he cared to write:  
"You have to earn your living here."

Poor Smith! in vain his restless feet  
Shall fare beneath the rainbow arch;  
In vain through lands of cold and heat  
Shall he, and kindred searchers, march;  
For there has always been one sign  
To greet man's vision, dull or clear;  
E'en in Utopia it shall shine:  
"You have to earn your living here."  
—*Denver Republican.*

The Boss.

Three-Finger Sam, he used to be as bold as any one.  
He spoke up quick. They said he had four notches on his gun  
And never took no back talk from a stranger or a friend.  
Whenever trouble started he was there to superintend.  
We stood and gazed respectful as he drained the jovial cup.  
He never went to bed, but used to sleep a-standin' up.  
He was the roughest, toughest man that ever hit the place—  
And now you ought to see him! He's completely fell from grace.

He met a gal, not five feet high and wispy-like and pale.  
She married him an' now he's hit the water-wagon trail.  
He wears a coat an' collar an' he even combs his hair  
An' hesitates in talkin' 'cause he knows he hasn't swear.  
An' Mrs. Sam, she says she wouldn't be no sufferin' get;  
She's satisfied to boss one able-bodied man, you bet.  
That's ready to break loose like water from a busted dam  
An' clean up the community if she says "Sick 'em, Sam!"  
—*Washington Star.*

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The McCarthy Legacy.

The advice given to the mayor by City Attorney Long in the matter of the McCarthy hold-over commissioners is the only counsel that could be given in accordance with law and common sense. It will be remembered that the grand jury recommended the summary dismissal of these commissioners, and they did this upon the strength of evidence in their possession, but that they were unable to divulge. City Attorney Long now advises the mayor to take no notice of this recommendation and to abstain from any action that is based upon testimony or facts not in his possession. If the grand jury believe that the evidence in their keeping is good enough to justify the dismissal of the commissioners by the mayor then it is good enough to justify the indictment of the commissioners by the grand jury itself. To hold a secret inquiry, to find a verdict of guilty, and then to demand that punishment be inflicted by some one else who knows nothing of the testimony is neither good sense, good law, nor good morals. If

the mayor were to dismiss these officials he would certainly have to face an action and he would then be in the absurd position of having to defend a course taken upon the advice of other parties and for reasons unknown to himself. Unless the grand jury has the courage of its convictions and is willing to bring indictments the matter necessarily drops.

The mayor need feel under no responsibility in the matter. He had nothing to do with the appointment of these commissioners and he is under no obligation to remove them except upon evidence in his own hands and weighty enough to satisfy a court of law. That many of these officials are merely municipal vultures, birds of prey, has nothing to do with the case. The city elected for a time to be governed by vultures, and it is not the fault of the mayor that he can not put them to flight with a wave of his hand. Much as we should like to see these officials relegated to the silent obscurity so suited to their peculiar minds and morals it may be that their continued presence in the public view will serve as a salutary reminder of the fruits of civic folly.

### The Ocean Tragedy.

The loss of the *Titanic* is one of those colossal tragedies which occur now and again in the world's career as if to remind us of the futility of human device when brought into conflict with elemental forces. In her construction and in the facilities attending her internal operation the *Titanic* represented all that the cunning of man aided by centuries of experience has been able to apply to the problems of navigation; and the sequel comes in cruel mockery of it all. The wild ocean at whose hazards we had come to make sport, as an element subdued to the convenience of man in security, has reasserted its terrors and brought the world in humility and grief to confess its powers.

That the modern ship could not sink had become an idea so fixed in the minds of men as to disarm prudence. Under this delusion caution has been thrown to the winds, and free rein has been given to competitions in weight and speed. Each vaster and more rapid ship has been succeeded by another still vaster and more rapid; and in the effort to "lower the record" little account has been taken of perils implied in the unchanged and unchangeable forces of nature. Now, after the event, we can only wonder that the fate which has befallen the *Titanic* has been so long delayed—that the thousands of great boats which for years have plowed at headlong pace through seas obscured by night, befogged by vapors, and beset by uncharted Gibraltars have come securely into port. It would seem that the business of rapid navigation has been pursued under a practice reckless beyond all the suggestions of science and common sense. The wonder is, not that a great ship has gone into the depths with her freightage of life and treasure, but that a thousand others have not preceded her.

There have been warnings in plenty. When the demands for speed and luxury have called for bigger and heavier vessels, there have been those to declare that the limits already attained could not safely be passed. When plans for the great liners *Lusitania* and *Mairetania* were made public a few years ago there were critics to say that there was involved in such monsters strains impossible to be calculated; and when a little later the *Olympic* and *Titanic* were in project, the warnings were repeated. Again and again when a low record has been "clipped" by one still lower navigators of experience have said that the pace was too rapid for safety. But the commercial demand for still greater speed has overruled all protests. What some engineers have condemned and what some navigators have deplored, other engineers and other navigators have conceded under pressure and in defiance of prudence.

When less than a year ago it was demonstrated in an English harbor that the *Olympic*, sister ship of the *Titanic*, was unwieldy in her vast bulk, it came to many

minds that the danger line had been crossed. There was another demonstration of this same fact only last week when the *Titanic*, starting on her maiden and ill-fated voyage, barely escaped collision with another vessel. Whether the unwieldiness of the monster ship had anything to do with her final mishap is now, in the absence of detailed reports, matter of conjecture. But there are those who can not be convinced that a lighter vessel, more quickly responsive to control, might have escaped where the *Titanic* succumbed. Certainly a ship great or small operated at such moderate pace as to give the man on the bridge opportunity to see whither he was going and what conditions lay in his path, would have avoided so conspicuous an object as an iceberg. When we are told that in the effort to make a record the *Titanic* was proceeding at night at the rate of eighteen miles per hour through a sea beset with masses of ice, we have facts which emphasize and condemn a practice in navigation against which only accidental good fortune may serve as a protection.

This disaster with its frightful toll in life and treasure impresses a profound lesson of caution. Whatever ship in her eagerness to get forward plows unseeing into darkness and mists runs the hazard of the *Titanic's* awful fate. There are no safeguards and there can be none. The conditions which rule the ocean and which must forever rule it are unchanging and unchangeable. The lesson is that man should yield to the conditions rather than seek to bend unbendable conditions to his will.

As we write on Wednesday, reports of the great disaster are still meagre. We only know that many hundreds of men have been carried into the abyss of the sea. But we do know that this catastrophe has been attended by circumstances which dignify human character. We know that when the few and insufficient lifeboats were launched, the strong stood aside giving place to the weak. We know that the men who died on the *Titanic* sustained in their last hour the spirit of self-sacrifice, the high hardihood of manliness which is unfailingly asserted when men of our race stand face to face with issues that try the souls of men.

### Campaign Developments.

The election in Pennsylvania of fifty-four district delegates to the Chicago convention committed to Mr. Roosevelt, with the prospect of twelve more to be chosen at large—sixty-six out of a total of seventy-six—is a circumstance of obvious importance. Coming on the heels of Mr. Roosevelt's clean sweep of Illinois, it makes a situation out of which anything may come. True, there were local motives in Pennsylvania unfavorable to Taft, as there were in the case of Illinois. What the Lorimer incident did in the one instance, resentment against Senator Penrose and his machine did in the other. From the standpoint of a wellwisher to Mr. Taft, the result in neither state is proof of the President's unpopularity. Yet, since human nature is what it is, it will be so regarded and it is certain to be followed by effects favorable to Mr. Roosevelt in states whose delegations are yet to be chosen. Everywhere the champions of Roosevelt will point to returns from Illinois and Pennsylvania, and to his practical advantage. Men are a good deal like sheep; they follow after whoever rushes ahead. In California and elsewhere the movement for Roosevelt has been a good deal accelerated by the events of the past two weeks.

Success in Illinois or in Pennsylvania would have made Taft's nomination a certainty; failure in these states is very far from making his defeat an assurance. He is still far ahead of Roosevelt in the number of secured votes in the convention with a prospect of winning more than enough in states yet to be heard from to make the required majority. On the face of the situation as it stands, Mr. Taft is the probable nominee. That Mr. Roosevelt can win, in the sense of himself gaining the nomination, is extremely improbable. On the whole it may be said that the general



effect growing out of results in Illinois and Pennsylvania is rather to weaken Taft than to strengthen Roosevelt.

But assuming that Taft can be nominated over the protest of great and representative states like Illinois and Pennsylvania, there arises in view of this protest a very serious question. Is it wise, in view of the state of the country, including the high hopes of the Democratic party, to nominate a man whose candidacy may not command the universal approval, or at least the universal support, of the Republicans of the country? In view of the apparent sentiment against Taft and of the obvious and determined sentiment against Roosevelt, will it be discreet—will it be good politics—to nominate either? These questions are in many minds, even in minds well disposed to Taft on the one hand and to Roosevelt on the other. They will measurably be dispelled if Taft shall win in the selections of delegates to be made within the next ten days, but they are bound to be emphasized by other failures if such shall occur within the coming few days.

It is a matter of common belief—it most certainly is the *Argonaut's* belief—that the nomination of Roosevelt would be fatal to the party this year. Any Democrat, we believe, would beat him. But opposition to Taft has been less vehement. It has seemed all along that the anti-Taft sentiment would yield before his actual nomination—that as the party nominee he would get practically the full party vote. Let it be frankly confessed that recent events tend to question the confidence with which this opinion has been held. When in spite of the objections to Mr. Roosevelt, including the disadvantage under which he stands as a third-term candidate, he can command as against Taft a three-to-one vote in Illinois and a two-to-one vote in the very conservative state of Pennsylvania, the conviction enforces itself that dislike of Taft is a positive element in the situation.

The name of Judge Hughes arises inevitably in every consideration of what may follow if Taft and Roosevelt, like the famous Kilkenny cats, shall devour each other. Judge Hughes is, in truth, the one figure of presidential stature now in sight. That he lacks certain qualities which experience has shown to be of high potentiality with the people, is obvious. His temperament is cold, his appearance and manner a bit forbidding. He has neither the smiling good nature of Taft nor the rip-roaring emotionalism of Roosevelt. His personal appeal is to mind rather than to sentiment. None the less, Judge Hughes regarded as a presidential figure is not without very strong points. As the prosecutor in the famous insurance cases, he was the pioneer figure in the movement against questionable methods in "big business." His career as a reformer won him the governorship of New York, was fully sustained by his incumbency of that office, and found emphatic endorsement in his nomination as a Justice of the Supreme Court. A strong point for Judge Hughes is the fact that while obviously a presidential possibility, he has made no move in the game of presidential or other politics. He has pursued the even tenor of his way, content to do his work as it has come to him, leaving the business of politics to those who have cared to pursue it. His character as a progressive along the moral side of public questions is definitely established; on the other hand his respect for fixed principles tends to commend him to men of conservative temper. Mr. Hughes has just turned fifty years of age, and is highly endowed with the physical as well as the mental qualities essential to an administrative career.

If indeed the situation should enforce a compromise arrangement, Judge Hughes is plainly the first man to be considered. There are in the party other men of demonstrated character, but no other so available. Mr. Spooner, easily the best combination of talent and experience in affairs in the whole country, has so connected himself with corporate interests as to be unavailable. Mr. Choate is too old. Mr. Edmunds is long past service. Mr. Cummins is too involved in faction. Mr. La Follette is in the same situation. Indeed, there appears no man in the country unless we look to the national judiciary or to one of the great universities, who at the moment stands available.

The more Mr. Roosevelt's campaign is studied, the less worthy it appears in the view of the *Argonaut*. He has apparently lost all sense of the dignities involved in a presidential candidacy. For the first time there has been through him introduced into a presidential campaign methods hitherto limited to ward politics. No wonder of a circus ever more closely studied the public for spectacular effects or more completely

adapted himself to it. The marvel is that methods and utterances so obviously calculated for demagogic effect should fail to disgust and shame all men of education and of a decent sense of the proprieties. And Mr. Roosevelt's purposes appear as bad as his manners. That he can hope to be elected to the presidency is hardly believable, for he must know that there are multitudes of Republicans who would vote for any Democrat who might be nominated as against him. He aims, we think, not at an election, but at the defeat of Mr. Taft, who now appears as the object of his consuming hatred. He is willing, if by it he may accomplish Taft's defeat, to break down and destroy the party through which his own promotions have been gained. The spirit of selfishness combined with hatred of a one-time friend appear now as his controlling motives. It is truly a pitiful descent from high and patriotic pretensions.

#### Home Rule for Ireland.

Every clause of the Home Rule bill just presented to the British Parliament bears the marks of an anxious caution that Americans find it hard enough to understand. There are many models that might have been applied to Ireland with a reasonable hope of success. The autonomy possessed by the American states might have been adapted to Irish use, or the plan followed in the government of the great British colonies would have been equally serviceable. But there are few signs of any such confidence in popular intelligence and good-will. Everywhere we see safeguards and precautions. Apparently there are to be no less than three veto powers vested in the British Parliament, the Privy Council, and the Irish Senate. The Senate itself, consisting of forty members, is to be nominated and not elected, although the House of Representatives, consisting of 164 members, will be chosen by popular vote. There is to be no local control of the constabulary for the first six years, and the Irish Parliament must have nothing to say about the army and navy, postal savings banks, old age and general insurance acts, public loans, the customs service, or taxes. There must be no religious tests or ceremonies. The revenue will be collected according to present methods, but it will be handed back to the Irish government with the addition of \$2,500,000 that now represents the deficit in the Irish budget. But this gratuity will be gradually diminished until it reaches \$1,000,000 annually.

These many and stringent safeguards, unnecessary as they may seem to the American mind, are none the less demanded by public sentiment in Great Britain. Prejudice and traditional opinion play a far larger part in the government of European countries than they do here, where they have not yet had time to become obsessing and irrational forces in affairs. England and Ireland have been in a state almost of war for centuries, and after two hundred and forty years the name of Cromwell forms part of the fiercest oburgations that an Irishman can utter. Masses of the British electorate have been born and bred in the fixed conviction that Irish Catholics will inevitably persecute Irish Protestants if they are given the opportunity, that Home Rule means Rome rule, that an Irish government will necessarily give aid and succor to English foes and make instant war upon the Protestants of Ulster. That these absurd ideas have been largely melted by warmer and more intelligent sentiments is proved by the fact that the present bill is nearly certain to become law, but that they still exist and are formidable is a matter that can not be overlooked by a British statesman. To present such a scheme as would be accepted by a new country as clear common sense would be fatal in England, where Irishmen are looked upon as the best of good fellows individually, but as instinctive enemies collectively. The safeguards and guaranties have been inserted in the Home Rule bill, not because they are necessary, but because the average Englishman has been led by his inherited prejudices to believe that they are necessary.

The bill, perhaps in some amended form, is nearly certain to pass the House of Commons, and it is equally certain to be rejected by the House of Lords. But the House of Lords can no longer destroy a piece of legislation. It can delay a bill for a limited period but at the end of that period the bill becomes law automatically. Speculations as to the success of the new constitution—the first written constitution ever framed in Great Britain—are obviously futile. Its fate will depend not so much upon the wisdom with which it has been framed as upon the wisdom with which it is received. Ireland will still possess about forty representatives in the British Parliament, and this is not

only a provision for her share of imperial responsibility, but it gives her a voice in any modifications of her new constitution that may seem desirable. It also gives her an opportunity to continue the defiant and obstructive tactics of the last half-century, and it is by her self-restraint in this respect that she will be judged. The bill as it now stands is a presage of the full autonomy that she will one day secure. It rests with her leaders to hasten that day by a wise and restrained use of the powers that she is about to receive.

#### What Is Syndicalism?

Judging from the number of communications received by the *Argonaut* there seems to be some general curiosity as to the aims and methods of the Syndicalism of which we have heard so much in connection with recent strikes. Syndicalism may be described as a revolt against Socialism on the one side and labor unionism on the other. It repudiates Socialism because it has no confidence in political or constitutional activities. It is equally opposed to labor unionism because labor unionism asks only for a larger share of the profits instead of demanding the whole of them. Labor unionism recognizes the capitalist as a partner in production and even as a dominant partner. Syndicalism would eliminate him altogether and would replace his functions by a mutual agreement among all ranks and grades of labor. The tools of production, says the Syndicalist, are already in the hands of labor. The whole function of capital is to sustain the workman at his uncompleted task, and this is done by supplying him with the fruits of other labor. To eliminate the capitalist altogether we need do no more than organize the labor of the world into a system of mutual supply, and in such a system the state, as now understood, would be superfluous. Therefore Syndicalism is a mild form of anarchy, although that word is avoided because of its associations.

The organization of labor into a unit is necessarily the first step toward a collective action backed by a collective strike. And here the Syndicalist finds himself again at issue with the labor unions. All labor must be a unit, says the Syndicalist, and it must not be divided into trade organizations that may be mutually antagonistic. The fact of labor and not the kind of labor is the only thing that counts. This explains why the Lawrence strike, organized by Syndicalism, was bitterly opposed by Gompers and his party. It ignored the existing labor organizations and acted over their heads.

Syndicalism means "direct action" but not necessarily violent action. It expects nothing from governments but everything from its own power to do the things that it proposes to do. Labor, once organized under a single direction, would first produce a state of anarchy by the universal strike and it would then appropriate the whole machinery of production and operate it without regard to capital or the machinery of financial investments. It would disregard all government and it would paralyze all government by seducing armies and police. It is an enormous programme, but only those unaware of the situation in France and in England will hold it lightly. Syndicalism is more dangerous than labor unionism because it is less stupid and less corrupt. It has compelled the French government to repeal the laws passed against it. It engineered the English coal strike, and it now declares that it is within easy sight of a general strike in England. It is comparatively young in America, but to overlook its portentous nature would be an error of no small magnitude.

#### The Third Degree Again.

The Supreme Court sitting at Olympia, Washington, has just reversed a criminal conviction upon the ground that the confession of the prisoner was obtained by methods known as the third degree. In this case the methods had all the virtue of simplicity. The accused man was locked in a dark cell and beaten by the police until he signed the necessary avowal of his guilt. There are few men who could not be persuaded into any sort of admission by arguments such as this. No wonder the Supreme Court should say that "the methods of the Spanish inquisition, with dungeon and bludgeon, have passed, and an attempt to revive them, even in a mild form, ought to call forth the execration of the people."

This is all very satisfactory so far as it goes. Next time the Seattle police beat some poor wretch into a confession they will probably choose some one who has neither friends, money, nor natural ability. That



they will abandon such iniquities altogether is hardly likely so long as the Supreme Court contents itself with a pious opinion, and no one else does anything at all. There have now been several cases where criminal convictions have been reversed or quashed because of these illegal methods on the part of the police, but it does not seem that a single policeman is a penny the worse for them. And for every case that the public hears of or that Supreme Courts hear of we may be sure that there are a dozen cases that are not heard of at all. The complaint of a prisoner, and probably a guilty prisoner, has not very much weight, and unless he has injuries to show he may as well save himself the trouble of making it. Precisely what powers a Supreme Court may have in such cases it is not for laymen to say, but high judicial tribunals can hardly be said to add to their own dignity by remonstrating with criminal policemen for brutal outrages inflicted upon prisoners whose rights are just as real as their own.

#### Mr. La Follette and the Machine.

Governor Johnson was hardly well advised when he said that the issue between himself and Mr. La Follette was one of veracity. If it is indeed a direct question between truth and falsehood, then we know exactly where he stands. Mr. La Follette has his faults. No one is more conscious of them than the *Argonaut*, but no one has ever accused him of falsehood and his statement of a simple matter of fact will go unchallenged even without the support of such an array of probabilities as we have here.

Mr. Johnson gives one explanation of his desertion of Mr. La Follette, and Mr. La Follette gives one that is diametrically opposite. Mr. Johnson says that he remained among the faithful until he was told explicitly by Mr. Walter Houser that Mr. La Follette's indisposition marked the close of his campaign and the end of his presidential ambitions. As Mr. Houser was Mr. La Follette's manager his statement was considered to be authoritative and conclusive, and we are asked to look upon Mr. Johnson as bowing reluctantly to the unavoidable, and transferring his allegiance to his second choice, Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Johnson gives us definitely to understand that he would still be found in the ranks of Mr. La Follette but for his belief that he had withdrawn from the race.

Mr. La Follette meets this statement by a direct and categorical denial. He never withdrew from the race at all, although urged to do so by Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCormick. He never authorized any one to say that he had withdrawn. Nor did Mr. Johnson believe that he had taken any such action or contemplated doing so. February 5 is given as the date when the "progressives" mournfully received the news that their political idol was no longer in the race and when they were forced to make their second choice. And yet Mr. La Follette assures us that he received a visit from Mr. Johnson six days later, on February 11, and that Mr. Johnson then assured him that "he would not attempt to sneak out under any pretense that anything given out at my headquarters warranted such a course, for nothing was issued from my headquarters, in his opinion, that was subject to such a construction. He quit me to go to Roosevelt because he thought my campaign had flattened out; that I could not win, and that Roosevelt could."

It seems now that Mr. Johnson has done the very thing that he assured Mr. La Follette that he would not do. He promised that he "would not attempt to sneak out under any pretense that anything given out at my headquarters warranted such a course," and yet his recent speech of self-justification is based upon that very plea. He would have us believe that but for Mr. Houser's statement he would still be at the side of Mr. La Follette and that his desertion to Mr. Roosevelt had no other cause. Does Mr. Johnson deny that he visited Mr. La Follette on or about January 11, or nearly a week after that gentleman was supposed to have abandoned his campaign? And did he visit him in his capacity as a presidential candidate or to condole with him on the state of his health? It was perfectly open to Mr. Johnson to change his allegiance at any moment he wished, but we have some right to know the true cause of that change, in view of the fact that Mr. Johnson habitually adopted the pose of "I, the people of California."

It is easy to understand why Mr. La Follette should be indignant. He feels himself to have been tangled in a web of treachery, to have been used as a catspaw by the Roosevelt intriguers who threw him away like an old shoe as soon as he had served their purpose.

We have heard a good deal of vacuous talk about the iniquities of machine politics but we have yet to see if California will allow herself to be hoodwinked by such unblushing trickery as this.

#### Editorial Notes.

Those whom the gods love do not always die young, for Clara Barton was ninety-one years of age at the time of her death a week ago. For over half a century her name has been associated with the most sublime work that a woman can undertake, a work, be it said, that only women can perform as it should be performed. Summoned from her school career by the Civil War, she gave first herself and then her influence to the care of the wounded, but she always gave herself first, last, and all the time. She invited others not so much to do as she said but to do as she did. It was her example rather than her precept that did so much to assuage human misery in so many parts of the world and from the battlefields of the Civil War to the flood-swept city of Galveston. Whether we can still breed such women as Clara Barton remains to be seen, but it is at least certain that neither ballots nor political power can ever do so much to glorify her sex as Clara Barton did without either.

That it should be necessary to try Captain Conboy for the fifth time upon a charge of murder is one of the too numerous evidences of the weakness of the jury system. There is nothing mysterious about the case. The main facts can hardly be said to be in dispute, and yet four juries have disagreed and a fifth jury is about to try its hand. The case has no distinguishing features except the fact that the defendant is a police officer, and it would be unfortunate if the public mind should be impressed with the idea that such a fact implies an obstruction of the criminal law. At present the Conboy case is in danger of becoming a permanent institution, to the discredit of the city.

The coal strikes in England, Germany, and America must certainly result in a great expansion of the oil trade. British steamships and railroads are already considering the adoption of oil as a fuel, while one of the large locomotive works in Philadelphia reports a large number of orders for oil-burning engines and predicts a general change of mechanical methods to meet the emergency. A coal-burning engine can be adapted to the use of oil in five weeks, so that the difficulty can hardly be considered as serious. It is evident that those who use fuel in large quantities must have two strings to their bow, and the great coal strikes may thus easily produce a reform in the direction of oil and electricity that was long since recommended by convenience and expediency.

We have already heard a great deal too much of that uninteresting savage Ishi, who has been foisted upon us by the Affiliated Colleges in the pursuit of advertisement and quackery. A few days ago Ishi was reported as parading Market Street dressed in the ultra fashion of the dude. Now we hear that his bust is being made. On dull days we are allowed to know that his passion for gambling is unimpaired and that his appetite is still good. The Affiliated Colleges seem to have succeeded fairly well in the degradation of a savage, and the only thing now needed to complete the ugly business is a report that Ishi has learned to sing hymns. Doubtless that will come, but in the meantime it would be interesting to know who pays for all this sorry nonsense.

San Diego is commendably early in the field with the preparations for her forthcoming exposition. Already we see announcements of special ocean trips from New York and other Eastern ports, through the Panama Canal, and up the coast to San Diego. It is evident that the southern city intends to lose nothing from a lack of initiative or energy, and those who know the place and the people will have no doubt that the work will be well directed and well sustained. San Diego even without an exposition is worth a long journey to see. With her exposition the reward will be doubled.

The returns from the Pennsylvania primary are suggestive of a continued good understanding between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gompers. It is not forgotten that prior to the national convention of four years ago Roosevelt made a bargain with Gompers under which the Republican party was to be pledged to sustain the demands of organized labor as against the injunction process. Organized labor was to support Roosevelt's politics; Roosevelt was to make the Republican party

support the labor demand for special privilege. But when it came to action the plan broke down. The party in convention, even under Mr. Roosevelt's urgency, would not pass the required resolution. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt was not able to deliver the goods. Then Mr. Gompers hurried away to Denver and made an arrangement with the Democrats which came to nothing through the election of Mr. Taft. But it appears that the incident has not destroyed the friendship between Roosevelt and Gompers, for it is reported that the success of the former in Pennsylvania is due to the fact that the votes of the organized miners—upwards of one hundred thousand of them—were placed solidly for Roosevelt. We shall certainly hear again of the demand of unionism for special privilege in the matter of injunction process. Mr. Gompers, either personally or through his agents, will again be in attendance upon the Chicago convention. The demand for a plank exempting organized labor from the injunction process will be renewed. And if by any chance Theodore Roosevelt shall dominate the convention, it will be granted. Mr. Roosevelt, if he can, will pay for his vote in Pennsylvania by placing organized labor above the law.

The ill-fated *Titanic* was 882½ feet long and 92½ feet wide. Her "displacement" was 66,000 tons and her gross register tonnage 46,328. From keel to funnel-top the distance was 175 feet, and the funnels rose 87½ feet above the upper mast deck. From the upper mast deck to the keel the distance was 93½ feet. The hold of the *Titanic* was divided into fifteen sections by steel bulkheads, five of which it was estimated would keep the ship afloat. Eleven steel decks intervened between the hold and the mast deck. The *Titanic* was propelled by triple screws driven by turbine and reciprocating engines. Her calculated maximum speed was thirty miles per hour in fair weather, with twenty to twenty-five miles per hour under average conditions. Every conceivable luxury possible in an ocean-going vessel was provided—electric elevators, open grates, gymnasium, swimming pool, Turkish bath, Parisian café, and a palm garden court. As a property, the *Titanic* represented an investment of approximately \$10,000,000.

If Mr. Roosevelt's supporters had not attained a state of mind impervious to all adverse considerations they would be able to see the humor of the Colonel's furious denunciation of bosses and bossism in the light of his own interesting record. Who having any acquaintance with the political history of recent years does not recall Mr. Roosevelt's affiliation with the Blaine campaign after a first violent declaration in opposition? And who does not recall Mr. Roosevelt's long association with Boss Platt of New York with the fact that it was through Platt that he was nominated for the New York governorship, and that again under Platt's advice he became a candidate for Vice-President? Who does not recall that at every stage of his presidential career Mr. Roosevelt worked in cooperation with the forces of "practical" politics and that the very men he is now condemning in New York and elsewhere were by him appointed to office or otherwise aided in their political activities. The truth is that Mr. Roosevelt, for all his claims to purity and sanctity, has now for thirty years been a very "practical" man in his political activities. Indeed he is the one man who has assumed the character of a national boss of universal jurisdiction, with authority to set up and to pull down, to nullify the law, and to enforce his will in the interests of his politics. Even his present essay into politics under precise analysis exhibits him as an arrogant boss seeking to punish a successor and one-time friend because instead of acting under Roosevelt's direction he has accounted himself responsible only to the country and has pursued an independent course.

#### SPRING LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tunes of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contain the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy toned paper and will consist of 32 pages. Price, 10 cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Dr. William White struck a high note of imagination at the recent celebration in Philadelphia of the seventieth anniversary of the first use of ether as an anæsthetic by Dr. Crawford W. Long. After pointing out that most great discoveries had been made accidentally, he said that something more than facts were required before the discovery comes. A certain ripeness of human advance, a certain general realization of need, seemed to be mysterious factors in the production of discovery. Ether had been familiar to the chemist for 300 years before its anæsthetic properties became known, but the currents of thought, the connecting media, were absent. When the necessary "atmosphere" had been formed there has almost invariably been a turning of many minds in the same direction, "perhaps under unconscious telepathic influence," and then the spark of discovery has been struck. Dr. White is probably too much of a scientist to allow his imagination unfettered play, but those who are scientifically irresponsible may permit themselves to picture a beneficent nature waiting to bestow her gifts upon humanity as soon as the demand is made upon her in approved form. And the approved form is an atmosphere of realized necessity and of expectation.

The prevalence of suicide among the young people of Russia is attracting the attention of the educational authorities, who are busy collecting statistics, compiling reports, and doing all the other futile things customary to officialism *pour passer le temps*. Among these activities is the interrogation of the university students themselves. They are asked to fill up a form stating whether they have ever contemplated suicide, and if so, why. About 45 per cent have answered in the affirmative, the majority urging the emptiness and hopelessness of life as their reason, while a smaller number give as their motive either disease or poverty. But surely such statistics can have little or no value. Such questions are not among those that one answers truthfully. Those who have been tempted to commit suicide rarely confess it, especially to a government officer, while those who are merely morbid or sensation-loving would be inclined to reply in the affirmative, irrespective of the truth. To ask the average man whether he ever contemplated suicide is about on a par with asking him if he is kind to his wife. These are questions that are usually answered without much regard to the eternal verities.

Sir William Ramsay has warned the British coal miners that the resources of science are not exhausted and that it will be quite possible to use the coal supply without bringing it to the surface at all. Sir William said that he had seen a vision and dreamed a dream. Let a tube six inches in diameter be sunk into the ground until the coal strata are reached. This would cost from \$5000 to \$25,000. Inside this tube let two smaller tubes be inserted, one within the other. The smaller could be used for pumping out water, and the other for sending down air, steam, or small quantities of water to burn with the coal. The coal itself could be fired with an electric fire and the gas could then be drawn to the surface, converted into electrical power, and conveyed for hundreds of miles under high tension. Sir William Ramsay believed that the process would be much cheaper than the present one and that coal too poor to be mined would still be valuable enough to burn where it lies. The change would of course be gradual, but it would be well for the miners to remember that there is always an alternative somewhere and that it would be their worst possible policy to compel science to find that alternative.

The German eugenists have made a new discovery, or rather they are newly advancing an old theory. Contrary to more generally accepted opinions, they hold that the first and second children of a family are inferior physically to those that come after them, and therefore a low birth rate is especially dangerous to a nation because third and subsequent births do not occur at all. Professor K. Pearson advanced the same idea in 1907 and Mr. H. Ellis preceded him in 1904. So it must be true. But here at least the eugenists can hardly clamor for legislation. With the best intentions in the world we must begin at the beginning. We can not start our families with No. 3, although we might, of course, dispose of Nos. 1 and 2 in some convenient duckpond. But who would have thought it possible to gather statistics of this kind at the present time, when families of three or more children are so few and far between. Race suicide can not have progressed so far as we had supposed.

An enthusiastic and pious suffragette writes to an English newspaper to remind the sisterhood that the weapon of united prayer should not be neglected. Of course if the suffragettes are going to do this sort of thing their opponents may as well resign. But it seems hardly fair.

That the ancient knew how to trepan the skull in order to relieve pressure on the brain is proved by the writings of Hippocrates, who described exactly how the operation must be performed. Now comes Dr. T. Rice Holmes with the assurance that the men of the Stone Age were familiar with the same operation and that he has examined pre-historic skulls that bore unmistakable marks of it. The prehistoric surgeon must have used a stone knife, and as there was no means of mitigating the pain the experience must have been a memorable one for the patient.

The New York *Sun* reminds us of a remark once made by Sir Frederick Treves, whose fame as a surgeon has been world-wide for years and who has lately retired after twenty years of practice. He was asked what were the qualifications of an ideal surgeon, and he replied that genius, at least, was necessary. "Genius," he said, "is some sort of

neurosis—an uncalculated nervous disease. The few men of genius I have met were exceedingly impossible persons. They are certainly entirely out of place in the medical profession, where even cleverness is not to be encouraged. Indeed, of all desperately dangerous persons the 'brilliant' surgeon is the most lamentable. 'Cleverness' finds its proper field not in the operating theatre, but at the Egyptian Hall, the well-known establishment in Piccadilly where, until a few years ago, Maskelyne and Cook, the famous 'wizards,' performed their illusions."

The Dickens exhibition in London with its collection of manuscripts and proofs discloses the remarkable fact that King Charles's head does not appear at all in the manuscript of "David Copperfield," but made its appearance for the first time in the page proof. Here is the passage as it was originally printed:

"Do you recollect the date," said Mr. Dick, looking earnestly at me, and taking up his pen to note it down, "when that bull got into the china warehouse, and did so much mischief?"

I was very much surprised by the inquiry; but, remembering a song about such an occurrence that was once popular at Salem House, and thinking he might want to quote it, replied that I believed it was on St. Patrick's Day.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Dick; "in the morning; but what year?"

The change is made in the margin at the foot of the page and there will be a general agreement that it was a change for the better. One of the Dickens letters refers to that ingenious mode of torture inflicted upon the offending male that is known as house-cleaning. The "cleaning," says Dickens, "is in that advanced stage of damnability that I find, on consultation, that it will be best to dine out today."

The New York *Sun* says that a conservative estimate of Turkish losses in the present African war taken from Italian official reports shows that every native resident of Tripoli has been killed at least three times. It should be possible to devise some international action that would bring this unprecedented and unnatural slaughter to a close.

Lord Lister is another great surgeon whose name will be connected with some memorable words. His will was found to contain some large bequests to hospitals and universities, but in each case there was the added direction: "I don't wish that my name should be in any way associated with these sums in the future." It would be interesting to know Mr. Carnegie's opinion of so careful an avoidance of publicity.

Science has now definitely declared that microbe life did not reach this earth from other planets. The ultra-violet light would have killed it, but apparently the ultra-violet light is nearly the only thing that will kill it. Microbes will live quite comfortably in vacuo and have actually lived under those uncomfortable conditions for over seven months and without any apparent loss of energy. But it seems a little surprising that the theory of an extramundane origin should ever have been entertained by science, in view of the persistent assurance that life can not possibly exist upon other planets because of the adverse conditions. And yet it appears that life can exist even in vacuo and that these adverse conditions were not supposed to negative the theory of a planetary origin for microbes. And if microbes can exist without air why not other and higher forms of life?

Mr. William H. Rideing, who has lately published a volume of reminiscences of R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," says that Blackmore was so persecuted by interviewers and correspondence that he became very unwilling to talk about his great novel. Asked as to the origin of his story, he said that he could hardly tell how he picked up the odds and ends, but some of them came from his grandfather, who was the rector of Oare about 1790, but he derided most of the attempts to identify the scenes. Blackmore authorized Mr. Rideing to dramatize "Lorna Doone," and the work advanced as far as the scenario, but was then abandoned because no actor could be found to take the part of John Ridd. Certainly such a part is a difficult one to fill. Some prizefighter might have been drilled into a passable impersonation of the hero so far as physical characteristics were concerned, but much more than this would be needed. John Ridd was not only a Sampson in size and strength, but had gifts of heart and mind such as commended him to Lorna, and here the prizefighter would have been painfully inadequate.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The Moorish palace of Sultan Abu Yakub Yussuf at Seville—known today as the "Alcazar"—contains one of the most elaborate practical jokes extant. When in a gay mood, some important merchant or notable of Seville would receive a pressing invitation summoning him to the presence. In a fever of delighted expectancy the flattered guest would don his whitest raiment and hie him to the palace. There he would be ceremoniously conducted to the gardens and directed up the long avenue. Half way up it he would inevitably tread upon a moving flagstone resting upon a spring, and immediately fine jets of water would gush out of the ground and from the surrounding shrubbery and drench him. Amid the jeers of the courtiers, the luckless and bedraggled wight would beat an undignified retreat. Before he was allowed to leave the palace, however, he was sworn to secrecy on pain of death. At all costs nothing must make the joke fall flat when repeated. The treacherous flagstone has been removed, and today the visitor may pass with impunity; but a peseta to the head gardener will usually cause the fountains to play.

There were but 3000 Jews in the United States when the first census was taken, and today there are 2,000,000.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

E. Clarence Jones, president of the American Embassy Association, organized to spur on Congress to provide suitable homes for the country's representatives abroad, is a well-known New York banker.

Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary who was captured by Bulgarian brigands in 1901 and held for \$75,000 ransom, is preparing to return to the Land of the Crescent, believing that danger to missionaries has now been reduced to a minimum. She went to Turkey in 1878 and took up the mission work at Samakov.

Louie Moilainen, the next justice of the peace of Hancock County, Michigan, will be able to claim the distinction of being the biggest magistrate in this country. He is seven feet and six inches tall in his stocking feet. Some years ago he left the vocation of traveling with shows as the "Finnish Giant" to become a farmer.

George Curry, one of New Mexico's two representatives in Congress, is a former governor of that state, and has been many other things. It is recorded that he started life as a cowboy, but gave it up to become a sheriff. He saw military service in Cuba and the Philippines, and at one time was chief of police of the city of Manila.

James D. Preston, superintendent of the Senate press gallery at Washington, began as messenger boy in the gallery, and has developed into one of the handiest men in the Capitol. For fifteen years he has held his present position, and is the one man who, during the excitement of the conventions, knows who is entitled to enter the press sections.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, who has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, is not only hale and hearty, but has more work to his credit for the past twelve months than for any other year of his life. Since leaving Washington he has lived on his farm, Riverby, at West Park, on the Hudson. He has written more than a score of books.

Chimin Chu-Fuh, a Chinese student at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, has been awarded the prize at the junior oratorical contest. He took for his subject, "The Present Revolution in China." Last year he captured the largest prize at Lehigh, the Wilbur scholarship, valued at \$300. He is studying civil engineering, and after his graduation expects to return to his native land.

H. M. Williams, the "cranberry king," lives at Seaview, State of Washington, where he cultivates a bog of 600 acres, said to be the largest single cranberry garden under cultivation in the world. He has been raised in the business, his father having owned cranberry grounds in the Cape Cod district. Mr. Williams's tract in Washington is very productive, and is not for sale at any price.

Stephen C. Luce, of Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, is the youngest cashier of a national bank in that state, if not in the United States. He received the appointment on his twenty-first birthday, a few months ago, having served three years as assistant cashier of the Martha's Vineyard National Bank. Graduating from high school, he took a course in a business college and began office work.

Miss Grace Wishaar, who has been honored by the Society National Beaux-Arts of Paris, by the acceptance of her work for hanging in the salon of 1912, is a Californian, her home being in Oakland. The society has accepted two of her miniatures for the season. Prior to going abroad to become a member of an exclusive class of students she designed and executed some artistic scenic effects for California theatres.

Professor Michel I. Pupin, head of the electrical engineering department of Columbia University, who urges the state to establish a technological school of high order in connection with the Johns Hopkins University, was a poor boy and worked for a time as a farm hand in Maryland. He went to New York and worked at anything he could find, while he attended night schools. He heard lectures at Columbia, finally captured a traveling scholarship, and went abroad to complete his studies.

Miss L. Averill Cole, who bound the famous presentation set of Stevenson's works—the author's gift to Jules Siméon—recently on exhibition in New York and San Francisco, began her career as a bookbinder with the desire to rebind her favorites among her own books. She became absorbed in the work and went to Brussels, where she spent three years under Louis Jacobs, and later took the first prize for bookbinding at the international exhibition at Brussels in 1905. She has a studio at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and supervises the work of the Houghton Mifflin Company bookbindery.

Miss Caroline A. White, the oldest living writer, at the age of 101 years, is reported still active with her pen at her home at Upper Norwood, England. Her first literary venture was accepted by Douglas Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*, and she recalls that she never had a manuscript returned from either that periodical or *Ainsworth's*. About the middle of last century she assumed the editorship of the *Lady's Companion*, which she held for sixteen years, when the death of the proprietor caused the publication to suspend. Miss White, though a voluminous magazine contributor, has written only one book, "Sweet Hampstead," dealing with the life of London's northern suburb.



## NEW YORK'S WET EASTER SUNDAY.

Only Two Hours of Good Weather for Beauty and New Costumes on Fifth Avenue.

With the memory of last year's boisterous, blustery, and snowy Easter Sunday in mind, and the realization that the day came a week earlier this year, it would be natural to suppose that little assurance would have been felt of a spectacular parade on Fifth Avenue in the usual fashion. But evidently there was little apprehension. Never were there so many interested if impassive spectators ranged along the railings and shop fronts; never was the city so well filled by visitors from the North and West, whose coming had particularly to do with the joyous event of the spring season. For Easter has come to be undoubtedly the one time in the year when Manhattan is certain to entertain a vast multitude. There is no other week that is marked so inevitably by the presence of sight-seers from near and far. Many causes contribute to this particular effect. It is the season when spring fashions emulate the blossoms, and there are two great divisions vitally interested in these. It is the vacation season, when the schools liberate for a week or more a host of youthful aspirants, and they, with older guardians, naturally visit the metropolis. And, most influential of all, perhaps, it is the season when slushy snow is thickly under foot in the cities of Canada just across our northern boundary, and an escape from lingering winter conditions is eagerly sought. More and more do our neighbors of the Dominion come southward in the spring for a few days in the centre of fashion and gayety. From Montreal alone was reported last week the sale of ten thousand railway tickets to New York.

And more and more do the hotel managers recognize and cater to this springtime confluence. A few years ago there was little of Easter decoration in the hotels. A potted palm or two, lonely and inconspicuous vases of flowers were seen. Now the reception rooms and main corridors are actual greenhouse exhibitions. Easter lilies and lilacs in abundance, of course, and as well masses of daffodils and other joyous blooms of the earliest days. In other ways the same influence is shown. Formerly the music for Easter Sunday was notable at St. Patrick's cathedral and a few other prominent churches. Now it is a particular and impressive feature in every place of religious worship. All this is truly inspiring. It is a most commendable advance, æsthetically and spiritually, with no possible offset.

The confidence of the expectant host of visitors and interested residents was barely justified. There were scarcely two hours of good weather Sunday, but that brief interregnum came at the most auspicious time. From a little before noon up to two o'clock, the thick clouds thinned and the wind abated. The Easter parade was accomplished, not to the entire satisfaction of participants or spectators, but more than enough to establish the right and necessity of the custom. From Thirty-Fourth Street to Fifty-Eighth the sidewalks were a slowly moving mass of humanity in brilliant array, and the streets were as densely filled with a swifter passing procession of motor-cars, hansom cabs, and buses. In old days the fashion show began at Twenty-Third Street, but it has shrunk and now is sparse for several blocks above Madison Square. Few changes are to be noted in other particulars. Novelties in costume are as certainly in evidence and as eagerly looked for in the parade. Last year the harem skirt was the object of solicitous eyes, but it was not conspicuously noticeable. This year the pannier was expected and awaited, but a single specimen of the new efflorescence was reported. Most easily recognizable among new effects was the abundance of red in the scheme of color. Scarlet, crimson, cerise, and other tints and shades of the color were predominant in ribbons, flowers, and feathers. Second in popularity was an intense lilac, a shade off the prevailing purples of the past season. Among the costumes black was especially noticeable, worn by young and old. Seldom have so many quiet yet appealing combinations of black and white been seen on this day of spring rejoicing.

Inconspicuous, unornamented, but necessary man was, of course, a sharer in the mild excitement of this Easter Sunday review. He was there, in irreproachable top hat and long coat, but he was little regarded except by members of his sex. Undoubtedly there were many frock coats of last season, still impeccable, in the concourse. Of this year's production, indubitably, were the English morning coats, in one-button cutaways, but they were not oppressively numerous. Oddly enough, perhaps, in view of man's superiority to fashion and vaunted indifference, he was quite as frequently found among the onlookers plastered against the walls and in sheltered coigns of observation as participating in the movements of the northward flowing current. And he was as certainly alert, though perhaps more solemnly so, as the feminine elements of the throng.

But it was soon over. The wind again came up and swept around the corners with increasing force. Hats eared, ribbons fluttered and snapped, draperies swished and wound themselves about the means of locomotion. The show dwindled and abruptly became the usual course of passersby, up and down. Then came dashes of rain, and inns and better sheltering places took in exhibitors and gazers. The hotel corridors were crowded. At every one of the more prominent hospices room was at a premium. In the evening re-

served tables only met the disappointed eyes of late comers at the big restaurants. But with few exceptions entertainment was found easily. And everywhere special music marked the occasion. The great event of the season overcomes all conditions of weather and indoor preparation or the want of it. With each recurring season Eastertide sets in with a greater strength, a more general observance. Would that its inception could more certainly be marked with warm sunshine, to induce the spirit of rejuvenation among the city dwellers themselves as well as among the visitors to Manhattan.

NEW YORK, April 9, 1912.

FLANEUR.

## LONDON'S NEW MUSEUM.

How King Edward's Ambition Has Been Realized.

Early one morning on a day of last autumn a strange procession was seen slowly wending its way from Westminster to Kensington. 'On several lorries tightly lashed together and drawn by a long team of horses there was being borne westward a huge object of mysterious shape. As it was closely shrouded by tarpaulins the un instructed passer-by must have been puzzled to guess what it could be, but the informed Londoner was aware that the burden of those straining horses was none other than the skeleton of a monster Roman boat which had been discovered under the site of the old Aquarium, and that that relic of the fleet of Carausius was being hauled to its new home in the rear of Kensington Palace.

That autumn procession of last year was but one incident in the creation of a new museum in the British capital. Earlier in the year—twelve months ago this March, to be exact—an announcement was made to the effect that an anonymous donor had provided a sum sufficiently generous to warrant the foundation of a museum which should be to London what the famous Musée Carnavalet is to Paris, that is, a repository of objects illustrative of the history of the capital in all the phases of its multifarious life. Such an institution was an ideal long cherished by King Edward. His knowledge of the French capital was not confined to the lighter side of Parisian life, to the glitter of the boulevards, or to the epicureanism of the cafés; he constantly visited and greatly admired the unique and comprehensive character of the Musée Carnavalet, and frequently expressed his ambition to see a similar institution in his own capital. Certainly it was greatly needed, for the student of the past who was anxious to construct a mental picture of the life of old London was heavily handicapped by the scattering of his data. Even if he knew the whereabouts of his material, he had to spend days in visiting it, journeying north and south and east and west, and constantly hindered by the varying conditions under which it could be seen. One day he might come upon Roman mosaic pavement mixed up with classical deities in the British Museum; another would give him a glimpse of old armor in the Tower of London; a third would enlighten him concerning the Saxon antiquities or the seventeenth-century relics of the Guildhall; while many other days would have to be expended in exploring the innumerable borough and other local collections. It was as though the constructor of a jig-saw puzzle had to hunt for his pieces over an area of a dozen square miles.

Besides, what was nobody's business was neglected by everybody. With no central authority possessing funds and responsibility, collections of prime interest for illustrating the history of London have been the sport of fortune and the spoil of the American millionaire. Hence the frequent tears of the London press. There was the Gardner collection of prints, for example, which was the occasion of so much lamentation a year or so ago. It was a collection of extraordinary interest and completeness, invaluable alike for its bearing on the topography and social life of the city, but just because there was no London Museum in existence it was lost to the student of the past. Or take those thirty silver dishes which once graced the table of the lively Nell Gwynne; they may, it is true, be now seen in Kensington Palace, but only for a time, and that by the courtesy of George Widener of Philadelphia. Such incidents could be multiplied, proofs beyond dispute that London needed a museum specially devoted to the preservation of London history.

And, for the present at least, it would have been difficult to locate it in a more suitable home than Kensington Palace. Of course that red-brick mansion on the verge of Kensington Gardens can not compete with Mme. de Sévigné's home on the score of architectural beauty, but its nearly two and a half centuries' association with the royal family of Great Britain and with the court life of London makes it an appropriate temporary home for the London Museum. Acquired by William III, improved by Queen Anne, enlarged by George I, and further embellished by his successor, it won its crowning distinction by becoming the birthplace first of Queen Victoria and then of her present majesty. And it was Queen Victoria who saved the palace from destruction. She stoutly opposed all suggestions for the demolition of her girlhood home, and at length prevailed upon the treasury to provide funds for its restoration and the opening of the state rooms to the public. Those, then, are the rooms which have been set apart for the exhibition of such relics of old London as have already been gathered together, plus an annex for the housing of such more bulky objects as the Roman boat mentioned above. In that annex, too,

is a formidable collection of instruments of torture, and several models of old London streets peopled with little figures of men and women in the garb of bygone centuries.

Thanks to the untiring energy of the curator, Guy F. Laking, some seventeen thousand objects have already been collected. And that those objects are not of a nondescript character may be inferred from Mr. Laking's reputation as the keeper of the king's armor, expert adviser to Messrs. Christie, and compiler of the catalogue of the Wallace collection. He has cast his net far and wide, but has discriminated in selecting his catch. A year ago he asked for the gift or loan of any article that would illustrate London's life and industry from the earliest times, the dress of past generations, utensils no longer in use, prints of vanished buildings, Chelsea porcelain, Battersea enamels, Lambeth pottery and Spitalfields silk, and he did not ask in vain. For a considerable time Mr. Laking received about a thousand letters a day, but he answered them all, though many offered worthless rubbish, and followed up every likely clew with the zest of a born collector. It was by such methods that one famous Viking sword was made perfect. The hilt and part of the blade was discovered in the river-mud at Battersea; the remainder came to light miles further down the Thames, fitting perfectly to the broken portion and completing the inscription.

As all the museums of London, including the British Museum, have "grown" like Topsy, they are a severe trial to the orderly mind, for anything like a scientific arrangement has been impossible. Not so with the London Museum; Mr. Laking has had the invaluable advantage of starting on a clear foundation and been able to present his material in chronological sequence. Hence if the various rooms are taken in their order no one will have to undergo the fatiguing experience involved in a frequent readjustment of the point of view. Nothing is more trying in the British Museum, for example, than the mental gymnastics entailed by dodging from the seventeenth century to the year four hundred B. C., or trying to grapple with the Stone Age when fresh from efforts to recall the eighteenth century. In the London Museum, however, the arrangement of exhibits starts with prehistoric times and follows the centuries in chronological order. And the rule has been strictly observed not to admit any object unless found in, or in the immediate neighborhood of, London.

Beginning, then, with the crude pottery of the Stone Age, and continuing with objects of the Bronze Age, the story of London life is followed stage by stage through the Roman and Saxon periods and on through mediæval ages and Elizabethan and Stuart times down to Victorian and Edwardian days. Of course the exhibits are not yet exhaustive or inclusive; there are plenty of blanks for donors or the public purse to fill; but the labors of a single year, supplemented by many generous gifts or loans, have already resulted in a collection unrivaled for the light it throws on the manners and customs and topography of the British capital. On the day when it was visited by the king and queen last week J. G. Joicey signalized the occasion by giving his collection of Chelsea and Bow porcelain, valued at over a hundred thousand dollars, and the donor and Mrs. George Widener were presented to the king and by him heartily thanked for their interest in the realization of his late father's ambition. In one respect the museum is singularly complete, and that is in examples of Victorian costume. This is specially the case in connection with the wardrobe of the sovereign lady who gave her name to the period, for the cases devoted to Queen Victoria's costumes cover many years, beginning with a white silk dress which she wore as Princess Victoria and concluding with the small black bonnet in which she attended a garden party on the occasion of her diamond jubilee in 1897. When the fear of the suffragettes and their stones and hammers has died down the museum will be added to the free sights of London and should prove a serious rival to many an older institution.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, March 26, 1912.

As far back as 2000 years before Christ the Babylonians had made such progress in commercial aptitude that special laws had to be framed to deal with those gentlemen who tried short cuts to wealth. The young man with expectations realized in those days with less regard to the sacredness of the person and the right to live, borrowed, as his modern prototype not infrequently does today, from the professional money lender. The Babylonian merchant bank regularly and issued his brick "checks" and bills of exchange, and the law stepped in, even as it does today, to preserve inviolate the rights of property. So keen were the business instincts of the people that even the priests were not above a deal in offerings and in real estate. Indeed, a great part of the commerce of Babylonia was concentrated in the temples. The vast quantities of metals, cereals, and other commodities which either as gifts to the temples or offerings to the gods poured in daily were sold by the priests, who did not neglect to get their full margin of profit. Business ability, indeed, seems to have been an important qualification for admission to the priesthood.

It is estimated that the total production of automobiles for 1912 will approximate a quarter of a million. There are between 350 and 400 automobile factories in the country, and they turn out an annual output worth nearly half a billion dollars.



## THE LONG ROAD.

What Lay Along the Way and At Its End.

Kneeling in the muddy street by the prone body, John Brent suddenly halted his rapidly exploring fingers at a point directly over the man's left ear.

"Head busted, doc?" Jed Sparks called over the crowd from his hardly won place of vantage on top of the wrecked motor-car.

But Brent did not answer. Having diagnosed, his brain had immediately recognized Ouchterlony as the logical man for the work to be done and was already busy with details. The evening local had gone by; no other northbound train until midnight. But the run to the metropolis was a scant two hours—by wiring ahead to Ouchterlony to be ready to operate immediately upon the patient's arrival at the hospital the thing might still be done in time.

The man's relatives must be notified, of course. After a fruitless search of the unconscious stranger's pockets for some mark of identification Brent turned to the crowd—in the flare of the lanterns his lean young face was that of one before whom the road to attainment stretches itself so long that he has come to walk upon it no longer hopefully but of dogged necessity—"Does any one know," he asked, "who this man is?"

Jed Sparks waved a battered leather dressing-bag, proudly, as a small boy holds up a hand in response to his teacher's, "Who can tell me?" "The address is on this here bag-tag, doc," Jed called importantly, "but seein' as it reads 'London, England,' I reckon you'll have to go ahead and do what's to be done for the party without waitin' for instructions from his folks."

Brent was a bit staggered. Not that any word from the stranger's relatives could alter the inevitability of lifting that square inch of shattered parietal or the fact that Ouchterlony was the logical man to do it—indeed the injured man might well thank his stars that the accident had befallen within touch of Ouchterlony. Safe, sane, incorruptible Ouchterlony, who would operate on a bo's cracked cranium as cheerfully as on that of a Cæsus if he could see even a one-to-a-thousand chance to save, but wouldn't touch so much as a scalpel to the head of either unless he could honestly see that chance. As to funds for current expenses, the half-dozen bills in the man's pocket would be sufficient. It was plainly up to Brent to act on his own initiative. He could deliver the injured man to Ouchterlony, catch a southbound train at daylight and be back at home in time for Richard Hardy's wife's travail, which was due in twenty-four hours. It was a good thing this wreck had not waited to happen tomorrow: Brent did not know how he could have managed in that event.

The details clear in his mind, Brent set to work. A half-hour later, having got his patient safely to bed in the little hotel, and in the care of a dependable volunteer nurse, Brent was coming out the front door when Jed Sparks hailed him.

"Reckon you'll want this here address now, doc, an'," Jed lowered his voice discreetly, "you'd better take the whole bag along with you: there's a sight of metal-backed brushes an' other primpin' utensils in it that look to me valuable enough not to be safe left layin' around the hotel."

Brent assented and carrying the battered leather bag crossed the street to the railroad station to send the necessary messages. But the telegraph office was closed. The wire being only a railroad wire that took outside messages by courtesy, Brent knew the futility of asking the operator to cut short his Wednesday evening call on his best girl; the messages could not be sent until eleven o'clock. It really made small difference, the hour's delay. There could be no answer to the cable to the man's home until morning in any event, and as for Ouchterlony, Brent was sure he was at home, because the State Medical Association was in session at the metropolis—a rubbing together of congenial brains from which Brent was barred by poverty. Collections had been so slow of late that actually he had not been able to scrape together the money for presentable clothes. In the shadow of the dark station his face burned with the shame of it. Bitterness gripped him.

His father had meant well when he had asked his son to wear his mantle. But conditions had changed since the Old Man's time. In the Old Man's day, doctors didn't have to make big money; the cost of living was less; automobiles were not necessities; a doctor didn't need to specialize and have a hospital to be anybody. A doctor in his black broadcloth was lifted from the herd by the very dignity of his profession. The Old Man, practicing in this poor country, collecting about a tenth of what he earned, had yet felt himself somebody in the world. But that day was gone. A doctor had got to specialize and make money now or be nobody.

There had been no money for Brent to specialize: what little there was had been left to his sisters, rightly. Brent had barely got his diploma when the Old Man passed out, serene in the belief that in the practice he left his son a goodly heritage. Brent might have managed a year in a hospital, and existence in some thriving town until he could get a foothold, but that first winter there had been so many desperately sick people in the county, and the crops were a failure—Brent could scarcely have been possible to secure a doctor's ability to take over the practice with so little in sight. By the next winter there had been

Margaret drooping under the too heavy burden of her teaching; he could not leave her. In the first year or two after they were married the road ahead of him had not seemed so long, but with two more crop failures in succession and more and more hopeless accounts on his ledger Brent soon began to realize that he counted for nothing in the world. Now the road stretched itself ahead of him interminable.

"My son shall not follow it," he said aloud bitterly as he turned from the station to go home and make the necessary preparations for the night's work; "the boy shall have a chance to count for something in the world!"

At home Brent found Margaret waiting dinner with the resigned patience of one well used to it. "Little Jack's asleep," she greeted, "couldn't keep awake to see Daddy for all his trying. But your dinner's in the oven, warm as toast."

Margaret had already heard of the accident, and briefly outlining to her his plans for the hurry trip to the city, Brent sat down to eat his dinner.

"Will you," Margaret asked rather hesitatingly, "will it be a paying case for you, John?"

"I'll probably have no trouble in collecting the fifty dollars an obscure country practitioner can legitimately charge for the night's work," answered Brent bitterly.

But Margaret's eyes were shining. "Oh, John!" she laughed. "What luck, fifty dollars in cash, just when your suit has got to the point when I was contemplating trying shoe-polish for the shiny places!—But," her voice suddenly grave, "I hope the injured man has a chance for life. What a misfortune for any one to be so far away from home in such a crisis—you said London was his home?"

"That's the address Jed Sparks found on the leather dressing-bag. But as for misfortune—the man's downright lucky to be in reach of Ouchterlony. If there's one chance, old Ouchterlony'll find it and hang to it like a bulldog."

With the rice-pudding Margaret's talk went back to little Jack. "What a wonderful thing heredity is!" she began. "If you'd seen the darling boy this afternoon, with an old pair of his grandfather's saddlebags across his hobby-horse, ambling up and down the length of the sitting-room floor; or gravely measuring out doses of quinine from a bottle of flour—a born country doctor—"

But Brent abruptly rose from the table, and, pleading work, went through the door that led to his office and closed it behind him.

He wrote out a prescription for old Dick Stevens's wife, in case she should have one of her bad "spells" during his absence; he penciled an assurance to Richard Hardy that he would be back in time for Jessamine's hour of need; he put a tiny atropin tablet in an envelope for black Peter Henderson's dyspnoea. "That's all, I believe," he thought wearily. His eyes fell on the battered leather bag on the floor where he had placed it when he came in; he might as well write out that message to London now. Lifting the bag to the desk, he turned over the bag-tag with his fingers and read the name on it.

It was a full minute before he could believe his own eyes. He held the tag closer to the light. But there was no mistake: his unconscious patient lying there in the little hotel waiting for the midnight train was one of the world's great captains of industry, a strange man, headstrong, erratic, given to wandering about the earth unheralded, but with a signature good for a check made out in nine figures. No wonder Jed Sparks had thought the brushes and "primpin' utensils" in the battered bag might be "val'ble"! Through a rent in the bag's side they gleamed now, imprisoned sunshine, solid gold with monograms in diamonds.

"Well," Brent's first thought was, "all his millions couldn't buy him a better chance than old Ouchterlony'll give him!"

Then the strangeness of the fortune that had put such a patient into the hands of a nobody of a country practitioner seized Brent. "Suppose," he thought bitterly, "I could have specialized and had a hospital and could have done the work myself and had the fee; even honest old Ouchterlony's conscience'll let him make it a thousand at least for such a rich man—even if old Ouchterlony was a fee-divider how the five hundred would help!" Suddenly Brent's blood was fire in his veins. There was Vance, brilliant, unscrupulous Vance, who by fee-dividing with the country doctors had secured enough material to round out a "record of a thousand cases" with really a fairly respectable number of "recoveries"—Vance would not hesitate to name twenty thousand as his fee. The half of that would be—Good God! With ten thousand dollars Brent could pull up stakes, specialize a year, settle in some thriving city, and yet count for something in the world—

Sitting there by the old-fashioned cherry desk under the crayon portrait of the Old Man, Brent could hear his heart knocking at his ribs. After a little he got up and walked back and forth the length of the little office, his hand clenched, his heartbeat suffocating—

He put up a stiff fight—and lost. The road ahead of him stretched itself too cruelly long. At eleven o'clock, haggard, spent, with great blue shadows under his eyes, he sat down at the desk again, drew paper and pen and indited a telegram to Vance to be ready to operate upon his arrival with the patient at two a. m.

"You wouldn't have done it," he said wearily to the Old Man's picture, when he had finished writing the message, "but times have changed: a man's got to make money now to count for anything in the world." Then

he took up his hat and going out into the night walked swiftly toward the telegraph office.

The railroad station was still dark—the operator had not yet finished his call on his best girl. He'd be back in a very few minutes now, though. He'd have to be, on account of the train being due so soon. Brent paced up and down the gravel in front of the station, waiting, his heart knock-knocking at his side like a mad thing struggling to be free.

After a little Brent was conscious of other sounds above the pounding of his heart; they came from around the corner of the station, and Brent sensed that they were the voices of men on the station platform waiting to lift his patient to the train. How sounds carried in the still village night! Brent could hear every syllable of the conversation.

"For my part," Harve Williams was saying, "I think the injured party can call himself plum lucky that he fell into our doc's hands. There aint no other good thing in this world eal to a doctor you can trust. Suppose now, helpless as he is, the party'd got in the clutches of one of them stylish doctors lookin' at the money end first an' the curin' part next—"

Brent stopped in his tracks, rigid.

"You're right, Harve," quavered old Reuben Whittaker. "I've lived in this county above seventy years, man and boy, and I know that poor's we've allus been as a community, yet we've had one blessin' many a prosperous people are without these days—a doctor we could trust. We had the Old Man forty-five years—rest his soul!—and now we've got another of the same breed. He's young yet, but Johnny's already made himself trusted just as the Old Man was—"

Brent was shivering now as in a sudden wind from the north. The conversation on the platform went on:

"Yes," cut in Jim Ed Bennett, "there aint nothin' like a good family doctor. Docterin' aint all in medicatin' an' cuttin', not by a long sight. It's the man inside the doctor that does the work sometimes after the druggin' fails. An' if that man inside the doctor knows your family history an' to a dot your strength an' weaknesses of spirit, it stands to reason he can touch 'em. When you've tussled for thirty year tryin' to make a livin' on pore lan', an' just when at last you are bout to git on yore feet, along come two drouths with a rain-blight sandwiched in between, an', the spring follerin', you git down in bed with Green River malaria, an' you've took all the quinine you can stand without goin' crazy, an' you're plum petered out an' ready to quit, who's goin' to git you up but the man inside the doctor? If that man inside the doctor knows you an' what you've been up against, an' you know he's yore friend it stands to reason you'll trust him when he says he can pull you through if you'll help him do it, an' it's the trust you've got in him that gives you strength to take a hitch in yore galluses an' wrestle with the chills awhile longer."

"Why look at Luella Ward! She'd never in the world a lived through her second spell of pneumonia if it hadn't been for Johnny. She'd a give right up when it come to the weak stage if she hadn't a believed Johnny when he told her she could live if she tried. Look at Jerry Sullenger, after the mules run off an' killed his wife an' children an' left him with a stiff leg that made him sweat blood to try to walk on! What put the nerve in Jerry to keep on usin' it more an' more every day, no matter how it hurt, until the stiff muscles softened up so as to make him a useful citizen? Why it was confidence in Johnny—"

Brent was not shivering now. The starlight filtering through the leaves of the old oak in front of the station found a mist in his eyes. "And I thought I didn't count!" he kept saying over to himself.

And when, a little later, he heard the agent's key in the station door, Brent followed him inside and, blinking in the light, picked up a telegraph blank and with steady hand wrote on the yellow paper:

DARTFORD, April 2, 1912.

WILLIAM OUCHTERLONY,

Memorial Hospital, R—ville.

Arrive with patient two a. m. Be ready to operate left parietal fracture.

JOHN BRENT.

Ouchterlony having honestly seen the one chance and successfully lifted the great financier's shattered parietal, a cheque for fifty dollars, signed by the great financier's secretary, came duly to John Brent, and duly Margaret chose gray homespun for the new suit.

Brent was wearing it a day in May, with a sprig of Luella Ward's famous lily-of-the-valley in the button-hole, when a letter came to him, conveying intelligence of the wiping out of a granduncle's family by a Kansas cyclone, and notifying him that he was heir to a third of the hundred-thousand-dollar estate.

At dusk the news, having got well abroad, was the topic of conversation on the station platform while the crowd waited for the evening local. "He'll leave," reiterated the young station agent, as the train blew for the stop. "There's nothin' under heaven to keep a man here if he can get away. He'll leave all right."

"No," quavered old Reuben Whittaker, "he won't. He'll stay. I know the breed. He'll stay, and his son'll stay after him."

T. D. PENDLETON CUMMINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1912.

The surveyors for the transcontinental railway in Australia made use of camels. The chief surveyor, who was the first to go over the route through the desert, indicated the trail for those who followed by attaching a heavy chain to his camel, and letting the chain drag on the ground.



## LIFE STORY OF A MUSIC MASTER.

Rose Fay Thomas Writes the Memoirs of a Leader for Fifty Years.

An inspiring chronicle, "The Memoirs of Theodore Thomas," bids faith renew itself and ambition rise undaunted by seeming failure. It would be noteworthy alone for the programmes with which it abounds, arranged by and played under the direction of the genius whose struggle of fifty years culminated in a final triumph. A reading of the splendid volume throws a new light on the debt of gratitude which America owes to Theodore Thomas for its musical education in the last half-century. But the book goes farther. The real man is presented, so very human, indomitable, fit for a lifelong struggle, his ambition boundless—not for himself, but for the elevation of his art and the honor of the land which was his by adoption. We come to know as never before his trials, disappointments, and sorrows, and they were many and long-continued. Then there is the supreme hour, the crowning glory of his life, the realization of his dreams and labors. Rose Fay Thomas, his wife, writes with no faltering hand, no uncertain knowledge, for he had been an intimate of the Fay family for years before his first great sorrow. As a result, many of the master's letters are introduced, intimately discussing himself, his travels, and his work. The history of the Thomas family is traced to this country, and the childhood and youth of the "father of classical music in America" are portrayed with a touch so clear and sympathetic that interest at once centres around the music-loving lad whose merry pranks entertained the neighborhood.

One of the few conductors to whom Thomas seems to have been indebted was Carl Eckert, for whom he "retained, through life, a genuine respect and admiration, and whom he characterized as a master of his art":

Carl Eckert, a distinguished European musician, spent the winter of 1851 in New York as conductor of the Italian Opera Company. He recognized immediately the ability of young Thomas, and appointed him leader of the second violins. This was a very responsible position for one so young, and brought him at once into close contact with an experienced and able musician. His work under Eckert was of the greatest value to him, for it taught him to maintain order and system in the orchestra, and to manage musicians with tact and justice. It also opened his eyes to the possibilities of the "many-headed instrument" under favorable conditions. Eckert was one of the few conductors for whom Thomas retained, through life, a genuine respect and admiration, and whom he characterized as a master of his art.

That Thomas, even in his earliest boyhood, had supreme confidence in himself is attested by his novel concert tour in his fifteenth year, when the whim seized him to carry musical light into the Southern States:

So he secured a horse, had a few concert posters printed, announcing the coming appearance of the wonderful boy violinist, T. T., packed his few belongings in a valise, and purchased a large pistol for use in case of a much-hoped-for attack by brigands. . . . In one town he was called upon by a deputation from the city fathers with the request that he leave at once, as they were convinced that the devil was in his violin. . . . Boy-like, he would ride until he reached some pleasant place, and amuse himself until his money was spent, then he would take out some of his posters and tack them up around the town, and engage the dining-room of his hotel for a concert. When the time for the concert arrived he would stand at the door and sell tickets until he thought his audience was all in, after which he would hastily run up to his room, don his concert clothes, seize his violin, and presently appear at the stage end of the room and give the concert. In this romantic fashion he whiled away a year.

One of the amusing incidents of his career happened during a trip to the Pacific Coast. At a small Western station a group of cowboys gathered about the train and demanded music. None of his players cared to face the rough, clamorous, self-appointed audience:

"Well, then, give me a fiddle and I'll play myself," said he, and taking a violin from the case he tuned it and began. The cowboys listened uninterestedly and then announced that that was not what they wanted. By this time Thomas began to lose patience, and, turning to the spokesman, remarked, "You don't know what you want." This angered the cowboy and he promptly replied, with more force than courtesy: "We know pretty well what we want. We want singing." Thomas glanced at the revolvers and the fierce faces of the men, and concluded that this was one of those occasions when prudence was the better part of valor. So he called to his European songbirds, but they had all locked themselves securely in their staterooms, and declined to come out. The situation was finally saved by the plucky little American, Emma Luch, who stood on the rear platform of the car and sang "Home, Sweet Home," her fair hair blowing in the wind, and her clear voice ringing out over the desolate prairie. The cowboys were enchanted, and as she sang the train moved off, leaving her enthusiastic audience firing off guns and pistols, and yelling vociferous applause!

Had the great conductor been less than he was, he might have settled back in comfort as musical director of the Cincinnati College of Music, to the great loss of the world. Heavily in debt as the result of the Chicago fire, he accepted the position, seeing in it a means whereby he could earn enough to pay off his obligations. Instead of a national musical university, however, as Thomas had been led to expect, it soon became evident that what the directors really had in mind was a good conservatory:

A characteristic story is told of one of the first rehearsals of the College Choir, at which Thomas had reprimanded some of the sopranos sharply for inattention. "He treats us as if we were members of his orchestra!" exclaimed an indignant singer to her next neighbor. Thomas overheard the remark and let it pass for the moment, but at the close of the rehearsal, as the performers were leaving the stage, he passed the lady in question and, turning to her, said very quietly, but with that biting sarcasm which those who knew him did not care to excite: "Madame, you will have to sing a great deal better than you do now before I shall treat you as I treat the members of my orchestra!"

It was not long before a conflict of opinion resulted. President Nichols and the board of directors clung to the idea of tuition fees, on the principle of a private school. Thomas was for an endowment, and serious work on the part of students. He objected that the promises of the prospectus were not being carried out, and finally insisted "on being in fact what I am now only in name, viz., *director of music of this college*." The board evaded the question and Thomas resigned:

Meantime, while all this trouble had been fulminating and exploding at the college, the May Festival of 1880 had been steadily progressing towards splendid achievement. The chorus, like every body of musicians that ever came under the magnetic baton of Thomas, were his devoted partisans, as were also most of the festival board of directors. When, therefore, the college turned its back upon him, the festival promoters of all classes were a solid phalanx in his defense, and lost no time in testifying their loyalty by accepting the resignation of Mr. Nichols as president of the festival board, and electing Mr. Edmund H. Pendleton in his place.

From this time till the close of his life, Thomas never had any unpleasant experiences in Cincinnati. The men with whom he was henceforth associated there were in sympathy with his art ideals and worked in harmony with him for twenty-five consecutive years, and together they achieved the permanent establishment of one of the greatest art institutions of its kind in the world.

Elaborate arrangements were completed for concerts during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, but bitterness, disappointment, and disaster resulted. Lack of attendance caused the concerts to be given up, but they were to mark the cooling of the friendship Thomas had long felt towards Wagner. The latter asked and received \$5000 for a new composition, "Festival March," which we are told was such an inferior piece of work that Thomas "rarely performed the march, and I have never heard of its being performed in Europe at all":

Wagner accepted the commission, and the very large honorarium—which he took good care should be in the hands of his banker before Thomas had a chance to examine his score—but the rest of his part of the transaction was anything but creditable to a man of his preeminence in the world of art. For he not only demanded a disproportionately large price for his work, but broke his promise in regard to withholding its publication in America, and, without Thomas's knowledge or consent, actually had a European edition of Rubinstein's arrangement of it printed and shipped to America before the score itself was transmitted to Thomas. But, worst of all, when the score did finally arrive, the composition proved to be so poor that it was practically worthless.

Financial ruin had long stared Thomas in the face, but now the blow fell. The sheriff sold him out at public auction, and among his property was the Wagner march. His entire effects brought only \$1400, his orchestra was disbanded, and he was urged to go into bankruptcy, but lion-like, he took the more difficult course, eventually meeting every obligation. In his dark hour he was not forsaken:

Fortunately for Thomas his devoted friend, Dr. Frank Zinner, of New York, heard of the proposed sale, and, hastening to Philadelphia, bought in everything—music, instruments, and all—and then proposed that Thomas should rent it from him at the nominal sum of one hundred dollars a year. Meantime it was all left in the possession of Thomas, and two years later Mrs. Thomas received, from this generous friend, the following letter:

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1878.  
DEAR MRS. THOMAS: You remember that I am the owner of that old musical library, which I bought at the sheriff's sale two years ago in Philadelphia. In your present situation in Cincinnati you might be able to render your husband considerable service if you were the owner of it, and I therefore beg you to allow me to make it over to you, as the enclosed paper shows. If you lend him one of the works, tell him to take good care of it.  
Very truly yours, F. ZINNER.

Years of concert work had given Thomas little opportunity for outdoor life, and his health being impaired, he went to live for a short time, before returning to Chicago, in a little cottage in the White Mountains:

It was not intended to be a home, but a sort of camp or bungalow where we could go for short stays from time to time through the summer. Our domestic arrangements were of the simplest. We took no servants with us, but cooked our own breakfast and supper, and drove down to one of the hotels in the village for dinner. The time between meals was spent out of doors, working, or perhaps I should say, playing in the open air. The place was a very rough, partly wooded tract of ground, strewn with giant boulders, and seamed with the outcropping crests of foundation rock. It was this last characteristic which suggested its name "Felsen-garten" (Rock Garden), for even before we began the work of decoration and improvement, its open spaces were brilliant with the blossoms of golden-rod, asters, wild spirea, and daisies. The place was so high on the mountainside that the air was dry and clear, and the woods were chiefly of the coniferous trees, so that it was an ideal place in which to conquer catarrh. Thomas had never before lived in the real country—for even the Fairhaven place was more of a suburban than a country residence—and he took the greatest delight in the work of beautifying this little spot of ground which he felt was so peculiarly his own.

A master himself, Thomas measured the best Europe had to offer by his own standards, during his visit abroad in 1880. He confided to his notebook:

London, June 4, 1880. I arrived here this afternoon, and in the evening heard "Lohengrin" in Her Majesty's Theatre, Hans Richter conducting. Candidus (Lohengrin) was good for a small theatre. Wilson, a milk-and-water gruel. Richter is a very able conductor, but like all other European conductors, he does not drill his orchestra. . . . The chorus was miserable. And this is the best material in London.

London, June 8. "Faust" with Patti as Marguerite. She sings like a bird, enunciation wonderful. The voice is deeper and perhaps fuller than when I last heard it.

London, June 17. Sembrich, a young singer, in "Lucia," a light soprano voice, quality and execution both good. . . . Richter does not seem able to stand on his own feet, in spite of his undoubted ability. What he has learned from Wagner is fine, but the rest is not much beyond mediocrity.

It was during this visit that Thomas so nearly became lost to America, but patriotism and the desire to carry out his work in this country as he had planned compelled him to decline the dazzling offer to remain in London:

"This morning the conductorship of the London Philharmonic

Society was offered to me. I have a meeting with the directors tomorrow, and also with others regarding choral work. In plain words, the most influential musicians of London offer me everything—Philharmonic concerts and Costa's work besides, for they tell me he is too old, and must give up. It seems curious that this should come to me just now, but there are a few men here who know me from my Boston work, and this thing seems to have been decided upon ever since I left New York for Cincinnati. What will come of it I do not know yet; it is too new to me. I do not want to leave America—at the same time, if you could see how grateful the British people are for good music, and how enthusiastic, you would certainly think it worth my consideration."

While conducting a spectacular benefit concert, one of the most notable of the kind ever given in Chicago, Thomas is pictured in one of the most unusual acts:

After the minuet Thomas did something that he never did before or after, in his life, conducting three numbers for every one to dance by, and for half an hour the concert was converted into a brilliant ball. This last feature was not added to the programme without some protest on the part of the orchestra, who felt that it was beneath their dignity to play for dancing. To this Thomas replied curtly: "Those who object to playing for these dances may stay away, but I shall be there and conduct them, whether there are any of the orchestra there to play or not." As may be imagined, after this every man was in his place when the evening came.

On his fifty-fourth birthday Thomas, having somewhat recovered himself, following the death of his wife and the loss of his orchestra, writes from New York in an inspiring strain:

"I had a rehearsal of three hours this morning, and you know I lose no time. I must laugh at the amount of work I can do without getting tired! I am not old yet, but I will confess I have a great deal of anxiety. I want to give some help to my children for a few years yet, and I am not afraid but that I can carry it through, but it may cost a great deal of fighting and hard work. I am willing to work, as you know, but art and business do not blend, and everything is so uncertain.

"My rehearsal this morning was very pleasant, and I have all the old power, or rather I have more strength than ever. I am growing all the time, and feel my strength, if I could only use it to a better purpose. But I trust in God that all will come out right—perhaps not exactly in the same way that others do, but every honest soul in his own way."

With the organization of the famous Chicago Orchestra, through the efforts of C. Norman Fay, began the reorganization of Thomas's musical career. As musical director, in him was reposed sole authority. Though he could not earn as much in Chicago "by ten thousand dollars a year" he was eager to go, love for art being the all-impelling force. He exclaimed:

"I never expected to see the day when I would be told I would be 'held responsible' for maintaining the highest standard of artistic excellence in my musical work. All my life I have been told that my standard was too high, and urged to make it more popular. But now I am not only to be given every facility to create the highest standard, but am even told that I will be held responsible for keeping it so! I have to shake myself to realize it."

The Chicago contract was signed in December, 1890, and the prospect of a return to his old artistic standards of work banished all the gloom and depression of the past, and once more Thomas was himself again—bright, hopeful, boundlessly energetic as of yore, and intensely interested in making the new Western orchestra the best he had ever conducted. The best artists of the old Thomas Orchestra were recalled, and those who were not so good were replaced by others imported from Europe. So many of the former were retained, however, that it might fairly be said that the Thomas Orchestra was, in reality, the original Thomas Orchestra, simply reconstructed, improved.

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra Hall, which he lived to see completed, embodied his lifelong hope:

Wednesday evening, December 14, 1904, was the fateful night which saw the fruition of that for which Thomas had worked for nearly half a century—the establishment of his orchestra, permanently endowed, in a building of its own, where he hoped it would be the foundation upon which would rise an art institution of the noblest and broadest character, which should not only maintain the highest standard in executive art, but should, in time, develop a musical university and set an equally high standard in educational work. Such was the institution which Thomas saw with his mind's eye as he stepped upon the stage of the new hall and raised his baton for the first number of its inaugural concert.

Only a few days before his death he is seen, a happy, hopeful, yet weary, pathetic figure:

We had planned to have a little Christmas supper by ourselves in his study, after the concert—there was always a concert to be conducted before Thomas could think of pleasure—the servants were sent to bed, and we roasted oysters in the shell over the coals of the open fire. "How good these taste!" he exclaimed. "It is the first time anything has tasted good to me since we got into the new hall. Come, we must drink 'Brüderschaft' together, German fashion, to celebrate the day, and the well-cooked oysters, and my recovered appetite, for I believe I begin to feel better at last." So we went through with the quaint little ceremony, and opened the Christmas boxes for his absent sons and daughters, and for an hour he was his old self, and as gay and happy as a boy. All at once he seemed to wilt. His laughter died, and his buoyant spirits fell. "I am so tired, so tired," he said wearily, "I must go to bed."

An appendix which includes tributes to the memory of Thomas, compiled from many sources, completes the valuable book, which is notably illustrative of the musical development of the country.

MEMOIRS OF THEODORE THOMAS. By ROSE FAY THOMAS. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$3 net.

The territory in West Africa recently ceded by France to Germany is almost half as large as the German empire and contains more than a million inhabitants. It has no Protestant missionaries, since the French government would not permit other than a French society to commence work and the Paris Missionary Society was unable to enter the open door. In the southern part of the district the inhabitants are Bantus, heathen without culture or civilization, while the northeastern part is inhabited largely by Sudan negroes who have become Mohammedans.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Lord Coleridge and Ellis Yarnall.

The correspondence between Lord Coleridge and Ellis Yarnall reveals a curious story of friendship between two men whose letters are equally able, equally wide ranged, and equally penetrating. But the American remained almost wholly unknown in his own country, while the Englishman became lord chief justice and one of the most distinguished transatlantic figures of his day.

These letters cover forty years of national and personal life, and if they may be said to have a dominant feature it is to be found in the intense interest displayed by each of the writers in the affairs of the other's country. The Civil War was naturally the supreme event of its day, and Yarnall takes particular care that his English friend shall be supplied with American newspapers that shall best represent the Northern view. In 1865 he writes to him that at last he can send him a journal after his own heart. It was the *Nation*, that was then making its first appearance. But Coleridge needs only information, and not a stimulant. He was fervently for the North, although he regretted the mistakes and the scurrilities that made it hard for him to hold his own against an English aristocracy that was influenced more by caste than by justice. He says, "The dominant caste in England, whom I thoroughly dislike, point with a sort of smug satisfaction to the mistakes and boasting of the North against a wider infusion of the popular element and the absence of caste, to which they attribute American mistakes, and I have to hang my head and speak in bated tones of my favorites."

Coleridge remained a radical to the end of his days. Place and power never made any difference to him. He had no objections to an hereditary caste, but it must be a social and not a political caste. It must carry no power but that of example. In 1858 he writes to Yarnall: "I want to see property divided and entails destroyed, hereditary privileges, not hereditary honors, abolished. I mean I should like to see peerages still hereditary, but not seats in the legislature. That and other privileges should only be the award of desert, and if noblemen could not of themselves keep ahead they should be 'massed into the common clay' without ceremony." Coleridge naturally had no toleration for Beaconsfield. "The mischief which this fellow has done to public morals is untold and indescribable," and again, "Dizzy has corrupted and lowered the character of public men and taken truth and honor out of public affairs." The Conservative leader was a "mountebank and phrasemonger and nothing else." But Coleridge liked the American lawyers. He says he is proud of such men as Evarts and Phelps, while he finds President Arthur to be "a handsome, courteous, well-bred, and evidently well-read gentleman."

But the correspondence was by no means confined to politics. It embraced all the leading men of the day—and he it remembered that the "day" was forty years. Ruskin, Arnold, Hawthorne, Irving, Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, and a score of others all figure in these letters, and the opinions and judgments from both sides of the Atlantic are always frank, free, and with all the unrestraint of personal and private correspondence.

It seems almost ungracious to condemn the workmanship of so fascinating a volume, but why is there no index, and why not either cement the letters together with some sort of explanatory prefaces or do the same work by means of footnotes? In point of fact the book is not edited.

Forty Years of Friendship. Edited by Charlton Yarnall. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

## Dickens as Editor.

The fact that Dickens was an editor for over thirty years occupies a subsidiary place in the public memory. But being reminded of it we are tempted to wonder how he could find the time. Indeed he could not find the time or the energy to care for a daily newspaper and he speedily surrendered the *Daily News*, which he founded, into other hands. But a weekly was within his scope, especially with so competent an assistant as William Henry Wills, and his editorial correspondence with Mr. Wills is given to the world in the present volume. *Household Words* was first issued in 1850 and *All the Year Round* in 1859, and during all this time there was a steady production of novels. What with his editorship, novel-writing, and readings, Dickens certainly had his hands full.

His editorship was real editorship. Dickens did not merely give his name in return for a salary while leaving the work to others. Every detail passed under his eye and he had opinions about every detail. Manuscripts were submitted to him, criticized and returned. Titles, proofs, arrangement of articles and the general balance of the magazine received his attention. Of his editorial care a single example will suffice. Returning proofs, Dickens writes from Boulogne on June 23, '55: "I have made various marks here. It is so very poor that it had better be wholly until we have a very strong. The metre is so wretchedly made

out. 'Pull at the Pagoda Tree' very good. 'Provisionally Registered' very good. It is rather unfortunate that we have so many foreign subjects, but it can't be helped, I suppose. If we have never had 'Cause and Effect' I think it a better title for the Carlsruhe story. 'St. Vorax's Singing Birds' will stand over. With a chip you won't want it." A story by a Miss Craik is put upon one side for the present—"Her imitation of me is too glaring—I never saw anything so curious." The volume contains many references not easily to be understood after the lapse of half a century, and here perhaps we might have been better helped by footnotes and otherwise. Sometimes we have a flash of the familiar humor, as in the reference to the human frailty of Dolby, who acted as manager of the readings. Dolby's right eye, we are told, "becomes inflamed of a morning, only when he goes out, after I go to bed, to treat the local agent. He appeared at breakfast one morning at Liverpool with three glasses of gin and water and two cigars distinctly to be seen under his right eyelid."

In spite of occasional defects this picture of Dickens as an editor is one not to be overlooked. It shows him from a distinctive angle, while its biographical value is considerable.

CHARLES DICKENS AS EDITOR. Being letters written by him to William Henry Wills, his sub-editor. Selected and edited by R. C. Lehmann. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$3.25 net.

## Rayton.

This story is described as a backwoods mystery, and while we are not told very clearly the exact locality of the backwoods the omission is not important. The mystery begins with a game of poker played at the house of Reginald Baynes Rayton, an Englishman of the stage type, but who develops in a satisfactory manner as the story advances. During the poker game a card is dealt with two red crosses upon its face, and this is recognized by one of the players as a sign that upon more than one occasion has preceded death in his family. The player who receives the card does not die, but he has a somewhat close call, and when the poker party reassembles at a future date it is Rayton himself who receives the sinister warning. After this double event we have no alternative but to push on to the end of the story, where the mystery is solved in an unexpected way. Mr. Roberts manages to sustain our interest by an ingenious plot and by descriptive powers that are fully equal to the occasion.

RAYTON: A BACKWOODS MYSTERY. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The Master of Evolution.

The author must be credited with an inquiry that is not novel, but that is carried out in a novel way and that has a value not only to the psychologist, but to the sociologist and the historian. Assuming that the "nervous system and all of the brain processes" are constructed by the forces of heredity and variation, he sets himself to the task of disentangling the two, it being understood that by heredity he means the innate concepts of consciousness that we have inherited from our ancestors and that variation is the addition to those concepts by present experience. There are therefore two forms of consciousness, that which has been acquired by observation and personal experience and that which has been contributed by ancestors. The two may work harmoniously both in individuals and in nations, or they may conflict, as in revolutionary times, when past and present or tradition and innovation find themselves opposed. "Around our ordinary waning consciousness are innumerable potential forms of consciousness which are separated from each other by a filmy screen." It is this "filmy screen" that the author would try to pierce, but perhaps he would have better success if he adopted the Socratic theory of preexistence, which he dismisses in a few lines, rather than the modified materialism of an inherited cell.

THE MASTER OF EVOLUTION. By George H. MacNish. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

## The Gleaners.

This is an ingenious little story describing the moral effect of Millet's picture, "The Gleaners," upon a young woman who was somewhat over-inclined to emphasize the drudgeries of her own life and to cultivate the asperities rather than the suavities of her own nature. Perhaps Julietta's surrender to the lesson of the picture is a little too rapid, but then the novelette has its space limitations and they must be observed.

THE GLEANERS. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; 75 cents net.

## Flower of the North.

James Oliver Curwood gives us another energetic tale of the Far North, where man must fight and subdue nature with elemental weapons and without the aid of human laws. It is the atmosphere and not the narrative of Mr. Curwood's stories that charms. We are less interested in the vast conspiracy to crush Philip Whittemore's plan to bring fish from the lakes around Hudson Bay than we are in the lakes themselves, in the desolate frozen country, and the romantic figures of

the half-breeds and the beautiful mysterious women. We may be a little in doubt why Jeanne was abducted and carried away in a canoe, but we know quite well why Philip went after her and rescued her and made the long journey up the Churchill River to her home at Fort o' God. The sentiments that actuate Philip do not change from age to age, and it is always a delight to see a man fight for a woman with rifle and knife instead of with chocolates and theatre tickets.

FLOWER OF THE NORTH. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

## Pay-Day.

Mr. Henderson succeeds to perfection in showing that human greed is responsible for the economic inequalities that surround us. No one doubts it. We may ever agree that human greed can be epitomized under the terms rent, interest, and dividends, and that if the desire for profit, in the sense that profit is getting something for nothing, could be eliminated, there would be a fairer distribution of the world's bounties. It is a self-evident proposition, and so we can see nothing new in the author's contention, however much we may admire the muscular manner of its presentation.

But the evil of human greed is a moral rather than an economic one, and to do Mr. Henderson justice he seems to ask for a moral rather than an economic remedy. Every effective readjustment of the social system must be preceded by a readjustment of the human heart. Otherwise we can have nothing better than new laws that no one takes any notice of, and of these we have too many already. The author believes that he sees signs of a spiritual awakening and that soon we shall be brothers instead of masters and slaves. If this be so, and if men in the mass are becoming less greedy, we shall be within sight of reforms that can come in no other way, but until human nature changes we shall continue to seek for "profit" in some form or another and in spite of all laws to the contrary.

PAY-DAY. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

## Facts for the Teacher.

Dr. Elmer Burritt Bryan supplements his previous work, "The Basis of Practical Teaching," by this little volume devoted to the psychology of the child in its relation to the school. He deals with such topics as Attention, Suggestion, Belief, Fear, Will, Work, and Play in a manner that is free from dogmatism and that yet evidences a profound study of educational problems and an effort to solve them along wholesome and rational lines. We may demur to his assertions that "whatever makes for the larger life of the child—pictures, music, Greek, Delsarte, physical appliances—has a place and should be admitted" to the school as an undue enlargement of the school's province, but we shall heartily agree that whatever does not make for the enlarged life—fly killing, for example—should be eliminated. Dr. Bryan's book is helpful and suggestive and it should not be overlooked.

FUNDAMENTAL FACTS FOR THE TEACHER. By Elmer Burritt Bryan, LL. D. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

## The Thread of Life.

That H. R. H. Eulalia, Infanta of Spain, should write a book on the current problems of the day is a remarkable fact. Royalties have rarely taken the public into their confidence, and especially the royalties of so conservative a country as Spain. Evidently the Infanta has the merit, if it be a merit, of unconventionality, and so perhaps it would be ungracious to ask why she claims to have preserved her incognito on the cover of her book while signing the preface with her full name. As a matter of fact the cover also bears her full name.

The volume—not a large one—contains twenty-six essays. About half of them are devoted to the problems of the day, such as Divorce, the Family, Socialism, Servants, and the Complete Independence of Women, while the remainder concern themselves with such general topics as Honesty, Friendship, Morality, Prejudice, Tradition, and Moral Courage. The latter, it may be said, are entirely harmless and might well be the result of a careful reading of Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Emerson.

The essays in the former category are marked by much freedom of expression and bold phraseology, but they are in no way remarkable for originality of thought. In fact they are rather trite. The author asks, for example, why women should not have the same sexual freedom as men. "In the case of women that are free (unmarried) by what right shall we say they must not experience complete independence—enjoyment just like men?" As a matter of fact, we do not say so. Women have the same sexual freedom as men, and many of them exercise it. Whatever inequality exists, as to results, is imposed by nature.

The Infanta is an enthusiastic advocate of divorce, which should be given whenever there are substantial reasons for it. She looks forward to the day "when certain unions of the sexes besides legitimate marriages are recognized by the law as responsible, when the

adulterer is no longer infamous, and both lover and mistress under normal circumstances can wed." This is certainly not meat for babes, and we can hardly be surprised at the indignation of the king.

On the whole these essays, bright and forceful as they are, can hardly be said to add to our wisdom. But for their authorship they would attract no attention whatever. That a princess should voice so many of the more daring theories of the day is striking enough, but she adds little or nothing to them in the way of original thought. She invites us to the study of her own interesting personality rather than to any distinct contribution to current speculation.

THE THREAD OF LIFE. By H. R. H. Eulalia, Infanta of Spain. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"A Study of the Paragraph," by Helen Thomas, M. A. (American Book Company; 50 cents), is intended to supplement the ordinary text-books on composition and rhetoric by an intensive study of the paragraph.

The Macmillan Company has added "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Henry VIII" to the Tudor Shakespeare under the editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Price, 35 cents per volume.

It is satisfactory to note that a new edition has been called for of "The Life of David C. Broderick," by Jeremiah Lynch (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net). It is a volume of unusual value to the library of California history.

Dog lovers should sit up and take notice of "The Airedale," by William Haynes (Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents). Mr. Haynes tells us everything about the Airedale's history, treatment, and ailments, and he gives also some valuable advice as to dog shows.

The latest addition to the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics is "Freight Classification," by J. F. Strombeck (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). The aim of the writer is to treat the subject in a scientific way, showing how the economic laws apply to classification of freight.

"The Improvement of Rural Schools," by Ellwood P. Cubberley (Houghton Mifflin Company) is the latest addition to the Riverside Educational Monographs edited by Henry Suzzallo. The problem as put forward by the author is to be solved by more money, better organization, and better supervision.

Under the new title of "The Education of Self" the Funk & Wagnalls Company has published another edition of "Self Control," by Dr. Paul Duholts, translated from the latest French edition of "L'Education de Soi-Même." The new issue is of good appearance and printed in a comfortably bold type. Price, \$1.50 net.

The World at Work series, edited by Samuel T. Dutton, has been enlarged by the addition of "Trading and Exploring," by Agnes Vinton Luther (American Book Company; 40 cents). The volume is intended for third and fourth-year reading and includes the Babylonians, Phœnicians, Venetians, Norsemen, Portuguese, and Dutch.

The Cosmopolitan Press, New York, has published a volume on "Race Suicide," by Dr. M. S. Iseman. The author discusses the question historically, scientifically, and sociologically, and in such a way as to be wholly free from sensationalism. His work is to be recommended to those who wish for facts and for a scientific discussion of them.

"The Monitor and the Merrimac" is a striking little volume in which the story of the famous encounter is told from both sides by Lieutenant J. L. Worden, U. S. N., Lieutenant Greene, U. S. N., of the *Monitor*, and H. Ashton Ramsay, C. S. N., the chief engineer of the *Merrimac*. It is published with illustrations by Harper & Brothers. Price, 50 cents.

Under the title of "Canada" Mr. A. G. Bradley contributes a general survey of the Dominion to the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents per volume). The author deals with his subject historically and then goes on to a consideration of the various provinces and divisions. A bibliography and an index complete a useful handbook.

From the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South Nashville, Tennessee, comes a little volume of verse entitled "Via Lucis," by Alice Harper. Some of this verse is above the average, but other parts are marred either by faulty rhythm or commonplace sentiment. If the author would learn ruthlessly to reject everything so marred her future productions may well be noteworthy.

Mr. W. V. Marshall, author of "A Curh to Predatory Wealth" (R. F. Fennel Company) makes a plea for the graduated property tax, which he believes "would abolish the chief cause of poverty and hardship among the people." It is to be feared that neither poverty nor hardship can be abolished by law-making, but those who want a careful economic presentation of the problem will find it in this little volume.



## FOUR LITERARY LETTERS.

Emerson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jane Welsh Carlyle, and Thackeray, to a Poet.

William Allingham was for years editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and also a poet of more than modest gifts. From letters addressed to him a reminiscent volume has been made up, edited by Helen Allingham, and published by Longmans, Green & Co. Most of the epistles thus given to print are of interest now, a half-century or more after they were written, and all of them contain bits of criticism, spicy of the time, or personal reflections that are of value as biographical notes. Four of the letters are given below, each a worth while example of the writer's characteristic mood:

(Ralph Waldo Emerson to William Allingham.)  
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

14 July, 1851

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not had such a cordial holiday for a long time as the receipt of your book of "Poems" made for me, now more than a month ago.

I had been stung, every now and then, with compunctions for my letting drop the little correspondence with you, which made a joyful and affectionate episode, as I well remember in my six months' residence in England three years ago. But I had submitted to my bad habit, which has left me, with yours, the correspondence of a little phalanx of benefactors, and I clung to my silence, and wondered what indemnity it would ever bring to compensate for such losses. But I am deeply gratified by the return of your friendly star on my horizon, and I, and all my friends here, have heartily enjoyed this new light. I have read all the poems with much interest. I found in them the old joy which makes us more debtors to Poetry than anything else in life. "The Pilot's Daughter," which was my first acquaintance, is still a superior poem in my eyes. "The Music Master" has merits which can not belong to a short poem; and "Our Mountain Range," and "The Burial Place," and the "Touchstone" are, for different reasons, prized. My friend, W. E. Channing, a man who has more poetic genius than any one I know, though with some defects which have hitherto prevented him from writing a single good poem,—is charmed with the sea landscape that runs through them all, and he finds a volume of verses in one line, "When, like a mighty fire, the bar roars loud." And Mr. Thoreau also, a stoic among the muses, whose prose poem of "Concord and Merrimack Rivers," I fear has never reached Ireland,—rejoices in many of these pieces. The book has already passed from hand to hand; I read some of your pieces in our newspapers, and my copy departs this day to a valued friend at the foot of the Hoosac Mountains in this state. I am sorry I can not manifest any gratitude beyond good reception. I am a tardy writer, and am now engaged in preparing with W. H. Channing (not W. E. C.) a volume of memorials of the life of Margaret Fuller, a remarkable woman, and dearly valued friend of ours.—With thanks, and with hopes, your affectionate servant,

R. W. EMERSON.

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning to William Allingham.)

VILLA ALBERTI, SIENA,  
Wednesday, October 9, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I will begin to write to you to prove that we are really alive, and which is the same thing, full of regard for you however silent. We hear from Paris that you have written to enquire after us—and this excites us at once—though indeed you should have had the due letter from us without prick of spur, if it had not been that I have been ill; more ill than usual; and thrown out of habits of ease for some two months or more.

When able to leave Florence we came here, where my husband in his goodness has been doing double work for me in hearing Penini's lessons, more than his share. We talked of you and of the letter we meant to write, meanwhile, and so the time passed.

Now I am all but well—with no remainder to signify, beyond the necessity of a winter further south than Florence, in order to be warmer and safer. We go to Rome again for that purpose—returning to Florence only for a short time.

Here we have enjoyed the silence and repose and the vintage time, in a lonely half-furnished villa with windows looking on a very pretty country.

This summer has been strange and wild. At first, a rapture and exaltation—all of us walking in a golden cloud!—then, bitter, struggling anxiety, in which we have walked like steadfast and noble men; but on the earth and on uneven and doubtful ways. The reaction has been trying to body and soul; but a cheerful and hopeful constancy having survived all, out of it comes a great Nation. The Emperor Napoleon will justify himself, as the people will, magnificently.

But certain parts of the world have not done well—you felt that I think, when you wrote,

oversight out of my "Tale of Villafranca" and regretted much by the author. Insert it between the sixth and seventh stanzas, if you ever read the poem again in your *Athenaeum*. I confess to you that I took very much to heart Alfred Tennyson's invocation to the Riflemen, at the beginning of the war.

Speaking of the *Athenaeum*, let me thank you, dear Mr. Allingham, for the pleasure it gives us to see poems of yours every now and then flashing out from between its columns. But are you doing nothing except for the *Athenaeum*? Are we not soon to look for another volume from you?

The "Idylls of the King" have reached us here in the silence. More welcome than the King himself!—unless it were the King of Piedmont, whom we are very loyal to just now. But the "Idylls." Am I forced to admit that after the joy of receiving them, other joys fell short, rather?—That the work, as a whole, produced a feeling of disappointment?—It must be admitted, I fear. Perhaps we had been expecting too long—had made too large an idea to fit a reality. Perhaps the breathing, throbbing life around us in this Italy, where a nation is being new-born, may throw King Arthur too far off and flat. But, whatever the cause, the effect was so. The colour, the temperature, the very music, left me cold. Here are exquisite things, but the whole did not affect me as a whole from Tennyson's hand. I would rather have written "Maud," for instance, than half a dozen volumes of such "Idylls." What do you say?

Write and tell us of yourself. I should like you to see your friend, little Penini, to whom you were always so kind, galloping about the lanes with his curls flying, on a poney of the same colour. It is a Sardinian poney, which Robert has given him, and he is in the first rapture of possession. Beautifully the child rides. Mr. Wilde, a clever American artist who is passing the summer in this neighbourhood, has made a lovely little picture of him on horseback and presented it to me, and we mean to have it exhibited in London next year.

Penini gets on with his music, and plays a whole Sonata of Beethoven which we consider a triumph too.

Now I leave the rest of the road to my husband, desiring to reward you for your patience so far.

(Jane Welsh Carlyle to William Allingham.)

5 CHEYNE ROW,  
February 23rd, 1856.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I like your idea. It is original; and like the notes of the nightingale "touching and strong." I shall bear it in mind for my own use. Now and then I have met with a person "here down" (as Mazzini calls it) whom absence did not sweep from my recollection, and to whom, in some dreamy moment, I should have liked to say, "I remember you; do you remember me?" But it never occurred to me to do this, tho' so extremely easy to be done! without having gone thro' the slow preliminary to a regular friendly correspondence, and to regular friendly correspondence, indeed to regular anything I have a sacred horror of committing myself. This sort of impulsive irregular thing suits me exactly; so I thank you for your letter and answer it with right good will.

What you say of Ruskin's book is excellent. "Claret and buttermilk" till one don't know what is which! But what could be expected from a man who goes to sleep with, every night, a different Turner's picture on a chair opposite his bed that "he may have something beautiful to look at on first opening his eyes of a morning" (so his mother told me). \* \* \* He is amiable and gay, and full of hope and faith in—one doesn't know exactly *what*—but of course he does.

Twice last summer he drove Mr. C. and me and Nero out to his place at Denmark Hill, and gave us a dinner like what one reads of in the "Arabian Nights," and strawberries and cream on the lawn; and was indulgent and considerate for even Nero! I returned each time more satisfied that Mrs. Ruskin must have been hard to please. One feels always, one could manage other women's husbands so much better than they do—and so much better than one manages one's own husband!

We lived in the same house with Alfred Tennyson lately—at Lord Ashburton's in Hampshire—and he read "Maud" and other poems aloud to us, and was much made of by all the large party assembled there.

He seemed strangely excited about "Maud"—as sensitive to criticism as if they were imputations on his honour: and all his friends are excited about "Maud" for him! and an unknown Cambridge gentleman wrote to Mr. Carlyle to ask him to be so good as to inform him what was his opinion of "Maud"! I! You may imagine how Mr. C. would toss that letter into the fire, sending a savage growl after it!

Dear Mr. Allingham, be a Poet by all means, for you have a real gift that way; but for God's sake beware of becoming too caring about whether your gift is appreciated by "the million"—of Jackasses. The nightingale don't trouble itself about appreciation, and sings none the worse for that.

I can't tell you how glad I was that you got back to hum-drum work, yielding you visible

means and not overworking your nervous system.

I never thanked you for the book of poems you sent me: the custom of this house is to send away the books of poems that come, to the first person one can think of that "cares for that sort of thing." When I tell you that your "Day and Night Songs" were not sent away; but on the contrary placed in my little private book-case in my own room, and still stand there, you will perceive they must have had some peculiar charm for me, either of merit or of affection, or of both together.

Mr. C. says there is nothing of the least moment in the four volume edition of his Cromwell that is not in the three volume and supplement one.

And now goodbye dear Mr. Allingham—and, as a German friend of mine wrote to me from America the other day, "a serene mind to you in the new era!"—Very sincerely yours,  
JANE CARLYLE.

(William Makepeace Thackeray to William Allingham.)

[1850.]

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Months after date let me discharge the debt I owe you and thank you for poems. I began a letter to you in September after reading the book, and waited and waited intending to criticize at large and speak of what I liked and doubted—but I doubted of one or two sentences of the criticism too, and the letter never went and the months rushed after each other. I've only finished "Pendennis" two days, and have been asleep almost ever since.

I recognized you in *Household Words* the other day—with the Tennysonian cadence (who doesn't catch it who reads him?) and the thoughts, observation, and calmness your own. He has just been here much excited about his court dress and sword (he says his legs are very good but we know what the Psalms say on that subject) and as much pleased and innocent about it as a girl or a page. Everybody speaks well of his new wife and of his affectionateness to her. \* \* \* You have still time enough to heal old wounds and get new ones. I have passed my critical period I think and don't expect again to have my sleep disturbed by thoughts of any female.

This is now talking about your book. Well, I like it very much, that is all I can say, because the book seems to me true. I like its grey calm tones and solitary sweetness. I like a young fellow saddened by a great shock and bearing it with a manly gentle heart. I read it (in my own copy as well) at one of your chiefs', S. Spring Rice, who spoke in high terms not only of the Pote but of the Officer, which is always good for a young man to hear.

You're lucky to have a trade and to live out of this turmoil. It's pleasant enough for a man until he's successful: and then things go hard—

I tore off half a page here relating to my own literary woes, and egotistical complaints which are best put in the fire. I hope dear old Leigh Hunt won't take the loss of the laurels to heart after bidding for them so naively as he did in those pleasant memoirs.

Do you see the *Leader* which his son Thornton writes? Thornton seems a fine fellow to me: wrong, very often, but looking after truth sacredly. But you mustn't have the paper at Ballyshannon, it would frighten people there: it does often shock even here; where we are not easily shocked and easily tired.

After making a great noise myself I begin to wonder why we have made so much to-do about the Cardinal. Why shouldn't he come and set up a winking Virgin in the Strand? The claims of the Bishop of Oxford (who is delightful company) are not much less preposterous: and Dr. Pusey says "quite right, it's not Popery the parsons have to fear but universal Protestantism."—Is it coming?—it must to get rid of these Papists—the old sixteenth century Protestantism can fight them: they've the best of that battle.

I wish I weren't born in the time when the 'other' is to take place, being of a lazy epicurean nature and wondrously averse to fighting; but if it comes it must: and we must take up the cudgels on our side like the Paddies at Birkenhead the other day. Ah me! Can't we be leftaisy?

If I write you a stupid letter it is because I am tired and unwell: because I hate paying my debts: because I must pay you now if I've any honesty left. Shall I confess?—There's a letter of yours, I found it on returning from abroad, lying on my table below: and I've not dared to open the seal: it's like a dun: it's like Conscience upbraiding me. Well, tomorrow I'll have the courage to open it—I may now: and now good night, and believe me.—Sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

## New Books Received.

CHILE AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Nevil O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

An account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history, and advancement of the Chileans and the development and resources of their country.

THE DOMINANT CHORD. By Edward Kimball. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: THE FAITH OF AN AMERICAN. By George Edward Woodberry. Boston: The Merrymount Press.

An address delivered at the Grolier Club.

RATIONAL EDUCATION. By Bruce Calvert. Griffith, Indiana: The Open Road Press; 50 cents.

"Education that liberates, not enslaves."

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## MR. FAVERSHAM'S "FAUN."

Edward Knoblauch's play, "The Faun," is just now quite timely, for the Anglo-Saxon spirit of Puritanism is receiving many hard knocks from thinkers and philosophers. No doubt the conditions of modern existence do not favor the joyous, sunny paganism possible in a more primitive life, but many reflective moderns are trying to disseminate the idea that the more ideal human should have his proportion of materialism as well as spirituality.

People nowadays need more philosophy and psychology than they used, and willy-nilly are beginning to absorb the ideas of emancipated thinkers and to realize that humanity has too long been under the chilly dominance of the ascetic idea. They point to the open, joyous, clean life of the animals, and bid us contrast it with that of vice-enslaved man. Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love Over the nasty sty—

and they ask us, by inference, if "this brave, o'er hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire," is meant by nature and God to canopy "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors."

Even Nietzsche, with his rigorous doctrine of the value of suffering, and his conviction that happiness must not be sought for its own sake, reviles and abjures this idea of the necessity of needless pain and asceticism, declaring that "If man would no longer think himself wicked, he would cease to be so."

In fact, many useless conventions are receiving hard knocks, nowadays, from mailed and mighty fists. Read H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli," which purports to be a novel, but is really a thesis a volume long, on the evil effects of old-fashioned swaddling clothes poisoning vigorous, thinking humanity. Read the preface to Galsworthy's "An Island Pharisee," and then read the book itself. Read of the mess made of her life by Bianca, that womanly entanglement of modern mental complexities, in Galsworthy's "Fraternity," and then ask yourself if the world does not need a more open, a freer, healthier, saner view of the simple, natural relations of human beings, one to another.

As yet, it is all a conflict; the classes against masses, man against woman, capital against labor, and labor against capital. We have come to believe, after we have inhabited this sphere long enough to gain pseudo-wisdom, that "man is horn to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Some writers even carry this idea into the realm of purely animal life, for Ernest Thompson Seton asserts that the life of every wild animal goes out in tragedy. Yet activity is the rule of life. The morse that is gained in the chase, or won by the sweat of labor, is all the sweeter, seasoned with the sauce of appetite, and it is easy to conceive that the dumb brutes who die fighting enjoy the thrill and ardor of battle, or even surrender themselves luxuriously to the repose of oblivion.

At any rate, this doctrine of the value of fruitless asceticism, of the inevitability of suffering, has had large holes punched in its side, and so the theme of "The Faun" is timely.

As to whether the play is handled with the excellence the theme deserves is another matter. It is certainly treated in rather popular style, and the dialogue is very good. I have heard intelligent people call the play beautiful. But I do not entirely agree with them, healthy as the idea is. It promised to be, it might have been, but the mechanical structure was too evident in the later acts, and beauty fled.

It is true that the author did not approach his subject in a very serious or poetic mood, in spite of some poetic passages, notably that of the faun's definition of himself in the closing scene. He wanted to entertain, to amuse, and he succeeded, if measurably only.

But such a good idea deserved better treatment. The opening scene of "The Faun," and the introduction of the wild, untamed creature of the open into the irksome confines of English conventionalisms is the best part of the play. The contrast of the faun's physical freedom and joyous spontaneity of nature with the dull deadness of society's neo-emotionalism was well conceived. The pleasant comedy which attends the inauguration of the captured faun into the clothes and

civilization is wholesome and the same, there is a lost opportunity. "The Faun." There is no delicacy

of satire, no brilliant, dextrous, rapier thrusts at that phlegmatic opponent, society. The last two of the three acts are commonplace, both in conception and execution. The dialogue reads very well, but it carries rather heavily over the footlights. In fact, while there is considerable action and much noise in the last two acts, they go rather draggily, although better acting might have improved the delicacy of the sentiment.

Much of the play centres around the affairs of the young heiress, and her participating parent. But compare the crude, clumsy manoeuvres of this last-mentioned thoroughly commonplace and uninteresting Philistine with the delicate worldliness of the Caradoc family toward Barbara and Milton's love affairs in Galsworthy's "The Patrician." There were no delicate shades or softened outlines in the handling of Vivian's affairs, or her mother's either for that matter, during the last two acts. All was banal, commonplace, and, metaphorically speaking, loud-voiced.

As to Lady Alexandra, she is depicted as a young woman whose social breeding and experiences have so incutivated a resistance to emotion that her insensibility is carried to the point of unnaturalness. If the author wished us to conceive of her parting scene with Lord Stonbury as being cast in the spirit of exaggerated comedy, with a touch of farce (which is what we must suppose), either he failed signally or Julie Opp did in acting it. The scene fell flat. A certain whimsicality, in intention if not in acting, we must grant it, but the tone of the play is realism contrasted with fantasy, and this was neither.

But some red blood was injected into the veins of the drama, when the faun undertook to awaken the slumbering soul of Lady Alexandra, and to open her eyes to the pleasure of life, and the exhilaration of love in this world which is so husily engaged in hurrying all its pagan joy under mountains of dull gold.

In spite of a certain lack of physical color and warmth, Mr. Faversham handled this scene with some address, for it would have been easy for the audience to conceive of the faun making love on his own account. But nearly everybody who could hear was distinctly aware that he was trying to awaken in a highly artificialized woman soul an enslaved, submerged sense of sex. Sex, of course, is a dangerous, a guilty word. We are all dimly aware of its existence, but we must never say so aloud. This, at first, puzzled the faun, and finally, when he discovered that these apparently passionless marionettes in London drawing-rooms were shutting eyes and ears to an instinctive recognition of a spontaneous abandonment to the call of mate to mate, he felt a kindly, brotherly wish to be of service, to awaken them.

Naturally, everybody sat up and began to take notice when Lady Alexandra showed signs of being simply human. Said a dear innocent of sixteen near me, "Why, this is quite—" she hesitated, and I waited, speculatively, for the adjective. She concluded, "interesting." But the young lady's decorous hesitation was a concession to that dreadful bogey, "sex."

It is a pity that Knoblauch has not presented his idea more prettily, more poetically. But where he has succeeded is in the lack of gross suggestion, for of anything of the kind the play is signally free.

I have observed in some cases a vague mental disturbance, a feeling in women who have seen "The Faun," that they ought perhaps to erect their quills and talk of impropriety. But they do not really know what to take hold of. It is merely their trained antagonism to the hogey. The attitude of the public, in this matter, is certainly singular. Treat the subject seriously, and it is all wrong. Treat it with levity, to the accompaniment of music and laughter, as in musical comedy or farce, and it is all right, even when it reaches the point of gross vulgarity. Queer thing, the race of play-goers!

The comedy element in "The Faun" soothes the woman who is meditating on the expediency of hristling with the quills of an affronted propriety, and she ends by deciding that it may be all right, although she isn't absolutely certain.

William Faversham makes a very good appearance, in the first act. Fortunately for him, the lines of his slim body hear very well the exposure of semi-nudity. It makes one shudder to think, if the faun's leopard skin became the prevailing fashion, what a huge proportion of knobby joints, knock knees, handy legs, hony cavities, degenerate curves, and unregenerate fat would he let loose to afflict our suffering vision!

Slight though he is, Mr. Faversham has suitable flesh covering, and self-respecting joints. He wears a wig of rich dark hair, which adjusts itself in vagrant and becomingly scattered locks against the line of growth round his scalp. But he makes a great mistake in parting with that wig in the two other acts. Here he evidently falls back with relief to his own hair, which he brushes up in a narrowing effect, tending to lend him an intellectual and unfaunlike aspect.

In spite of her salient profile, Julie Opp is a negative personality on the stage. She made nothing of the part of Lady Alexandra, and it was quite evident that scarcely any

one in the company except Mr. Faversham and Mr. Nye Chart (Lord Stonbury) was quite sure what he or she was getting at.

The players in the rôle of the elderly pair expressed comedy by noise merely. The company in general have a frightful habit of interrupting, or "overlapping" each other, as some one expressed it. Scarcely any one is allowed to finish without having the words taken out of his mouth.

Mr. Faversham, who belongs to the now slightly old-fashioned school of romantic acting, is a player whose standards we must respect; he is by taste and inclination a purist in speech, loving the beauty of clear-cut diction, and were he adhering to his usual standards, we would have had no trouble in understanding him. As it was he celebrated the fact that he was playing comedy by letting down the brakes, and the company, except Miss Opp, imitated him to a man.

The acoustics of the theatre are not good, and the result was that there was universal complaint from those not well up to the front about the unintelligibility of the players. They were striving to seem what they conceive to be natural. But the most inflamed advocate for naturalism on the stage among auditors must certainly recover from his delusion when he hears a company of "natural" gabblers whom he can not understand.

In any case, naturalism, to be consistent and thorough, can find no place in any region so highly artificial as the stage. Naturalism of speech in ordinary life includes pauses, hesitations, self-interruptions, changes of subject, unexpected descents into almost inaudible tones. If playwrights or players should begin to really and consistently follow naturalism, the theatres would be deserted, for, strangely enough, the public wants to hear what it is paying to hear. Then, since a multitude of other details of naturalism are omitted, why torture audiences by rapid and unintelligible speech?

I hope, for the sake of future auditors, that Mr. Faversham will return to his usual clear-cut deliberation of speech—all poor companies imitate the star they are traveling with—and there would be an immediate improvement all round. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Spring Song.

Hush! Tread lightly! Hold thy breath!  
Something stirred the underbrush.  
Dryad? Oread? Gnome or fay?  
Yet the woods-light shows 'tis day,  
Only evening knows the way  
Elfin creatures travel.

Hush! The light o'erhead is green,  
Gold, with glow mysterious.  
Does some fairy, fleet and shy,  
Think the moon is riding high,  
Bold and glorious in the sky,  
All the starlight dimming?

Hark! That rustling comes again!  
How my heart is racing!  
Was it Puck or Columbine?  
Apple Blossom, frail and fine?  
Is a goblin, thro' the vine,  
O'er my shoulder peering,

For a thrill half glee, half fear,  
Trembles through my senses?  
Was it but the troubled trees,  
Or a message on the breeze?  
Only spirits, ill at ease—  
Springtime spirits, stirring?

—Ethel Hallet Porter, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## Sea Fever.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely  
sea and the sky.  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer  
her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and  
the white sail's shaking,  
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray  
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call  
of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be  
denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white  
clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the  
seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant  
gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the  
wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing  
fellow rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long  
trick's over.  
—John Maschfield.

## The Earth Masque.

The majesty and marvel of these souls  
Who walk beside us in the common day,  
Or hail us like a cry from out the night!  
Could we but scan these souls as we look deep  
Into the chalice of white hyacinths,  
Drawing the perfume from their hidden hearts;  
Could we but rend these mystic veils of sense  
That hang before the temple's occult shrine  
And know the Word made flesh, the shaft of  
light

That masks grotesquely in this mad world dream,  
More foolish than night visions in the day,  
Dear God, could we remember how to hate?  
—Alice E. Ives, in Harper's Weekly.

The Ferris Hartman Company has closed its season in Los Angeles to go on tour.

## A Matter of Public Safety

The first question of a street railway company is public safety. No matter how well it might plan and how elaborate its cars and how many interesting points of a city it might build to, if it had failed to take into consideration public safety in its work, it would have failed in the first great principle of public service operation.

Building right, for safety, present stability, and for all time to come is the first consideration of a big street railway concern. In construction of tracks, trolley wires, and other fixed portions of the system, every effort is made to avoid or overcome dangerous conditions.

In designing, building, and equipping cars the chief thought is the safety and convenience of passengers.

Every detail of the operation of cars is so directed as to provide the greatest safety, not only to passengers on the cars, but to all other persons using the streets on which the cars are run.

Besides using every practicable precaution in the construction of its lines and the building of and operation of its cars, a company must guard against the carelessness and recklessness of pedestrians and drivers on the streets.

The company must also prevent its passengers, so far as possible, from taking risks through disregard or ignorance of danger.

For every accident that occurs hundreds are prevented, either by the safeguards provided by the company or the watchfulness and care of its employees.

The United Railroads has constantly these thoughts in mind, and is constantly improving its equipment at great expense, that the thousands who daily use its cars may be carried in better time and over better tracks than in the past. A few hours spent in ordinary observation aboard speeding cars any day is sufficient to outline the great amount of reconstruction and new work which is being carried out in many parts of the city.

Trainmen and others engaged in the operation of the company's cars are selected with closest regard for their intelligence and reliability, for without these attributes the splendid street railway system in this city must suffer. Pleasing the public is the watchword, and complaints received through regular channels are given prompt and careful attention.

Before car men are permitted to go on duty they are instructed in such a manner as to give them the highest appreciation of their responsibilities. In this the company is very exacting. This training is continued, and even the oldest and most trustworthy in the company's employ are reminded constantly of their duty in protecting the public against accident.

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## OLD-TIME MINSTRELSY.

Years ago, long before theatrical reporters had discovered the "tired business man," before variety shows had been lifted out of the basement, one of the most popular kinds of entertainment was furnished by minstrel companies. Black-face acts, song-and-dance men disguised with burnt cork, were known in the early years of the American drama, when specialty performers appeared between the acts of serious plays, but companies of comedians, musicians, and dancers, all "made-up" as negroes, did not flourish until about the time of the Civil War. For more than two decades such minstrel companies were prominent in theatrical annals, then the favor which they had enjoyed began to wane, and in the last twenty years they have almost disappeared. The three or four organizations of the name now in existence bear little resemblance to those of the old time.

There were good reasons for the popularity of the old-time minstrels. First, they had no competition in the line of varied amusement. Every company contained two or more genuine comedians, and their efforts were original, unique, and broadly humorous. The music was always good, if not classic, and the dancing, clog and soft-shoe, was a distinctive American product. Frankly constructed for laughing purposes only, the programmes given, from the "first-part" with its semi-circle of jokers and singers, tambourine spinners and bone clickers, to the farce at the end, were full of action and clean fun. All was popularly accepted as an imitation of darkey irresponsibility, gayety, and rhythmic motion; yet everybody well knew that its negro quality was little deeper than the film of burnt cork that covered the faces of the actors. All companies of genuine colored minstrels copied the acts of their white predecessors.

Many of the best known comedians on the legitimate stage in after days began their career in minstrel companies. William H. Crane "broke into" the profession as an end-man with an amateur company in Boston. Joe Murphy, later a favorite Irish comedian, was a minstrel for years, and often gave a bone solo with imitations of many peculiar sounds when he appeared in his plays. Among the old-time minstrels there were scores who might well have achieved even greater fame in white face comedy. Eph Horn, Luke Schoolcraft, Hughey Dougherty, Ned Wambold, Charley Backus, Billy Birch, Charley Reed, Billy Emerson, Cal Wagner, George Wilson, Will H. Bray, are only a few whose names are still familiar in the memories of playgoers of the earlier generation. Some of the old-timers, like Willis Sweatnam, are still on the stage, in their old characters but speaking lines written for them in modern comedy.

At the Orpheum this week there are two veteran survivors of those days of minstrel glory—James McIntyre and T. K. Heath. No comedians are better known in San Francisco, and none has oftener played his favorite rôle here. Their "Georgia Minstrels" act is not only familiar to Orpheum habitués but to theatre-goers from one end of the country to the other. Every line spoken in it is anticipated as surely as the notes in "Dixie," yet every speech invariably calls out a gust of laughter. They have no rivals, whatever attractions are associated with them on the bills. Alexander's doleful rehearsal of his experiences with the "busted" troupe is inimitable, and it is genuine comedy. Nobody has ever "stolen his stuff." The latter half of the act, an accretion of recent years, drops into farce and is really of no advantage. The first scene is complete in itself, and pungently, irresistibly amusing. Perhaps those who laugh with perfect abandonment to the jokers are old-timers, like the minstrels themselves—gray-haired boys who could talk for an hour of the memories stirred by this harking back to earlier days. Who can forget Alexander's reproachful accusation?—"You had me practicin' three days eatin' wid a fork. Dat's de only trade I ever learned dat I didn't work at." And the hunger of the busted trouper is as real as the appetite of his audience for more of his fun. "Why is de Fourth of July like a oyster stew? Because it's no good widout crackers. Dat's de name o' de joke dat got me into de show business." May McIntyre and Heath continue in the show business for another thirty years, and without diminution of their fun-making powers.

There is another act at the Orpheum this week which reverts to methods and material of earlier times in the playhouse—the Irish farce by the Seumas McManus Players. Twenty, no, thirty years ago, almost every drama featured a play and an "after-piece" by the same company. Even Shakespearean tragedies were followed by a one-act piece which gave the audience the company's desired opportunity of raising the spirits of the audience if the main play was dismissed. There were scores of such farces, and many of them were, in fact, clever, or seemed so in the hands of the actors trained in this school of acting. They have gone out, like minstrel shows, more or less. Not many of the playlets, curtain raisers of the present day have any kinship with their extravagances and humor. "The Old-Time Minstrel" is distinctly a farce, in the old lines. Indeed, there was

a minstrel piece, "Kitty's Lovers, or the Bake-Shop Tragedy," which contained some of its situations. This modern work is more pretentious, and it is well done, but it does not fit well, somehow, with its vaudeville accompaniments. There is, perhaps, an incongruous note of poverty and want in its opening lines, forgotten or exposed as false in the later scene. The four actors are not lacking in ability.

Jessie Millward and John Glendinning do a bit of melodrama in "Reaping the Whirlwind." Mr. Glendinning has the best of it, if there is any best, but his death from a poisoned drink is not the climax, as it should be. Miss Millward, as the avenging fate, gloats upon her fatal accomplishment, and so intelligent an actress should know that that is not a sympathetic spectacle on any stage.

Lucy Weston, the English comedienne, is a type of English beauty; she dresses smartly, and sings sweetly, and the words of her songs are understood by her hearers. But the songs are much alike, and not remarkable.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Little Miss Fix-It," with Alice Lloyd, the popular English singing comedienne, as its bright particular star, is to be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre the coming week. This engagement marks Miss Lloyd's debut in San Francisco as a musical comedy star, her former appearances having been made only as a vaudeville headliner. On these earlier visits Alice Lloyd made herself immensely popular and gathered together a larger following than perhaps any other English comedienne to be seen here. Much interest has been evinced in her week's engagement here. "Little Miss Fix-It" is said to be an extremely amusing musical farce, and it has already enjoyed a run of four months at the Globe Theatre in New York, and also has to its credit an all summer's engagement at the Chicago Opera House during one of the hottest summer seasons in that city.

The book is the work of William J. Hurlbut, Harry B. Smith, and George V. Hobart. During the course of the comedy Miss Lloyd introduces her most recent song successes—"Have You Ever Loved Any Other Little Girl?" "Cupid," "The Hobbie Promenade," "I'll Build an Eden for You," and "Excuse Me, Mr. Moon." In addition to Miss Lloyd's own songs there are "There Is a Happy Land," "Staying Out Late," "Disguising," and "My Word." A feature of the second act is the now famous dance number, "The Newport Turkey Trot," said to be quite the most fascinating of the now numerous terpsichorean oddities.

Woven throughout "Little Miss Fix-It" there is a story dealing with the joys and trials of Delia Wendell, a young woman who loves her husband so devotedly that she exercises a woman's prerogative and quarrels with him over a foolish trifle. She then determines to forget her sorrows by making those about her happy. So she starts a wholesale match-making campaign and attempts to "fix it" for everybody who is in love or who she thinks ought to be. Such a campaign furnishes material for numerous amusing situations and supplies Miss Lloyd with opportunity to display those talents for fun-making which have made her so popular. Needless to say, after bringing happiness in varying degrees and after many complications to others, Delia finally finds her own happiness where she started, with her youthful husband.

Verba & Luescher have surrounded the comedienne with a distinguished supporting company, including Lionel Walsh, Frederic Santley, Frank Shannon, James C. Lane, Grace Field, Nellie Malcolm, Annie Buckley, and Grace Brown. The scenic equipment is extremely attractive and tasteful.

There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Miss Lloyd's farewell appearance occurs Sunday evening, April 28.

Blanche Walsh is the latest legitimate star to hearken to the call of vaudeville, and is now safely ensconced in the latter's domain. She will appear next week at the Orpheum in the powerful dramatic playlet written especially for her vaudeville tour by Arthur Hopkins, "The Thunder Gods." Miss Walsh is said to be splendidly cast as an Indian maiden who has learned of the White God. It is a long way from "La Tosca" and "Cleopatra" to the Sioux Indian of yesterday, but Miss Walsh is said to have accomplished it and to have successfully added to the list of her brilliant successes. She is supported by John E. Ince and William N. Travers.

Ed Blondell and his company will present in the same bill the diverting skit, "The Lost Boy." Mr. Blondell, who has been called "the vaudeville Billikin," has an amusing personality and is a comedian who never fails to set his audience in a roar.

The Gertrude Van Dyck Trio, consisting of Miss Van Dyck, the girl with the double voice; Ray Fern, a singing comedian of exceptional ability, and Max Vincent, an accomplished pianist, will appear in a miniature musical comedy which is presented in a novel way and requires two sets of scenery. Miss Van Dyck uses her double voice to great effect in both parts of an operatic passage composed for baritone and soprano.

The Mankichi Company of Japanese will entertain with their marvelous performance. Their production is a gorgeous one, consisting of numerous curtains of Oriental splendor and the most expensive stage draperies in the world. The troupe in costly and beautiful robes give an exhibition of equilibristic and Risley feats that is thrilling.

Next week will be the last of the Seumas McManus Irish Players, Stewart Sisters and Escorts, Wormwood's Canines and Comedy Monkeys, and Lucy Weston, the charming singing comedienne.

Blanche Bates's appearance in San Francisco is always an event of importance to the theatre-going public, and it insures a performance of exceptional merit and a production as perfect as the genius of David Belasco can create. Her latest triumph, "Nobody's Widow," from the pen of Avery Hopwood, is designated as a farcical romance, disclosing an originality of construction and a series of novel complications embroidered by brilliantly written dialogue that have received the glowing tribute of approval wherever presented.

Miss Bates has always been admired for her consummate art and earnestness in anything she undertakes, and her success as the widow has been attained solely by her personal charm, intellectuality, and histrionic ability. Her supporting company includes Bruce McRae, Adelaide Prince, Kenneth Hunter, Edith Campbell, Alice Claire Elliott, Minor S. Watson, and Arthur Hyman.

The production and appurtenances disclose the infinite artistry of David Belasco as a producer.

The engagement of Miss Bates at the Columbia Theatre will be for two weeks, beginning Monday night, April 29.

Maude Adams's engagement at the Columbia Theatre early next month is to be of one week duration. "Chantecler" will be presented for eight performances only.

## The Broadway Season.

Rumors of financial difficulties in the speculative theatrical world are common, and keep the hope alive that something may happen before long to end or improve existing conditions (says the New York Evening Post). Nothing short of a cataclysm could do much good. The results of ambitious individual effort—much of which is unfortunately misdirected—amount to very little, when compared with the mass of degeneration begotten of the various huge commercial combinations.

The season which is now drawing to a close has been singularly barren, considering the number of open theatres, so far as this city is concerned. There have been a good many profitable plays, but few of them had much substantial value. Some of the most profitable are wholly unworthy of mention. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a genuine bit of naturalism, and exhibits both observation and humor, but it is not really a brilliant work, and it owes its popularity more to the novelty of its scenes and dialect than to its intrinsic literary or dramatic merits. "Passers-By" is notable for its humanity and its flashes of philosophic wit and humor, in spite of its lapses into conventional melodrama, and "Disraeli" has positive value as a bit of literary, pseudo-historic comedy, notwithstanding its extravagances and misrepresentation. "The Garden of Allah" is far more impressive as spectacle than romantic drama. "The Return of Peter Grimm," with its ghostly motive, was most ingeniously designed to provoke public curiosity, and carries with it a certain amount of sentimental appeal, but the treatment of the central subject has neither imagination nor power, and the piece is quite insignificant as drama.

The Irish Players did some good and some very indifferent work, but they broke fresh ground, showed how to start a national theatre, and compelled attention, even if they were richer in promise than in actual achievement. One of the best performances of the winter was that of "The Thunderbolt" by Donald Robertson's Chicago Players. They wasted their abilities in Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea" and misapplied them in Molière's "Learned Ladies."

Two of the cleverest comedies of the year, the fanciful "Lady Patricia," of Rudolf Besier, and Pinero's "The Preservation of Mr. Panmure," were ruined in representation. The general managerial incompetency, indeed, is one of the most disheartening features in the theatrical prospect. "Sumurun," one of the few great hits of the season, was not in itself intrinsically important, but acquired artistic significance by the manner of its performance, and was particularly valuable as an object lesson on the scope and power of gesture and expression, in which the modern actor is so deficient. Nazimova once again exhibited her versatile mimetic ability in a play of inferior quality, a poor adaptation from the French.

A word of recognition is also due to the artistic acting of Mme. Simone, especially in "Frou-Frou," and to the realistic excellence of the court scene in "A Butterfly on the Wheel." The record may close with a reference to Mr. Galsworthy's "The Pigeon,"

which is, in many respects, better than any of the plays noted.

The Royal Athenian Mandolin Band, known as the "Mandolinata," is giving concerts in New York. The mandolin being the favorite instrument of the King of Greece, it is no wonder that this band is kept in good shape. Its leader is Nicholas Lavdas, and under his direction, at its first appearance, a number of pieces were played to the satisfaction of a large audience, which now and then indulged in tumultuous enthusiasm, as after a Norwegian Dance by Grieg, which had to be repeated. The band is naturally at its best in Greek folk music. There are fourteen players, one of whom bows a bass viol, another twangs a guitar, while the rest play mandolins of various sizes.

According to a clever London writer the claque in the theatre was known as early as the time of the latter Attic comedy, and that in that age young men of the town took a malicious delight in hissing a play off the stage. Theophrastus, who died in 288 B. C., describes the person who would hum or whistle a favorite tune when it was being sung in the theatre. Aristotle mentions people who took a lunch to eat during the dull portions of the performance. Even manners are not so much changed as we suppose.

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## VANITY FAIR.

New York is developing such a passion for purity that soon it will be hardly safe for us to go there without a formal certificate from on high that a clean heart has been renewed within us. Married people in particular would do well to provide themselves with documentary evidence of their right to roost on the same twig. Some pure-minded policeman may ask for it at any moment, and if it is not forthcoming he might blush and make an arrest. Hotel managers and bellboys are particularly keen upon the scent. It will be no fault of theirs if some act of seeming impropriety should bring a stain upon the hitherto fair name of the city.

As an example of this glorious vigilance take the case of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Favish of Alabama, who registered at the Hotel Astor, but forgot to pin their marriage certificate outside the door of their room. You should always do this in New York and also get a couple of friends to stand in the corridor all night in case an identification is needed. Think of the agonies that may be endured by the hotel clerk who is suddenly stricken with doubts as to the sanctity of the couple within and riven with dread lest through some laxity upon his part the serpent may have entered Eden. But to return to Mr. and Mrs. Favish.

They were disturbed at one o'clock in the morning by some one outside with an "important message" to deliver. When Mr. Favish opened the door the assistant manager of the hotel pushed his way into the room and ordered them to leave the hotel at once on the ground that they were not married. He did not ask them if they were married, nor even if they had been baptized and vaccinated. He left out the really important things and addressed himself to the incidentals. Mr. Favish assured the assistant manager of the Hotel Astor that he was actually married to Mrs. Favish and that Mrs. Favish was no other than the lady whose embarrassment was naturally extreme. He even offered to give references, but it was all of no avail, and the Favishes left the hotel at two a. m. and brought an action for damages at the earliest possible moment. The manager of the hotel explained the little incident by saying that he had received an anonymous letter about the Favishes, and that he had acted hastily in the first flush of his amazed and horrified indignation. We can easily believe that it should be so and we can make allowances. While New York hotel managers have doubtless heard of cases, or have read about them in novels, where matrimonial formalities have been honored in the breach rather than in the observance it is only natural that they should rush precipitately into action at the first suggestion that these occurrences are not wholly fairy tales. The occurrence was unfortunate, but at least we have the gratifying assurance that New York is still holding the fort of purity and the domestic virtues.

There was a time when it was not considered to be in good taste to steer the conversation in the direction of the human foot while in the presence of Chicago ladies. It would be hardly correct to say that the foot was a tender point with them. Point is not exactly the word. Perhaps area would be more correct. But he that as it may it was generally understood that the female foot of Chicago was a field not open to discussion, a domain that must not be trespassed upon—at least not in rooms of ordinary size.

But we have changed all that. At least Dr. Helen B. Kellogg of Chicago has changed it for us. Big feet, says Dr. Kellogg—drawing hack so that her auditors might drink in wisdom through the eyes as well as the ears—are an indication of intellect and of amiability. Cultivate large feet and the mind will grow automatically. Wear sandals, go barefoot, and throw schoolbooks to the dogs. She herself was proud of her big feet. She wished they were bigger. She was glad to think that the women of Chicago had a reputation for extensive foundations, and she would urge them to live up to that reputation and to improve upon it.

So we understand at last why the women of Chicago are so intellectual.

The progressive women of New York are determined that the municipality shall go into the marriage bureau business, and of course they come well to the front with the usual claptrap about the evils of divorce and the need of a freer communion between the sexes. From what little we know of New York the communion seemed to be very free indeed, distressingly so, but it will never do to interfere with gushing theories by the introduction of horrid facts. Mrs. Mary Austin is the promoter of the new idea, and while she does not suggest the opening of courtship parlors or the registration of applications from plump widows with a little money and large, loving hearts, or from Christian young men who wish to marry for revenue only, she does think that the young people ought to be brought together in order that they may level before marriage instead of after. Divorces of today are due, says

Mrs. Austin—but there, we know what Mrs. Austin says. We know what they all say, and we know it isn't so. Commend us to the progressive woman of today for an unexampled capacity to see what isn't there and to substitute a maudlin sentiment for a concrete, steel-riveted, reinforced fact.

We are under no obligation to explain the divorce evil to Mrs. Austin, but our public spirit urges us to do so. We are built that way. Philanthropy is a passion with us, an obsession. Now divorces are not due to hasty marriages, or to the precipitancy of a number of innocent young people who are inexperienced in the facts of life. Not a bit of it. First of all divorces are due to premeditation and to the firm establishment in our midst of the trial marriage. Young people marry with the intention to be divorced if, or as soon as, they grow tired of each other. They will openly avow their disinclination to huy a home until they know by experiment if they can put up with each other.

But the real explanation of the divorce problem is a deeper one. Marriage is the orderly union of the sexes, and in most of the marriages of today there is only one sex and that is the feminine sex. The average husband has about as much sex as a parson. As a money-getter he may be unequaled, but as a human man he is a parody. The woman does not know until after marriage that money has unsexed her husband. Probably she does not know it even then. She does not know why she despises him, why at the end she can not even endure him. And then comes divorce. We hear a good deal nowadays about the unsexing of the woman. But it is the man who is unsexed, who has allowed nearly the whole of his virility to atrophy, who has abdicated his rightful place in nearly every department of domestic life.

But the question becomes more complicated as we pursue it. It is not exhausted when we have decided why men and women, being married, wish to be divorced. We must ask also why so many never get married at all and why the element of a cold-blooded calculation has been allowed to invade a field that should be occupied almost wholly by romance and sentiment. The eugenists may say what they will, the silly creatures. We can not damn an act by saying that it is sentimental, but we may glorify it. And it is sentiment and not a comparison of ancestries that is the arbiter of weal and woe.

The Honorable Barbara Wilson has something to say about the decline of the marriage market in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. She is old-fashioned, is Mrs. Wilson, and therefore sane and wholesome. She assumes that women wish to be married, and we know that she is right, however fashionable it may be to talk about independence and the glorious nobility of character which, as all the world knows, is the chief characteristic of the unmarried woman. For women to say that they do not wish to be married is precisely equivalent to saying that they do not wish henceforth to eat and drink, that in future they are absolved from the degrading promptings of nature. All normal human beings, male and female, wish to be married, using that word in its broadest sense. And they will continue to wish it so long as positive and negative electricity continue to attract each other.

Then why do so many women remain unmarried? When Mrs. Wilson says that this is due to "the passing of the chaperon" she means a great deal. The chaperon was the type of the inaccessible, of the mysterious. The chaperon was the high wall set around the garden of girls. The chaperon, while seeming to guard the treasure, was actually the incitement to the assault. She was the prohibition that gave to the fruit its temptation and its lure.

So Mrs. Wilson is in direct opposition to Mrs. Austin of New York. Mrs. Austin is an estimable woman and she means well, but what she does not know about men would fill quite a big book. Her theory is that young people ought to be thrown together and that restraints should be removed so that they may marry and live happily ever after. The restraints now existing are not very noticeable anyway, but the theory is a pretty one and quite ladylike. On the other hand, Mrs. Watson urges us to keep the young people apart, to enhance the sense of mystery, to persuade the man that there are dragons in the path, and that not by faint heart nor by the mere dropping of the glove can the prize be won.

Women, says Mrs. Watson, are making themselves too cheap nowadays. They are too much on view. They leave too little to the imagination. We are allowed to know too much about them. In their platonic friendships and flirtations they leave no secret of their minds undivulged and in their athletics even their bodies become public property. Naturally enough men will take all that is given to them, but so much is given to them, the demand for feminine disclosures is so amply supplied, that there is no need of marriage. Curiosity no longer exists. Familiarity has bred, not contempt perhaps, but indiffer-

ence. The woman does not know, says Mrs. Watson, "that though she has altered, men are ever the same, that the idea of *pardah* is as strong in the West as in the East. The bride that is desirable is the precious guarded jewel which has not sparkled for others."

Well, it is a good thing to have plain speaking and that a woman should do it. A man would hardly dare to assert that the vast majority of women earnestly desire to be married. It would be opposed to the nasty cant of the day which would have us believe that women get married only as a means to a living and that they would welcome an economic independence that would enable them to obey the dearest wish of their hearts and to remain single. Mrs. Watson does not argue about the matter. She assumes as an unsalable proposition that all women wish to be married, just as they wish to have their dinner, and she tries to tell them why they find it increasingly difficult. She tells them that they have lost their mystery, that they are too cheap, that their absurd philanthropies, and politics, and cultures, and athletics have rubbed the bloom from the peach.

Jules Lefebvre, the famous French painter who died in Paris recently, was a member of the old salon jury. The pupils at Julian's, where he taught or rather advised during his regular visits, always found a powerful protector in him when they wished to exhibit at the Artistes Français (says the *New York Sun*). They used to bring their works to him before sending them to the Grand Palais, ostensibly to have his advice on them, but really to be sure that he would recognize them when they reached the jury. His studio just before sending in day was crowded with young artists anxious to show their work. One day, when there were about fifteen there, a magnificently liveried footman appeared with a small canvas under his arm. "Mme. la Marquise has sent me to say that she would be extremely pleased if Monsieur le Marquis's picture was hung on the line," he explained. "Very well, my man, that's understood." And when the flunky had left, the artist turned to the young painters and said: "If in return for three lunches those people want the line, next year they will ask for a gold medal." And that picture was refused.

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At a long row of sea-side bathing-rooms, an important young man walked up to the door of one of the compartments, and, knocking at the same, testily inquired: "When in thunder are you going to get those trousers on?" There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied: "When I get married, I suppose." The young man fainted. He had mistaken the door.

A New York judge went over to Ireland recently and met the brother of "Tom" Costigan, a well-known district leader in one wing of the Democracy. The judge told "Tom's" brother in Ireland all about what a great man "Tom" had become, about his popularity and influence, devotion to politics. The brother, instead of sharing the judge's enthusiasm, looked anxious. "Before you go," said "Tom's" brother, "please satisfy me on one point. Isn't all this attention to politics interfering with my brother's business?"

Prime Minister Khereddine, passing on horseback once through Tunis, an Arab rushed to him, stopped the horse, and clamored for justice. Amused, the minister listened and said: "Thy case is a well-known one: I have studied it thoroughly, and since thou wantest it to be decided at once, I decide, as in duty bound, against thee." Kneeling, the man kissed the hand of Khereddine. "Thou hast misunderstood me," said the minister. "I have pronounced against thee." "I have understood thee very well," said the man, "but I am full of gratitude now it is finished."

During Gladstone's last contest for the university, in the days of public voting, Professor Smith was one of the tellers. A certain don who never could manage his b's wanted to vote for the Tory candidates, Sir William Heathcote and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, but lost his head and said: "I vote for Glad—," then suddenly correcting himself, exclaimed, "I mean for 'Eathcote and 'Ardy." Thereupon Smith said, "I claim that vote for Gladstone." "But," said the vice-chancellor, "the voter did not finish your candidate's name." "That is true," said Smith, "but then he did not even begin the other two."

There was a certain master of fox-hounds in one of the English shires who was greatly angered by the awkwardness of one of the gentlemen who invariably rode over the hounds. At one of the meets, the M. F. H. rode up to the awkward hunter, and, in the most chilling tones, said: "Mr. So-and-So, there are two dogs in the pack to-day, Snap and Tatters, which I am especially fond of and I would esteem it a favor if you would avoid killing or maiming them with your horse's hoofs." "Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mr. So-and-So; "but, as I do not know them, will you be kind enough to put tags on them for me?"

Serag McQuorig, one of the leading Republicans of Schoharie, drifted into the New York Republican headquarters with the following Roosevelt story: "I had a dream about Roosevelt the other night," he said. "I dreamed he died and went to heaven. After St. Peter had shown him about and asked him what he thought of everything Mr. Roosevelt said: 'I like everything but your choir. Ought to improve that.' 'Well, what would you suggest?' asked St. Peter. 'Well, first off, send for ten thousand sopranos.' 'That'll be pretty hard,' said St. Peter, 'but if you say so, I'll do it.' 'Then get five thousand altos.' 'Yes.' 'Then ten thousand baritone.' 'Yes.' 'Then you'll have a real choir.' 'But how about the basses?' 'Oh, I'll sing bass.'"

The landlord of the best hotel in the small Western town was solicitous about the impression that his accommodations had made upon the distinguished visitor. "I think we set a good table," he confided to the departing guest. "You Easterners are awful finicky about your meals, and for a long time we had difficulty in getting a cook who could do anything more than slam ham and eggs and fried potatoes together. We have one of the best cooks in the country now—yes, sir, a regular Parisian chef. He worked in a lot of the best restaurants in Páree—told me so himself." "Do you know this chef?" inquired the visitor. "Certainly." "Have you any influence with him?" "Naturally." "Do you talk to him often?" "Of course." "Then tell him for me that he cooks with a Canadian accent."

Kinglake, the historian, was polite, yet frank. It is related that, upon one occasion, while dining with old Dr. Marsham, the warden of Merton, he was asked to give his opinion of some port wine which was supposed to be remarkably good. "I am no judge of port myself, Kinglake," said Dr. Marsham; but I know you are, and I should like your opinion." "Well," said Mr. Kinglake, "I have

three ways of judging port wine. The first is by the color, the second is by the odor, and the third is by the flavor. Now, the color of your wine, Marsham"—holding it up and looking at it critically—"is good; the odor"—here he held the glass to his nose for a moment, and then added, with some hesitation—"is far from unpleasant; the flavor is"—here he tasted it, and put the wine-glass down hastily. "Would you be kind enough to pass me the sherry?"

Senator McCumber at a dinner in Washington said that all acts should be judged by the motives that inspired them. "That is the only way to avoid going wrong. Jim Bludge, of Wahpeton, was a very bad man, but one Easter he turned up at church service. Everybody was delighted. Everybody's heart warmed to Jim. But the deacon, accosting him after the service, said cautiously: 'Well, James, I'm glad to see you at meeting; but how did you happen to come?' 'Ha, ha, ha!' Jim Bludge chuckled. 'It's like this, deacon. You see, last Thursday morning I found a counterfeit dime. But don't tell nobody.'"

There was, not long since, a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consulted his associates on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he said, bending over to the one upon his right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" to the other, on his left. "I should give him about four years." The Judge (with benevolence)—Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and I shall take their advice. Seven years!

A certain New Brunswick clergyman had occasion to visit the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in the city of St. John. Passing through one of the wards, he was accosted by a patient, an individual who could hardly lay claim to any but the most mundane cast of countenance, who gravely said to him, "I am St. Peter." The reverend visitor expressed his gratification at meeting so famous a character, and passed on, presently into another ward. On returning, a few minutes later, he was again stopped by his piously inclined friend, who surprised him by remarking: "I am St. Paul." "But," exclaimed the clergyman, "you told me a minute ago that you were St. Peter." "Ah, yes," explained the man, "but that was by my first wife."

It was a lively affair, with sepulchral voices sounding through trumpets, tambourines playing mysteriously in midair, and cold, clammy hands of partially materialized men and women making free in the dusky room with those who were in the flesh. In the midst of it something dealt Mr. Cross of Indianapolis a vicious whack on the nose and he called for lights in a tone not to be disobeyed. With the light the circle as disclosed was all natural and human again. The most human member of it was Cross with a bloody nose, spoiling for a fight and all the "madder" because he did not know whom to fight. "Who did that?" he demanded of the medium. The medium said the gay spirit was that of St. Peter. But even this explanation did not satisfy Cross. "Well, all I ask of St. Peter," he said, "is to materialize for just one minute, and if I don't make a vacancy for a new gatekeeper I won't ask to get in."

There are circumstances under which the most truthful and creditable statements may be both misleading and unwelcome. During a certain voyage of a Down-East vessel, the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day, and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offense, the captain excused him, and attended to the log himself, concluding with this: "The mate has been drunk all day." Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log, he discovered the error the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior. "What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?" "Wasn't it true?" asked the captain. "Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log." "Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand—it had better stand." The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made he found this item: "The captain has been sober all day." The captain summoned the mate, and thundered: "What did you mean by putting down that entry? What was the need, I say? Am I not sober every day?" "Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?" "Why, of course, it was true!" "Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand—it had better stand." The mate then took his departure hastily, dodging the marlin-spike as he went.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Malcolm D. Whitman of Brookline, Massachusetts, was announced Sunday evening at a dinner given in New York by Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker gave a dinner at their home in San Mateo the same evening and surprised their friends with the news which had been telegraphed by Miss Crocker to her brother, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. Miss Crocker is the daughter of the late Colonel C. Frederick Crocker and Mrs. Crocker (formerly Miss Jennie Easton), and is a niece of Mr. William H. Crocker of this city and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York. Mr. Whitman is a widower and resides in New York with his little son, who is three years old. Mrs. Whitman was Miss Janet McCook, a niece of Mr. Charles B. Alexander. The wedding will take place in July at Miss Crocker's home in Burlingame, where she resides with her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Easton.

The engagement has been announced in Honolulu of Miss Thelma Parker and Mr. Henry Gaillard Smart of Honolulu. Miss Parker is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick S. Knight of this city.

Miss Marie Louise Foster and Mr. Eldridge Green of San Mateo will be married this afternoon in St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross. Miss Foster will be attended by her sister, Miss Enid Foster, and four bridesmaids, the Misses Janet von Schroder, Edith Lowe, Martha Foster, and Minna Van Bergen. Mr. John Cushing, a cousin of the groom, will act as best man, and the chosen ushers are the Messrs. Leonard Abbott, Horace Clifton, Frederick Wood, Frank de Lisle, and Donald Jadwin of New York. A reception will be given at the home in Ross of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jay Foster. Mr. Green is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, and a brother of the Messrs. Allan and Arthur Green. He is a nephew of Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and a cousin of Mrs. James Jenkins of Mill Valley.

The wedding of Miss Minna Van Bergen and Mr. Donald Jadwin will take place in this city June 6. Miss Van Bergen is the daughter of Mrs. Edward A. Van Bergen and a granddaughter of Mrs. Anna L. Bauer. Mr. Jadwin is the son of the late O. H. Jadwin of Brooklyn, New York, and a brother of Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Rafael.

The wedding of Miss Albertine Dietrick and Mr. John Jerome Alexander of Portland, Oregon, took place Thursday at the bride's home in Berkeley. Miss Elsie Dietrick was her sister's only attendant and Mr. Morse Karkwright was Mr. Alexander's best man. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Eddington Dietrick, and a niece of Mrs. Edward Brayton and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., and is a cousin of the Misses Marian and Leslie Miller, Ernestine and Einnim McNear. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will reside in Portland.

From Maine comes the announcement of the marriage of Lieutenant Franklin Babcock, U. S. A., and Miss Elizabeth Winslow, whose wedding took place Tuesday, April 9. Lieutenant Babcock is the son of Mrs. John B. Babcock and the late General John B. Babcock, U. S. A., and a brother of Captain Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., who married Miss Marian Eells of this city, and the late Mr. John Babcock. Lieutenant and Mrs. Babcock will reside at Fort Williams, Maine.

The wedding of Mr. Morgan Bulkeley, Jr., and Miss Ruth Lee Collins will take place June 8 in their home city, Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Bulkeley, who graduated from Harvard in 1910, is a son of ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley (formerly Miss Fannie Houghton), and is a nephew of Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and their daughter, Miss Martha Foster, entertained at a dinner Monday evening at their home, Fair Hills, in San Rafael. The affair was in honor of Miss Marie Louise Foster and Mr. Eldridge Green and their bridal party.

Mrs. Atholl McBean was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Bessie Riddell of Baltimore.

The Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins and her fiancé, Mr. J. Cheever Cowden. The party later occupied boxes at the theatre.

Mrs. Frank Proctor of Oakland was hostess at a bridge-tea yesterday at the Claremont Country Club.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday at the Franciscan Club. The affair was complimentary to Mrs. Harold Sewall.

The Messrs. Reginald and Arthur Paget were hosts at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis and later gave a theatre and supper party.

Mr. William Faversham was the honored guest

at a reception given Friday evening at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Duane Bliss was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis Monday, when she entertained in honor of Mrs. Bliss Perry.

Mrs. Charles Hines, wife of Lieutenant Hines, U. S. A., was hostess at a bridge-tea yesterday at her home in the Presidio.

Miss Helen Nicol has issued invitations to a tea Saturday, April 29, at the Town and Gown Club in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bresse entertained a dozen friends at a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. William L. Breyfogle was hostess Tuesday at a bridge-tea at the Palace Hotel.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden, Mr. Pullman Lowden, and the Misses Florence, Harriet, and Frances Lowden, who have been spending the winter in Pasadena, have been recent visitors in this city. They left Monday evening for the Grand Cañon en route to their home in the East.

Mrs. Harold Sewall left Thursday for her home in Bath, Maine, after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. Norman McLaren.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armshy have returned from a brief visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Miss Jennie Crocker left New York yesterday in her private car and is en route home. Miss Crocker is being accompanied by Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, who went to New York to spend the Easter holidays with her son, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr.

Mr. Ritchie Simpkins of Paris has arrived from Southern California and will spend a few weeks here with relatives and friends. Mr. Simpkins is a cousin of Mrs. Robert L. Coleman and Mr. Harry Simpkins.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins arrived in New York April 10 and will return to San Francisco the middle of May.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ross Baker are settled in their cottage in San Rafael after having spent the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin (formerly Miss Helen Baker) left Monday for New York and will sail April 26 for Europe. They will spend the next two years in Norway.

Mr. William Lawrence Breeze is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Miss Arundel will spend the summer with relatives in England.

Miss Isabelle McLaughlin and her chaperone, Miss Margaret Grettton, left this week for New York and will sail shortly for London. They have been spending the winter in Burlingame, where they occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mr. Charles S. Wheeler has gone East to meet Mrs. Wheeler and the Misses Liliias and Olive Wheeler, who arrived this week from Europe.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding have postponed their departure for Paris and will remain here until the first of May.

Mr. Philip Wooster has arrived from New York and is visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have been spending the past two weeks in Paso Robles.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs of New York sailed recently for Europe, where she will spend several months.

Mrs. Frank Denny returned Monday from Santa Barbara, where she spent several days with friends.

Mr. Friedlander Bowie left Tuesday for New York.

The Messrs. Walter, Howard, and Louis and John Martin, Jr., have returned to their Eastern colleges. They came west to attend the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore (formerly Miss Frances Martin).

Miss Marian Marvin has returned from Fort Bragg, where she was the guest of Miss Emily Johnson.

Miss Dorothy Johnston has returned to her home in Utica, New York, after having spent the winter in San Mateo with her cousin, Mrs. George Shreve.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has returned to Burlingame from Grass Valley, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn.

Mr. William Devereaux has gone to Stanislaus County, where he will remain for several months.

Mrs. M. Hall McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister are visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus and their children are established for the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will leave Tuesday for New York, and will sail May 4 for Europe.

Mrs. George F. Ashton and her daughters, the Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton, left yesterday

for San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. V. Skiff left Friday for New York en route to Europe.

Dr. Henry Stevens Kierstedt and Mrs. Kierstedt of Lincoln, California, are established in Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas of Monterey have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood have arrived in Paris and will remain abroad during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon in Menlo.

Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval and her children have returned to their home in Paris after having spent the winter with relatives in this city and San Mateo. Mrs. Raoul Duval was formerly Miss Beatrice Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermer-Hesketh (formerly Miss Florence Breckenridge) arrived Thursday from London and will spend several weeks in Menlo with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., at their home on California Street. Mrs. Wilson has recently sold her town house to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith and will leave the middle of May for San Mateo, where she has rented the country home of the Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan.

Judge James Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Ethel Couper will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson and their children are established for the summer in Menlo, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, who have gone to Europe for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe have closed their town house and are settled in their country home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman will spend the summer in Mountain View, where they have rented the Hooper ranch.

M. Charles de Cazotte and Mme. de Cazotte will leave shortly for Europe. During their absence their home in San Mateo will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Marcus of Mill Valley left Monday for Europe. They were accompanied by their granddaughter, Miss Louise Bryant.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker has returned to Burlingame after an absence of several weeks in the East, where she has been visiting her son, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., who is attending school.

General Daniel Brush, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brush have gone East and will reside permanently in Baltimore.

Ensign Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. N., Mrs. Donovan, and their little son will go East next month to visit relatives.

## Bonci's Farewell Concert.

Alessandro Bonci, who last Sunday afternoon proved himself to be the greatest tenor that has ever sung for us, will give his farewell concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, April 21, at 2:30, and it is doubtful if we shall have the pleasure of hearing him again for several years, as he has signed a contract again to appear with the Metropolitan Opera Company for three seasons.

The programme on this occasion will be a particularly attractive one, and includes excerpts from Bonci's greatest operatic successes as follows: "Don Giovanni," by Mozart; "La Tosca" and "La Bohème," Puccini; "Iris," Mascagni; and "Andrea Chenier," Giordano. Among the classical songs will be Mozart's exquisite "The Violet," "Se ti dicesti" by Amadei, Gluck's "Spaggiato amato," and a delightful "Barcarola" by Rossini. In English the great tenor will sing Tours's setting of "Mother o' Mine," Chadwick's "Up to Thy Chamber Window," and "Light," by Marion Bauer.

Seats are on sale at the music stores and on Sunday at the box-office of the Cort Theatre.

## The Flonzaley Quartet.

The Flonzaley String Quartet, one of the world's very greatest musical organizations, will give its first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday night, April 23, at 8:15. Performances such as given by the Flonzaleys are rarely heard, and our true music lovers will surely flock to hear a quartet that the greatest critics in the world pronounce as near perfection as can be obtained.

The programme will include Beethoven's Quartet in A major, Op. 18; Haydn's Quartet in F major, Op. 3; and a new work by Maurice Ravel, one of the composers of the modern French school.

The second programme will be given Friday afternoon, April 26, at 3:15, when quartets by Mozart and Dvorak will be given and a Sonata a Tre, for two violins and violoncello, by W. Friedemann Bach, will be the novelty.

The farewell Flonzaley Concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, April 28, at 2:30, with a Quartet in G major by Haydn. Beethoven's very greatest masterpiece in this line, the Quartet Op. 95, and two movements from a Glazounow work will be the offering. Seats are now on sale at both of the Greenbaum box-offices.

## Alexander Heinemann.

The last of the great attractions to be offered by Manager Will Greenbaum this season will be Alexander Heinemann, the famous lieder singer, an artist who both interprets and sings the beautiful lieder of Germany with the utmost beauty and skill, giving equal



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importance to both the poetry and the music.

It is just one year since Heinemann charmed all who heard him in his really important programmes and this year he hopes to make even a deeper impression than before, as he is enjoying far better health, and besides is coming to greet many friends where on his previous visit he was an entire stranger.

Mr. John Mandelbrod will again be the pianist.

W. S. B. Mathews, the music critic and author, died in Denver early this month, aged seventy-five. He was for a long time connected with Chicago newspapers, and published eight or more volumes on musical topics.

The home in Los Angeles of Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Sutton was formerly Miss Maud Wilson of this city.

Every bottle of the Italian-Swiss Colony's famous Tipo (red or white) is guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Order it from your grocer or family liquor store.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Bion J. Arnold, the Chicago engineer employed to decide on San Francisco questions of transportation, recommends a double-bore tunnel under Fillmore Street from Sutter to Filbert, 4332 feet in length, to cost, with necessary land purchases, \$2,100,000. The work might be done in ten months. He also recommends a tunnel under Broadway, from Mason to Larkin, 2338 feet long, to cost \$1,007,800. Primarily for the exposition traffic, these improvements are proposed as material advantages for the city under any conditions.

A party of Japanese delegates to the International Red Cross Convention in Washington, headed by Baron T. Ozawa and Mme. Nagasaki, wife of the court chancellor to the emperor, arrived last Thursday on the *Tenyo Maru*.

John L. McNab has been appointed United States district attorney for the San Francisco district.

W. R. Thomas of Oakland has been chosen department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic veterans for California and Nevada.

Semi-annual inspection at the Presidio and four days of manoeuvres with full field equipment began last Thursday night. Major James D. Frier, U. S. A., assistant inspector-general, was present, with Colonel Charles McClure, U. S. A., in command of the provisional brigade.

The San Francisco Real Estate Board held its annual banquet at the Palace Hotel last Thursday evening. Retiring President George D. Toy was given a loving cup by the members of the board, President A. L. Harrigan making the presentation address.

A trusting citizen was robbed by a discriminating pickpocket of his watch in the corridor of the Hall of Justice. None of the deputy sheriffs or policemen in the throng confess to any loss.

At noon on Saturday, April 13, actual work on the site of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 was begun at Harbor View. President C. C. Moore started the machinery of the big dredger which will fill in seventy-one acres on the water-front. Six months is allowed to complete this contract, but it is hoped to finish a month sooner.

Stanford's eight won the boat race Saturday participated in by three crews. Washington University was second, and California last.

The Church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, restored from the ruins in Broadway, near Mason Street, unique among houses of worship in San Francisco for its blend of the architecture of the Greeks and Moors, was dedicated Sunday morning at a solemn pontifical high mass, in which twenty-five of the dignitaries of the Catholic Church participated at the altar. Archbishop Riordan was present, and his guest, Right Rev. Ignacio Valdespina, Bishop of Sonora, Mexico, preached the sermon. Father A. M. Santandeu, the pastor, thanked the congregation for its generosity in erecting the church, at a cost of \$110,000.

The ninety-first anniversary of the independence of Greece was observed Sunday night by San Francisco's Hellenic colony, several hundred members of which gathered in Scottish Rite Auditorium and listened to a patriotic programme.

Exposition Commissioners William T. Sessions and R. B. Hale left Wednesday morning for an extended trip through Europe in the interest of the 1915 exhibition.

Japanese Music.

Discussion of the possibilities of opera in the most modern sense of the term, which the Japanese refer to as Western, has aroused a lively interest in that country of late. Professor Shimamura, head of the department of literature of Waseda, says, in *Drama and Poetry*: "In novel writing, poetry and the drama, Japanese literature is being raised to the European standard. But to try to graft opera upon the musical world of Japan seems an impossibility. To produce opera it is necessary to have a good libretto, music to accompany it, third singers, and fourth an orchestra. The libretto ought to be supplied by the literary men of the present. As for singers, except for Mme. Shibata, are there any worthy of the name? From now on we may train singers and even musicians, but the question of time and money must be taken into consideration. Then again, the music is a vital problem, and it must be said that the future is doubtful, for there arises the question of the relation between Japanese ideas and feelings and the music of Europe. What will be the future trend of Japanese music? At present there is the Music Academy at Utsunomiya but the students are acquiring technical skill and are not regarded as com-

posers. Unless there comes a great musical genius it is laughable to speak of the future Japanese opera. The old Japanese music is not able to express the feelings and emotions of the complex twentieth century, and it may be advisable to have our new music on that of Europe. Even though we make radical changes in Japanese music, let us try, even should we be ridiculed for our pains. The great question is how to develop good music and composers. When this is solved, then perhaps there will exist opera in Japan."

Dr. Isaac Funk, founder and president of the publishing firm of Funk & Wagnall's Company, died at his home at Montclair, New Jersey, April 4 in his seventy-third year. A son and a daughter survive him. Isaac Kaufman Funk was born at Clifton, Ohio, in 1839, and was graduated from Wittenberg College in 1860 and from its theological seminary in 1861. He married Eliza Thompson of Carey, Ohio, in 1864. He was ordained to the Lutheran ministry in 1861, and held pastorates from 1867 to 1872. He entered the publishing business in 1876 and in 1878 took in A. W. Wagnall as a partner. The firm was incorporated in 1890 and he had since been its president. He had been editor-in-chief of the various publications of his company, including the Standard dictionary, the Jewish encyclopedia, the Metropolitan Pulpit (now the Homiletic Review), the *Voice*, the *Missionary Review*, and the *Literary Digest*. He was the author of "The Next Step in Evolution," "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena," and "The Psychic Riddle."

Garrick had a poor opinion of the French actors of his day, and, when in Paris for six months in 1763, to show what he could do without the aid of the usual accessories of the stage, he gave private performances to audiences that quickly succumbed to the spell of his art. He told stories, gave scenes from Shakespeare, and acted dramas in dumb show. There are familiar tales concerning his wonderful mobility of features and body, of his power to "create a new physiognomy which his friends did not recognize." There is the story, for instance, that Garrick posed to Hogarth for the portrait of Fielding, after Fielding's death. And there is the other story that in sitting to Reynolds, Garrick so completely changed his facial expression three times in succession, that the artist flung down his brush and declared that he believed "he was painting from the Devil." His French auditors were subjected to the same sensations.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll happened to remark the other day that Thomas Moore's verse was "tawdry" and was nowadays "practically forgotten." So sweeping a condemnation has roused Clement K. Shorter to protest. He mentions several of Moore's Irish Melodies that are still being listened to with enthusiasm in English concert halls, night after night, during the present winter. Further, there can never be an anthology of English poetry in which Moore will not be represented, and it is by anthologies, declares Mr. Shorter, that the poets are able to avenge themselves on the prose writers of each generation. Such hooks are read all over the world long after the average successful novelist is forgotten.

There have been royal journalists as well as royal authors. George III contributed seven articles to the *Annals of Agriculture*, a monthly magazine edited by Arthur Young. These were published under the pseudonym of Ralph Robinson, and according to one of his biographers "display a most profound knowledge of agriculture." Louis XVIII was a journalist of quite another type. For some years after his accession to the throne he was in the habit of sending anonymous political articles to various Paris dailies. Some of the opinions expressed in these were so advanced that the king had the pleasure of seeing them vetoed by his own censor.

An American bought a "Raphael" in Rome some years ago. The Italian law prohibits the exportation of masterpieces, and the American had the happy idea of getting the "Raphael" painted over. This was accordingly done. The rare old painting reached New York in the guise of a modern snow scene. Then a restorer, under the watchful owner's eye, set to work on it. With a sponge dipped in turpentine he proceeded to sponge the snow scene off. He sponged it off readily, but he sponged a bit of the "Raphael" off, too—and, behold, underneath the Raphael, a portrait of Marconi was revealed.

The performance at the Court Theatre of a drama based on Buddha's life and teaching was a recent novelty of the London theatrical season.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.  
"Mama, is Aunt Jane a blood relation?" "Yes, dear." "Is she one of the bloodiest we have?"—Life.  
Heck—If I ever marry I'll rule the roost or know why. Peck—You'll know why, all right.—Boston Transcript.  
There are some philanthropists who spend altogether too much time inducing other people to subscribe.—Puck.  
Husband—Is my wife going out, Elsie? Elsie—Yes, sir. Husband—Do you know if I am going with her?—Tit-Bits.  
He—We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared? She—Not a bit, if you take the cigar out of your mouth.—Tit-Bits.  
"Will you please help an old survivor, mum?" "An old survivor of what?" "Of the winter of 1912, mum."—Boston Transcript.  
"Did the eruption of Vesuvius greatly impress you?" "Why, no. I'd seen it before in moving pictures."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
Clerk—Mr. Sapleigh complains in his letter that he is not hearing anything further about his suit. Lawyer—Send him a bill.—Fliegende Blätter.  
"Kindly return my lock of hair." "All right. Do you want the dark lock or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?"—Washington Herald.  
"Do you think he'll leave any footprints on the sands of time?" "He ought to leave a good many. He's always side-stepping."—Kansas City Journal.  
"Like most men, I have my shortcomings I suppose, but—" "Oh, it isn't your shortcomings father objects to, it's your long stayings."—Landon Sketch.  
Knicker—Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar? Bocker—Yes; what troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife.—New York Sun.  
Little Bobby—Say, Willie, is ma lookin'? Little Willie—No. What y' goin' t' do? Little Bobby—Take out de go'd fish an' let 'em play with the cat.—The Monitor.  
Gibbs—Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success. Dibbs—Yes, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance.—Boston Transcript.  
Daughter—Papa, Jack is coming up tonight to ask your consent to our marriage. Be kind to him, won't you? Father—Very well, daughter. I'll say no.—Boston Transcript.  
Mr. Henry Peck (the bridegroom).—Come this way, Miss Pickles; I want to show you my new talking machine. Miss Pickles—I believe I have met Mrs. Peck before.—Boston Post.  
"I, sir," said the demonstrative candidate, "am a servant of the people." "Gosh!" replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Aint this servant problem gettin' to be awful!"—Washington Star.  
"I think this hat makes me look ten years younger, don't you?" "Yes. My husband said to me yesterday, 'When your friend takes her hat off she looks ten years older.'"—Fliegende Blätter.  
"What did you do with all the get-rich-quick money you landed?" asked Mr. Flamm. "Lost it," replied Mr. Flimm. "A fellow invented a get-rich-quicker scheme and lured me into it."—Washington Star.  
"Ob! yes! Dubley is a harmless sort of fellow. The only thing about him is that he has brain trouble." "Nonsense! He hasn't any brain at all." "I know; that's the trouble."—Catholic Standard and Times.  
"You don't know the difference between an apiary and an aviary." "Indeed I do, then!" "What is it?" "An apiary is where they keep apes and an aviary is where they keep airships."—Baltimore American.  
Hokus—Why, don't you try to get a job? Pokus—Employers prefer to hire married men. Hokus—Then why don't you get married? Pokus—A girl won't marry a fellow until he has a job.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
"We are drifting toward a paternal form of government," said the economist. "Pardon me if I correct you," responded the suffragette, gently; "to be accurate, you should say a maternal form of government."—Washington Star.  
John Daniel McEwen, the noted explorer, says that he once saved his life from a pack of wolves by singing hymns. There's no telling what might have happened if he had sung "I Want to Be an Angel."—New Orleans Picayune.  
"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked the traveling man of his companion, as the train stopped. "What place is it?" inquired the other. "Chicago." "No, I had one leg stretched here once!"—Yonkers Statesman.  
"I'm afraid," said Bronco Bob, "that Piute Pete's ideas of the game is gettin' kind o'

warped." "What's the trouble?" "Every time he picks up a band an' finds less than three aces, he thinks it wasn't a square deal."—Washington Star.  
Farmer Judkins (with newspaper)—Wall, I swan! how that boy of Si Faxon's is gittin' along. Last year he was made a furrin' ambassador, an' now, by crickey, the paper says he's a persona non grata.—Boston Transcript.  
"What kinds of breakfast food have you?" the dyspeptic inquired of the waitress at Cherryville Inn, who stood before him with arms akimbo. "We got all the reg'lar kinds," said the waitress, who was a Cherryville girl; "bam an' eggs, fried steak, brook trout, doughnuts, an' apple pie. You can have 'em all if you like, an' a cup o' coffee an' griddle cakes. We calculate to charge enough so folks can eat all they want."—Youth's Companion.  
THE MERRY MUSE.  
Down on the Farm.  
Brown was a city wight who turned  
His mind to rural ways;  
He left the city, where he'd spent  
So many husy days;  
He took along his overalls,  
Because he said he knew  
He'd have to toil from morn till night  
Just like he used to do.  
But when Brown came to view his farm—  
He'd thought it "sight unseen"—  
He found that nearly all the work  
Was turned off by machine;  
A steam plow turned the furrows o'er—  
A gasoline affair  
Attended to the indoor work—  
Brown was a misfit there.  
Electric milking was a stunt  
That kept poor Brown from work,  
And everywhere he turned his hand  
He'd naught to do but shirk;  
And so he sold his farm at once  
And shook the country's dust  
From off his feet—"Gee whiz," said Brown,  
"Farmers must die of rust."  
—Denver Republican.  
Under the Rosy.  
"Drink to me only with thine eyes  
And I will pledge with mine"—  
For I should have to pledge my watch  
If you should ask for wine!  
—The Bank Clerk.  
Kickproof.  
My o' dawg, he aint no houn'.  
He's a hull, an' he weighs 'bout eighty poun',  
With two rows o' teeth an' a plum' had frown.  
Nobody aint kickin' MY dawg aroun'!  
—Chicago Tribune.  
According to Omar.  
"Well," murmured one, "let whoso punch or pound,  
Some build, some talk, some till the fertile ground;  
But fill me with the old familiar juice  
And I'll proceed to kick some dawg around."  
—S. E. Kiser Syndicate.

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### "Rule of the People" in Oregon.

"Rule of the people" worked its usual miracle in the Oregon primary last week. The delegation which goes to Chicago was elected by the customary thirty per cent (or thereabout) of the total poll. In spite of the fact that practically two-thirds of all the votes polled were cast for other candidates, Mr. Roosevelt gets the

delegation—under the plurality principle. "Rule of the people" is truly a beautiful thing in theory. But for the sake of precision there should be a change of phrase—the style should be "rule of a minority of the people."

The Oregon election supplies another anomalous result in the nomination in the Republican primary of Mr. Ben Selling for the United States senatorship as against Senator Jonathan Bourne. Mr. Bourne is the preëminent champion of what has come to be known as the Oregon idea. That is to say, Mr. Bourne is a progressive of progressives. He stands for all the novelties, all the isms, all the quakeries. Mr. Roosevelt in his maddest moment goes no whit further than Mr. Bourne. Yet, in a primary election in which two-thirds of the votes polled were for Roosevelt and La Follette, ultra-progressives, Mr. Bourne is decisively beaten. It would be difficult to account for this result on any theory not fatal to the consistency of the people of Oregon. Apparently the voting body has gotten itself in a state of mind so confused as not to comprehend the plain significance of anything.

The more the operation of our modernized "rule of the people" is observed, the more it appears marked by the vagaries of chance and less by the guidance of consistency and reason. The most obvious fact is that the new system of "rule of the people" is in fact the rule of a peculiarly low type of adroit and self-seeking politician. We have yet to see one instance under the new order of things, so loudly exploited as "rule of the people," in which the final result has not been attained by a minority vote. It is so in Oregon. It is so in California, where even our own Hiram came into office by the will of much less than half the total vote. It is so everywhere. In other words, the "rule of the people" is not rule of the people at all.

### The "Titanic" Disaster.

There is both interest and instruction in examining the incidents which contributed to this disaster. They include the fact that the *Titanic* was crossing by a route beset by floating ice; that she was going at high speed under orders from her owner to establish a "record"; that her weight was so great that when she came in contact with an immovable body destruction was inevitable; that those in charge of her navigation proceeded in practical disregard of warnings; that after the impact and when the fate of the vessel was certain, it was difficult to command assistance because the wireless operators on other ships—at least on one ship—would not take the signals of distress seriously; that between the callow heedlessness of official wireless operators and the interference of amateur operators, the effectiveness of the wireless system was grievously impaired; that the presumably water-tight compartments, being involved in the general framework of the ship, were disarranged and made useless by an impact severe enough to break in the ship's bottom; that there were not enough lifeboats to hold all on board. All these things had their part in the catastrophe, and there are in each suggestions which may not safely be disregarded.

But the essential and dominating facts stand plainly forth. They are (a) that the *Titanic* was too big and too heavy; and (b) that she was proceeding recklessly. Competition in luxury and speed is responsible for this disaster. But for this there would have been no such spectacular vastness, no multiplication of conditions making for dead weight. There would have been no such eagerness to make time as to have forced the vessel through dangerous seas in the darkness of night; there would not have been a rate of speed inconsistent with foresight of perils and the possibility of avoiding them. Here, in the competition of the great ship companies, under the urgency of the public for luxury and speed, lies the whole responsibility. It is easy to say that the White Star Company was at fault, as surely it was

at fault, and as are other companies taking part in a continuous mad race for supremacy in ocean transit. But the real fault is with a nervously hurried and heedless public which both on land and sea clamors for great and greater speed.

It is certain that as soon as the horror of this disaster shall have passed the demand for speed and luxury will be renewed. And it is equally certain that when the pressure shall again become tense the steamship companies will yield to it as they have done before. When it shall become necessary under the stress of competition for the companies to force their boats to high and higher speed, they will do it in spite of warnings. Engineers and navigators may protest, but the commercial necessity will overbear them. But one form of restraint is possible, and if it shall be enforced it will have to come as the result of regulations imposed by international arrangement. The governments of the United States and England, and possibly of France and Italy, ought now to combine in a study of conditions to the end that authoritative regulations may be adopted governing the whole business of ocean navigation. Whatever conditions may appear to be necessary to public safety should be enforced absolutely, even though it may extend the period of voyages and increase their cost. Time and money should not be allowed to weigh as against the advantages of a reasonable security.

Obviously wise suggestions have already been made by a leading member of the White Star Company. They include the requirement that each ship shall carry lifeboats in proportion to the number of persons on board; that every passenger ship shall carry a sufficient force of wireless operators to maintain a continuous service; that interference with wireless operations by amateurs shall be prohibited. These suggestions are good so far as they go. But they should be supplemented by requirements that ships shall during the iceberg season take a more southerly route than that now followed or proceed at low speed during darkness or fog; that wireless operators shall be licensed under regulations assuring efficiency, and that all boats employed in passenger service shall meet certain fixed requirements at points of construction to be defined by a board of competent engineers. Even under these conditions ocean travel may never be rendered entirely safe. The hazards of the sea may never positively and fully be overcome. But the peril may at least be reduced to a minimum by regulations prescribed by science and common sense and enforced by the authority of government.

Such regulations can never be enforced in any other way, for a heedless precipitancy on the part of the public in combination with commercial exploitation will if unchecked go on and on until temerity and recklessness shall again find their culmination in new catastrophes.

On the death roll of the *Titanic* stand fifteen hundred and ninety-five names, many of them names of place and power in the world. Francis D. Millet, Charles M. Hays, William T. Stead, Isador Straus, Archibald Butt, Captain Smith—it is a cruel reckoning! In modern times no costlier sacrifice has been laid upon the altar of fate. Yet it is to be reflected that death comes inevitably to all and that there can be no more fortunate end of life than one which marks the exaltation of human character. Who, if he might elect the terms of his going out of life, would not choose so to depart that his memory might stand as an inspiration to ages and generations to come? If those who plunged with the *Titanic* into the maw of the devouring sea had died peacefully in the course of nature the hurrying world would have recked little of them. The interests of the living press so closely upon the echoes of life passed that only now and again a rare memory survives the common catastrophe. Fortunate is he who in the circumstances of his death lives



to illustrate the virtues and augment the dignities of life.

Who shall venture to reckon the value to the world of this heroic example so shiningly exhibited that it may never wholly fade from the thoughts of men? Truly it is a noble picture. It is a picture of strength yielding to weakness, of fortitude smiling at fate, of all that is worthiest, all that is noblest, in the character of the race. Millet, illustrating in his deference, that the beauty of his life was only the reflection of the beauty of his character. Hays, declaring in the very hour of his death and under the most portentous circumstances wise judgments tending to security of the multitudes who hereafter shall venture upon the wild ocean. Stead, showing by his fortitude in his ultimate hour that his beneficent services to mankind were the product of a brave and generous heart. Straus, calm in renouncing his chance for safety as in the thoughts and labors of an eminently worthy life. Butt, as gallant in his consideration for others and in his regardlessness of self, as faithful to his standards as a man and a soldier as any knight of any age. Captain Smith, proving over again the quality which had made him a man among men, adding new lustre to the tradition and faith which identifies the man on the bridge with the very spirit of manhood. Astor, spoiled child of fortune, proving in his last hour that even a frivolous life may have its undercurrents of fine devotion and splendid courage, heedful that a man's a man for a' that. More precious than all, Ida Blun Straus, rejecting her opportunity for individual safety in devotion to the finest sentiment that can animate womanhood, giving to the name of wife a deeper significance, passing by choice, another Ruth, hand in hand to death with the loved companion of her life! It is a noble picture, truly! The heart and the mind glow in contemplation of a sacrifice so richly garlanded, so emphasized by circumstance, so impressive in its message and in its inspirations. If we have named particular names it has been only as types serving to illustrate the spirit of all. For the humblest life of all those given up on the *Titanic* in the spirit of sacrifice is an element in that swelling chorus which glorifies even while it saddens the world.

Upon Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Company, there has fallen the hard fate of the scapegoat. The popular instinct and the sensational press are vying with each other heaping reproach upon him. Whatever Mr. Ismay did or said at the time of the disaster or since is interpreted to his discredit, even to his shame.

What are the facts? Mr. Ismay is the administrative head of the White Star Company. He was not in command of the ship, but he was the employer, the superior officer, of the captain. In his own statement he declares himself to have been a passenger exercising no authority or part with respect to the ship's navigation. He assisted in the lowering of the boats, and himself entered the last one to leave the ship, when there were no more women to go, and because further there was space which would not have been filled if he had declined to avail himself of it. No other person, he says, was ready to go at the moment the boat was leaving the ship. He could serve no practical purpose in remaining. He saw no reason why he, regarding himself as a passenger, should stay by the ship and lose his life.

The essential point, we think, with respect to Mr. Ismay's conduct, rests upon his status in relation to the vessel. If he were merely a passenger, he had as good a right as another to seek safety. If he were not a passenger—if his status was that of an official of the White Star Company on duty—he should not have left the ship with which others were doomed to perish. We think the public instinct which identifies Mr. Ismay with the ownership of the *Titanic* and with a special responsibility resting upon that relationship is a sound one. If Mr. Ismay had had a fair sense of his responsibilities, plus manly courage, he would have stood beside Captain Smith through the horrors and terrors of the fatal hour—he would not have left the deck of the *Titanic* while any other creature stood upon it.

We think Mr. Ismay's love of life, his terror of death, overbore his sense of responsibility. Beyond a doubt he is being cruelly treated by those who interpret his every act upon a sinister theory. But on the main count public feeling, we think, is justified. The claim of irresponsibility under the status of a passenger is not tenable. It ignores the fact

that Mr. Ismay was ultimately and actually responsible as the managing owner of the ship and that he lay under special obligations which no man of fine sensibilities and of brave heart ever seeks to shirk. Pitiful as it is, the fact remains that Mr. J. Bruce Ismay must take historic rank as a coward and that he must go through what remains of his life under a shadow which no charity may uplift. Mr. Ismay would better have died when the *Titanic* plunged into the depths than live a mark of the world's contempt and to hear his very name spoken as a term of scorn.

A plain tale is one of the rarest achievements of the human mind. There are men in plenty who can give you a "glowing," a "denunciatory," a "pathetic," a "poetic," a "racy," a "graphic," or a "spectacular" account of happenings they have seen or heard about. But not five in ten thousand can make an unimagined, unemotionalized, unbiased report of the simplest occurrence, even though it may have happened before their own vision. Some fault of the eye, some trick of the mind, some bias of feeling, or some vice of vanity is almost certain to find reflection in any and every report of "facts," tending quite unconsciously to magnify, to belittle, to exalt, or to depress. Historians, courts of justice, editors—whoever has occasion to seek assured information—have learned that there are elements of presumption in pretty much all human testimony; that almost nothing which comes through the agency of the human mind is worthy of positive credit.

Accounts of survivors of the *Titanic* disaster freshly illustrate the universal tendency to aberration. We pass by the conscious falsehoods put forth by traders in sensation to promote the sale of fly-by-night "extras," to consider the statements of those who could have no purpose but to set forth the truth. Dr. Washington Dodge, for example, is a straightforward and intelligent man, trained as a scientist to deal with facts and under no possible motive to misinterpret or misstate incidents. Yet in Dr. Dodge's account of the wreck of the *Titanic* and of his own escape, there are striking incongruities. Quite plainly the doctor has no intention or purpose to equivocate, yet he fails to give us a plain tale. Again in the account of a professional reporter, one Carlos F. Hurd of the *New York World*, we have evidence of an infirmity which even working experience seems unable to eradicate from minds subject to a special kind of bias. One can not read ten lines of Mr. Hurd's account without discovering the born muckraker. The whole spirit and atmosphere of his story illustrates the supercritical mind. Earnest to give the facts, he is unconsciously keen to "place the blame." So with ninety-nine out of a hundred individual statements of survivors. They so mix emotionalism, heroics, and denunciation with circumstance as to confuse the narrative and leave the reader in a state of doubt.

Out of the whole mass of personal accounts of the disaster we have but two or three which carry to the mind of the reader conviction of soundness of observation and of what we may term the judicial mental quality. And curiously enough the two reports most closely similar in their credibility and illuminating quality come from men of totally different types, occupation, and training. Mr. L. Beasley of London, described as a "Cambridge University man," gives an apparently plain tale. It is among the most circumstantial, but at the same time it departs at no point from the direct observation of the speaker. He tells what he saw, without any attempt to write up or to write down. There is no suggestion of imagination, no melodramatic spirit, no display of rhetorical vanities. As if to illustrate that the same result may come out of another sort of breeding, there is another account of perhaps equal merit by one Charles Herbert Lightholder, second officer of the *Titanic*. Lightholder was navigating the ship at the moment of impact; and later he was in charge of life-saving activities on the starboard deck. His opportunities for observation, his first-hand touch with actual incidents, was perhaps closer than that of any other man on the ship; and his account has the double value of authoritativeness combined with a plain tale. Taking these two accounts with that of Colonel Gracie, we have a fair picture of a catastrophe which has no precise parallel in modern annals. And it is an instructive circumstance that the three credible stories, while coming from men of curiously different mental types, represent in each case the effects of discipline. Mr. Beasley is a scholar; Mr. Lightholder is a sailor; Colonel Gracie a soldier. In each case there has been training in exactitude, in

subordination of individuality to authority. In each case the disciplined man speaks. The fact is worth the attention of those upon whom rest the responsibilities of educating the youth of the race.

By whatever name it may be called—gallantry, chivalry, or plain manliness—the fact that sixteen hundred men went to death in the *Titanic*, yielding in ready deference chance of life to some hundreds of women, is a magnificent demonstration of the spirit which civilization has wrought among men. There are those—the Pankhursts, for example, mother and daughter—who can see nothing in this incident better than a trivial calculation of the relative worth of men and women to society, nothing more significant than a fixed habit. "It has come to be the rule in such cases," declares the amazingly wise daughter of this amazingly wise mother.

Verily, it has come to be the rule! And how came it the rule? Did it come through competition of women with men under the kind of "equality" of which the Pankhursts are such precious champions? Or did it come through a frank reliance of the weaker upon the stronger—a reliance honorable alike to the one and to the other, a reliance yielding on the one hand the finer qualities of womanhood and on the other the finer qualities of manhood. Would woman, bred in the Pankhurst scheme of things, deserve the sacrifice of the *Titanic*? Would man, bred in the same scheme of things, have been capable of such sacrifice? Would equality of the sexes as gauged by the Pankhurst standards have given us a Mrs. Straus or a Major Butt?

Reduce men and women in the world to a precise and materialized equality, as the Pankhursts of the day would have it, and you will destroy all that glorifies the catastrophe of the *Titanic*. Make men and women equal—take out of the world the sentiments and the inspirations which the association and practice of the ages have yielded—and you destroy pretty much everything which marks the sweetness and the dignity of life. Upon a precise theory of equality the men on the *Titanic*, being the stronger, would first have beaten back the women, then they would have turned upon each other. Instead of an incident calculated by its circumstances to glow in the pages of history and to inspire ages to come, we should have had a riot of cruelty and a carnival of mutual destruction. The fundamental fact controlling in the incident of the *Titanic* is the traditional and honorable reliance of woman upon man, involving the traditional obligation of man in his attitude towards woman. Strike down the principle, nullify the practice, destroy in woman her traditional appeal, destroy in man his traditional sense of obligation, and civilization with all that ennobles it will perish in the darkness of human degeneracy.

#### Mr. Taft and Mexico.

There is nothing in the events of the last few days to justify a renewal of wild talk about war with Mexico. No one denies that there may be war, since no one can predict the bloody excesses of a people rabid from ignorance and anarchy. But war is not obviously nearer than it was a month ago. President Taft has not sent an ultimatum to Mexico nor anything in the nature of an ultimatum. He has notified both Madero and Orozco that the cold-blooded killing of American prisoners will be regarded as cases of murder and that there will be a suitable reckoning when occasion permits. The sending of warships to the west coast of Mexico is in no sense an act of hostility, but a simple measure of aid to Americans, and to foreigners in general, who might otherwise find it difficult to escape from the danger that threatens them. It does not seem that the Maderists have been guilty of any barbarism to Americans. They have nothing to gain and everything to lose from such a course, but with Orozco the case is different. He is evidently in straits, and anything that would increase the complexity of the situation might tend to his advantage. That the President communicated directly with Orozco was in no sense a recognition of that brigand's claims. It was no more than an intimation to a murderer that he would be punished. That Madero is offended by such direct action and that, being offended, he becomes a little impudent does no more than prove what every one knew before, that Madero is a small man and a badly frightened man.

The fine poise of the President has never been shown more markedly than in his handling of the Mexican



situation. He can not be unaware that the adoption of an aggressive attitude toward Mexico, a little waving of the flag, the sending of a few hectoring messages, would place him crest-high upon a wave of popularity that would be a guaranty of immediate political prestige. It is within his power by a stroke of the pen, by a message to Congress, or by a speech, to make Mexico the question of the moment and himself the national champion in a war of conquest that would have a dazzling attraction for the masses. All the pettifoggish attacks upon himself and his policies would be swamped in a moment by an appeal to the jingo militarism that is never very far below the surface. The temptation to use the Mexican situation in a bid for popular applause would be an irresistible one to a lesser man than Mr. Taft, but it has been no temptation to him. Every move has been marked by cautious and responsible statesmanship that cares nothing at all for the factional advantages of the moment and everything for the permanent interests of the country. At the present time there are numbers of worthy people who seem to have persuaded themselves that it would be a good thing for the nation to have Mr. Roosevelt at its head. How they have so persuaded themselves it would be hard to say, but they have, and certainly not by processes that can be called mental. It would be interesting to put a question to such people. It would be interesting to ask them what, in their opinion, would now be the situation between ourselves and Mexico had Mr. Roosevelt been at the helm instead of Mr. Taft. Would the recall of judicial decisions and all the other contents of Mr. Roosevelt's medicine bag be a satisfactory compensation for a war with Mexico of which no man could foresee the outcome in the way of tragedy, complication, and embarrassment? That Mr. Roosevelt would have made war after a brief prelude of hysterical prancing there can be no shadow of doubt. Unfortunately it is the evil habit of the day to judge men only by their action, and to disregard the inaction that may mark the highest moral fortitude. Restraint, dignity, and responsibility are not always among the virtues that are most quickly recognized by the masses, but it is fortunate for this country that Mr. Taft has not abandoned them in order to win either applause or votes.

#### Democracy in England.

Mr. H. G. Wells, availing himself of his British prerogative, writes a letter to the *London Times* in order to express his opinion of the labor situation in general and the coal strike in particular. Mr. Wells is not in a cheerful frame of mind. He does not believe in panic legislation. He does not believe that England's social disease can be cured by any hasty dose snatched from the political medicine chest. Indeed he does not believe that the modern government can cure anything at all or is even aware that there is anything to cure. His resentment, he tells us, is not against any particular social class, but "against the traditions and shams of party politics, against the organization of ignorance by the public schools, against the systematic exploitation of Parliament by lawyers that leaves us now with nothing but shifty politicians in a crisis that calls in vain for knowledge and statecraft." Mr. G. K. Chesterton, writing along similar lines and speculating humorously on what he would do with a million dollars in the highly improbable event of his ever possessing such a sum, says that he would be inclined to give it away in indiscriminate charity. He is very certain that England is a place where you can not throw a penny without hitting a poor man.

The suffering is so manifold and human; the remedies are so few and so inhuman; I vote for the present helping each other (and helping ourselves) as we should in a shipwreck or a street fight. I am in favor of hand-to-mouth Christianity. I am in favor of it because I have noticed a curious fact about the mass of my fellow-Christians; the fact that a motion from the hand to mouth is that which they chiefly require and least frequently obtain.

Mr. Percival Pollard speaks in much the same way of "the horrid and filthy poverty that festers on almost every corner of the most fashionable British thoroughfare," and everywhere throughout the great cities, a poverty that begs, cringes, curses, cries, and fawns by turn, and that is never out of sight and hearing. It is as black a picture as can be imagined. The spectacle of a million men on strike sinks into insignificance beside it. The real problem is not the sporadic outbursts of revolt on the part of labor, but the fact that the vast majority of the British people are either starving or have a reasonable expectation of starving. And this in the most democratic country in the world. This in

a country that has been engaged for a generation in the hopeless effort to give every one everything. This in a country without constitutional limitations and where the will of the people is absolutely and instantly supreme over the machinery of government.

If civilization were capable of thinking instead of only celebrating, the condition of England would cause some grave misgivings as to the goal of the democratic path that it is treading. And it is not England alone that is eloquent of disaster. There is hardly a country in Europe whose distance from catastrophe may not be exactly measured by its democratic advance. There is hardly a country in Europe of whom it would be safe to predict a happy issue from its afflictions. From Portugal in the west to Russia in the east we see victory after victory for the forces of "freedom," and in every instance the welter of misery has increased *pari passu* with the extent of the victory. The same story comes from China and from Mexico. The tyranny of the individual gives place to the tyranny of the crowd, and the chaining of a single rapacity means the unchaining of a thousand others, more greedy, more ignorant, and more cruel.

#### The Campaign.

Further and further, as passions rise, the presidential campaign departs from standards of decorum established by precedent. Mr. Roosevelt is jumping about from state to state at high speed, giving hourly performances. He accepts no limitations, makes no reserves. A backwoods county campaign for sheriff could not be conducted with a more vulgar license in personal denunciation. Thus far Mr. Taft in his public talks has refrained from personalities; but it is now promised from his headquarters that when next he takes the stump, as he will next week, he will review the pretensions, achievements, and failures of Mr. Roosevelt's presidential career. This beyond a doubt will make mighty interesting reading, but we can but wish that Mr. Taft would hold to his own higher standards. There was a time when Mr. Taft might without impropriety have exploited the confusions and embarrassments which he as President inherited from the Roosevelt régime. He chose instead to minimize them; and we think now he ought not in resentment to drag from oblivion a skeleton over which he once in the kindness of his heart spread the mantle of charity.

In its general progress, the campaign for the Chicago convention exhibits no marked change since last week. As we write on Wednesday, the record of elected delegations stands: Taft 397, Roosevelt 197, La Follette 36, Cummins 6. On Tuesday New Hampshire, one of the states "pledged" by its governor to Roosevelt, passed by vote of the people into the Taft column. Every day now brings accessions to both columns from district conventions or primaries all over the country, and in this desultory skirmishing Taft is something more than holding his own. As we write, only 146 votes are needed to give Mr. Taft a majority at Chicago; and there is every reason to believe that they will be gained. As we review the situation, the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt appears a practical impossibility. The nomination of Mr. Taft appears not, indeed, a certainty, but a probability.

#### Editorial Notes.

Benevolent minds, always more or less uneasy as to the treatment of dependent children, will hardly be reassured by the closing of the so-called orphanage at Lomita Park. The picture of some twenty children living in pens, unwashed and uncared for, is a horrid one, and suggests the existence of some fundamental evil that can not be cured by the closing of a single establishment. If it is indeed a fact that the state pays \$100 a year for the support of every wretched baby left at the door of such a "home" as this then it would be interesting to know in what way the responsibility thus acknowledged is discharged. This particular scandal is not an isolated one. Disclosures of this kind have been made again and again, and there ought now to be some strong demand for information not only as to the general system, but as to the details of its working. It is easy to see that a state payment may actually intensify the misery of these children, indeed, but it is certain to do so unless it is accompanied by a rigorous supervision that certainly has been lacking in this particular instance.

Mr. Roosevelt's blushing identification of his own character and aims with those of Lincoln are paralleled

on a lower level by the invocation of Cleveland's name in support of the candidacy of Champ Clark. And yet one would suppose that a reference to Cleveland would belong to the class of topics that Mr. Clark and his supporters would sedulously avoid. The public memory in these days of great happenings is a short one, but it still preserves the famous diatribe from which the following is an extract:

There are but two men in the hoary registers of time that Cleveland's name ought to be associated with—Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. Shades of Arnold! Forgive the profanation. He, at least, did not have a substitute to do his fighting. . . . Upon reflection I think really I ought to beg the pardon of Judas Iscariot, because after his treason he (Cleveland) did not have the grace to go out and hang himself.

Mr. Clark has probably said more of the things that one would like to forget than any other man in public life, but this particular one has a point and a relevancy all its own.

The exposition directors have decided that the gates shall be closed every evening at sunset. The art palace may sometimes be open after that time, but sight-seeing in general will be confined to the hours of daylight. No doubt there are good reasons for a decision that precludes illuminations and all those delicate forms of amusement that flourish best by artificial light, but it would be interesting to know what they are.

It can hardly be said that the cause of international peace is receiving much comfort from the words of British statesmen or from the acts of the British government. The extraordinary financial surplus just declared by the yearly budget is not to be applied to the reduction of taxation, but is to be used as a sort of revenue fund in case another German scare should demand some sudden and large expenditure in war material. Mr. Winston Churchill, whose general air of boyishness explains but hardly excuses his indiscretions, said in the House of Commons that "if Germany adds two ships in the next year we should meet this by adding four, and if Germany added three we should add six, and so on." There are some things that are better left unsaid, and open defiance is the worst possible road to conciliation. Such statements may bring a cheer from the mob, and this, by the way, is rarely the reward of political wisdom.

It is hard to understand why Conboy, after being found guilty of manslaughter, should be recommended to mercy except upon the theory that a policeman has a sort of vested right to murder his fellow-citizens. That theory seems to have pervaded the proceedings all the way through from the first trial to the fifth. If Conboy had not belonged to a privileged class, if he had been just an ordinary human being, he would have been convicted long before, and he would not have been admitted to bail on so serious a charge. And, once convicted, he would not have been recommended to mercy. These five trials have been discreditable enough and we may now look upon the sentence of three years' imprisonment as a tardy and inadequate concession to justice.

Around a hut, where, according to tradition, a young Irish princess was murdered, grew up the present town of Gheel, in Belgium, which became known as "the colony of the crazed" (says the *New York World*). At first a temple in memory of the princess was erected, and later it became a refuge for the "sick in mind." The remarkable thing about this Belgian town is that the residents accept patients into their own homes so that they may enjoy the beneficial effects of domestic and social intercourse. Nearly every home contains at least two mental incompetents, and except in certain cases the patients are permitted to go about town and enjoy themselves. A stranger may not know whether he is meeting a patient or a sane resident in his walks through the town. For more than one hundred years this system has prevailed at Gheel.

A ship called the *Seal*, built in 1810 at Southampton, is still in use, and will shortly sail from Bideford, Devon, to Durban, South Africa, a distance of six thousand miles. It is almost unnecessary to say that this is a ship built of wood.

The Jungfrau funicular railway has reached the Jungfraujoch station, 11,090 feet above the sea. Whether the railway will ever be carried to the summit of the mountain, that is to say to a height of 13,671 feet, is at present doubtful.

Belfast, which has recently been the storm center for Home Rule agitation, now contributes but three-quarters of all the customs and excise revenue collected in Ireland.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The German emperor has a distinct grievance against the visitors who have engaged him in conversation and who have then repeated his words to the world. Discussions as to whether he did or did not say the things attributed to him are beside the mark. Under such circumstances nothing at all should be published without permission. It is not possible to repeat any conversation accurately, because neither the tone of voice nor the circumstances can be reproduced, and while such repetitions do not matter much with ordinary people they matter a great deal with statesmen and the like, whose words are weighed, measured, and discussed by millions. Certainly the emperor never intended that his opinions on the Panama Canal should be published by Colonel Goethals, and now he has a fresh complaint against a member of the Italian Chamber, who said that the emperor had expressed the wish that Germans were as patriotic as Italians. Even in private life the repetition of conversations becomes intolerable. In public life it may become almost a crime. The emperor can hardly be blamed if he should confine his future conversations with foreigners to the weather.

The defeat of the English suffragette bill is said to be due to the wives of members of Parliament, and not to the members themselves. The same cause is supposed to have estranged a large number of married women throughout the country, who bitterly resent the assumption that because they are married they are necessarily slaves and serfs. The spinster suffragette may find much gratification from the contention that the average woman marries because she must, and that she exchanges her liberty for board, lodging, and laundry. But how about the married woman who may have suffragette tendencies but who refuses to consider herself as a slave and who denies that she sold herself for three meals a day? Naturally she gets up and says things when she realizes that the suffragette cause in England is largely based upon the theory that she is a handmaiden and that she would never have married at all unless she were paid for it. The married man can afford to laugh grimly at the slave theory. He knows. But his wife repudiates it and answers back. And so there is discord where only sisterly love should prevail.

A French translation of the "Rubaiyat" has just appeared, the translator being James Henry Hallard. Here are a couple of representative stanzas that may serve as examples of the whole:

Allons, jette l'habit du repentir qui gèle  
Dans le feu du printemps, et buvons avec zèle!  
L'oiseau léger du Temps ne doit pas voler loin,  
Et dans les airs, hélas! cet oiseau bat de l'aile.

Ah, ne perds pas ton heure, et ne t'éreinte pas  
En disputant de ce qu'est ceci, qu'est cela.  
Mieux vaut être joyeux avec la douce vigne,  
Que maudire un fruit âpre, ou qui n'était point là.

There is always a suggestion of profanation in the translation of great verse. Indeed we may doubt if it can be adequately done, and if the necessities of metre are not absolutely prohibitive of the fine word shadings essential to great poetry. The meanings can of course be rendered from one language to another, but the music is too volatile for such banding.

A change of Vatican librarians takes two years to accomplish. Father Ehrle is about to resign in favor of Monsignor Ratti, and each of the 40,000 manuscripts must be handed over separately after an identification which is by no means perfunctory. It is horrifying to learn that these manuscripts are kept in receptacles that are not fireproof and that the enemies from which they have been protected are those of moths and moisture, but not of heat. Father Ehrle has submitted to the Pope a scheme for fireproof rooms and cupboards, and the scheme will probably be carried out, but in the meantime the most priceless collection of manuscripts in the world can hardly be said to be secure.

The equanimity of the Czar must have been somewhat disturbed by the discovery that M. Stolypin, the late prime minister, was assassinated with the connivance of certain high police officials, who hoped thus to hide the heavy defalcations of which they were guilty. In other words, the prime minister was murdered by the very men whose chief duty it was to prevent his murder, and the murder of others still higher. Small wonder that the Czar should seek aid from the spirits of the dead, since nowhere among the spirits of the living can he find enough fidelity to protect him from the bullet and the bomb. Long before the present disclosures it was well known that the police, for reasons of their own, had consented to the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius in 1905. And now the death of Stolypin has been laid at their door. It would seem that honor and faithfulness are among the things that money can not purchase. It is easy to believe that the Czar would give half his kingdom for the assurance that there was at least one human being so incorruptible as to justify his reliance. That he has no such assurance is probably the abiding nightmare of his life.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen wishes it to be known that he will henceforth devote his life to the establishment of Socialism in China. During his residence in America he became deeply imbued with the doctrines of Henry George, and he proposes to plant them in "the virgin soil of China," where the wicked capitalist has not yet controlled the money market. Now it may seem presumptuous to offer to Dr. Sun the management of the West in such a matter as the management of the East, but at the same time he hardly appears to be in a propitious moment for his Socialist crusade. He is apparently disintegrating, with her provinces in discontent, her Mohammedan population in re-

volt, and foreigners leaving the country in fear of their lives we may be excused for thinking that tranquillity is her first need and that it would become the worthy doctor first to cure his patient of his many diseases before persuading him to part his hair in the middle instead of at the side.

Some of the Syndicalist leaders in England are being vigorously prosecuted for their efforts to persuade the troops not to fire upon strikers. No doubt their offense is a grievous one, since all orderly government depends upon the power of the authorities to shoot, or otherwise penalize, those who are not orderly. But the sauce recommended for the goose should be applied without discrimination to the gander. If it is high treason to advise soldiers not to fire upon strikers it is even higher treason to persuade those same soldiers not to fire upon the gentle Ulsterman who may show his disapproval of Home Rule by rioting, arson, and the other diversions that Ulster is always threatening but never performing. And yet Colonel Chaloner, a Tory and a member of Parliament, is doing this very thing. Addressing a public meeting in Liverpool, he assured his audience that Ulster is preparing to do all sorts of dreadful deeds and that English soldiers can be trusted not to fire upon Ulstermen, even though they should be so ordered. When Mr. Mann talks in this way it is treason of the worst kind, and the offender should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. But this same language from the mouth of Colonel Chaloner is pure and lofty patriotism. It is all very perplexing.

The secret of the ancient Roman cement is once more a topic of discussion since the fall of a few yards of Roman wall at Caerwent in England. The fall was due to a movement of the subsoil, and not to the decay of the wall itself. There are still several hundred miles of the Roman walls to be seen in England and they seem to be as strong as the day they were built. An expert of the London Museum quoted by the New York Sun says: "We do not know the method of its composition, but it is far sounder than any modern cement. Indeed when some part of such a wall has to be dislodged it is necessary to use dynamite. All we know is that pounded tile is a considerable element in the cement. For the rest, Roman walls are built with stone and tile from a concrete bottom."

The confession seems a little ignominious for this particular stage of human progress, but perhaps if we were quite honest with ourselves we should admit that antiquity possessed a good many secrets that we have lost, and among them the tempering of copper, the moving without machinery of enormous stones, and the calculation of star movements without instruments.

Some French newspapers are discussing that topic of perennial interest, the payment of doctors. The doctors themselves say that they are underpaid—they would be almost superhuman if they said otherwise. On the other hand, the *Journal des Débats* is of opinion that they are often overpaid. Sir William Gull received \$40,000 for his attentions to Prince Edward in 1871, while Queen Victoria's doctors during her last illness received as much as \$10,000 each for a single consultation. Dr. Lapponi was paid \$25,000 for an operation on Leo XIII, and Ernest von Leyden received \$25,000 for a visit to the Czar. These are substantial rewards and they hardly support the common complaint of the medical profession.

The proposal to take a religious census in England has been once more defeated, and Americans have been sometimes surprised that Englishmen should be so shy about their religious convictions. The explanation is very simple. England has an established church that is confronted with a powerful party bent upon its disestablishment. The church, in self defense, claims that it has a majority of the nation and is anxious to prove it by a census. Its enemies oppose the census on the ground that every criminal, every lunatic, and every one with no religion at all would be enrolled as belonging to the established church and because of the prestige naturally attaching to such an establishment. The effort to include a religious question in the official census paper has been made again and it has always been defeated upon this ground.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

On the 25th of this April, which is St. Mark's Day, the new campanile or bell tower of St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice was completed and inaugurated. It is nearly ten years since it collapsed, its foundations undermined for centuries by the waters of the lagoons. It has taken ten years to repair and the work of Buono has been faithfully reproduced. The Cathedral is half a thousand years old and is one of the most magnificent churches in the world. It was built when Venice was the great centre of the commerce between Asia, Africa, and Europe and when the wealthy merchants took the greatest pride in glorifying their city with splendid buildings and works of art. The discovery of America and the development of trade with the Far East by the ocean route around Africa finally diverted commerce to other ports. Today Venice is merely a show town.

It is seldom that the framework of a building is so skillfully put together that it is able to withstand the wear and tear of over two centuries. In the case of the Old Ship Meeting House at Hingham, Massachusetts, however, we are shown that the timbers were selected and erected in the year 1680. The interior of the church is rather prosaic. Whatever elaboration we find is the product of the last few years. The pulpit is rather a massive structure. A curiously contrived canopy answers for a sounding board. The organ was not introduced until the year 1866.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Herndon.

[On September 12, 1857, the *Central America* was lost at sea in a great storm off Cape Hatteras. Captain William Lewis Herndon, of the navy, was in command. His tranquil courage preserved discipline up to the last, and until his passengers, officers, and crew were all in the boats. Seeing that the last boat was already overloaded, Captain Herndon refused to add to its danger, and, ordering it off, went down with his ship.]

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,  
In triumph o'er that fated deck,  
Grown holy by another grave—  
Thou bast the captain of the wreck.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,  
O'er him; the soldier of the sea:  
And yet for him, through all the land,  
A thousand thoughts tonight shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,  
And many a cheek be flushed with pride;  
And men shall say, There died a man,  
And boys shall learn bow well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul  
Is with the God who made it great;  
But weep not for so proud a death—  
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign  
That hour which bade her heart beat high,  
And blazoned Duty's stainless shield,  
And set a star in Honor's sky.

O dreary night! O grave of hope!  
O sea, and dark, unpeopled sky!  
Full many a wreck these waves shall claim  
Ere such another heart shall die.

A's, how can we help but mourn  
When hero bosoms yield their breath!  
A century itself may bear  
But once the flower of such a death;

So full of manliness, so sweet  
With utmost duty nobly done;  
So thronged with deeds, so filled with life,  
As though with death that life begun.

It has begun, true gentleman!  
No better life we ask for thee;  
Thy Viking soul and woman heart  
Forever shall a beacon be,—

A starry thought to veering souls,  
To teach it is not best to live;  
To show that life has naught to match  
Such knighthood as the grave can give.  
—S. Weir Mitchell.

## The Treasures of the Deep.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?—  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain—  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more! What wealth untold  
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!  
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more! Thy waves have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by!  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!  
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play—  
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest:—  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—  
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom  
The place was kept at board and heath so long,  
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,  
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:—  
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—  
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

There is probably no place in France where the peasantry are more inclined to believe in the so-called hidden forces of nature, and where the unscrupulous charlatan has so good an opportunity of deceiving his listeners as in Brittany. Whether in sickness or in health, the people of Brittany look for an answer to their demands in the mysterious kingdom of the supernatural, and with a faith which, to the educated, is sometimes almost unbelievable. A curious instance of this widespread superstition is cited by M. Paul Geniaux, a well-known French folklorist. The inhabitants of Muzillac and district, in the Morbihan, firmly believe that the only effective method of curing their children of the colic is to carry them to a certain chapel, that of St. Mamers, and deposit them on the altar. There they mumble a short prayer, the text of which you can never get them to confess—and the cure is immediately effected!

Quite a number of London streets mostly in the suburbs, have no No. 13 at all, the difficulty being got over in many cases by the subterfuge of 12a. That is the case with Park Lane, where 12a is occupied by Herbert Barker, the celebrated bone-setter. The most famous street without a 13 is the Strand, but that is perhaps more by accident than design, for building operations have made havoc of the original numeration.



## GATTI-CASAZZA'S GOOD MANAGEMENT.

The Metropolitan Opera Season Carried Through Without a Deficit.

Taking one consideration with another the opera manager's lot is not a happy one, but Manager Gatti-Casazza is undoubtedly a happy man, and a proud one as well, for he has carried the Metropolitan through the season without a deficit. That in itself is an achievement, but it is only part of what he has accomplished. He has probably come nearer pleasing everybody—stockholders, subscribers, singers, and the opera-loving public—than any of his recent predecessors. It is his fourth season as the head of the Metropolitan, and he has evidently mastered the greatest of his difficulties, and there are more difficulties, and bigger ones, than anybody can imagine who has not attempted to fill his place. The mere handling of the million or more that goes into and out of the treasury every season is a financial undertaking of magnitude, but when one recognizes the thousand and one details that have material influences on the realization of that million, from the choice of operas to the harmonizing of artistic temperaments, the task assumes proportions that should awe the average ambition. It compares with ordinary theatrical hazards as a military campaign compares with shooting-gallery target practice.

The Metropolitan gave 148 representations of opera during the season of twenty-two weeks just closed, thirty-four different operas being sung. Of these there were eighty-one representations of Italian opera, fifty-eight of German, thirteen of French, and four of English. "Pagliacci" was performed nine times, being part of a double bill variously with "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Versiegelt," and "Hänsel and Gretel." It was a Caruso opera this season, which in part explains its leading popularity. "La Bohème" was given eight times; "Aida," "Königsinder," "Madama Butterfly," and "Hänsel and Gretel" were heard seven times each; "La Gioconda" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" six times, and "Girl of the Golden West," "Tristan and Isolde," "Lobetanz," "Lohengrin," "Tosca," "Orfeo," "Le Donne Curiose," "Rigoletto," and "Die Walküre" five times each. The other operas were heard less often. Nine of Wagner's music dramas were given in all thirty-three representations. Puccini came next in the list of favored composers, with twenty-five performances, Verdi with twenty-two, and Humperdinck with fourteen. The large percentage of German works marks a liberality on the part of Signor Gatti-Casazza worthy of mention, and that this policy was wise is proved by the fact that the attendance on German nights was always remarkably large.

Four novelties were produced during the season—"Lobetanz," "Le Donne Curiose," "Versiegelt," and "Mona." The latter, Professor Parker's ten-thousand-dollar-prize composition, had four performances. The critics were in no instance enthusiastic over this American opera with an English story, sung in English, but the public showed an encouraging interest in the work. Next season will more definitely fix its place in operatic valuations. Of the other new offerings, "Le Donne Curiose" has undoubtedly proved its right to a place in the repertory of the Metropolitan. It is a buffa opera, of a class which has all too few examples, and its music is full of the spirit of delight. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" has secured a stronger hold on the public than was anticipated by the critical.

Little need be said of the new singers. Mme. Matzenauer is the especial favorite among the newcomers, and in the German operas was particularly effective, though she sang in "Aida" and "Armide" with no less charm and power. Putnam Griswold is praised as a most worthy addition to the company. Mme. Tetrazzini was heard with the greatest delight by those who still retain their fondness for the coloratura operas, but only three or four of the old favorites of this class were given. Caruso is still the great figure, in fact, to many he is the opera. If it is a Caruso night the opera is a secondary consideration. Many of the old company are still as high in popular favor as ever, and there is no insistent demand for changes. Mme. Fremstad is one of those who are gaining rather than losing in the esteem of Metropolitan audiences.

Signor Gatti-Casazza has issued a statement of grateful appreciation to the public for its continued generous support, to the unprejudiced press, and to the members of the organization for their loyal cooperation. The last phrase is noteworthy, for it is not an empty compliment. If there has been any quarrel in the company it has been kept from the ears of the public. With this congratulatory address Signor Gatti-Casazza gave the list of singers that will continue with the company next season, and of the additions to be made. The sopranos include Galski, Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Alice Neilsen, Olive Fremstad, Bella Alten, Rita Fornia, Bernice de Pasquali, and Marie Rappold. Among the mezzo-sopranos and contraltos are Louise Homer, Mme. Matzenauer, Jeanne Maubourg, and Maria Duchene. Caruso will, of course, head the tenors, and in addition there will be Carl Burriani, Leo Slezak, Riccardo Marten, Carl Jörn, and others. Scotti, Amato, Dinh Gilly, and William Hinshaw are among the baritones. Putnam Griswold, De Seguro, Ruysdael, and Herbert Witherspoon are among the basses. Toscanini and Hertz will remain as conductors. Of new artists announced, Lucrezia Bori of the Teatro Scala, Mme. Frieda Hempel of the Royal Opera, Berlin, Vera Curtis and Louise Cox, two Americans, are sopranos.

Stella de Mette and Lila Robeson, two more Americans, are mezzo-sopranos. Jacques Urlus of the Royal Opera, Leipzig, and Paul Althouse, a young American, are tenors. Carl Braun of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, is a new basso. Two novelties have already been decided on for the coming season—"Boris Godounoff," a Russian opera, and "Cyrano de Bergerac," an American opera, to be sung in English, composed by Walter Damrosch. There may be others, for it is certain that Signor Gatti-Casazza feels that his judgment will be cordially indorsed.

FLANEUR.  
New York, April 17, 1912.

It is beyond question that if the cost of living in cities has very considerably increased, the comforts and enjoyments are vastly more effective and more numerous than they were a few decades ago (says an editorial writer in the New Orleans *Picayune*). Today the work people, instead of being compelled to live in the congested districts where they are employed, can reside in healthful neighborhoods and for a nickel travel miles to their places of business. With the aid of machinery they are relieved from the laborious features of the work in which they are engaged and are enabled to accomplish with their mental faculties a large part of what formerly taxed their muscles. Today the masses are better educated, free of cost, than ever they were, and avenues of business and social circles that were once closed to them are now open. They live in better houses under conditions of sanitation that were impossible a few decades ago, and with the increased comforts and relief from exhausting toil their span of life has been lengthened. If, therefore, we pay more for what we have, unquestionably we get more, and among those things are not a few that were only in reach of persons of wealth. If people would live as plainly and economically as they were forced to do a generation ago it would be possible to save a great deal more than they do and more than would have been available to the earlier generation. Moreover, disabled people who can not support themselves and children are admitted to free asylums and homes that did not exist in the time of the earlier generation. We have vastly more than our forefathers had or even dreamed of, and yet we are not happy. But for the discontent that prompts us to want more and to strive for it there would be no wonderful discoveries in science and art and no great progress in civilization and prosperity.

Abandoning a successful grocery business in 1811, Frederick Krupp founded what has long since been famous as the great cannon works at Essen. In the enterprise to manufacture what was then known as "English steel" were the two Von Kechels, but Krupp had the capital. The firm started its operations in an old water-power mill at Altenessen. The experiments of the Von Kechels were unsuccessful. For nearly two years they did their best, but all their efforts to produce "English steel" failed. In the end Krupp decided to get rid of them after having spent one-half of his fortune in experiments, and took over the management of the work himself. For a long time he had no luck, and it was only after some years of disappointment and labor that a satisfactory metal was produced. It was under his son Alfred that the business first really began to flourish. Its exhibit at the London exposition of 1851 revealed to the world that a little known German firm was producing iron and steel that could not be bettered by the industry of any other country.

Discussion of the budget leads the London *Daily Chronicle* to recall that Gladstone was the inventor of the abbreviation for million which is much used in England. Since "m" was already reserved for a thousand, he made a million sign out of it by curling the tail of the "m" over the body of the letter, and once declared that posterity might be more grateful to him for this than for his political work. He was much addicted to labor-saving devices, and was proud of his system of recording responses to invitations. When an invitation was sent, the name was marked in his list with a minus sign. In case of acceptance another stroke made it a plus sign, while refusal was marked with a sign of equality. A circle about a plus sign showed that an acceptance had been recalled.

A new expedition has been planned in London to explore the interior of Dutch New Guinea to obtain complete information regarding the new pigmy tribe discovered by the recent expedition under Captain C. C. Rawling. The pigmies were first discovered near the Kapare River, one of the immense streams which, rising in the Nassau Mountains, made their way down to the sea. They had neatly constructed huts, and after some time it was discovered that they had words in their language to denote numerals up to ten, words entirely lacking from the language of the plainsmen. Although the most strenuous search was made, only solitary huts could be found. Strangely enough, no children, and only one woman, who was being escorted to her new home from her wedding, were seen.

The city of Oxford, England, the seat, according to the guide-books, of an ancient university, has reached the one thousandth year of its recorded history and will celebrate in the good English—and also the good American—fashion of holding a pageant, on July 11, this year.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Rev. P. H. Dunigan, newly elected mayor of Lapier, Michigan, is a Catholic priest, said to be highly successful in his priestly functions, and, besides, has organized a number of improvement societies and commercial movements.

Carl A. Oppel, of New York, a sophomore at the State Agricultural College, has earned much of his way through school by catching frogs and shipping them to Chicago and other large commission centres. In six weeks he is credited with having earned nearly \$900 in this way.

Mrs. Edgar F. Luckenbach, one of the seventeen graduates at the recent exercises of the Woman's Law College of New York University, is the wife of a millionaire steamship man. She has gained quite a reputation as a yachtswoman, and has won several trophies by her prowess at the wheel of a racing yacht.

Miss Alberta Read, who has, it is claimed, invented a new system for testing tea which will do more to prevent adulteration than all the inspectors now employed, is in the Agricultural Department at Washington. Only recently she set herself to the task of devising the system which is likely to mean so much to the government. Miss Read is a thorough chemist and her plan is scientific.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop of Chicago, an associate of Jane Addams in the work at Hull House, a member of the Illinois board of charity, and a graduate and trustee of Vassar College, has been appointed by President Taft as chief of the new children's bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. Miss Lathrop is the first woman to be made a bureau chief in the government service.

Mrs. H. J. Camp, the first white woman who ever made a permanent missionary home in Central Arabia, is now engaged in special charitable work in Maine. She was located at Menakhi, a four-day ride from the nearest seaport town. The place is notable for the fact that no other missionaries have ever succeeded in establishing a home there, owing to the attitude of the natives. Mrs. Camp speaks and reads Arabic like a native.

Dr. John Wesley Hill, who has just given up the pastorate of the Metropolitan Temple, one of the biggest and best-known churches of New York City, will devote himself to civic and political matters. His early pastorates were in the West, but he was a political orator before he was a clergyman, having taken part in the Blaine campaign in 1884. His greatest political prominence came four years ago, when he took the stump for Mr. Taft.

Dr. Louis A. Bauer, the first man to measure accurately the earth, has just returned to Washington, after traveling around the globe for the last two years and a half devoting himself to the undertaking. For his purpose he used the famous non-magnetic ship, *Caruegie*. The absence of magnetic metals aboard the ship makes possible the extremely accurate observations which will be used when completed to rectify errors on the mariners' chart.

Miss Cornelia Bentley Sage, appointed director pro tem of the famous Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo on the death of the director of the museum, has been remarkably successful, and her position is now permanent. Last year no fewer than twenty exhibitions were held in the museum under her direction, and this year the number will be increased. Miss Sage paints portraits, is interested in modern art movements, and her position as an authority is unquestioned.

Mrs. Mary E. Ewing of Chicago, the first woman recruit to the ranks of the civil and consulting engineers of this country, has taken up the work of her husband, who died last spring, and is carrying to successful completion work on various sewerage and water systems costing approximately \$500,000, which he had under way or in course of construction at the time of his death. Mrs. Ewing's training was secured by assisting her husband with his work, in which she was interested throughout their twenty-five years of married life.

Henry Lee Jost, who, at the age of thirty-one, has just been elected mayor of Kansas City, Missouri, has made his own way, battling against adverse circumstances, from childhood. His father placed him in a children's home in New York when he was two years of age, being too poor to support the child. Four years later he was sent to Missouri with a party of waifs for whom homes had been found. The farmer who adopted him encouraged the lad to study, and he finally won his way through the law school, beginning the practice of law in Kansas City. For the last three years he has been assistant city prosecutor.

Miss Ava de Lagercrantz of New York, the only woman who has ever painted a miniature of the King of Sweden, began her professional career in this country about ten years ago. She is the daughter of the late Admiral de Lagercrantz of the Swedish navy, and having won success here with her miniature work was summoned by royal decree to cross the ocean and paint the king's likeness. She does considerable entertaining in a quiet way, is a good cook and housekeeper, and believes that if more American girls were such housewifery in the way that Swedish girls are, they would do much toward solving the divorce and servitude problems.



## COMRADES IN MISFORTUNE.

## The Victims.

They were man and maid and, as was natural enough, the time being that of half-light and the place lonely, they talked of love, of that old subject, as if it had never been talked of before; and the magic word—magic, else it had long since been worn threadbare—went to and fro from lip to ear in a way that was fairly a tempting of Providence, more especially seeing that the season was spring.

At length, like the two foolhardy young things they were, for all their wise speech, they agreed to confess themselves each to the other (just for fun and the human interest of the thing); to tell what love meant to them, keeping nothing back; and then they held hands a while, in ratification of the solemn compact.

Said the man: "That desire to be loved for one's self alone, which burns in every heart, is—always has been—in mine a consuming passion."

"And in mine," said the maid.

"It has driven me abroad all over the face of the earth, in search of my own."

"And has kept me close at home, so that when my own came for me, I should not be away."

Already the blindest can see where this sort of thing is fated to end; but all-undaunted, the one:

"It says, does it not? this desire, more eloquently than ever poet or moralist said it, that beauty is poppy-frail, youth brief; that riches have wings; that place is insecure. You have of course been jealous, Miss Clonmel, of your good looks, of your wealth, of your blood—base rivals of your real self?"

And with equal daring the other:

"So much so, Mr. Beaumont, that you seem to me to be making my confession, not your own."

Alas! this confessing (just for fun and the human interest of the thing) of man by maid and maid by man, "all by their lonelies," in a wood, at dusk, on the first day of April, is likely, it now seems, to prove a serious matter.

"Two years ago," Mr. Beaumont went on, "I came within a heart-beat or so of dying, at Paris (though not of it, like poor Verlaine), and—missing this—missing the aim of my life."

"And I," responded Miss Clonmel; "curious, isn't it?—about the same time I met with an accident, and—well, I just couldn't bear to go before he came, or I had taken what plainmen call the one-way trail."

"One of my wild wishes," said the man, "was then granted to me."

"And one of mine," said the maid.

During every pause in the litany, the wood was silent as a cathedral.

"Think of it, Grace, to have died without finding love!"

"To have died, Victor, without love finding you!"

"Is what I call—"

"Hush—so do I."

Here, though, to all appearances, the confession was getting on very nicely, the compact seemed to be in need of further ratification, for they again joined hands, taking as it were ineffable oath. Finally, the man:

"You are sure, Grace, quite sure, that you can do as you would be done by; love as you would be loved?"

The maid answered: "Even as you are sure."

"Then, I think my wandering is over."

"And—my waiting."

In what an incredibly short space of time has a philosophic discussion led to this folly! Was it the day? Had a certain playful young scamp hidden himself in the dim underbrush, to make fools of the wise who thus dared to take his name in vain? But to our story.

Having thus far confessed one another (just for fun and the human interest of the thing), they sat in silence. The maid trembled a little, and, in spite of her words, it was plain to be seen, even by the twilight sifted through the pines, that she was waiting for something that did not come. Despite his words, too, the man had evidently not yet reached his journey's end.

"Grace," said he, fatuous youth that he was, "Grace, were I ugly, poor, lowly born, but withal myself, would you love me?"

And Grace answered, first-of-Aprilwise: "How can you ask, Victor! You know I would."

This can hardly any longer be termed "beating about the bush." It is, to tell the truth, dangerously personal and to the point; and not an owl hoots solemnly, to warn these babes in the wood of impending practical joke. On the contrary, a dove, that old-time accomplice of the scapegrace aforesaid, cooes softly, to put possible suspicion to sleep. And now in the heart of the maid doubt is come to be so drowsy that it can scarce keep its eyes open, when the man, Thomas still:

"I have a friend, the very best fellow in the world. His—"

"No, not the very best."

"Well, the second-best, then, if you will have it so. His name is Jeremiah Scrooffy. . . . See, you shudder! Had Clarence given me such a name as that, you never would have loved me, much less—"

"You foolish boy. It wouldn't have made the least bit of difference."

"Mrs. Jeremiah Scrooffy! Think of it, Miss Grace—"

"No such thing—nor you, either, Mr. Victor—"

The man noted the "nor you, either," and smiled submissively. The dove cooed on, not without effect. "Grace, I have a good mind to take you at your word."

"And I, Victor, to take you at yours."

"To put you to the test."

"To put you to the test."

The dove ceased to coo. The wood was all expectancy.

"Turn your back a minute, Mr. Beaumont."

"Why, Grace—!"

"You love me for myself alone?"

"For yourself alone."

"Then, turn your back, please."

"But, Grace—!"



Meredith Nicholson, author of "A Hoosier Chronicle,"  
Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Yes; what is it? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Nothing; only just as you spoke, I was about to ask you to turn your back."

"Whv, Victor—!"

"Yes, Grace. You love me for myself alone?"

"For yourself alone."

"Turn your back, then."

"But, Victor—!"

"Miss Beaumont?"

"It seems like turning our backs on one another; doesn't it?"

"It does."

"I simply can't do it, Victor."

"Nor I, either."

"Let us go home, then; it's getting late."

"But it's so very beautiful here."



L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables,"  
L. C. Page & Co.

"Yes, it is very beautiful." Her voice had nightfall in it.

If the word "late" had only done its duty and brought the maid to her feet, this story would, no doubt, have had a different ending. As it was, the man took alarm at it; and the dove, also, it seems, for it began to coo more softly than ever. Soon, doubt was "Oh, so sleepy."

"See, Grace," cried Victor, pointing through the pine-tops, "there is Venus, and she smiles at us! . . . I wonder if you really do love me well enough to turn your back on me this once, and then, never again as long as you live?"

"Strange! I was just wondering if you—"

"But why should you wonder?"

"Why should you?"

"If you want to know, turn your back."

"Turn yours."

For a moment they sat back to back, and each was aware of mysterious movements on the part of the other. Then—

"You may look," they cried together.

Man and maid faced one another, and, at a glance, she saw that he was a bald Apollo; and he, that she was a Grace with a grievous flaw in the marble. The wedding-ring finger was scarred the livid length of it.

All at once, the whole wood seemed to mock them, the wind sneering, the leaves laughing like so many street urchins, the twigs tattering, the owls hooting, the small birds chuckling, the very earth beneath them shaking its sides.

For all that, it was a cruel joke, unjustifiable no matter what the day; so cruel that they both burst into tears.

Of a truth, it was carrying things too far. Be his years never so tender, his bringing-up never so bad, the heartless little wretch who will lure two unaware human beings into a lone wood at nightfall, there to victimize them thus, ought to be soundly spanked and put supperless to bed.

"At Paris," said the man at last, in answer to a piteous look of inquiry; "that time I came so near dying. When I saw myself in the glass, I wished I had died. It had been my glory. Without it, I was ridiculous. They all assured me that it would grow again—I was only twenty-one—but it never did."

"The—the accident I spoke of just now," the maid sobbed. "For six months, and more, I simply couldn't endure myself. . . . It was such a pretty hand, too!"

Victor knelt and kissed the scar.

Thus was made all well and unhealed inner hurt.

Grace bent low, and pressed her lips upon the sorry pate.

There is no such other cure for baldness.

Something in the underbrush stirred uneasily, and then scampered away—a jack-rabbit, the man thought it; but the maid, for her part, was sure that she had heard the rustle of wings.

Then the lovers—having put on, the one his wig and cap; the other, her engagement ring and glove—went homeward in silence, their hearts at rest.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1912.

HARRY COWELL.

Today a tribe in the Philippines, no farther advanced than the Igorrotes, some of whom have been seen in this country, can show the adventurous traveler in the interior of Luzon some schemes in terrace construction and feats in irrigation that compare creditably with the best exhibits the United States reclamation service is capable of making. Considering the total ignorance of modern machinery, the total ignorance of modern methods, prevailing among the Ifugaos, there is, of course, no comparison between the ingenuity and the workmanship of these denizens of the mountains and trained Caucasians. The terraces lie along the side of a steep cañon between the native settlements of Quiangan and Banaue in Nueva Viscaye province. They rise like giant steps up the steep ascents to the height of 1200 feet or more, extending probably into a secondary range of hills, making the extension almost 3000 feet. Each paddy, or terrace plain, or plateau, varies from eight to forty feet in width and is approximately 300 feet long, following the contour of the cañon. These shelves are flooded with water in the spring before the rice planting. The retaining wall of each terrace is built to about fifteen inches above the water level. At the point where the paddy meets the cañon side the retaining wall of the terrace next above begins, so that the cañon, no matter how steep, presents an unbroken succession of terraces, which at one period of the year bears a striking resemblance to tiers of reservoirs, at another season to tiers of hanging gardens. The irrigation of these shelves, with works extending in one instance for a distance of twelve miles, is brought about by the deflection of mountain streams. The Ifugaos have been doing in this respect for countless centuries what the Caucasian in the American West began to do only a few decades back.

One of the divisions of France, the Department of Seine-et-Marne, has issued its snake-killing budget. It shows that vipers are almost as numerous as ever before in the Ile de France. They are commonest in the forest of Fontainebleau, where one gamekeeper alone killed 1818 in the course of last year. For this he was paid \$125, and in all the department paid \$550 in the year, being a reward of seven cents for each viper's head presented. Nearly 8000 were killed during the year.

Manuscripts of famous books of the present time and of the future will probably be of little interest to bibliographers as compared with those of the past, for nearly all book manuscripts are now typewritten, and thus have no special individuality. But the genuine holograph "copy" of the old literary masters is treasured and brings good prices; for example, Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Jonathan Swift," in the original manuscript, with annotations, brought \$1910 at the recent Hoe sale.

Every Persian who can read and write calls himself Khan, who has been to Mecca calls himself Haggi, and who claims descent from the prophet is Sayed, Said, or Syed.



## LONDON BOOK NEWS.

## The Influence of American Publishers on English Writers.

A new record has been established in the number of American book buyers who have come over the Atlantic to secure options on the works of English authors. During February and March each year one can always count upon crossing the tracks of half a dozen representatives of New York and other houses, who are as well known to the publishers of London as to their confrères in their native land, but this year the band has been materially larger and has included not a few who have never crossed before. Judging from the opinions one or two of the latter have expressed, their experience has not been encouraging. They have discovered either that the representatives of other houses have an option on the books they want or that those books are already promised to their rivals. And so they have returned with the conviction that "it's useless to come again." They did not take into account that such old stagers as the representative of F. A. Stokes Company, George P. Brett of the Macmillans, J. H. Sears of the Appletons, George H. Putnam, and others have been crossing for many years and have established such relations with London houses that they naturally have the first choice of the new material. Other buyers for the American market appreciate these conditions and are content to build up their connection by repeated visits. They are having their reward, for their coming is being anticipated by several of the London firms and they can rely upon being offered the American rights of quite an assortment of books. Thus, Herbert F. Jenkins, of Little, Brown & Co., has in a few seasons established excellent relations with many London houses with the result that the fall list of his firm will be greatly the gainer. That is also true of W. E. Peyson, who came in the interests of the Sturgis & Walton Company; of Ferris Greenslet, who has been here on behalf of Houghton Mifflin Company, and P. F. Hale, who has bought for Small, Maynard & Co. That Mr. Greenslet and Mr. Peyson are authors as well as men of business has materially assisted their enterprise, for notwithstanding that E. V. Lucas is now a working member of a London publishing house the combination of the author and the publisher is novel to the English mind.

Greatly as the American representatives enjoy their visits to London, during which they are fêted and entertained on a royal scale, they have to compress so much work into three or four weeks that they must be glad to get on a homeward-bound steamer. I have called on not a few of them during the past month, and in each case have found their hotel rooms piled high with their own wares and the books submitted for their approval. The latter were in all stages, from manuscript to the printed and bound volume, and it must be no light task to wade through and decide upon the merits of the countless books placed at their disposal. In many cases they can be left for only a few days, in order that other buyers may look them over, and it is a responsible task to discover masterpieces and "best sellers" under such conditions.

Of course there are some authors who involve little risk. Just now no one would hesitate to purchase the American rights of an Arnold Bennett novel, for example, or a new story by Jeffery Farnol, but in such cases the competition is so keen that the transaction resolves itself into the problem of deciding upon how far the buyer can go in the matter of royalties. Not long since I had a letter from an American house asking me to see a certain popular author and make him an offer of an advance of \$5000 for a new story, but even that tempting bait was useless, for the man in question is now in the hands of an agent who is wide awake to the market value of his client's wares. The agent, indeed, is the bane of the situation in London, for he is constantly bidding one publisher against another, with the result that a popular author generally has a new publisher for each new book. As bearing on the royalty rates now in vogue I learned the other day that Lord Rosebery commands 25 per cent, which looks like another illustration of "to him that hath shall be given," for it can not be imagined that the laird of Dalmeny is greatly in need of the income earned by his pen.

There are, however, pitfalls in the path of the man who trusts to the value of a well-known name, for one of the strangest facts about the book situation in England just now is that several of the old favorite writers seem to be losing their hold on the public. There is Mrs. Humphry Ward, for example, whose "The Case of Richard Meynell" prompted one rash critic to declare that "no book of this year or next year is likely to be so widely and warmly discussed." Several months have elapsed since it was published, and yet it is only in its second edition. Another slump has taken place in the market of Marie Corelli, whose latest novel has become a drug in the stores. It is needless to add to the list; the fact remains that a change is passing over the tastes of the reading public and that it is no longer safe to count upon huge sales for the books of writers who have commanded large audiences in the past.

All this is to the good of the new writers, who, more than they quite realize at present, have excellent reasons for being grateful for the American invasion. For, in the main, the English publisher is not over lavish with his encouragement of new talent. One of the fraternity told me not long ago that he regarded

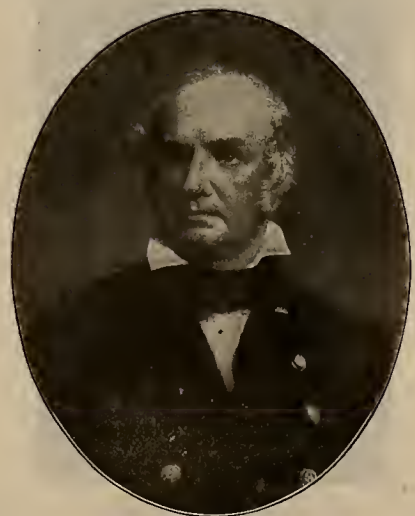
the first novel of a new writer as the second best story he had ever published, and then went on to confess that he paid the author thirty pounds for the book, naming the sum with the air of a man who had been rashly generous. There is the case, too, of another novice whose first book has sold remarkably well, but whose efforts to complete his second story are handicapped by his having to follow the daily occupation on which he depends for his livelihood. His London publisher makes no effort to solve this interesting problem, but an American representative has offered him an advance of a hundred pounds to enable him to complete his manuscript. If that novelist should prove to be the genius which good judges think him to be, he will owe to an American the opportunity to prove the



Marjorie Bowen, author of "God and the King."  
E. P. Dutton & Co.

fact. These are pertinent illustrations of the good to letters which is being effected by the annual visits of the representatives of American publishers.

A tonic of that kind is badly needed by English authors. While the cost of living is going up and up, and while miners and other "horny-handed sons of toil" are able by their unions to force Parliament to interfere to secure them a minimum wage, the profits of authorship are a constantly dwindling quantity. Andrew Lang confesses that he writes history at ten shillings a thousand words, and would doubtless have to cut down his golfing expenses if he were not retained by the *Morning Post* and subsidized as publishers' reader. The one ambition of English book producers just now seems to be to see how they can out-rid each other in cutting prices. When the Home University Library was started a few months ago it was



Colonel Edward D. Baker. From "The Contest for California in 1861," by E. R. Kennedy. Houghton Mifflin Company.

thought that the bottom had been reached. The volumes of that series contain an average of two hundred and fifty pages, are written by acknowledged authorities, and, despite the fact that they are well printed and bound in cloth, are sold at the price of one shilling. But now there is another series on the market, called the People's Books, the price of which is just half that charged for the Home University Library. Save in the number of pages, the two series have most points in common and are especially in keen rivalry as being written by experts. As the People's Books are sold to the trade for about four pence halfpenny a copy, and as the cost of production, owing to the cloth binding, must be at least three pence a copy, the sum paid to the writers must be ridiculously small. Whether this

ultra-cheapening of reading matter is to the good of knowledge is a question difficult to decide, but that it can be good for the purveyors of that knowledge seems incredible.

Such adverse conditions may help to account for the fact that the spring announcements do not include many books of startling interest. At the same time it must be remembered that the English publisher, like his American confrère, is inclined to reserve his most important ventures for the fall. In fiction, however, there is no close season, and consequently it is in fiction that the spring lists will be strongest. Not a few really notable novels have already appeared, including Paul Bertram's "The Shadow of Power," M. P. Willcocks's "Wings of Desire," James Bryce's "The Story of a Ploughboy," Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk," Frank Danby's "Joseph in Jeopardy," Peggy Webling's "Felix Christie," Victor Cook's "Anton of the Alps," Mrs. Barclay's "Through the Postern Gate," Eden Phillpotts's "The Forest on the Hill," R. Macaulay's "Views and Vagabonds," Violet Jacob's "Flemington," Algernon Blackwood's "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," and Una L. Silberrad's "Success." While the first four on this list will naturally reach American readers with the imprint of John Lane, others will have different sponsors. It is probable that Little, Brown & Co. will secure the American rights of Miss Webling's novel of character and Mr. Cook's story of mystery and adventure, while Mrs. Barclay's latest will of course appear through the Putnams. With regard to the author of "The Rosary" it is suggestive to note that just now there is a tendency to treat her stories with that disdain which is often visited upon those writers who catch the public ear to an abnormal extent. The critics are comparing her blend of sentiment and religion to "mashy jam" and are taking comfort in the thought that her crown of popularity is wreathed "chiefly of American laurel." Apparently, however, "receptive imbecility" has no limits to its capacity, and for result Mrs. Barclay can afford to smile at her critics. Without passing any judgment on her merits or faults, and avoiding debate of the question whether her million readers are right or wrong in their devotion, it is distressing that work of a really fine quality does not win equal reward.

One of the most interesting events of the spring season will be the production of a new "Wessex Edition" of the works of Thomas Hardy in twenty volumes, three of which will be given up to the novelist's poetry. That Mr. Hardy has himself undertaken the editorship of this edition removes the last hope that he will ever write another novel. It is safe to conclude, then, that the vow he made when annoyed by the reception of "Jude the Obscure" never to pen another story will be literally kept. Part of that annoyance arose from the editorial scruples of *Harper's Magazine*; part is to be placed to the credit of Andrew Lang and other critics. In a general preface to his life's work Mr. Hardy will explain that his classification of his novels into stories of character and environment, romances and fantasies, and stories of ingenuity, is intended to represent the aim he had in view at the time each book was written. All his best work he includes under the first division, where he places "Tess" and "Jude," and "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "The Return of the Native." This definitive edition will appear here under the Macmillan imprint and in America with that of the Harpers.

In biography and general literature two of the most attractive volumes promised are G. L. de St. M. Watson's "A Polish Exile with Napoleon" and the "London-South" which completes Sir Walter Besant's monumental survey of the history of the British capital. Mr. Watson's volume, which Little, Brown & Co. will publish in America, is rich in material of a fresh and deeply interesting character, and the book will also be found remarkable for the scholarly manner in which it is annotated. Another memoir which will appeal to a wide circle of readers is the "Life of William Robertson Smith," while such volumes as J. J. Conway's "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris" and H. Jones Thaddeus's "Recollections of a Court Painter" will provide admirable reading of a lighter order. In default of those timely books in which he specializes, William Heinemann will rely upon the "Life of Friedrich Nietzsche" by his sister, and an addition to the sparkling memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. But, all in all, the spring season will be more notable for its imaginative than its serious literature.

LONDON, April 2, 1912. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

A department store would have fared hard in the seventeenth century, unless its proprietors could have induced Parliament to grant more privileges than were allowed to other shopkeepers. The articles that a grocer might sell were definitely prescribed. They were "raysons, currants, sugar, spice, sope, candle, molasses, gunpowder, shot, match, tar, pitch, rozen, tobacco, cotton wool, cotton yarn, starch, blueing, prunes, figs, linseed oil, lead, olives, pruna figs, Spanish white alabaster, alum, almonds, brimstone, lampblack, and candle rushes."

There was no sign immediately following the catastrophe that the loss of the *Titanic* had affected bookings on outward-bound vessels from New York. At all the large steamship offices people were seen unconcernedly engaging passage for nearby dates, and cancellations of passages already engaged were few.



## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

## Percival Pollard's Whimsical Record of Adventures in Great Cities.

Those who read "Their Day in Court" and "Masks and Minstrels of New Germany" will need no invitation to this new volume by Mr. Percival Pollard, whose death on the day of its publication leaves a gap in the ranks of American literature. "Vagabond Journeys" is not a travel book. It does not tell us how to get anywhere, what to seek nor what to avoid. It is a humorous record of individual adventure, a sort of pilgrim's progress with a man of the world as pilgrim, and with a route that includes Berlin and Boston, London, New York, Paris, Washington, and all sorts and conditions of lesser places. Mr. Pollard has written one of the few books that can turn the untraveled into citizens of the greater civilization, that can convert provincialism into cosmopolitanism.

He would indeed be unobservant and unhumorous who failed to find in an Atlantic voyage some material for comment and laughter. But has the consular service actually improved so much as is indicated by the author in the following paragraph or is he merely polite and patriotic?

Years ago, before we began to achieve a definite system of government tutelage and examination for that service, it was the American consul who contributed to the average Atlantic liner proof of the assertion that the United States has a population of eighty million odd—mostly fools. If on board ship, in those earlier days, there was one specially blatant idiot, one peculiarly pompous and noisy ass, it was sure to turn out that, as consul or consular agent, he was about to represent the United States in some unhappy European town. Many an optimist has been converted by these old-time consular emigrants; many a patriot has had his confidence shaken by them. Plucked from some cosmopolitan center like Muscatine, or Battle Creek, these victors in a political spoils system were cast blithely upon an astonished Europe. Remembering how they impressed those who suffered their presence on the Atlantic, one has nothing but the grimmest notions of how, on their European posts, they must have upheld the Stars and Stripes. At the ship's concert, in the course of the inevitable speeches, if one essentially bombastic it of nonsense got itself unloaded upon the patient populace assembled—assembled for reasons with which being unwilling to swim the rest of the way had much to do—that was sure to have emanated from the representative of our country. If in the smoking-room one man more than another aired the things that were not so, it was our consular friend. Ah, well, those days are gone; all that was under the consularship of our predecessors; we order those things better now. They tell us in Washington that the examinations are becoming as rigorous and exacting as those demanded by any other government; they say the standard of intelligence and ability in our consular representatives is now so high that the ordinary exemplar of the old régime would no longer be able to enter the fold. Well, so much the better, and it was high time. We had too long been, in this respect, a laughing stock for the others, a regret to ourselves.

But if the American consul has changed his skin the American professor is as pompously and vacuously professorial as ever. "Is there a place in the dining-room more choice than another? He files his claim for it, waving close to the purser's nose his scholarly credentials and his whiskers":

In every way he begins his ship life upon a large scale. If he figures you as being in the least able to lisp the intellectual alphabet, he may condescend to you; but not otherwise. He is an adept at the pump. He asks you, succinctly, your intentions, not only on this particular voyage, but in life as a whole. He is not infrequently something of an amateur hypnotist; that, at least, would be a charitable interpretation. He fixes all the women with his whiskered eyes: he stands before them, as who should say: "Were you wishful to address my Majesty?" If he learns that you live in Timbucktoo, he will ask you if you know the particular potentate there, who is his very dear friend. If you have been in Oulang-Yang, he assures you that our ambassador there is his old college chum. To all of which, if you are polite, you make but slight reply, and content yourself with wondering. For, as the voyage waxes and wanes, the emptiness behind the whiskers is daily more clearly discovered. The man is no longer on a rostrum; he no longer has before him a crew of timid infants, incapable of answering or argument; he is in a section of Cosmopolis, and he grows daily smaller in that contact. Pompous statements of the things that are not do not serve his purpose; here or there, in smoking-room or at table, he is sure, sooner or later, to meet a person of real information; before the end of the trip he is despoiled of all the rumor or intelligence that he brought on board with him. For that is eternally the revelation in these cases of the schoolmaster abroad: their so-called learning does not stand the test of human and experienced contact. They are teachers who have not in themselves the stuff for teaching. They are loaded with sham information, bulging with bombastic superficialities. From the platform they doubtless impose; they can not impose upon any aggregation of adult travelers who know the world they live in.

Mr. Pollard would have us pity the sorrows of a poor captain. Never, he tells us, until you become an Atlantic commuter, will you realize the depth of imbecility to which apparently sensible people can fall in the way of asking questions at sea, and invariably they choose the captain as their victim:

Imagine the captain, sitting in the place of authority in the dining saloon. Absorbing food, and lending an unwilling, ruddy ear. Into that ear, pickled by the Atlantic breezes, wafts the pick of seagoing conversation.

You are to imagine him being asked these questions on the east-bound trip:

"Do you think we will have any difficulty getting rooms?"

"Would it be all right to wear a biscuit-colored chiffon at Ascot?"

"Does this boat belong to the Com-bine, or has it got reciprocating screws?"

"Can you arrange to let us see an iceberg?"

"What made the purser look so vexed when I asked him if my Pom Pom couldn't have chicken livers every day for lunch?"

"Can you manage not to land on Friday? But I suppose you're not superstitious, having so much to do with compasses, sextants and things?"

"These, westward, ho!"

"I suppose you can tell me of any good wapiti shooting in the west?"

"You see a lot of these American political beggars on these hookers, I suppose, eh? Lloyd-George sort, most of 'em, ain't they?"

"Man told me he had to be personally present while his boots were being blacked in New York. D'you vouch for it? Pulling my leg, wasn't he?"

"Why do Americans drink so much of that Polish water or whatever it is?"

"Has anyone ever thought of applying the vacuum cleaning principle to a fog?"

You are to imagine, I say, the captain's ruddy countenance, battered by the fury of a hundred tempests, stained by a thousand suns and furrowed by the salty sprays of countless billows, keeping grimly polite.

Then, finally, you are to imagine what, once safe on the bridge, he says to the wild waves.

In England Mr. Pollard finds much to admire and much to lament. There may be much poverty and distress in Germany, but it does not, as in the great Eng-



Elsa Barker, author of "The Book of Love." Duffield & Co.

lish towns, obtrude itself upon the most unwilling observer:

The arrogance and cold unfeelingness of the English have shown themselves in nothing more than in the calm with which the prosperous classes there have for years taken for granted, have seemed quite oblivious to the horrid and filthy poverty that festers on almost every corner of the most fashionable British thoroughfare. Ragged wretches, male and female, drunken often enough, begging or cringing, cursing or crying, maudlin or sullen, inflict themselves upon every wayfarer through London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or Newcastle, or almost any other city you may name. The entire English institution of prosperity for the few depends upon the servility or the wretchedness of the many. The crossing sweeper looks for a half-penny if he has cleared the mud from before you, for which sum he will be as obsequious as if he were your dog. You can hardly look about you on Regent Street or the Haymarket, especially at theatre time, in search for a taxi, but half a dozen sturdy lads in rags will fight for the opportunity to save you your search. Too long the



Stephen Jenkins, author of "The Greatest Street in the World." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Englishman of means has taken all this servility as his right, and all this poverty as much a matter of necessity as his own comfort. If recent political events in England did nothing else, they must at least have waked the dullard who pretends to the "better class" into realization of the fact that the monster underneath him is a living and ominous reality.

The Russian is a great traveler and is to be found everywhere in Europe, and especially at the watering places. It may be the "incalculable melancholy" of Russia that drives him abroad, but there he is, and he is always in evidence:

You grow, eventually, callous to all the magnificences and personages. A genial old Russian bear and I used to engage several times a day upon a performance in front of the most staid inn the town afforded: that will show you how irreverently one becomes inured to human greatness. The moment the one of us caught sight of the other, at twenty, thirty, forty paces—no matter how far off—each stopped, clicked heels together, lifted hat from head in most elabor-

ate swing, bowed slowly forward and, approaching, cried as with one accord, "Good morning, Excellenz!" I am sure there was not a soul that watched who was not convinced that we were not, indeed, as great Excellencies as any of them. Why, when titles and dignities fly about as freely as in America such titles as captain, or colonel, or major, or simply the good old "Say"! should one not take one and play with it a little? My friend, the Russian, began it; he said it was useless for me to deny it: I looked like an Excellenz, and that settled it. From that day we played our comedy with due solemnity. If he told me, that fine old Russian, much of Petersburg and Moscow, he also proved to me that the Russians have humor as well as melancholy.

Bond Street figures prominently among the author's London recollections. During the fashionable hours the stream of humanity is entirely aristocratic, and when rags appear we feel the contrast all the more shockingly:

It is a constant procession of well-dressed men and women. Those who are not well dressed are in a conspicuous minority; you feel, instinctively, that, in the season at least, it is an insult to the street and to yourself not to be well dressed on Bond Street. Occasionally a carriage stops by the curb, while traffic halts; occupants converse languidly; sometimes a hat is lifted from the tiny trottoir; there is chatter of where one is going that night, or the next. "No; we are off to Paris; London is really too dull yet; only provincials and Americans are in town." A human ruin in paint and powder, crowd's feet, and a wig, is saying to the corsetted beau beside her, with a tragic attempt at coquetry, "Ah, it was so triste after you went!" Splendid girls, the color of Devonshire cream and roses; ponderous dowagers, impressive with lorgnettes and supercilious noses; clean-shaven, red-checked men, perfectly caparisoned—pass, and repass. Constantly people bow and speak to one another; all London, and a good deal of the whole Anglo-Saxon world, are out walking and driving.

The horseflesh is superb; the driving is no better, perhaps, than on Fifth Avenue, but its obstacles are greater, in that Bond Street is not, after all, much wider than Maiden Lane, and yet must take at a certain time of the day all that is fashionable in London traffic. One may laugh as one likes at the superhuman stiffness of the grooms and the coachmen in Bond Street; after one has seen the ludicrous mockeries of English horsemanship that obtain in most of the other European countries, one is forced to admire both the calm, immaculate immobility and the skill of the British horsefolk. The carriages of many types are all of an essential solidity; you may see some American runabouts in Hyde Park, but not in Bond Street.

Mr. Pollard does not think much of Maxim's. He was not impressed by its over-dramatized charms. Maxim's by day is full of emptiness and sleepy but insolent waiters. It has the general somnolence of a spider awaiting prey. But Maxim's at night!

Maxim's at night! Ah—how they smiled, those dear fellows who once tried to lure me on toward the legendary home of all the Loreleis of the Rue Royale! For I, like you who read this, had fed upon the legend. I awaited—who knows what wonders! But I made, alas, the great mistake: I was too sober when I went to see my dreams come true. My sober eyes strayed coldly to where, along the walls, the beauties of the legend sat. . . . Beauties? They were the same you had seen at the Marigny, at the Folies Bergères, everywhere. Dressed magnificently, but impossibly, they were never for one sober second to be mistaken for anything but what they were. The paints, the enamels and the powder did not disguise the hardness of their only rarely handsome faces. The eyes, the eyes of the vulture and the vampire; the voices not those of sirens, but of shrill, false vulgarities. The waiters had the dreadful familiarity that denotes accomplices in crime. The guests—the princes, either of Marsovia or of Pittsburg, in the legend—were of the type of men who order steak and seek cocktails on the boulevards; in brief, the Americans who belong to another legend altogether, the unfortunately verified legend of the "Seeing Chinatown" cars and the Cook's tours. Ill-fitting evening clothes mingled with sombrero hats. Bad French vied with nasal United States. An orchestra tried to drown the nasalities with its own strident notes. The ladies—"when I say ladies, of course . . ." went back and forth, upstairs, through curtains, ever swishing perfume too palpably, ogling too brazenly, shrilling too bravely their laughter.

The dance halls in Berlin are more attractive than Maxim's, although their respective denizens will reach heaven at about the same time. The point of the whole business of nocturnal pleasure in Berlin is that there must be more money spent in this way than has ever before been spent in the whole world:

Everything is there that money can buy, more than you ever thought possible. Every material form of display and luxuriousness greets the eye, on the floor, the walls, and the ceiling. The women's frocks cost fortunes; the men are spending fortunes. Withal, the women could fascinate no refined taste, and the men would be tolerated for not one second by any finely constituted woman. They move, dancing, drinking, and eating, amid all this Babylonian splendor; the men in the semblance of butchers, the women patterned for cooks.

The rings on the men's hands, the Parisian robes on the women, do not hide the essential ugliness in them. After all, there are some things you can not buy. Here, we must confess, is the supreme triumph of materialism in our own time, of materialism seeing pleasure. Had Babylon been banal, it must have been like the Berlin of to-day; let us keep our legend and believe that Babylon had never a megalomania that robbed it of its good taste.

From Berlin the author brings us back again to London and he finds always something new to admire or to blame. The London policeman comes in for a well-deserved word of approbation:

In humor, in urbanity, as in perfect control of his district, the London policeman is the nearest possible approach to perfection. To the stranger he seems the politest of all the Londoners. The shop people in London are, in the average, both stupid and rude; the supposedly well-bred people in Hyde Park, if a hapless vagabond were to come to them for information, would be either insolent or unintelligible: the policeman, however, seems invariably polite, wonderfully well informed, and furnished with English that is not nearly so atrociously cockney as that of some who fancy themselves his betters. I have yet to find the American who, in approaching a London policeman under any circumstances whatever, did not come from the encounter grateful to the "copper" in question.

Low life in London receives its meed of attention, but there were no blandishments that could persuade Mr. Pollard to cat the stewed eels of Whitechapel. He was loth to draw a line, but it had to be done. He



would eat bird's nests and frogs, but not the stewed eel:

Not that I would decry the eel as food. By no means. I have eaten smoked eels in Pomerania that were as sweet as the whitest of flesh and exactest art in smoking could make them; I have enjoyed broiled eels from the Connecticut; and I am at all times ready to assert my appreciation of those dishes. But the stewed eel of Whitechapel ranks, with me, as does the lowest ratio in the following anecdote:

An honest grocerman to a would-be purchaser of eggs, thus: "Eggs, sir? Yes, sir. Which'll you 'ave, sir, country eggs at fourpence, fresh eggs at thruppence, Danish eggs at tuppence, or The Egg at a penny?" With "The Egg at a penny" I must hereafter rank the stewed eel of Whitechapel as "The Eel."

Nor did the constant flow of "hitters" lure me. I feasted on quite other things. On the untrammelled humanity all about me, on the appetite for stewed eels displayed by the majority, on the thirst for bitter beer everywhere prevalent, on the solidity of the tobacco qualls. Over and above the chattering and clinking came the voice of the waiters with their eels and their beer. This was their formula, full of delicate imagery, smacking of flattery, tickling the vanity of the caps and the neck-cloths:

"I'm 'ere, toffs, I'm 'ere!"

The beautiful simplicity of that cry! Slang, the world over, cuts always straight to the centre of things. It is folly to think that the slang of one country is especially ahead of that of another. Consider our own famous political phrase, "What are we here for?" It has its counterpart in the brief obviousness of:

"I'm 'ere, toffs, I'm 'ere!"

Let the word "toff" be spoken in anger, in insult, and what chasm it at once opens between the gentleman of the neck-cloth and the gentleman of collars and cuffs! But spoken thus, in delicate appeal, what soothing harm to the egoism of even the neck-cloth!

The author devotes an entertaining chapter to the English language as spoken in the home of its birth and upon this side of the Atlantic. For purposes of comparison he conscripts a typical Englishman of the leisure class whom he descriptively christens Dunderary Junior:

Dunderary Junior has a drooping mustache, blue eyes that can look extremely weary, and a smile that makes rare appearance only in the presence of ladies. He is one of the best turned out men on the Row, and his lemon-colored waistcoat, his howler that is apparently in momentary danger of falling from the back of his head, and his immaculate huck-skin gloves combine to make him one of the most frequently nodded-to men in London. His seat on a horse is a delight to the knowing eye, but in his speech he is typical of his town and his type. He looked at our American friend for several consecutive moments, achieved a slow smile and a nod in the direction of a lady riding in the opposite direction, and then ventured this definite explanation:

"Oh, of course, don't you see, they would know you, you see, like a shot. I mean to say, you see, that it's quite odds-on, don't you see, that you—that you are, you see! You are, I mean to say, you are—aren't you? Eh? You are, you see; you are. I mean to say, don't you see, that it's quite the best Starting Price job of the meeting that you—well, er, that you would he, don't you see!"

The American chewed on that a little, and then remarked, apropos of nothing that Dunderary Junior could imagine as relevant:

"Say, ain't it a fine thing we speak the same language?"

A mob of both sexes cantered past, and Dunderary remarked, in his usual casual tone:

"That's a nice coh of Lord Cadowgan's."

"Just as you say," said the American, "hut whose did you say it was?"

"Lord Cadowgan's."

"How d' you spell it?"

"C-a-d-o-g-a-n."

The American looked conscience-stricken, or as if he had a touch of liver, or something equally painful.

"Good Lord," he said, "I've been making that rhyme with—oh, well, with Harrigan, so far as the vowels go, anyway. Cadowgan, you say? Ah, yes; it's just as I said; it's a God's blessing we speak the same language. Yes, sir. That's what keeps the two countries so close together. The language. Still, as I was saying, in that hash house of mine up near the Marble Arch—well, I can't make up my mind whether it's my feet or my accent; but whatever it is, they have me marked and branded. Sure! I do my best; I try to talk just the same as you, just the same. Yes, indeed. And I say, 'Don't you know' at least every few yards. That reminds me," and a distinctly new look of puzzlement added itself to the other sorts of amazement that had been fitting over his face, "I don't know as I've ever heard you say 'Don't you know' since I've had the pleasure of your acquaintance. How's that?"

From cover to cover the book is delightful reading, humorous, cosmopolitan, bohemian, and always good-tempered. If you wish to keep your youth, says Mr. Pollard in his concluding words, fare forth on journeys. They will start your humor, and humor is the half of youth.

VAGABOND JOURNEYS: THE HUMAN COMEDY AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Percival Pollard. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net.

The type of letter in early manuscript was the same as that of those used on the earlier metal plates and wax tablets. All letters were capitals. Minuscule, or small lettering, as opposed to the majuscule, was invented in the seventh century. Before its invention there was no spacing between the words. There was no punctuation, unless possibly some mark between sentences. When cursive writing came into general use about the beginning of the tenth century the art was practiced by only a few highly trained scribes. This continued all through the Middle Ages. The scribes were artists, and they carried their art to a high degree of perfection. Many of the manuscripts of that period are very beautiful specimens of handiwork and as perfect as print.

Kentucky produces nearly one-third of the tobacco crop of the country. Virginia ranks second among the states that grow enough of the fragrant plant to be reckoned with.

A penny-in-the-slot letter franking machine, doing away with postage stamps, has been installed as an experiment in the London postoffice.

## FRENCH BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"St. Martin" Comments on Some Modern Novels and Histories and the Literary Tendencies of the Day.

French fiction seems to be dividing itself more and more clearly into those broad channels that have been traced by recent developments in politics and religion. While the novel of pure romance and sentiment has by no means disappeared it seems to be accepted less readily by the public mind than was once the case. It fills a less conspicuous place and attracts less attention. The French reader is vividly aware of the national problems that are so pressing as to become dangerous and he welcomes their treatment by the novel as well as in more serious forms. Not that the novel of the heart and of the domestic relations is without its adherents. It never will be so long as France is so essentially a nation of families. There are still plenty



John Muir, author of "The Yosemite." Century Company.

of writers and of readers who recognize that the commonplace individual is the most interesting portion of humanity and who delight in the depiction of unsuspected heroisms and vices. Every human being will become either a saint or a monster if the strain be great enough and rightly applied, and there are still plenty of French writers who delight to dive for pearls in unlikely waters and to display their prizes. Of these I need mention only a single example. Louis Delzons has just produced his fifth novel, and he calls it "Le Cœur se trompe." It is a story of people who are ordinary on the surface and extraordinary under the surface, like the rest of us, and who, also like the rest of us, are more likely to be led by emotion than by reason. M. Delzons has no philosophy to exploit, no school to create or sustain, no problem to solve. He writes as an artist who naturally sees wonderful things everywhere, and so he appeals to the great provincial world which is hardly moved by the storms of Paris.

Of a different kind is Paul Acker's story, "Les



William H. Rideing, author of "Many Celebrities and a Few Others." Doubleday, Page & Co.

Exilés." It need hardly be said that the exiles are Alsations, intensely, passionately French at heart, but who find that the ill fortunes of war have given them to a foreign government. Paul Acker's story has achieved a great success because it touches directly upon the nerve of French patriotism, and that there should be such a response is a proof that forty years have had no assuaging effect upon the bitterness of French humiliation. Two other striking political novels are "Pour tuer Bonaparte," by Georges Ohnet, and "Le Metier de Roi," by Colette Yver. Both are concerned with the assassination of rulers and Colette Yver shows her power to depict the doings of anarchists and revolutionists without the riotous imagination and sensationalism that usually mark the English writers upon the same topics.

The great Revolution continues, of course, to attract the historical writer, and while the supply of new docu-

ments is necessarily limited there is no such limitation upon the interpretation of the old ones. Albert Mathiez continues his illuminating papers on the religious aspects of the struggle and its connection with the separation law. Incidentally he appears as a champion of Robespierre, whose aims were never atheistic and who indeed used that term as one of reproach for his enemies. Robespierre was essentially religious, but his religion was a humanism, not a superhumanism, and its deity was liberty as represented by the republic. Those who wished for a superhumanism might have it, but it was an irrelevance. If Robespierre set aside the old faith it was only to create a new one. The human system had changed. Why not the moral? Since we have a new earth, why not also a new heaven? A Supreme Being was, indeed, necessary, but he should be worshiped through the work of his hands, that is to say through the new republic. M. Mathiez is by no means the only modern writer who tries to reconstitute Robespierre and the Mountain, and it says something for the mystery of the man that he should still be a magnet for the historian.

The reconstitution of celebrities may be said almost to have a vogue. Literary France watches the new historians of the Revolution with a somewhat languid interest, but it is stirred to something almost like excitement by the attack upon Racine, who has worn a halo for so long that we should hardly know him without one. The attack comes from M. Masson Forestier, the poet's great-grandson, who is surely not actuated only by a love of the true and the beautiful. But we need not enter into motives. It is enough to ask why the world has canonized Racine and pictured him as a sweet and gentle saint. That he was the author of "Athalie" seems insufficient to account for the halo.

Racine's reputation for virtue rests, it seems, upon a fable. Invited by some important person to dine with him Racine declined upon the ground that he must go home to his children, "the poor darlings," and make his dinner from a carp sent to him by an admirer. The little incident touched French sentiment upon the quick, and from that moment Racine became a little, lower than the angels.

But the illusion will be dispelled if M. Forestier has his way, and he is certainly prolific in chapter and verse. M. Forestier exhausts the vocabulary of denunciation. His great-grandfather was un *décorant*, ferocious, insatiable, cruel, and luxurious. St. Evremond, who knew him called him "the very worst man in the world," which is at least fervid if not discriminating. Boileau, who loved him, yet proclaims him to be restless, jealous, a mocker, and voluptuous. Diderot summed up the poet by saying that he was "a good man only to those who don't know him, to posterity." The Abbé Vignot and Dangeau are cautious. They praise where they can and then maintain silence. They say he was a great wit, a clever artist, and a man of taste. Perhaps their silence is more eloquent than their speech.

Whatever the result of M. Forestier's crusade, we certainly know more of Racine than we did before. But what does it matter about Racine's morals? He did not leave his morals behind him. But he did leave his writings behind him, and the morals of his writings leave nothing to be desired. The general verdict seems to be that probably Racine was a commonplace man whose character was rather contemptible, who could think great thoughts but could not live them, and who deserves immortality because he wrote immortally. Let the dead bury their dead, for the works of Racine are not among them.

Another reconstituted character is that of Talleyrand, whose biography has been written by Bernard de Lacombe and now translated into English by A. d'Alberti. It is a book intended to be friendly, but it is hardly convincing nor satisfying. The author does indeed show that many good men loved Talleyrand, but he does not show why they loved him. Nor did we need a new biography to prove that Talleyrand was a man of amazing power, but we do need some one to explain the source of that power. How came it that a man with so microscopic a soul, so mean and so sordid, was yet able to call upon some interior source for a power of statesmanship almost without a parallel in modern times.

Perhaps a concluding word can be permitted on the dispute between Anatole France and the publisher Lemerre, already, I believe, noticed in the *Argonaut*. It will be remembered that Lemerre wished to produce a history of France written by Anatole France twenty-seven years ago, paid for, and never published. The author's name had, of course, little value a quarter of a century ago, but the publisher now proposes to benefit by M. France's later reputation and by means of a work that was necessarily immature. The case was rendered interesting by the fact that among the witnesses for the author was Professor Ernest Lavisse, an expert in history writing, who made a comprehensive speech on the time influences that affected both the historian and his work. Each of us, he said, who has intelligence and feeling, grows richer by experience; and when he looks back in his history he wonders at his former poverty. And who has more intelligence and feeling than M. France? To compel him to publish the work of his youth is to deprive him of the right to have lived. It was finally agreed that the book should be published with the date of its composition on the title page and with the additional words: "Published in opposition to the wish of M. Anatole France." PARIS, April 10, 1912.



## THE LURE OF THE UNKNOWN LAND.

Algot Lange Narrates Thrilling Adventures in South American Jungles, Where Cannibalism Still Prevails.

Based altogether on personal experience, a strange, stirring book of exploration and adventure of recent times is the simple narrative, "In the Amazon Jungle." Fascinating throughout, it rivets attention on a vast region of horror-infested jungle which white man had never penetrated before. There, we are told, is gold to be dug and rubber forests to be commercialized—at the risk of life every foot of the way. It is a rich field for the explorer-prospector of the future. Mr. Lange traveled over 2200 miles up the Amazon to spend some time with a medical friend at a village on stilts, Remate de Males, or "Culmination of Evils," a free translation and quite fitting the fevered town so built above its muddy foundation. Later he joined a party of rubber hunters, wandering far into the unknown jungle. A few of the party managed to return, but of the remaining members the author was the sole survivor.

Civilization is still in its infancy among the rubber-workers at Remate de Males, but love of finery and fashion has set its stamp on the women in the most amusing manner. We get this picturesque glimpse of the natives:

The rubber-worker is a well-paid laborer even though he belongs to the unskilled class. The tapping of the rubber trees and the smoking of the milk pays from eight to ten dollars a day in American gold. This, to him, of course, is riches and the men labor here in order that they may go back to their own province as wealthy men. Nothing else will yield this return; the land is not used for other products. It is hard to see how agriculture or cattle-raising could be carried on in this region, and, if they could, they would certainly not return more than one-fourth or one-fifth of what the rubber industry does. The owners of the great rubber estates, or *seringales*, are enormously wealthy men.

There are fewer women than men in Remate de Males, and none of the former is beautiful. They are for the most part Indians or Brazilians from the province of Ceara, with very dark skin, hair, and eyes, and teeth filed like shark's teeth. They go barefooted, as a rule. Here you will find all the incongruities typical of a race taking the first step in civilization. The women show in their dress how the well-paid men lavish on them the extravagances that appeal to the lingering savage left in their simple natures.

Women, who have spent most of their isolated lives in utterly uncivilized surroundings, will suddenly be brought into a community where other women are found, and immediately the instinct of self-adornment is brought into full play. Each of them falls under the sway of "Dame Fashion"—for there are the latest things, even on the upper Amazon. Screaming colors are favored; a red skirt with green stars was considered at one time the height of fashion, until an inventive woman discovered that yellow dots could also be worked in. In addition to these dresses, the women will squander money on elegant patent-leather French slippers (with which they generally neglect to wear stockings), and use silk handkerchiefs perfumed with the finest Parisian eau de Cologne, bought at a cost of from fourteen to fifteen dollars a bottle. Arrayed in all her glory on some gala occasion, the whole effect enhanced by the use of a short pipe from which she blows volumes of smoke, the woman of Remate de Males is a unique sight.

One is compelled to join in the surprise of the author over the discovery of a seamstress operating a modern labor-saving machine in the tops of a tree:

A surprise was in store for me one day when I visited the domicile of a rubber-worker living at the extreme end of the estate. I expected to find a dwelling of the ordinary appearance, raised on poles above the ground, but instead this hut was built among the branches of a tree some twenty feet above the level of the earth. I commenced climbing the rickety ladder leading to the door of the hut. Half-way up a familiar sound reached my ear. Yes, I had surely heard that sound before, but far away from this place. When I finally entered the habitation and had exchanged greetings with the head of the family, I looked for the source of the sound. Turning round I saw a woman sitting at a sewing-machine, working on a shirt evidently for her husband. I examined this machine with great curiosity and found it to be a "New Home" sewing-machine from New York. What journeys and transfers had not this apparatus undergone before it finally settled here in a tree-top in this far-off wilderness!

Rough surgery became a stern necessity, and combined with clean living and the wonderful forces of nature it is not surprising that it proved successful. We find the notable case of a native woman whose arm had become so badly infected that removal of a portion of it was undertaken as a last resort in an effort to save her life. Despite the author's fears, the outcome was most happy:

We went to the room and got the bistoury and the forceps given me by a medical friend before I left home. Besides these, I took some corrosive sublimate, intended for the preparation of animal skins, and some photographic clips. The secretary, after a search, produced an old and rusty hacksaw as the only instrument the estate could furnish. This we cleaned as carefully as possible with cloths and then immersed it in a solution of sublimate. Before going to the patient's hut I asked the owner and the woman's husband if they were reconciled to my attempt and would not hold me responsible in case of her death. They answered that, as the woman was otherwise going to die, we were entirely right in doing whatever we could. I found the patient placidly smoking a pipe, her injured arm over the edge of the hammock. By this time she understood that she was to have her arm amputated by a surgical novice. She seemed not to be greatly concerned over the matter, and went on smoking her pipe while we made the arrangements. We placed her on the floor and told her to lie still. We adjusted some rubber cloth under the dead arm. Her husband and three children stood watching, with expressionless faces. Two monkeys, tied to a board in a corner, were playing and fighting together. A large parrot was making discursive comment on the whole affair while a little lame dog seemed to be the most interested spectator. The secretary took the bistoury from the bowl containing the sublimate and handed it to me with a bow. With a custom I washed the intended spot of operation and drew a line with a pencil on the arm. "Now, with what emotions I worked! After we had once begun, however, we forgot everything except the success of the operation. I omit a description of the details, as they

might prove too greswome. The woman fainted from shock just before we touched the bone—nature thus supplying an effective, if rude, anæsthetic. We had forgotten about sewing together the flesh, and when we came to this a boy was dispatched to the owner's house for a package of stout needles. These were held in the fire for a few seconds, and then immersed when cold in the sublimate before they were used to join the flesh. By the time it was done, I was, myself, feeling very sick. Finally I could stand the little room of torture no longer, and left the secretary dressing the wound.

Every foot of the way was fraught with danger, but nowhere do we find a more shivery, thrilling adventure than befell the party one night, while paddling close inshore, when a fifty-six-foot boa constrictor was discovered:

On a soft, muddy sand-bar, half hidden by dead branches, I beheld a somewhat cone-shaped mass about seven feet in height. From the base of this came the neck and head of the snake, flat on the ground, with heavy eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled, forming an enormous pile of round, scaly monstrosity, large enough to crush us all to death at once. We had stopped at a distance of about fifteen feet from him, and looked at each other. I felt as if I were spellbound, unable to move a step farther or even to think or act on my own initiative.

The snake still made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing; its yellow eyes seeming to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear, nor any inclination to retreat, yet I was now facing a beast that few men had ever succeeded in seeing. Thus we stood looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the great silent monster looked at us. I slid my right hand down to the holster of my automatic pistol, the 9mm. Luger, and slowly removed the safety lock, at the same time staring into the faces of the men. In this manner I was less under the spell of the mesmerism of the snake, and could to some extent think and act. I wheeled around while I still held control of my faculties, and, perceiving a slight movement of the snake's coils, I fired point-blank at the head, letting go the entire chamber of soft-nose bullets. Instantly the other men woke up from their trance and in their turn fired, emptying their Winchesters into the huge head, which by this time was raised to a great height above us, loudly hissing in agony.

Our wild yelling echoed through the deep forest. The snake uncoiled itself and writhing with pain made for the water's edge. By this time we were relieved of the terrible



Illustration from "In the Amazon Jungle."  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

suspense, but we took care to keep at a respectful distance from the struggling reptile and the powerful lashing of its tail, which would have killed a man with one blow.

After half an hour the struggles grew weaker, yet we hesitated to approach even when it seemed quiet and had its head and a portion of its body submerged in the water. We decided to stay through the night and wait here a day, as I was very anxious to skin the snake and take the trophy home to the states as a souvenir of a night's adventure in this far-off jungle of the Amazon. We went up in the bushes and lit a fire, suspended our hammocks to some tree-trunks, and slept soundly not more than ten yards from the dying leviathan.

Death lurks in the most unexpected shapes in the jungle country, for even the water is thoughtfully poisoned by the Mangeromas, that they may, with the least possible inconvenience to themselves, hasten the departure from this world of their enemies. Ignorance of this fact nearly cost the author his life:

One morning I had been tramping through the jungle with two companions who were in search of game, and I was very tired and hot when we came to a little stream which I took to be the same that ran past the *maloca*. My friends were at a short distance from me, heating their way through the underbrush, when I stooped to quench my thirst. The cool water looked to me like the very Elixir of Life. At that moment, literally speaking, I was only two inches from death. Hearing a sharp cry behind me I turned slightly to feel a rough hand upon my shoulders and found myself flung backwards on the ground.

"Poison," was the reply to my angry question. Then my friend explained, and as he talked my knees wobbled and I turned pale. It seems that the Mangeromas often poison the streams below the drinking places in order to get rid of their enemies. In the present case there had been a rumor that a party of Peruvian rubber-workers might be coming up the creek, and this is always a signal of trouble among these Indians.

Instantly the words of Cowper, "Blythe as shepherd at a wake," leap to mind as the writer describes the watch scene following the death of a child:

The body was then brought in, dressed in a white robe adorned with pink, yellow, and sky-blue silk ribbons. Loose leaves and branches were being taken not to conceal any of the fancy silk ribbons. Empty whisky and gin bottles were placed around the bier, a candle stuck in the mouth of each bottle, and then the whole thing was lighted up.

It was now getting dark fast, and as the doors were wide open, a great crowd was soon attracted by the brilliant display.

All the "400" of the little rubber town seemed to pour in a steady stream into the dining-room. It was a new experience, even in this hotel, where I had eaten with water up to my knees, to take a meal with a funeral going on three feet away. We had to partake of our food with the body close by and the candle smoke blowing in our faces, adding more local color to our jerked beef and beans than was desirable. More and more people came in to pay their respects to the child that hardly any one had known while it was alive. Through it all the mother sat on a trunk in a corner peacefully smoking her pipe, evidently proud of the celebration that was going on in honor of her deceased offspring.

The kitchen boy brought in a large tray with cups of steaming coffee; biscuits also were carried around to the spectators who sat against the wall on wooden boxes. The women seemed to get the most enjoyment out of the mourning; drinking black coffee, smoking their pipes, and paying little attention to the cause of their being there, only too happy to have an official occasion to show off their finest skirts. The men had assembled around the other table, which had been cleared in the meantime, and they soon sent the boy out for whisky and beer, passing away the time playing cards.

There was nothing for me to do but submit and make the best of it. All night the mourners went on, the women drinking black coffee, while the men gambled and drank whisky in great quantities, the empty bottles being employed immediately as additional candlesticks. Towards morning, due to their heroic efforts, a multitude of bottles totally obliterated the "lit de parade" from view. I managed to fall asleep completely exhausted when the guests finally went off at nine o'clock. The doctor diagnosed the case of the dead child as chronic indigestion, the result of the mother's feeding a three-months-old infant on jerked beef and black beans.

That a cannibal can be kind and a cannibal still is not an impossibility, as the author discovered. Indeed, the chief and his tribe with whom the fever-stricken man lived for many weeks, treated him as an honored guest. Here he was nursed back to health from the shadow of death by the manhunters who had never seen a white man before, having found him unconscious in the forest. And it must not be supposed that they considered him in any way supernatural. The chief was a Solomon in his way, as demonstrated by his decision on the ownership of the carcass of a forest pig, slain by two bowmen:

On the opposite side of the fire from where the chief was sitting lay the body of the hog, and at each end of the carcass stood the two hunters, straight as saplings, gazing stolidly ahead. In a semi-circle, facing the chief and surrounding the disputants, was the tribe, squatting on the ground. The chief motioned to me to seat myself on the ground alongside of the hammock where he was sitting. The men told their story, now and then looking to me for an affirmative nod of the head. After having listened to the argument of the hunters for a considerable time without uttering a syllable, and regarding the crowd with a steady, unblinking expression, with a trace of a satirical smile around the corners of his mouth, which suited him admirably, the chief finally spoke. He said, "The hog is mine. Go!"

The matter was ended with this wise judgment, and there seemed to be no disposition to grumble or reappeal to the great authority.

While among these strange people Mr. Lange was forced to witness their horrible cannibalistic orgies, following the capture and slaying of marauding Peruvians, though no endeavor was made to induce him to participate in the feasting. When a small army of Peruvians came against the Mangeromas the writer marched to the front with his hosts, and only his good weapon and sure aim saved his life:

Now, however, a *caboclo*, with a large bloody machete in his hand, sprang from behind a tree and made straight for me. I dodged behind another tree and saw how the branches were swept aside as he rushed towards me.

Then I fired point-blank, sending three bullets into his head. He fell on his face at my feet. As I bent over him, I saw that he had a blow-gun arrow in his left thigh; he was therefore a doomed man before he attacked me. This was my first and only victim, during this brief but horrible slaughter. As I was already thoroughly sick from the noise of cracking rifles and the thumping of clubs smashing their way into the brains of the Peruvians, I rushed toward the centre of the valley where the first attack on the advance guard of the enemy had taken place, but even more revolting was the sight that revealed itself. Here and there hushes were shaking as some *caboclo* crawled along on all fours in his death agony. Those who were struck by the blow-gun arrows seemed simply to fall asleep without much pain or struggle, but the victims of the club-men and the bow-and-arrow men had a terrible death. They could not die by the merciful *wourahli* poison, like those shot by the blow-gun, but expired from hemorrhages caused by the injuries of the ruder weapons.

In the course of his explorations Mr. Lange took many photographs, the first, as far as known, ever attempted in the jungle country, and though obliged to leave his camera in the wilderness, he brought his precious films out in perfect condition. The reproductions are plentiful, clear, large, and add in no small measure to the interest of the book. Two excellent maps of the country will assist the reader in the pursuance of this fascinating narrative.

IN THE AMAZON JUNGLES. By Algot Lange. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

"Swat the fly" is never heard in Bavaria. This is perhaps due to the extreme cleanliness of Bavarian cities. Courtyards, alleys, vacant lots, etc., are kept clean, and the hallways and entrances to the houses are as fresh as soap and water can make them. There are no quarters that could be justly designated as slums, not even in the districts where buildings hundreds of years old are the rule. Garbage is collected in closed tin or zinc cans and regularly removed in closed wagons in such a manner as to be inoffensive to either sight or smell.

It is claimed that the Pope receives the largest number of letters addressed to any single person or institution. Emperor William is second, receiving not less than 7500 daily. After him comes the President of the United States.



## GORDON CRAIG'S ART.

An Incoherent, Inconsistent Book on the Theatre.

It seems impossible to get away from Gordon Craig. The current issue of the *Review of Reviews* has a summary of, and a few sentences of commendation on, "The Art of the Theatre," by the above-named gentleman. Read this: "This volume . . . is a work of undoubted genius—a prophecy of an art to come." Now there is something radically wrong or insincere about the authors of such criticisms as I have read in regard to Mr. Craig's book, or there is a great deal the matter with me—at least that part of me that considers things dramatic. In every instance and in every vital respect my judgment of that book is opposed to everything that I have read regarding it.

It is a time waster, in that it is in part incoherent; in part devoted to a consideration of obvious facts already more ably treated by other men, and in part made up of critical comment based on the flimsiest sophistry. It is treasonable, in that it advocates the destruction of or separation from loyal subjects and co-workers necessary to the welfare and development of that domain ruled over by Thespis.

Had the book come to me merely by chance and been written by some Mr. Nobody, I should certainly not waste another thought on it, and would do all I could to dissuade my friends from reading it as a book not worth while. But a book evidently attracting favorable attention from one end of the drama-loving world to the other, a book written by a man holding, as it seems, a position of eminence and authority, and the son of one of the greatest exponents of dramatic art—such a book demands serious attention.

I have endeavored to keep my reading of the book, at all times, clear of any influences that might, even to the slightest degree, militate against the fairness and squareness of any judgment I might arrive at concerning the author and his book. I purposely refrained from any examination of the text proper until I had carefully read and been somewhat favorably impressed by the eulogistic comments printed on the cover thereto. "Here is a man of genius and his book"; "If any one doubts Mr. Craig's genius, they have [sic] only to read this latest book of his . . . it is instinct with genius. On every page are illuminating flashes of thought, vista-visions, tangential flights of fancy that betray a mind entirely different from that of the ordinary pedestrian thinker"—this from the *Nation*, London; "Serious craftsmen of the theatre will take it to heart as a momentous and stimulating volume"—this from James O'Donnell Bennett, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Such sentences, coupled with many more in the same tenor, even should they not be sufficient to predispose one toward a favorable judgment, are at least potent enough to make an ordinary mortal think the proverbial "twice" before delivering himself of any little whimper not attuned to the panegyrics quoted from. And yet, after the most careful and conscientious reading, I am utterly unable to say other than that Mr. Craig's book is merely an annoyance and a time waster for any one who, imbued with a love of the drama and the theatre, should undertake to read it with the hope of finding between its covers anything new, or helpful, or illuminating, or in any way tending to exert an influence toward the development and betterment of "theatrical art."

That which impresses the reader as one of the dominant notes in Mr. Craig's book is his carping criticism in his exposition—in his own words—of "things as they are." This criticism is not only ineffective, but, in part, absolutely ridiculous, in that Mr. Craig evidently works himself into a frenzy lambasting abuses that he sets forth as characteristic of the stage in general, though the initiate knows they would not be tolerated in any aggregation of even half-managed "barnstormers." My own experience of nearly ten years never encountered, even with amateurs, such farcicalities as Mr. Craig states hold forth at and are characteristic of the average professional rehearsal. If such antics were characteristic of Mr. Craig's professional experiences his "tangential flights of fancy" should get him sympathy instead of censure.

Let us be lenient, however, and say no more of those abuses that perhaps exist in the main in Mr. Craig's imagination and which have been put into his book merely for the sake of a sort of rhetorical emphasis to such points as he chooses to make. Let us be quite just with him and admit that occasionally he does lay about with his slapstick to good purpose. It is true that the stage needs directors—needs them badly—men of dramatic instinct, of artistic perceptions, intellectual acumen; it is true that the actor is not nearly always an artist—nor a scholar; it is true that the scene painter, the stage carpenter, and "Props" are allowed—nay even told—to obtrude themselves and their product upon the scene to the belittling of the actor and the detriment of the play. Mr. Craig mentions other abuses, too. But he seems to labor under the hallucination that he is the first and only man who has pointed the accusing finger at these abuses. On the contrary, Mr. Craig attacks nothing that has not already been subjected to keener onslaughts than his. After struggling through page after page of his laborious efforts to prove the obvious, one wearies.

Let us again extend clemency to Mr. Craig and his book. Let us be patient with his exaggerations and his admitted truths, even if tiresome and hackneyed.

We have not yet examined that portion of his book on whose merit or lack of it I contend his work must stand or fall. And that is his treatment—his cure—for wrongs that we know are committed in the name of Art. Of equal import must that portion of his book be that assumes to make clear to us his conception of the perfect art of the theatre.

We have all heard of, and, even while we laughed, have admired the logic and force of the old pilot, who, while directing a vessel's course through a dangerous strait, was asked: "Captain, do you know where all the rocks are?" and emphatically and pointedly replied: "Nope. I knows where the rocks aint!" In the hope that Mr. Craig will eventually prove some kinship to the old sailor we persevere in the reading of his book, looking for him to pilot us to some course in the ocean of theatrical art where the "rocks aint."

And this is where Mr. Craig fails most signally. His remedies are not constructive, neither are they as they have been termed, revolutionary; they are simply anarchistic and run counter to the best thought on things dramatic, and fly in the face of all reason and logic. As for his great promise, his "glorious new art," Mr. Craig is too utterly incoherent regarding that for any one to be justified in a heartbreaking effort to bring something out of chaos.

After grinding through page after page of incoherent, inconsistent verbiage (presumably some of those "vista-visions" and "tangential flights of fancy"), one is forced to the conclusion that the "new art" or rather the "Ancient, Only and Original Art of the Theatre as Recognized by Mr. Edward Gordon Craig," is nothing more nor less than a certain primitive phase of dramatic expression which Mr. Craig in his evident self-assurance and narrowness of vision has mistaken for the whole thing. He calls it by a rather indefinite term—"movement." In this perfect theatrical art the appeal shall be made to our sensorium solely through our optics. Is it possible the gentleman means a Salomé? That vague and indefinite "movement" might cover—or reveal—a multitude of sins, might it not?



Louisa of Tuscany, author of "My Own Story."  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In all seriousness, the thing that Mr. Craig seems to mistake for the whole of theatrical art bears about the same relation to it that a blade of grass does to a perfect rose. Before we add our pæans to those found on the cover of Mr. Craig's book, before we choke on his conclusions, let us briefly examine his premises, let us see what authorities can be adduced to controvert them. It is merest caution that induces me to this course, for Mr. Craig, with the most bland and child-like assurance and naiveté, assures us that all men of intelligence are on his side.

Mr. Craig can not conceive of any union between the arts of the dramatist, the painter, the musician, and the actor. In his own words, "How can all the arts combine and make one art? It can only make one joke, one theatre." Again, he contends that by appealing to more than one sense at a time we but confuse an audience. Evidently Mr. Craig thinks we have not progressed much beyond the molluscous stage of our development. In his estimation, or lack of it, the art of the theatre has nothing or should have nothing to do with life. To him his "aim shall be to catch some far-off glimpse of that spirit which we call Death." No man of Mr. Craig's years, and position, and ambition, with such an inward turned vision, with such lack of sympathy and fellowship with his fellow men in this great throbbing mystery of life—life with its farce and its tragedy, its curses, its shames, its tears, and its laughter, its battles and its glories—need ever hope to exert any very lasting or appreciably beneficial influence upon such a vital art as that union of arts which makes the theatre necessary.

Mr. Craig postulates that the art of the theatre is an art by itself, having no kinship with music, painting, or literature; that the actor makes a vital mistake when he aims and endeavors to imitate humanity. I turn to my modest little library and select at random four books that I think even Mr. Craig will admit were written by "men of intelligence." One is "Freytag's Technique of the Drama, an Exposition of Dramatic Composition and Art," by Dr. Gustav Freytag,

in an authorized translation of the sixth German edition by Elias J. MacEwan, M. A.

To give in detail Dr. Freytag's claims to scholastic distinction would take too much time and space now, but one is undoubtedly justified in quoting as follows:

Since the dramatic art presents men as their inmost being exerts an influence on the external, or as they are affected by external influences, it must logically use the means by which it can make intelligible to the auditor these processes of man's nature. These means are speech, tone, and gesture. It must bring forward its characters as speaking, singing, gesticulating. Poetry uses also as accessories in her representations music and scenic art. . . . In close fellowship with her sister arts, with vigorous, united effort, she sends her images into the receptive souls of those who are at the same time auditors and spectators. The impressions which she produces are called effects. These dramatic effects have a peculiar character; they differ not only from the effects of the plastic arts through the force of emphasis and the progressive and regular gradation of the chosen movement, but also from the powerful effects of music, in this, that they flow in at the same time through two senses, and excite with rapture not only emotional but also intellectual activity.

From "Dramatists of Today," by Edward Everett Hale, Jr.:

The drama is particularly fitted to give by its especial powers and devices what one may get from all literature and all graphic art as well, and to quite the same degree no one of the other arts can give it. Something of the kind we have from painting and from fiction and poetry, but the drama combines the powers of the two. It gives us figures for the eye and for the imagination at the same time. To have such impressions is in itself an æsthetic pleasure of the purest kind.

From a critical introduction by Joseph O'Connor to "Great Plays":

It is the fashion among critics to trace the origin of the drama back through literary history to association with religious ceremonies and a source in religious sentiment; but in studying the development of elaborate dramatic composition and representation they are apt to forget that the true source of dramatic art is the great natural impulse toward feigning passion, character, situation, and action, manifest no less in savage than in civilized life, no less in the child than in the man and to be seen even in the animals that we know best. . . . This dramatic instinct finds its ultimate gratification in the splendid representations of the modern theatre. . . . It is said that the English drama rose out of the mystery, miracle, and morality plays of the church; but it must be remembered that dramatic spirit was not the consequence but the cause of the plays.

As a last resort, in our effort to find something good in this book of Craig's, we turn to his remarks on the staging of the Shakespearean drama—directions and advice, by the way, that it seems inconsistent for Mr. Craig to make, since he contends that the Shakespearean drama should not be given stage presentation. He sets his face firmly against any omission of any passages or lines whatsoever in the plays and makes a specific point of a passage between Hamlet and Ophelia (Act III, sc. 2)—a passage invariably cut. He claims that it "is as ridiculous to say that the omission of a small passage is not going to harm such a work as to say that the omission of so small a portion of the body as the eye does not injure the whole." Passing over his lack of logic, let me quote again from Joseph O'Connor:

The sudden freedom out of which the glory of the English drama grew, led to its most serious blemish, licentiousness—the audiences, however various in rank and culture, were alike in a certain coarseness of moral fibre and delight in broad jests. Few plays of the age of Elizabeth and James are free from vile words, immoral suggestions, and indecent incidents. In the tragedies, senselessly foul scenes and passages are sometimes brought in to raise a laugh among the groundlings. Shakespeare sins in this way somewhat. He is too fond of fun to hesitate at indelicacy or even indecency.

Regarding "Macbeth," Mr. Craig goes to some pains to tell us how to bring on the ghost of Banquo at the feast scene so as not to "get a giggle." I have seen several performances of "Macbeth," and remember with the keenest pleasure the productions of that great artist Modjeska and that sterling actor, Joseph Haworth—there was no giggle when Banquo's ghost entered; there was no giggle when the same point was reached in the production of Louis James and Frederick Warde; there was no giggle in that of Robert Mantell—nor in that of E. H. Sothern. Mr. Craig makes a vital mistake when he gives the place of prime importance in "Macbeth" to the supernatural element. "Macbeth" would be a great tragedy with the supernatural element entirely removed. The atmosphere of the piece would undergo considerable change and we should lose some wonderfully dramatic scenes, but they would not be sufficient to rob the play of its greatness, which is founded on truths and principles found not in spooks, nor in witches, but in the heart of man, in life itself.

Thus we might proceed until Mr. Craig's book were disposed of, point by point, and point by point his reasoning shown to be specious and founded on sophistries and false premises. There is so much in the book that it is utterly incoherent that one is put to it to drag from its kernel of truth and fact, and when after much patience and labor this has been done, one is forced to admit that same kernel of truth has been better placed by other writers. In short, the student and lover of the art of the theatre, that art which is in itself a glorious union of all the arts into one stupendous, marvelous mirroring of life, will find more development, more strength, more inspiration, in any one page of the books I have quoted from than in the whole of Mr. Gordon Craig's "Art of the Theatre." And as a final word let me commend to the student the most perfect bit of advice that has ever been written for the exponents of the art dramatic, to be found in "Hamlet," Act III, sc. 2, Hamlet's speech to the players.

LLOYD F. . . .

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1912.



## SOME POPULAR NOVELS.

## The Burgundian.

Miss Marion Polk Angellotti is to be congratulated upon a novel of old France that not only paints in clear outline the political picture of a distracted time, but that contains also a romance of considerable merit. Her story opens in the year 1407. The mad king Charles VI was upon the throne and France was given over to the distractions of rival nobles, whose insolent exactions were measured only by their power. The king was alternately dominated by Louis of Anjou, his cousin, by Louis of Orleans, his brother, and



Marion Polk Angellotti, author of "The Burgundian." Century Company.

by the Duke de Berri, his uncle, but above them all was the Duke of Burgundy, who made no alliances and whose fame as a soldier gave him an ascendancy denied to his debauched and pleasure-loving competitors.

The romance of the story centres around Rosemonde de Barbazan, who comes to court from her home in Provence and who determines that her heavy shall compensate for her poverty and win for her a great place in the world. She is assigned to the household of the Duke of Burgundy, whom she can easily captivate, but fruitlessly, as he is already married. So Rosemonde lifts her eyes still higher and secures an offer of marriage from the infatuated Louis of Orleans, and so sees herself but one step removed from the throne itself. But when Louis is assassinated by the Duke of Burgundy she finds that her dream has come to nothing, and to worse than nothing, for she has antagonized the Duke of Burgundy, and so finds herself with-



Mrs. F. Allen Harker, author of "Mr. Wycherly's Wards." Charles Scribner's Sons.

out a friend except the poor squire who had offered his love and been repulsed ignominiously. Then comes the duke's flight from Paris after the assassination of Louis, the siege of his hotel and its defense by his wife, his return from Burgundy with an army, his seizure of Paris, and his administration of the government. It is all told with an admirable precision and a clarity of language that it would be hard to praise too highly.

To depict an individual historical character is necessarily difficult, and even speculative, after the lapse of five hundred years, but Miss Angellotti has at least taken the trouble to formula for herself a clear and consistent picture of the Duke of Burgundy, and one that is well in harmony with the known facts of history. Curiously enough, she seems to be successful with her men than with her women. Rosemonde is a little too hard, too capricious, and too reckless. We are

inclined to doubt the reality of her change of heart when she finds that all her schemes have miscarried and to wonder if it is so much a change of heart as of policy. Queen Isaheu is a little too bad and the Duchess of Burgundy a little too good. But these are small defects, if, indeed, they are defects. Miss Angellotti's novel is equal to anything of its kind that has been published during many years. It is so good that we shall confidently expect something still better in the years to come.

THE BURGUNDIAN. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

## The Big Fish.

The discovery of the treasure of the Incas would be nothing less than a literary misfortune, for there is no other hidden horde that would so well serve the purpose of the novelist. It is true that the hero of this latest of Mr. Marriott Watson's capital romances discovers where the treasure is concealed, but he has the good taste to leave it untouched, so that the way is still open for other adventurers to lay the foundation for other yarns.

The creation of villains is an art in itself and the author gives us two capital specimens. Werner and Houston are past masters in



H. B. Marriott Watson, author of "The Big Fish." Little, Brown & Co.

ruffianism and treachery, and although at first they are in opposite camps they find that they are indispensable to each other, and so they join forces. Then there are Poindexter and Cassilis, two adventurous young men who engage in the treasure search for the love of the thing and who see enough of violence and murder to last them for the rest of their lives. And finally there are two beautiful women, who are strangely out of place among the desolate mountains of South America and who ought to be better employed. Indeed they are very much better employed before we take leave of them. Mr. Watson has written a thoroughly enjoyable story of adventure, one with a maximum of incident and a minimum of improbability.

THE BIG FISH. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

## Travelers Five.

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston's literary work for children is so well known and the public approval so well manifested that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce a new book from her pen. "Travelers Five" is in the vein of allegory that Mrs. Johnston has



A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Turnstile." Charles Scribner's Sons.

made so happily her own, and perhaps the reviewer can do no better than quote the following line from the foreword contributed by Mr. Bliss Carman, who says: "Here you shall see approaching, in that delightful and motley cavalcade, Irish Jimmy in his ranchman's dress, his warm Celtic heart urging him on up the obscure trail of unselfish good; here, grotesque old Gid Wiggan, flouting the shows of fashion, yet himself a showman conspicuous in the greater show of life; here, the old story, a fine gentleman's sense and feeling masquerading under the antics of a traveling clown; next, an embarrassed villager with

something like greatness thrust upon him; and last, another strange example of silent, persistent New England idealism, too proud to confess itself and only reaching its goal through a lifetime of repression and apparent failure."

TRAVELERS FIVE ALONG LIFE'S HIGHWAY. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

## Through the Postern Gate.

Florence L. Barclay gives us a delightful romance and one that is fashioned upon a rather original plan. Miss Christobel Charteris, who has been entertaining her pretty niece and The Boy under the impression that she was successfully playing the part of a matchmaker—a rôle so dear to all good women—finds to her dismay that she herself is the object of The Boy's devotion and that he not only lays siege to her heart with a surprising energy but predicts that he will force a capitulation within seven days. And so we have seven chapters, each being the record of one of these eventful days. We can easily foresee the laurels of victory, although the struggle is complicated and intensified by the fact that the lady is sixteen years older than her lover and has been led to believe that she is in some way committed to the elderly professor who has been teaching her Greek and who is only waiting upon the financial gods for a chance to declare himself. The great disparity in age between Miss Charteris and The Boy demands some skill in treatment, but the author proves herself equal to the task, and indeed to all such literary and romantic tasks.

THROUGH THE POSTERN GATE. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

## The Actor-Manager.

Mr. Leonard Merrick's popularity as an author is probably beyond question. Like the newspapers, it is a matter of circulation, but it is hardly due to a conformity with any recognized standard of literary art. Mr. Merrick's skill seems rather to lie in a certain implacable and photographic accuracy that is unrelieved by any suggestion of moral evolution or the promise of unseen things. His array of orderly and relentless facts produces a sensation of dreariness.

"The Actor-Manager," as its name implies, is a story of the stage, of a mismatched marriage, and of the inevitable catastrophe.

Royce Oliphant and Alma King are both professionals. They become acquainted when their fortunes are at the lowest ebb, and just as they are about to fall in love they have to separate. A successful play brings fortune to Oliphant, and at about the same time he becomes infatuated with Maud Ellerton, his leading lady, and marries her after Maud has satisfied herself that there is nothing better in sight nor likely to come in sight. Then comes the struggle between Oliphant's dramatic idealism and Maud's materialism, a struggle that we feel might have been avoided if Oliphant had been more of a man. Then comes the death of their baby and Oliphant's disgust when he finds that his wife is using the occasion to secure for herself a coveted paragraph in the dramatic newspaper. But the incident seems inadequate for so much heat. An obituary notice is not considered proof positive of a cold heart, but on the strength of this obituary notice Oliphant allows his sense of estrangement from his wife to become one of repulsion. Already we see the end in sight. A millionaire admirer has been visible in the background and he is naturally called to the front when Maud discovers that she has lost her husband. In spite of the author's obvious intentions we feel a good deal of sympathy for Maud and of impatience with her husband. Nor are we at all sure that the results would have been much better had Oliphant married Alma King, who reappears fitfully in the course of the story and who seems to have no definite destination. Mr. Merrick gives the idea of an accurate portrayal of facts and events, but he does not exercise the gift of prophecy and he shows us nothing that is not visible to the eye of flesh.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.20 net.

Among later additions to the Home University Library is "Architecture," by W. R. Lethaby (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). The author leads us from ancient Egypt to modern days by way of Babylonia, Crete, Greece, Rome, and the Byzantine, Saxon, and Norman schools. The present enemy to architecture, says the author, is not science, but vulgarity, a pretense to beauty at second-hand. We have to awaken the civic ideal and to aim first at the obvious commonplaces of cleanliness, order, and neatness. A useful bibliography concludes the volume.

## SCRIBNER SPRING FICTION

## Over the Pass

By FREDERICK PALMER

This romance, whose scene is Arizona mainly, is by far Mr. Palmer's most notable work to date. Its hero, a daring young Easterner who can sacrifice anything but honor to win the girl he begins by rescuing, presses on through difficulty and danger to final full success.

## The Turnstile

By A. E. W. MASON

A girl in Argentina sends an explorer she has never seen, on his departure "farthest South," a cablegram of encouragement unsigned. The two meet later and the complications that arise from the mystery of her birth, his struggle against the pull of a passion for exploration, go to form a novel intensely dramatic and absorbing.

## George Wendern Gave a Party

By JOHN INGLIS

A story of love and wild-cat speculation, whose hero, a quixotic figure perhaps, stands out as living honor from a throng of selfish business men and investors; whose heroine, an American heiress ambitious from uncommon and unselfish motives for title, is a personality of extraordinary charm; whose climax—the party George Wendern gave—forms one of the oddest and most striking denouements in recent fiction; whose author is a novelist of considerable note who chooses in this case, as an experiment, to use an assumed name.

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By E. W. HORNING

"A fresh and penetrating study of that eternal problem, the human boy."—*London Spectator*.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Greece.

Let us hope that Mr. J. C. Stobart foreshadows the history writing of the future when he tells the story of Greece from the artistic and ethical standpoint rather than from that of wars and conquests. He has certainly written a beautiful book, internally and externally, a book full of enthusiasm for his subject and understanding of it, a book to be read by those who suppose that the story of humanity is one of successive and orderly advance and that our own civilization is the high-water mark of the evolutionary tide.

Mr. Stobart divides his work into six sections and an epilogue. We have chapters on the Ægean Civilization, the Heroic Age, the Ages of Transition, the Grand Century, the Fourth Century, and the Macedonian World. The epilogue is followed by a glossary, bibliography, and index, while the illustrations are hountiful in number and admirable in quality.

Perhaps the chapter on Ægean or Cretan civilization is the most interesting of all, at least from the archaeological standpoint. Historians, we are told, are constantly being required to add additional chapters after their "Finis" and to tear up and rewrite their first chapters. This has been peculiarly the case with Greece, whose career was once supposed to begin with Homer. Then came Schliemann, who uncovered Troy, in fact several Troys. And now the Cretan civilization has been brought to light and King Minos emerges from myth into sober history. If civilization began in ancient Egypt and Babylon it evidently used Crete as a stepping-stone on its way to Europe and its second stepping-stone was Greece. The story of Cretan art and culture must be left to the author's own telling, and he does it with a certain exuberance that is almost frivolous.



Amélie Rives, author of "Hidden House." J. B. Lippincott Company.

A better picture of the Greek genius has rarely been given. Reverence and self-restraint were the keystones of her progress. Her people relied upon their own powers and they knew their limitations. Having found what they believed to be the right way they persisted in it and they "hated eccentricity like poison." They were bold in originality, but they never worshiped it. Originality was never an aim in itself. Politically they had reached "the utmost possibility of the city-state" wherein every citizen was a shareholder of unlimited liability. It is to Athens and perhaps Rome alone, says the author, that we can look for historical answers to the great riddle for which we can not yet boast of having discovered a solution—whether democracy can govern an empire.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE. By J. C. Stobart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$7.50 net.

Modern England.

A book about England by a Frenchman and for the reading of Frenchmen can not fail to have an interest all its own. M. Louis Cazamian is a lecturer at the Sorbonne and therefore a man of intelligence. It is evident that he is also a keen observer, and when we note that he is also sympathetic and dispassionate it will be seen that he is fully equipped.

M. Cazamian sees in England a conflict between a tendency to instinctive readjustments and another tendency to rational adaptations. England, in other words, is divided between the demands of her inherited instincts and those of her new necessities which require a departure from instinct. Might we not translate this into a struggle between conservatism and radicalism. Might we not go further and say that the whole world is suffering from the same conflict and from the recognition that existing problems can not be solved in the old ways? The two forces have taken the lead by turns, but at the present time, in

England and elsewhere, there has been a cutting away from tradition and a search, sometimes reckless and sometimes cautious, for new guides and new standards.

The author goes over the ground very completely. He devotes a section to "Democracy and Rationalism," and another to "The Revenge of Instinct," and he then passes on to a consideration of "The New Problems." These include free trade and protectionism, socialism, the labor party, Home Rule and the new Liberalism, imperialism, and pragmatism in its relation to utilitarianism. As to whether England can stand the strain, whether the new wine can be poured into the old bottles without bursting them, the author remains in doubt, but it is a hopeful doubt. His presentation is careful and elaborate, but his inquiry would perhaps be wider angled if



Rachael Schaffler, author of "The Goadly Fellowship." Macmillan Company.

he recognized more clearly that the same struggle between the old and the new, between tradition and the future, is going on all over the world.

MODERN ENGLAND. By Louis Cazamian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Count Tolstoy.

We are not sure that Mr. Dole has rightly assessed the duty of a biographer when he says that it is "to gather all the light he can from all possible sources and concentrate it in his lens, taking care that it be not colored by his own prejudices or personality." Surely a biography ought to derive a certain illumination from the enthusiasm of its author, it ought to reflect the appraising picture formed in his mind. Otherwise it becomes little more than a chronology of events, a photograph rather than a painting.

It may be said at once that those who want the facts of Tolstoy's life will find them in this volume, set forth with an admirable precision and narrative skill. The author tells



Alice Louise Lee, author of "Cap'n Joe's Sister." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

us that his chief authorities, aside from Tolstoy's own writings (including a collection of five hundred and sixty-two letters under the title "Tolstovsky Almanakh"), are Biryukof, Aylmer Maude's two-volume Life, Behr's "Recollections," and Edward A. Steiner's "Tolstoy, the Man." His own book may almost be described as a compendium of all other biographies of Tolstoy so far as life facts are concerned. Such, indeed, seems to have been the author's aim, and the result is a thoroughly useful and readable book, but not one that will shine or one that contains any contagious appreciation. The copious and valuable appendices include a "Chronology of the Life and Writings of Count L. N. Tolstoy," "Tolstoyan Colonies," and "Tolstoy in the Eyes of His Contemporaries." A word of praise should also be given to the un-

usually competent index and the numerous illustrations.

THE LIFE OF LYOF N. TOLSTOY. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net.

Lafayette.

Edith Sichel writes as entertainingly of Lafayette as she did of Catharine de Medici and of the great figures of the Renaissance. She paints her central figure upon the widest of canvases and in her hands a biography becomes a history of the times. That her story of the Lafayette household should have reached a third edition is a deserved testimony to its historical value and to the charm and purity of style that give distinction to all the author's work.

Lafayette owes his place in the public view to his character, and not to his works, for he left hardly a mark upon the events of his day. Like the great figures of the Revolution he lived in an atmosphere of futile abstractions, but, unlike them, he never went beyond it. He knew nothing of the tides of public feeling and he had none of the practical breadth of view so essential to the leaders of men. As the author truly says, he had the mental density common to those nourished upon a fixed idea, while his childlike vanity was a constant veil between himself and the facts of life. Hated alike by Royalists and Jacobins because his ideals would not allow of the staunchness to party that the times demanded he was equally unable either to support or to resist Napoleon. Indeed we may believe that Napoleon looked upon Lafayette with a certain amused contempt, as upon one whose ideals were too high for practical use. If Lafayette could have translated his ideals into action he would have been a genius. But

there was no bridge between those ideals and the forces that they might have controlled.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE LAFAYETTES. By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

History of Our Times

Mr. Gooch's volume, which appears in the Home University Library, is devoted to the last quarter of a century and is not so much a history as a sketch of the struggle between inherited tendencies and intellectual adaptation. Thus in Great Britain we have the rise and decline of imperialism, in France the problem of internal and external defense, in Germany the emergence of world ambitions, in Austria the racial struggle, and in Russia the search for a constitution. The author notes all these factors and so enables us to obtain a condensed view of world tendencies. In his closing chapter he deals with some of the movements, such as Socialism, which are not subject to geographical boundaries. Mr. Gooch's task is a large one for so small a book and he performs it in a competent and suggestive way.

HISTORY OF OUR TIME. By G. P. Gooch. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

The Gleam.

This is a personal narrative of one who became dissatisfied with the more conventional forms of religion and who embarked upon that variety of spiritual development commonly known as New Thought, but with the added ingredient of something rather like spiritualism. The author's experiences are identical with those of thousands of others, but she gives them a sort of distinction by a narrative style of unusual grace and simplicity.

THE GLEAM. By Helen R. Albee. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35.

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## LATE FICTION.

## The Green Vase.

Mr. William R. Castle, Jr., deserves credit for a story that is holdly conceived and elaborated with care and skill. He shows us the initial disillusionment and disappointment that follow an apparently ill-assorted marriage and how the real values of human nature assert themselves over the conventions of rank and caste. It is a worthy idea, and it is set forth in a narrative worthily told.



Percy MacKaye, author of "Tomorrow."  
Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Helen Smith discovers with a shock that in marrying Henry Murphy she has made a retrograde step in the social scale. The house that has been prepared for her as a surprise is in South Boston and its furnishings and decorations are of the kind abhorrent to her cultivated taste, but enthusiastically admired by her husband. And in the centre of the mantel is a fat green vase with red and yellow flowers in high relief and shining with a generosity of varnish. It is a wedding-present from Henry's Uncle John, and for poor Helen it becomes the type of her new life, a type of her husband, her home and her neighbors. The green vase is

the expression of the vulgarized atmosphere into which she has been drawn, and it is an atmosphere congenial to the man she has chosen.

Then comes Stephen Bond, who knew Helen before she was married and who readily understands the situation into which the young wife has been brought. Sympathy is proverbially akin to love, and as Helen shrinks more and more from the ugly conditions of South Boston life she draws closer to the man who appreciates her misery and its cause. Her loyalty to her husband never wavers, but Stephen gradually wins her confidence and at last finds that he is hopelessly in love with the woman whom he intended only to befriend and comfort. Then comes the street-car strike. Murphy has warned his wife not to ride upon the cars, but she disobeys him. Stephen comes to her aid just as she is frightened by the threats of the crowd, and a moment before the bridge is blown up, throwing the car and its passengers into the water. When Stephen and Helen are picked up by a passing boat and landed at a distant village Helen has lost her memory and Stephen yields to irresistible temptation, assures her that he is her husband, and devotes himself to the winning of her love.

The story is told convincingly and without offense to the probabilities. There seems no reason why Helen should not give herself to



Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of  
"Tante." The Century Company.

the man whom she believes to be her husband and the father of her unborn child, but somewhere in the recesses of her darkened mind she feels the barrier of an inarticulate memory. Perhaps modern psychology would look skeptically upon the restraining efficacy of a subconscious recollection that never formulates itself in the mind, but the idea commends itself to an intelligent sentiment and we can applaud heartily when actual memory returns and Helen recognizes a love for her husband that overpowers convention and caste and the unrealities of social ambitions.

THE GREEN VASE. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

## The Five Towns.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is not at his best in the short story, but his best is so very good that there will still be a welcome for lesser excellences. In "The Matador of the Five Towns" we have sixteen sketches of the English midlands that Mr. Bennett knows so well, the manufacturing centres, close grouped, that breed an individuality all their own; an individuality not perhaps the most attractive, but intensely virile and furnishing admirable material for the story-teller. Among the more dramatic of these stories is "The Elixir of Youth," with its picture of the country girl who buys a glass of the magical elixir from the carnival charlatan in order that she may keep her beauty until her lover, just arrested for murder, is released from jail. A moment later she is tossed by a hull and killed on the spot and so "Thou's gotten thy wish: thou'rt young forever."

THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

## The Trevor Case.

The demand for detective stories seems to continue brisk, and it is met by a gratifying variety of crime and ingenuity. For some mysterious reason nearly all writers of detective stories find it necessary to introduce a newspaper reporter whose acumen puts the skill of the regular police to shame and whose prescience can only be compared with that of Providence. It is strange that we never meet any of these gifted reporters in daily life.

"The Trevor Case" deals with no less a personage than the Attorney-General of the United States, while the President himself and the Secretary of State hover visibly in the background. Attorney-General Trevor is suddenly informed that his wife has been murdered, a piece of information well calculated to surprise any man. Not only has she

been murdered by a batpin driven into her heart, but her body has been crammed into the official safe and is found there by an official who unlocks the door to begin his day's work. The Attorney-General is naturally curious as to the identity of the assassin, and so is the reader. Of course the police can discover nothing. They never can in detective stories of the approved kind, but the newspaper reporter is well to the front, and he suspects every one by turns and no one long. For a time it looks as though the Attorney-General himself were the guilty wretch, and then we have horrid doubts as to the innocence of the President, but eventually it turns out all right. It would be unfair to say who actually murdered Mrs. Trevor, but we may at least admit that we should never have thought it. So this particular detective story is orthodox all the way through.

THE TREVOR CASE. By Natalie Summer Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

## The Boule Cabinet.

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson has given us one of the best detective stories of the year and one that recalls the mysterious poisons of the Medicis and the criminal experts of the middle ages.

Mr. Vantine, a resident of New York and a collector of antiquities, buys a valuable Boule cabinet which once belonged to Mme. de Montespan and which contained a secret drawer in which that frail beauty concealed her love letters. No sooner has Mr. Vantine unpacked his treasure than he receives a visit from an unknown Frenchman who is asked to wait in the room containing the cabinet. When Mr. Vantine enters the room a few minutes later his visitor is dead. Two pin pricks on his hand, which is swollen and discolored, are the only marks of violence, but he has evidently been poisoned by some drug of extraordinary rapidity. A few hours later Mr. Vantine himself is found dead, obviously from the same cause and with similar pin pricks on his hand. Then it becomes clear that an organized conspiracy is on foot to obtain possession of the cabinet, but this is foiled by the vigilance of Mr. Vantine's lawyer and the almost superhuman cleverness of a reporter who was once a detective. Convinced of the existence of a secret drawer which must be guarded by some deadly mechanical appliance, they thoroughly overhaul



Anna Alice Chapin, author of "The Under Trail." Little, Brown & Co.

the cabinet and do actually find the drawer, after taking the precaution to wear a mailed glove, but there is no poisoned dagger, and the death of the two victims seems as insoluble as ever. Of course it is solved in the end, but not until the stage has been satisfactorily filled with mysterious women, French criminals of a diabolical skill, with the usual accompaniment of detectives, policemen, and lawyers. Mr. Stevenson has given us a story of considerable skill and one that has many elements of true romance.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOULE CABINET. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

## The Breaking Point.

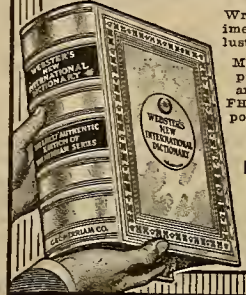
Mr. F. L. Pattee has decorated his novel with every mark of sincerity and purpose, but he has failed to give us a satisfactory culmination or conclusion. He tells the story of John Galt, the minister of a worldly church in a large city. Galt saves the life of a woman of the half-world who is bent upon suicide, and his efforts to reclaim her bring him into contact with the sterner realities of life and also into a realization of his deeper spiritual duties. Isobel Carniston is not only a sinner, but a beautiful sinner, and Galt finds to his dismay that his congregation looks with a worldly eye upon a relationship that is usually misunderstood by public opinion. When Galt finally meets with a Theosophist and begins to attend Theosophical lectures the breach between himself and his church is still further widened, and at last he breaks

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the link in a tempest of denunciation and devotes himself to mission work in Boston. And by that time Isobel Carniston, the reformed Magdalene, is hopelessly in love with the man who rescued her from death and from a shameful life. The situation is a difficult one and we feel that the author should have handled it with more courage. The sketch of Theosophical ideas, while intended to be warmly sympathetic, seems to be a rather repulsive caricature.

THE BREAKING-POINT. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The Relentless Current.

The relentless current is presumably the current of fate which drives Muriel Dean across the Atlantic to the defense of her lover, who lies under sentence of death in a western American town for a murder which he did not commit. When the summons comes Muriel is slowly making up her mind to the fact that she does not love Jack quite well enough to marry him, but none the less she rushes to his aid and so meets the man for whom fate has designed her. The idea is a fairly good one, but the author spoils it by allowing the electrocution of an innocent man and, worse still, by introducing Muriel herself into the death room by her own wish. We can never love Muriel any more after that.

THE RELENTLESS CURRENT. By M. E. Charlesworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

## For a Night.

We may doubt if there is any demand for more of Zola's stories than are already accessible in English, but nevertheless Alison M. Lederer has translated three short sketches from two volumes published by Charpentier. The story from which the book takes its name has a certain unclean fascination about it, a sort of horrid dramatic intensity that will



Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rasary." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

appeal to those who love the study of twisted human nature, but it has nothing else to recommend it.

FOR A NIGHT. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia, northeast corner of Fifth and Pine Streets; Brown Brothers; \$1 net.

The Macmillan Company have added "King John," "Coriolanus," and "The Comedy of Errors" to the Tudor Shakespeare now in course of issue under the editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Price, 35 cents per volume.

## The New Books

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## WORK OF THE NOVELISTS.

## Beyond the Law.

This story comes to us with a certificate of high merit from Mr. Arnold Bennett and other well-known English writers, and their encomium is well deserved. It is not only a striking romance, but it illuminates a page of Irish history that is remembered by Irishmen too clearly and by other people not clearly enough. The author's sympathies seem to be intensely Catholic, but there is no reason to believe that she has over-colored her picture of Protestant persecution. Probably it could not be over-colored. A man-eating tiger might envy the refinements of cruelty with which Catholics have persecuted Protestants and Protestants have persecuted Catholics whenever the wheel of fate has given the opportunity.

When William of Orange came to the English throne he promised toleration to the Irish Catholics and of course he broke his promise. Among the victims of the new rigor—framed, as the author frankly tells us, upon the Edict of Nantes—was Lady Lisronan, who with her young son was dispossessed of her estate by a certain ruffianly Dutchman named Albrecht Wynnykt. She was not only dispossessed for no other offense but her religion, but she was hurled down the stairs with such violence by Wynnykt himself that she was paralyzed and died in her French refuge twelve years later, leaving a heritage of vengeance to her son. Those were the days when Irish Catholics had no rights whatever before the law, when they might not carry a gun nor ride a horse, when their lives might be taken by whoever wished, and when the honor of their women was of less account than the skin of a rabbit. Nevertheless young Lord Lisronan returns to Ireland in search of vengeance. There he meets Julia, whom he supposes to be the illegitimate daughter of his enemy, and in a moment of need he prom-

may be doubted if there is any more striking picture of the reign of terror in Ireland when the fury of Protestant ascendancy under William outdid the terrors of Cromwell himself.

BEYOND THE LAW. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

## From the Car Behind.

There can be little question that Eleanor M. Ingram is nearly, if not quite, the best writer of automobile stories of today. The temptation to concentrate the interest of the reader upon the machine rather than upon the man is a strong one, and one to which many of our story-tellers succumb, but it is avoided in such clever yarns as "The Flying Mercury" and "From the Car Behind." In



Illustration from "The Car Behind," by Eleanor M. Ingram. J. B. Lippincott Company.

this latest novel we have two men and two girls, an automobile atmosphere that is pervasive but not oppressive, some well described races with their attendant casualty lists, and a romance in which the threads of love get rather badly tangled, as is their wont. The author's male characters are somewhat suggestive of manly young women, but it is a small defect. There are some good illustrations in color by James Montgomery Flagg.

FROM THE CAR BEHIND. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## Jacquine of the Hut.

This is a story of the Channel Islands and especially of Sark in the year 1766, when smuggling was the chief occupation of the somewhat primitive people who inhabited the little archipelago of the English Channel. The hero is Jacquine, poor and beautiful and desperately in love with Ricart de Cartaret, sailor, smuggler, gambler, and desperado. But Ricart can not afford to marry a girl without money, and one, moreover, who is held at arm's length by the island people for the carelessness of her life and her probable addiction



Illustration from "Jacquine of the Hut," by E. Gallienne Robin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ises to protect her against the brutality of her father. Just at the moment of his departure for France Julia throws herself upon his protection, dazed by blows and stupid from terror. He can not abandon her, and to take her with him would be the worst service he could render her at such a time as that. In his perplexity he asks the advice of the priest, one of those hunted and proscribed devotees who did so much for Ireland in her need. The priest does not hesitate. Lisronan must marry Julia then and there, and so the Irish exile finds himself with a wife, and that wife the supposed daughter of the man who had murdered his mother and whom he had sworn to kill. It is an incident of real drama and told with the quiet force that befits it.

It is in the character of Julia that the author seems to have laid herself open to some slight criticism. She is represented as beautiful and with the shrinking timidity natural to her horrible position in the house of Wynnykt. But we are allowed also to regard her as vacuous-minded, shallow, and trivial almost to the verge of idiocy, although rigidly virtuous like all Irish girls and with a certain pathetic craving to be loved and cared for. We foresee that Lisronan will eventually fall in love with his wife, as indeed he does, and with this in view the author seems to have made her initial character a little weaker than it should have been. We do not want to despise Julia, and we do almost despise her when in the midst of the instant and deadly perils surrounding her marriage she insists on raking over the old wardrobes and decking herself in the available finery. This is hardly consistent with the mental prostration of terror and points rather to an infirmity of character hardly likely to win the heart of Lisronan himself. Julia, in short, seems rather too silly for her part. We may doubt, too, if William of Orange was quite the dour and repellent figure represented.

But the story is an exceptional one in every way, one to be read and remembered. It

gull that follows Ricart's boat and nearly wrecks it. Every one knows that the souls of the island folk are likely to do this if there is a revenge to be satisfied.

The picture of life in the Channel Islands is well drawn and the romance satisfactorily set forth. The author can describe the great virtues and the great passions in a way that is never intense but that is satisfactory and convincing.

JACQUINE OF THE HUT. By E. Gallienne Robin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

## The Black Feather.

This wildly fantastic story is even more sensational than others by the same author that have preceded it. Theophrastus Longuet, a respectable tradesman of Paris, while visiting the old palace of the Conciergerie shows an intimate knowledge of the subterranean dungeons of that grim prison and what at first seems to be the development of a dual personality becomes at last a kind of obsession by the memory of a previous incarnation. The situation is an awkward one, since M. Longuet in his last life was one of the most notorious and daring criminals of his day and he now reverts to his old evil habits with disastrous results. It is easy to imagine the structure that the author can build from such material as this, but the story becomes positively grim when the unfortunate Longuet reenacts the events of his imprisonment and torture during the efforts of his friends to release him from his troublesome affliction. The story belongs to the reincarnation literature now somewhat in vogue, but the author allows himself to wander far afield and fancy free in the construction of a story that is intended to be no more than sensational.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK FEATHER. By Gaston Leroux. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The Range Riders.

Mr. Charles Alden Seltzer gives us ten good stories of ranch life, vigorously told and grouped around the usual incidents of cattle rustling, vigilantes, and nesters. The frontier ranch finds its true historian in the story-

teller, perhaps the only historian it will ever have, and it can wish for no better treatment than it gets at the hands of Mr. Seltzer.

THE RANGE RIDERS. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.25.

## The Yoke of Silence.

This is a well-written story about something that does not matter, one of those curious points of "honor" that are allowed by some minds to outweigh the real essentials of life, and that usually exist only in the imagination of the novelist.

Jim Adair has an entirely unnecessary sense of responsibility for a woman to whom he once made love and who subsequently married a drunkard. He supports the husband when he is finally sent to an asylum and he also makes an allowance to the wife. This alone would be merely quixotic. But why should he take a pledge of secrecy that extends to his own wife and under the absurd idea that Mrs. Maynard's reputation would suffer if it became known that she had an insane husband? When Mrs. Adair discovers that her husband has relations with Mrs. Maynard and when he refuses to explain those relations there is naturally a "row," husband and wife separate, and a permanent domestic tragedy is averted only by an accident. Adair's "honor" will allow him to wreck his wife's happiness, but it will not allow him to give her a simple explanation of his relations with Mrs. Maynard that would have made everything right with her in a moment. The author writes so well that she should find some honest human sentiment to write about.

THE YOKE OF SILENCE. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

"Norse Tales Retold," by Ritza Freeman and Ruth Davis (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is intended for little children "and others who care to read them," and is devoted to the legends of Asgard, Odin, Gerd, Thor, Balder, and Loki. The stories are told with a fine simplicity and should attract the attention of those who wish to provide their children with the best possible literature.

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When Millicent is invited to pay a holiday visit to Turkey she naturally detects the guiding finger of Providence. Turkey is notoriously degraded, and it is obvious that the women of the harems need nothing more for their salvation than the example of a young American girl who has received the vast education that American colleges are known to confer. Therefore Millicent undertakes the



Willa S. Cather, author of "Alexander's Bridge." Houghton Mifflin Company.

redemption of Turkey as the first step in her crusade.

Her own real education is the result. She finds that the Turk, like the other devil, is not so bad as he is painted. Soon after her arrival, and while alone on a Bosphorus pier, she is molested by an Armenian. The incident is related as follows:

"Vous êtes faites pour des caresses."

The girl began to be frightened. Every one on the pier seemed so intent on his own business and the Armenian so confident. She stepped away from him. He followed her, and his lips were parted for another sentence, when the Turk, who had been delayed on the gangway, came up.

Gravely he kicked the Armenian off the pier. It was done with an air of courtesy, as if he were removing an obstruction from her path.

Millicent found herself murmuring "Thank you."

Millicent discovers later on that the harem women are not in need of salvation, nor even of pity. They are not the abject slaves that she supposed. The girl graduate is not in demand. And her education is finally completed when she herself falls in love with a Turk, who is a gallant gentleman, making love in the approved way and without any



Gertrude Atherton, author of "Julia France and Her Times." Macmillan Company.

evidence of the "unspeakable" characteristics usually associated with his race.

The author has a competent knowledge of her subject and she has written a story that may safely be commended to young women who believe that they have education and a mission, but who actually have neither. The style is a little too formal and rigid, but this hardly detracts from the substantial value of the story.

IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## Under Western Eyes.

The grim story of the Russian terrorist movement is supposed to be compiled from the diary of Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov, a student of the University of St. Petersburg. It opens with the assassination

of Mr. de P—, president of the repressive commission, who is killed by a bomb thrown at his carriage in the open street. The assassin escapes, but when Razumov returns to his lodgings that evening he finds awaiting him a fellow-student named Haldin, who confesses to the crime and begs Razumov to aid in his escape. Razumov has an antipathy to the terrorist movement, but, yielding to the influence of Haldin, he agrees to make the necessary arrangements with a certain cab driver who is a friend of the cause. But the cab driver is drunk and cannot be aroused, and then Razumov, acting under a revulsion of feeling, goes to police headquarters, informs on Haldin, and aids in his capture. Haldin is caught and hanged at once, and then Razumov finds that he himself has become a suspect and that his career is ruined. Eventually he succumbs to the pressure put upon him, becomes a police spy, and is commissioned to go to Switzerland, ingratiate himself with the Russian exiles and betray their secrets. In Switzerland he meets Haldin's sister, herself a terrorist, falls in love with her, and faces the alternative of loyalty to the government on the one hand and to Nathalie on the other. It will be seen that the story has possibilities.

It is told with a sort of grim fatalism, such as one would expect to find in the diary of a man torn by remorse for his treachery, hatred of his occupation, and love for a woman. There have been few more illuminating pictures of the revolutionary movement and of the inexorable subtlety of the secret police. That Mr. Joseph Conrad knows his subject need hardly be said. He seems not only to know it, but to be saturated with it, and he is able to transfer its atmosphere to his pages.

UNDER WESTERN EYES. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

## The Bandbox.

This is one of those stories that fascinate us by their ingenuity and that linger in the memory for about half an hour after the last page has been finished. Its mainspring is the attempt of a beautiful actress to smuggle a pearl necklace through the American custom-



Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Bandbox." Little, Brown & Co.

house. Returning from a flying visit to Europe, she learns that her lover will be a passenger on the same steamer. Buying a valuable hat she sends it to him anonymously and conceals the jewels in the crown, knowing that he will perplexedly include it in his own baggage and supposing that the officers will pay slight attention to a woman's hat that is obviously intended as a present. But a thief who is aware that she has bought the pearls resolves to secure them and so takes passage on the same steamer, and then there is some very intricate play between the actress, who announces that her jewels have been stolen; the thief, who would like to steal them but has not been able to find them, and the lover, who tries to help everybody and is wholly unaware of the part that he himself is playing. The plot is complicated by various other persons, including another beautiful woman and a relative of the thief who is his physical counterpart. For a railroad journey no story could be better.

THE BANDBOX. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Paradise Farm.

Katharine Tynan's stories can always be relied upon for wholesome romance and for characters that are good to know even if they have not that touch of creative genius that leaves a permanent impression upon the memory.

Greville Seymour is the son of Lord Ullswater. Falling in love with Lady Pamela, niece of Owen Burgoyne, he finds that a feud between his father and the lady's uncle proves a formidable obstacle to his hopes. Indeed so determined is Burgoyne that his niece shall not marry the son of his enemy that he makes her a ward of the court of chancery, which means that no one can marry her without permission of the court. But Greville is not to be deterred by legal red tape. He elopes with Pamela, marries her, and the young couple go into hiding at Paradise Farm, where they make the acquaintance of Mrs. Cripps, who is quite as interesting a character

as Lady Pamela herself. Mrs. Cripps is a pretty young widow who has been tried and acquitted for the murder of her husband, a cross-grained old curmudgeon whom she married under stress of financial misfortune. From the worldly point of view Lady Pamela and her husband are very much like two children. They have a sum of ready money which they suppose will last forever and they are quite contented with Paradise Farm hospitality so long as they can remain hidden and in the bliss of honeymoon days. The friendship that grows up between Mrs. Cripps, who is withering under the ostracism of the countryside, and the fashionable Lady Pamela, who leans more and more upon the practical common sense of her hostess, is charmingly described, and although we know at once that Seymour and his young wife will be reconciled with their families and that Mrs. Cripps will be able to prove her innocence of her husband's death, we would not willingly miss a page of the process by which these consummations are brought about. The author has now many stories to her credit and all are good. If they were arranged in order of



Michael White, author of "The Garden of Indra." Duffield & Co.

merit probably "Paradise Farm" would come near the head of the list.

PARADISE FARM. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

## The Luck of Rathcoole.

Jeannie Gould Lincoln tells a simple and pleasant story of early days in New York when Washington came over from the New Jersey coast for his first inauguration. We get only a glimpse of Washington himself, but something more than a glimpse of the great families that adorned the early days of the republic. But the story is mainly concerned with the adventures of Mistress Faith Wolcott, commonly known as Miss Moppet, and of a gallant young Irish-American named Nugent of the ancient house of Rathcoole, to whose ancestor King Charles had given a jewel known henceforth as the "Luck of

Rathcoole." The jewel has been lost and the effort for its recovery brings us into contact with many interesting people, American, Irish, and French, including a certain charming actress. It is all very well told and with the energy appropriate to energetic and romantic days.

It is so well told that it should not have been marred by some evident mistakes. We are told, for instance, that De Valdemont, the



Edith MacVane, author of "Her Word of Honor." Little, Brown & Co.

captain of the French ship, "slipped into French with an air of relief." What he said is of course rendered in English, but it should not be interlarded with French words. "But you see, *cher* Nugent, that I must perfect myself to the best of my possible," etc. Conversation rendered in English should be entirely in English and should not be interspersed with French phrases such as "*Adieu, mon cher, adieu.*"

THE LUCK OF RATHCOOLE. By Jeannie Gould Lincoln. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

## The Rout of the Foreigner.

The historical novel, with all its defects, will no doubt thrive so long as we refuse to learn history in any other way. In this instance we have a story of early English days, when the death of King John left the kingdom in dispute between his son Henry and the King of France. The hero of the story is Ranulf, nephew of Sir Thomas de Berners, who holds his Bedfordshire lands in fief from Falkes de Breaute and is likely to lose them through the distracted state of the country and the determination of De Breaute to declare them forfeit if he can find any valid excuse for doing so. Sir Thomas, being called away to Normandy, leaves his affairs in the hands of Ranulf, and the story describes how Ranulf outwitted his uncle's enemies in many ingenious ways. The story is simply written and should prove acceptable to children.

THE ROUT OF THE FOREIGNER. By Gulielma Zolinger. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

## Spring Books of Special Interest

## Christopher

By RICHARD PRYCE

"A brilliant piece of work, full of ripeness and an understanding of the richness of life. . . . The story is full of incident, but its main charm is of character. Each personality is brilliantly and humanly done."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*. \$1.35 net. Postpaid \$1.47.

## A Hoosier Chronicle

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

"Not only as an accurate mirror of the social and political life of intensely real Americans, but as a drama of the human heart does 'A Hoosier Chronicle' deserve to rank as one of the best works of the day."—*Boston Herald*. Illustrated in color. \$1.40 net. Postpaid \$1.56.

## Polly of the Hospital Staff

By EMMA C. DOWD

"To all reader-folk, who, being human, have their hours of dull depression, of tired discontent, of 'blues' when life seems but a useless thing and all mankind appears unlovable. Read Polly!"—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Illustrated in color. \$1.00 net. Postpaid \$1.08.

## The Promised Land

By MARY ANTIN

"One of the wonderful books, not of this year or that, but of all the years."—*Jacob A. Riis*.

"This vivid story is the most interesting contribution of the year to the immigrant problem. A rare document of self-revelation which stirs and persuades."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*. Illustrated. \$1.75 net. Postpaid \$1.90.

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York



## BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

## In Desert and Wilderness.

In this story Mr. Sienkiewicz devotes his remarkable descriptive powers to the African Soudan and to that strange upheaval of Mohammedan power known as the Mahdist rebellion. Indeed one might suppose that his object was historical rather than romantic and that his characters were intended to give personality to the larger drama of desert pageantry and revolt.

His characters, but for the skill of their presentation, would be almost insignificant. They are the two children, boy and girl, of government officials, abducted from their parents to serve some native end, and hurried across the desert into the camp of the Mahdi at Khartoum. The author has studied his ground thoroughly, and he gives us a peculiarly striking picture of the desert city



Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "In Desert and Wilderness." Little, Brown & Co.

after the death of Gordon, swarming with savage fanatics and governed by the remarkable personality of the Mahdi, whose power over his fierce adherents is a mystery that eludes the white man. The two children make their escape through the courage of the boy, who has kept to himself the mechanism of his automatic rifle and who takes advantage of the attack of a lion to claim his weapon and to use it against his captors. That two children, however courageous, should be able to navigate the desert and to rescue themselves from such men and from such nature is a strain upon the probabilities, but the author convinces us with a wealth of detail and with such geographical accuracy that we willingly allow ourselves to be persuaded. As a story of adventure this belongs nearly in the front rank. As a picture of the Soudan in flames it has hardly a parallel.

IN DESERT AND WILDERNESS. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## European Years.

This volume is described as "the letters of an idle man," and although the overburdened reader of today has slight hospitality for volumes of correspondence he will do well to make an exception in this case.

Mr. George Edward Woodberry, who edits



Gilbert K. Chesterton, author of "The Innocence of Father Brown." John Lane Company.

these remarkable letters, reminds us that there is scarcely anything in literary production so rare as good correspondence. Mr. Woodberry is right. A good letter demands the graces of heart and mind that are no longer cultivated. It requires, like a stage play, not only moving figures, but an adequate background.

There we have the virtue of these particular letters. The author, whoever he may be, has lived in Europe for forty years, and he relates his experiences to his friend in America. They are just such experiences as most travelers meet, but we see that they are presented by a man who knows the world and human nature, by a mind in the habit of measuring events against a background of knowledge and wisdom. Travel letters become tolerable under no other conditions.

The author must have a permanent standard of values and his emphasis must be guided by it. He will never underline a commonplace nor italicize a banality.

The author of these letters has an astonishingly wide range of knowledge. He is at home everywhere, in art, in politics, in



Isobel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Woman from Wolverton." Century Company.

science, and in philosophy. He tells us of small events as though they were the direct result—as indeed they are—of the doings of prehistoric days, and he seems to carry the history of the world in his mind. And all this with the unstudied freedom and the gay humor that come from the irresponsibilities of privacy and an audience of one. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that no



Matthew Henson, author of "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

better letters of their kind have ever been written.

EUROPEAN YEARS. Edited by George Edward Woodberry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

## The Great Lakes.

Probably the great lakes have never received the attention that they deserve from the tourist and the holiday maker. Their



Paul Bertram, author of "The Shadow of Power." John Lane Company.

shores and the byways leading from them include the states of Pennsylvania, Minnesota, New York, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, while to the north is the Dominion of Canada. The traveler can keep to the land if he prefers and see just as much of the

water as he wishes. Or he can provide himself with a boat and make such inland incursions as his whim may dictate.

It will not be the fault of Mr. Clifton Johnson if the great lakes continue to be insufficiently appreciated. He has written a thoroughly charming book about them, one not to be overlooked by the fortunate ones to whom summer brings a few weeks of leisure. Wisely he steers us away from the cities, for the cities, like the poor, are always with us. Without any of the tiresome, if useful, features of the guide-book he tries to show us how desirable it is that we should know more of the lakes, the infinite varieties of beauty to be found upon them, and the interesting and hospitable and distinctive people to be found in their vicinity. Mr. Johnson has a felicitous way of describing a countryside, a discriminating eye for the unusual, and a capacious notebook for the record of illustrative bits of conversation that are more eloquent of human nature than psychological libraries. His book will be a delight not only to those on holiday thoughts intent, but to those who would make second-hand acquaintance with one of the great wonders of the country. The volume contains a large number of illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE GREAT LAKES. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## A Garden of Paris.

The author seems to have learned Paris as Paris ought to be learned, from the rallying point of a pleasant garden and tranquil French friends and a leisure that allows one



Charles Major, author of "The Touchstone of Fortune." Macmillan Company.

to do what one wishes and to ruminate placidly over the small events that represent the larger ones. And so we get pictures of the garden itself, its owners and its guests, the street scenes that lie close at hand, glimpses of the heart of the city, of the Sorbonne, and of the libraries. The author writes with an air of gentle appreciation and with an unflinching recognition of whatever is worthy of recognition. Her mild enthusiasms are for the ancient rather than the modern and for the French life that is typified by the few

individuals rather than by the many. "A Garden of Paris" is in no sense a guide-book, but it may be cordially recommended to those who covet a whiff of Parisian atmosphere, either as a reminder of the days that have been or as a foretaste of those that are to come.

A GARDEN OF PARIS. By Elizabeth Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

## The Pilgrim's Way.

It is gratifying to note that there has been sufficient demand for this fine work to justify



Gene Stratton-Porter, author of "Moths of the Lumberlost." Doubleday, Page & Co.

a new edition. "The Pilgrim's Way from Winchester to Canterbury" first appeared in the *Art Journal* for 1892. In the following year it was published as a separate volume and it was reprinted in 1895 and 1901. Now comes this new and revised edition with illustrations from original drawings by Mr. Hallam Murray. The work is so well known and its value to the tourist so fully appreciated that it is unnecessary to do more than say how welcome it is and how much its attractiveness is enhanced by the fine printing and the exceptionally good illustrations.

THE PILGRIM'S WAY FROM WINCHESTER TO CANTERBURY. By Julia Cartwright. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

## The Cable Game.

The trade of the war correspondent is not quite what it used to be. The military censorship has spoiled it, and we may doubt if the public is so interested as it was once. Mr. Stanley Washburn was the correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* during the so-called Russian revolution, which either died a-horning or postponed itself until some future time. But there were plenty of stirring events to report and a full measure of difficulties and dangers to encounter. Mr. Washburn tells a good story of resourcefulness in the face of emergencies and he knows how to tell it dramatically.

THE CABLE GAME. By Stanley Washburn. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25.

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## SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

## The New Democracy.

Dr. Weyl is hardly to be congratulated upon his title. There is no new democracy, but there is a reappearance of the old democracy, and the best that we can hope for is that it will prove less dangerous to the system in which it now appears than have those other democracies that have been coincidental with the decay of the civilization in which they were developed.

Dr. Weyl pictures the American people as awakening to a sense of disenchantment. The nation "conceived in liberty" has not borne its expected fruits. Men are asking themselves, "Is not the bureaucratic efficiency of Prussia as good as the democratic laxness of corruption in Pennsylvania?" Believing that the constitution was an instrument of liberty, they find that it "was more subtly subversive of the popular interest than might have been a dozen Georges." Then came the Supreme Court as the interpreter of the constitution and "popular rights were presumably for all time bottled up." Believing that it had founded a democracy, the people have awakened to the fact that they have no democracy.

And so Dr. Weyl sketches the course of the present struggle for popular rights, the current crusade for a democracy. The milestones upon the way are the referendum, the initiative, the recall, and all the other contents of the bag of tricks which are supposed in some inexplicable way to make for human freedom. Why they should make for freedom now, any more than in the past, he does not explain. He seems to have a lingering doubt of the success of the "new democracy," for he devotes his concluding chapter to the question. Can it endure? He thinks it can. The fear that it will destroy human liberty he believes to be unfounded. And yet there are many clear thinkers who believe that it has already done so. It is at least suggestive



W. E. Weyl, author of "The New Democracy." Macmillan Company.

that so keen an observer and admirer of our institutions as Professor Ferrero should think it necessary to warn his Italian countrymen that they will find in America no such personal freedom as they expect. It is not wholly a jest that in some of our most democratic states it is impossible to live for a day without breaking a law. The essential divinity of majorities does not become more, but less, evident as their direct powers are enlarged. Why should it be otherwise? The accumulation of mediocrities does not produce genius. Mobs do not increase in wisdom as they grow larger and better armed. "The People" is an impressive term, but Brown, Jones, and Robinson multiplied by a thousand are not so impressive. So far as the obvious fruits of democracy are concerned, the fruits of personal liberty, we may well dread to see any lessening of the drag powers of the constitution and the Supreme Court. We may get better engineers, but the engine itself is a good one. Nor are we much comforted by the reminder that if the "new democracy" should be a failure under some possible stress "it would evolve vigilance committees, committees of public safety, temporary dictators, who, if the conditions demanded it, would become permanent." Quite so. That is what we are afraid of. It is like comforting a sick man by the assurance that funerals are now cheap and artistic. The author writes with marked ability, but he would be more convincing if he informed himself of the actual effects upon human liberty of the "new democracy," so far as it has yet unfolded itself.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By Walter E. Weyl. Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## The Criminal and the Community.

Dr. James Devou's comprehensive work on crime will be accepted as a valuable contribution to a much discussed problem. The author's sixteen years' experience behind

him, and he is therefore equipped for his task not only by sympathy, but by knowledge.

Recognizing that crime springs from a wide range of causes and that it is often an almost inevitable result of forces for which the criminal is not responsible, Dr. Brown would make each case the object of individual curative treatment. Prison should be a place of detention only until the prisoner had determined to make an effort toward reform. Thenceforth he would be treated much as we now treat dependent children and boarded out with selected persons of intelligence and responsibility.

For the theory of inherited disposition to crime the author has small respect. Criminals, he says, come from all classes and there is nothing to show that if their children were



Frank Crane, author of "Human Confessions." Forbes & Co.

taken from them early in life and brought up in favorable surroundings they would take to crime, "but there is abundance of evidence on the other side." It is well that we should have an occasional and an authoritative counterblast to theories of heredity which, unbalanced, would reduce men to the level of automata.

The author covers a wide range in his inquiry, devoting chapters to heredity, insanity, drink, poverty, overcrowding, immigration, sex, and the prison system. Having gained his experience in Scotland, he writes from the British standpoint and with British examples, but nearly all that he says has a general application.

THE CRIMINAL AND THE COMMUNITY. By James Devou. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75 net.

## The School.

This little volume, appearing in the Home University Library, is described by its author, Dr. J. J. Findlay, as an introduction to the study of education. Certainly nothing more than an introduction can be expected from a book of 250 small pages and that deals with the origins of education as well as with its present status. But for one luminous suggestion we owe many thanks. What, asks the author, must be the ultimate result of a modern system which teaches the child to de-



George H. Reed, author of "The Last Cruise of the Soginaw." Houghton Mifflin Company.

mand from the state all necessities of life, from mental and moral instruction to medical and surgical care and the normal needs of the body? Is it wise to saturate the child's nature with the expectation that the state will provide, with the conception of the state as a vast parental benevolence whose function it is to give without ceasing? The author would prefer to regard the school as a civic institution, ranking with, but not superseding, the family and the church.

THE SCHOOL. By J. J. Findlay. M. A., Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

## The Adventure of Life.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is entitled to talk about Christianity if any one has ever yet been entitled. In this little volume, the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1911, he sets forth the value of faith from the layman's

point of view, and he does it in a simple and manly way that commands attention.

But Dr. Grenfell is unfortunate in his illustrations. Mr. Heney, he tells us, is a "truly great Christian lawyer." That, of course, is a matter of definitions, but when he tells us that Mr. Heney "sent the great civic burglars in San Francisco to jail" we must beg to differ. We were in San Francisco at the time and have no recollection of such an event. We must similarly dissent from the further statement that Mr. Heney was "a volunteer, unpaid in dollars." These inaccuracies are not fatal to the author's plea for Christianity, but it would be as well to select illustrations from facts and not from fairy tales.

THE ADVENTURES OF LIFE. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## God and Democracy.

There is a growing tendency to identify the Deity with our own political creeds, and it is not a wholesome one. There is no more reason why we should speak of the God of Democracy than the God of Populism, or of Free Silver, or of a Protective Tariff. Democracy is a political expedient, possibly an admirable one, but it is not a divine gospel any more than free trade or the Sherman act. Nor does it necessarily carry any implication of human freedom or human happiness.

But Mr. Frank Crane is full of the zeit-



August Strindberg, Dramatist. His Plays Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

geist. The people's conception of the Divine Ruler, he tells us, "has always been formed after the pattern of the earthly rulers with whom they were familiar." But we have changed all that with the referendum and the recall. Henceforth "the God of Democracy

is not a king nor any egoistic potentate. He is the people." Presumably we must henceforth worship ourselves, which seems to be pretty much what we have been doing all along.

But in spite of a cloud of false reasoning and historical inaccuracies Mr. Crane's little book contains valuable thought. The service of God is the service of man, and the Divine



H. Croly, author of "Marcus Hanno." Macmillan Company.

ideal is to give and not to take. But this conception of Deity is not a concomitant of democracy. It has been preached by an unbroken line of Christian teachers from the days of Paul onwards, and irrespective of monarchies and empires. To represent God at the polling booth is a service neither to religion nor to politics.

GOD AND DEMOCRACY. By Frank Crane. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

## Astronomy.

It is no easy matter to write a book of 250 pages that shall cover the astronomical field in such a way as to be welcome to readers of average education and capacity and that shall find the happy mean between the abstruse and the elementary. Mr. Arthur R. Hinks has succeeded in doing this. He treats the solar system, the stars, the nebulae and the Milky Way from the basis of current knowledge and from the standpoint of recent achievement and speculation, and he does it in a way that can not fail to prove acceptable. His little volume appears in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge and is among the best of the series.

ASTRONOMY. By Arthur R. Hinks, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

"Peoples and Problems of India," by Sir T. W. Holderness, K. C. S. I., issued in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents), contains a brief account of the people, the caste system, religion, economic life, and features of government.

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Henry Holt & Company, Publishers, New York



BOOKS OF POETRY.

Poems of the South.

Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher, whose name is a sufficient introduction to his work, gives us many kinds of poetry in the volume recently from his pen. He tells us of the South, of war and of peace, of flowers in old gardens, of the sentiments that are always young and fragrant, and of the homely philosophy that comes to men of the world who have been compelled to look within them-



John Galsworthy, author of "The Pigeon." Charles Scribner's Sons.

selves for the comfort that external events sometimes lack. Colonel Visscher is evidently a man of heart. He writes as one, and with so large a sense of the beautiful and the romantic that all else is of a secondary consideration.

It is a temptation to quote at length from a volume so full of honest versification, but its range is so large that no single extract can be called typical. Among the most notable is the short poem called "The Dove," and a few of the initial and concluding lines will at least serve to show the author's quality:

'Twas a weary day of marching in the sun,  
'Neath a chafing weight of haversack and gun,  
And we heard the roar of fight,  
As we dragged into the night,  
Wicked, thirsty, hungry, gray and dun.  
Words were few and barely muttered—  
Not a kindly one was uttered,



Richard Pryce, author of "Christopher." Houghton Mifflin Company.

But we halted, near the morning in the dark,  
Where torn and tumbled heapings, black and stark,  
The awful driftings lay,  
Swept down from yesterday.

In the quiet of a woodland, far away,  
I've been thinking of that dreadful battle day.  
And it comes to me again,  
With the oaths of fighting men,  
And the double roar of double war-array.  
Give me my sword! Fall in! Fall in!  
No, 'tis a dream, not battle's din—  
Far comes a soft, sweet song of love,  
The mate-call of the wooing dove.

The critical reviewer of Colonel Visscher's work may find some mechanical flaws, but there are certainly no flaws in a wholesome sentiment that expresses itself quite naturally and spontaneously in a musical form of unusual range.

POEMS OF THE SOUTH AND OTHER VERSE. By Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher. Chicago: David B. Clarksons Company; \$1.25.

The Masque of the Elements.

Mr. Scheffauer tells us that he wrote this fine poem in California some five years ago, although he publishes it from London. He seems to have taken a theme from the impressive cosmic pageantry of the East, which is indeed an overfull storehouse for those who have the poetic strength to use it. His characters are the Sun, the Moon, the Earth, and the Four Elements that perpetually die and are reborn in successive days and nights of the universal progress. Life and death are equally essential and of an equal value, each implying the other, but the author ends his poem with the note of life and of rebirth in deference to the prevailing association of ideas.

The poem might well have been longer, and Mr. Scheffauer could have made it longer without endangering his applause. There is room for dignified work of this kind, and if

the appreciation is not noisy it is at least sincere. A few lines from the "Song of the Moon Wraith" will be enough to show that Mr. Scheffauer's hand has not lost its cunning:

They are dying! all are dying! Night shall force  
Us beadlong through her shoreless regions blind.  
Then must I, an empty camp, around the corse  
Of Earth my dark, unending spirals wind.  
I loved the Sun. My heart was molten stone,  
Like Earth my face for him with beauty bloomed,  
Ere lust and hatred scarred my every zone,  
And passion tore my beauty and consumed.

Mr. Scheffauer's poem will not appeal to a wide popular audience. Poems rarely do; but it will not be overlooked by those who appreciate high and successful literary ambitions.

THE MASQUE OF THE ELEMENTS. By Herman Scheffauer. London: J. M. Dent & Sons; 3s. 6d.

From the Lips of the Sea.

In this finely printed little volume Mr. Clinton Scollard gives us a couple of dozen poems with the sea for their subject. In his *envoi*



Edna Ferber, author of "Buttered Side Down." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

he would have us listen to the sea if we would know the eternal heart of things:  
If thou wouldst win the rhythmic heart of things,  
Go sit in solitude beside the shore,  
Giving thine ear to the eternal roar  
And every mystic message that it brings.

Mr. Scollard's reading of the riddle is usually pushed with melancholy. The sea seems to appeal to him as a hostile force, uncongenial with humanity, unfriendly, or at best indifferent. He prays:

Lord, in Thy compassion be  
Pilot to the souls at sea.

The changefulness of the sea is a favorite note:

A single potent hour, aye, less,  
Can change this placid loveliness,  
And cause, where life smiles fair and fain,  
The raging demon death to reign.

Mr. Scollard gives his own interpretation of the sea, and he does it with high poetic art. Perhaps at some other time he will express a realization of closer sympathy be-



Anne Warwick, author of "The Unknown Woman." John Lane Company.

tween the heart and the sea in all its moods, as did Heine:

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,  
Hat Sturm und Ebb und Fluth.

FROM THE LIPS OF THE SEA. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, New York: George William Browning; \$1.

Lips of Music.

Miss Charlotte Porter has produced a volume of poems that deserves something better than a catalogue mention. Miss Porter takes poetry seriously and as a means to say something that can not be said so well by prose. Her long association with Browning's work—

she was editor of the Camberwell Browning—has not only given her a certain virility of touch, but an insight into nature that is both pagan and mystic. It would be interesting to know where the author obtained the idea of the soul's present affinity with the moon from some past association. We find it expressed in the poem "Moon Glamour," of which the second stanza may be quoted:

The Soul once loved this wonder, long ago,  
Shared converse with these elves no eye hath seen,  
Winged wide free flight where these strange seaways flow,



Augusta Groner, author of "Irene Tekel." Duffield & Co.

Divining what the wistful waves would mean  
When down to them the faint stars seem to lean;  
Ay! This ecstatic light where swooneth space  
In poured-forth rapture brimmed to Heaven's face  
Is the Soul's gaze transfiguring with glamour  
This frame of Earth whose soul doth Soul enamour.

There are about one hundred and fifty poems, mostly lyrics, in the collection. Many have been set to music, including "Bertrand's Song" and "The Tragic Rapture." Miss Porter reaches a uniformly high level of thought and expression. Her book should not be shortened by a single page.

LIPS OF MUSIC. By Charlotte Porter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

Poems of Revolt.

Mr. G. Constant Lounshery gives us twenty poems and a drama that seem to be dedicated to the dispossessed and to the despairing. His verse is not wholly without the note of hope, but it is too rare, and because it is rare it lacks one of the essentials of poetry. A single stanza of his "Ode to America" will suffice as a sample of work that has the merit of vigor and music, but that might be improved by a stricter attention to form and metaphor, as well as by the infusion of a certain ameliorative philosophy:

Country, my country, superb in thy pride,  
Towering with mountains, and wooed of the tide,  
Lulled to the lure of a thunderous lyre  
As the wind sweeps thy forests with fingers of fire,  
Shining with cities that sparkle their light  
Dazzling as stars in the skirts of the night.  
Marvelous, multiple, marching along,  
Oh, take heed and beware of the sob in thy song!

Mr. Lounshery's drama of "Satan Unhoused" is based on the idea of Satan as the force of a constructive human discontent. Satan gives the knowledge of good and evil and the

dream of immortality and he is therefore cursed by the misunderstanding that is the doom of those who are in advance of their time. Humanity is an organic unity, and he who injures part of it injures all.

POEMS OF REVOLT AND SATAN UNHOUSED. By G. Constant Lounshery. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1 net.

La Lyre d'Amour.

Lovers of French poetry will welcome this anthology of love poems from earliest times down to 1686. The editor regrets that the selection should end at this date, but he has found it impossible to get permission to print poems from Prudhomme and other modern authors whose works are protected by copyright. From this it would seem that French copyright practice is more rigid than our own.

In his interesting introduction Mr. Lewis draws attention to a fatal tendency in modern French verse to evoke the emotions produced by music, with a result that it often degenerates into a meaningless jingle of sound. Many volumes of such poetry, he tells us, are now on the market, the result of "a time of strange theories and exaggerations."

LA LYRE D'AMOUR. Selected and annotated by Charles B. Lewis, L.-ès-L. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

Discords.

The author of this volume of verse has the poetic gift to an unusual degree. He has a vigorous fancy, a power of original thought, and language of exceptional strength. With so much poetic material it is a pity that he should confine himself so largely to the de-



Illustration from "A Weaver of Dreams," by Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

generacies of sensuality, to the hopelessness of life, and to a materialism that ill consorts with so fine a power of expression. Sometimes he deviates into a sort of hectic optimism, but it is usually under the stimulus of some lower and erotic passion. This lower note of despair and morbidity which seems to be a favorite with Mr. Evans is a far more serious defect in his verse than the technical errors, which are needlessly numerous.

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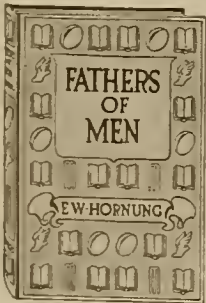
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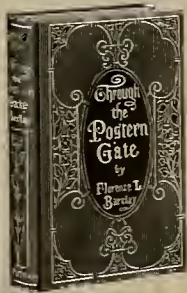
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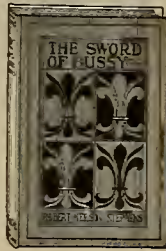
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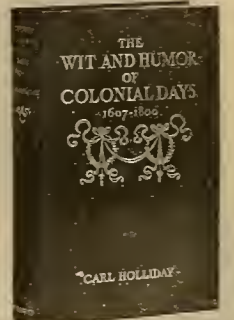
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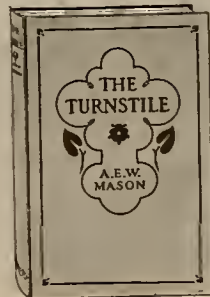
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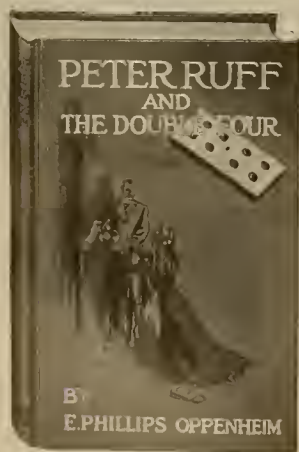
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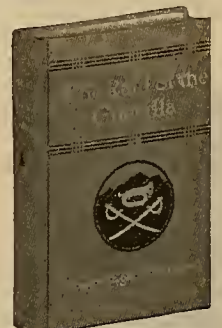
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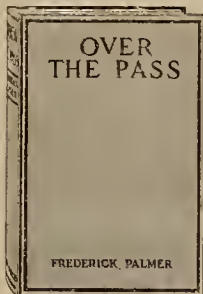
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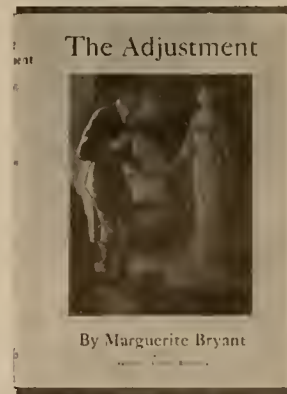
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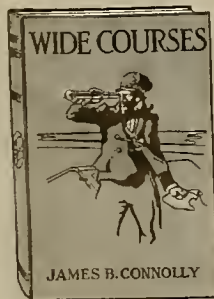
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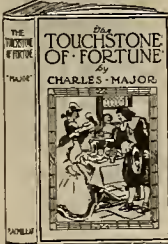
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Auction Bridge, including a synopsis of bridge, by H. P. Clark, \$1 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Baby Wise, compiled by George R. Sparks, decorated, 75 cents net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Back to Nature, by Newton Newkirk, illus., 75 cents net; Cassell & Co.

Business Prose Poems, by Walt Mason, \$1 net; Desmond Fitzgerald.



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Cassell's Cyclopaedia of Photography, by Bernard E. Jones, illus. in color, etc., \$3.75 net; Cassell & Co.

Character Sketches from Dickens, a centenary souvenir, consisting of 20 Vandyck gravures from drawings by L. G. Lewin, with introduction by B. W. Matz, \$1.35 net; Dana Estes & Co.

Chit Chat, by Ruth Cameron, \$1 net; Desmond Fitzgerald.

Copyright, by G. S. Robertson; Oxford University Press.

Copyright, Its History and Law, by R. R. Bowker, \$5 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Folk Festivals, their growth and how to give them, by Mary Master Needham; B. W. Huebsch.

Friendship series, 4 titles, each 50 cents; Reilly & Britton Company.

Grammar and Thinking, by Alfred Dwight Sheffield, \$1.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

How Men Fly, by Gertrude Bacon, illus., 60 cents net; Cassell & Co.

How to Get and Keep a Job, by N. C. Fowler, \$1.25 net; Moffat, Yard & Co.

How to Save Money, by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., \$1 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Insect Pests, by W. C. O'Kane, illus.; Macmillan Company.

Jacobs' Friend to Friend Cable Code, 50 cents net; George W. Jacobs & Co.

Joys and Glooms, cartoons by T. E. Powers, 60 cents; Reilly & Britton Company.

Leap Year series, by Wallace and Frances Rice, 12 titles, each 35 cents; Reilly & Britton Company.

Love's Rosary, illus. in color, boxed, \$1.50; Reilly & Britton Company.

Making Home Profitable, by Kate V. Saint-Maur, illus., \$1 net; Sturgis & Walton Company.

Methods of Statistics, by Frank Zizek, authorized translation, with additional notes and references, by Warren Milton Persons; Henry Holt & Co.

Miss John Bull, by Yoshio Markino, illus. by the author, \$1.50 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

My Silent Voice, information for my wife, my heirs, or my executors in the event of my death or disability, by L. G. Burr, 60 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

North Sea Fishers and Fighters, by Walter Wood, illus., \$5 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Oxford Books, Vol. II, a sequel to The Early Oxford Press, by Falconer Madan; Oxford University Press.

Participial Substantives of the A type in Romance Languages, by L. Herbert Alexander; Columbia University Press.

Pin-Money Suggestions, by Lillian W. Babcock, \$1 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Pitching in a Pinch, and other stories of the Big League, by Christy Mathewson, \$1; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Practical Library Administration, by W. S. S. Rae, 75 cents net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Ravenel's Road Primer, by Samuel W. Ravenel, illus., \$1 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Riding and Driving for Women, by Belle Beach, illus., \$4 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rowland's Oxford, by A. Hamilton Gibbs, with colored reproductions of Rowland's plates, \$6 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Rural Science series, edited by L. H. Bailey, new vols.: Farm Boys and Girls, by William A. McKeever, illus.; Milk and Its Products, by Henry H. Wing, new edition, with new illustrations, \$1.50 net; The Training and Breaking of Horses, by M. W. Harper, illus.; Forage

Crops for the South, by S. M. Tracy, illus.; Farm Management, by G. F. Warren; Farm Poultry, by George C. Watson, illus.; Macmillan Company.

Rural Text-Book series, edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey, new vols.: Poultry Husbandry, by J. E. Rice; Plant Breeding, by H. J. Webber; Macmillan Company.

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The Anarchists, their faith and their record, by Ernest A. Vizetelly, illus., \$3.50 net; John Lane Company.

The Battle of Basell, by C. H. Claudy, illus., \$1.50 net; Century Company.

The Beginner in Poultry, by C. S. Valentine, illus.; Macmillan Company.

The Boy and His Gang, by J. Adams Puffer, illus., \$1 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, new vols.: Ancient Assyria, by C. H. W. Johns; The Civilization of Ancient Mexico, by Lewis Spence; Earthworms and Their Allies, by F. E. Bedard; Prehistoric Man, by W. L. H. Duckworth; A History of Civilization in Palestine, by Prof. R. A. S. Macalister; Goethe in the Twentieth Century, by J. G. Robertson; Beyond the Atom, by J. Cox; Methodism, by H. B. Workman; The Ballad in Literature, by T. F. Henderson; each 40 cents net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Dickens Year Book, compiled by Lois Prentiss, 75 cents net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Ethics of Maimonides, by Joseph I. Gorfinkle; Columbia University Press.



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The Evidence for the Supernatural, by Ivor D. Tuckett, \$3 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Expert Waitress, a manual for pantry, kitchen and dining-room, by Anne Frances Springstead, new edition, \$1 net; Harper & Brothers.

The Festival Book, May-Day pastimes and the Maypole, by Mrs. Jennette E. C. Lincoln; A. S. Barnes Company.

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The Intellectual Development of Scotland, by Hector MacPherson, \$1.50 net; George H. Doran Company.

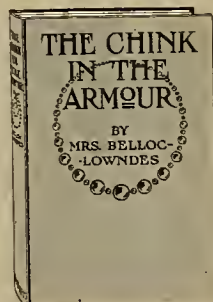
The Irish Harpers, with a memoir of Edward Bunting, by Charlotte Milligan Fox, \$2.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Modern Parisienne, by Octave Uzanne, \$2 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Myrtle Reed Year Book, with portrait, \$1.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The New England Cook Book, by Helen Wright, \$1.50 net; Duffield & Co.

The Noble Science of Fox-Hunting, by F. D. Radcliffe, enlarged by W. C. A. Blew and edited by Cuthbert Bracy, 2 vols., with 10 hand-colored steel engravings and 35 wood cuts, \$7.50 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.



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The Road to Joy, by Louise Collier Willcox, 50 cents net; Harper & Brothers.

The Stories of the Russian Ballet, by Arthur Applin, illus., \$3.50 net; John Lane Company.

The Trooper's Pole of Australia, by A. L. Haydon, illus., \$2.75 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Young Farmer's Practical Library, new vols.: The Satisfaction of Country Life, by Dr. James W. Robinson; The Farm Mechanic, by W. L. Chase; Electricity on the Farm, by Frederick M. Conlee; Farm Management, by C. W. Fugley; each illus., 75 cents net; Sturgis & Walton Company.

The Work of the Advocate, by Byron K. Elliott and William F. Elliott, revised edition, \$4 net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Writing of News, with chapters on newspaper correspondence and copy reading, by Charles G. Ross, \$1.40 net; Henry Holt & Co.

Travel Notes Abroad, designed by Clara Powers Wilson, \$1.50; Reilly & Britton Company.

Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Charming Dish Recipes, new edition, 50 cents net; George W. Jacobs & Co.

Vistas of New York, by Brander Matthews, illus., \$1.25 net; Harper & Brothers.

Why the World Laughs, by Charles Johnston, \$1.50 net; Harper & Brothers.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Henrik Ibsen.

The appearance of the thirteenth volume of Ibsen's works completes the Viking edition, edited with introductions by William Archer. Ibsen admirers who have not yet possessed themselves of a complete edition of his works can now avail themselves of an issue that seems to be perfectly adapted for library use and that has been prepared with the distinctive ability always associated with Mr. Archer's work. The translations of the plays are by Mr. Archer himself, whose versions were approved by Ibsen, with the exception of "Love's Comedy" and "Brand," translated by C. H. Herford, and "From Ibsen's Workshop," translated by A. G. Chater. Mr. Archer's introductions have been brought fully up to date and contain not only critical appreciations of the plays, but also biographical and historical material of high value. The circumstances surrounding the creation of each play are fully dealt with, the introductions, taken in connection with Mr. Gosse's "Life of Ibsen," in Volume XIII of the set, giving a complete representation of the author and his work.

Technically the volumes are perfect. There are over forty illustrations, ten of them being portraits of Ibsen at various periods of his life and a photogravure frontispiece to every volume. Paper and type are carefully selected, the whole series being a worthy companion to the Outward Bound edition of Kipling and the more recent Memorial edition of George Meredith.

THE WORKS OF HENRIK IBSEN. Edited by William Archer. Viking Edition. In thirteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; in sets, per volume, \$2.

## Colonial Wit and Humor.

Mr. Carl Holliday wisely refuses to discriminate between wit and humor, and for two reasons. In the first place he can not, and in the second place any reader who is unable to do this for himself would be hardly qualified to profit from the discussion.

But why does he express surprise at the humor of the Puritans? Humor, be it understood, is an aspect of spirituality and inseparable from it, and it is precisely from the Puritan that we should expect, not laughter, but a certain grim appreciation of the incongruous.

Indeed the early colonial days were rich in humor. Nathaniel Ward, pious as he was, yet lashed the frailties of his day with the whip of satire. Then came Ebenezer Cook with a pen even more caustic, and we are told that the "New England Primer" lent itself to the irreverent humor of the Puritan boys. The letter Z was illustrated by

Zachias, he climbed a tree  
His Lord to see,

but a more favorite version was

Zachias he had a fall  
And didn't see his Lord at all.

Mather Byles came in the eighteenth century and was a real humorist, although having such ancestors as Richard Mather and John Cotton, which does not say much for

heredity. Byles was sentenced to imprisonment in his house for pro-British sentiments, and having sent his guard on an errand he amused a crowd of Bostonians by gravely marching, gun in hand, back and forward before his own door, *keeping guard over himself*. One day a carriage containing two members of the town council stuck in a mud hole in front of his house. The parson gazed for some moments upon the spectacle, and then remarked, "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you *stirring in this matter now*." The loyalist had his fair share of the humor of the day, although it was often of a doleful or bitter order, as witness "The Congress," written in 1776:

Good Lord! disperse this venal tribe;  
Their doctrine let no fools imbibe—  
Let Balaam no more asses ride,  
Nor burdens bear to Congress.

Old Catiline, and Cromwell too,  
Jack Cade, and his scdition crew,  
Hail brother—rebel at first view,  
And hope to meet the Congress.

The author pays due tribute to Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Odell, and Joseph Stansbury. Philip Freneau has a chapter to himself, and so has John Trumbull. The author devotes his third section to "The Humor of the Republic," and he concludes with "The Humor of the Colonial Stage." It is a remarkable testimony, says the author, to the sturdiness of the American people that, in spite of the terrors of the wilderness and the terrors of tyrannical misrule, they have retained the happy faculty of being able to see a joke and return it with interest.

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF COLONIAL DAYS. By Carl Holliday. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

## Great Writers.

It is well that we should have a reissue of this unusually fine piece of literary appreciation. It is still more gratifying that there should be a demand for it at a time when the old giants are supposed to be in danger of displacement by the new pigmies.

Mr. Woodberry deals with Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare by means of a combination of biography and criticism as ample as it is lucid and simple. He has the gift of boundless admiration and he is no less able to explain why he admires. His book should keep the high place that it has deservedly won in the ranks of critical literature.

GREAT WRITERS. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## A Journey with Dickens.

When Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin made a speech at the Dickens Centenary dinner it was generally known for the first time that as a child she had made a railroad journey with Dickens, had introduced herself informally to him, and had even discussed the "dull parts" of his stories with him. It was a delightful speech and a delightful incident, and it is satisfactory to find that Mrs. Wiggin has now embodied her recollections in a

little volume. There is a photogravure portrait of Dickens and a miniature of Mrs. Wiggin as she looked when this adventure took place.

A CHILD'S JOURNEY WITH DICKENS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents.

## Sound and Music.

"Sound and Its Relation to Music," by Clarence G. Hamilton (Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25), is a compact statement of the physical laws underlying music with the theories and experiments relating thereto. The nature and transmission of sound, its various elements and manifestations, the musical materials derived from it, and the application of these materials in the construction of instruments are some of the matters discussed.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

THE STORY OF A PLOUGHBOY. By James Bryce. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE. By Willa S. Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A new novel.

MY ACTOR HUSBAND. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

A true story of American stage life.

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20 net.

Tales of Hawaii.

THE MYSTERY QUEEN. By Fergus Hume. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

JACONETTA STORIES. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.

A series of short stories.

CAPTAIN MARTHA MARY. By Avery Abbott. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

The story of a "Little Mother of the Tene-ments."

IT. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A collection of short stories.

FAITH BRANDON. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A new novel.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A romance of the South.

FATHER WILLIAM. By S. L. Bensusan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A new novel.

THE HERO AND THE MAN. By L. Curry Morton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

RED REVENGE. By Charles E. Pearce. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A romance of Cawnpore.

BUCK PETERS, RANCHMAN. By Clarence E. Mulford and John Wood Clay. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Being the story of what happened when Buck Peters, Hopalong Cassidy, and their Bar-20 associates went to Montana.

THE MAKER OF OPPORTUNITIES. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A new novel.

## BIOGRAPHY.

HENRIK IBSEN. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Thirteenth and concluding volume of the Viking Edition. Edited with introduction by William Archer.

THE PROMISED LAND. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

The autobiography of a Russian immigrant.

A CHAUTAUGUA BOY IN '61 AND AFTERWARD. Edited by Torrance Parker. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$3 net.

Reminiscences of David B. Parker.

MEMORIES OF THE DUC DE LAUZUN. Translated from the French by E. Jules Méras. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Court series of French Memoirs.

THE FRANCE OF JOAN OF ARC. By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

A review of some of the historical figures surrounding that of Joan of Arc.

## TRAVEL.

IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE. By Algot Lange. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Adventures in remote parts of the Upper Amazon River, including a sojourn among cannibal Indians.

THE YOSEMITE. By John Muir. New York: The Century Company; \$2.40 net.

Some experiences and feelings "during many years of happy wanderings through this marvelous wonderland."

IN THE GUIANA FOREST. By James Rodway. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Studies of nature in relation to the struggle for life. New, revised, and enlarged edition.

## JUVENILE.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE SIOUX. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

The adventures of two boy scouts on the Minnesota frontier.

DAVE PORTER ON CAVE ISLAND. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25.

A story for boys.

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## THE CENTURY CO.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

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222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco

THE CHILDREN IN THE LITTLE OLD RED HOUSE. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for children.

NORSE TALES RETOLD. By Ritza Freeman and Ruth Davis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

For little children and others who care to read them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE KING'S EASTER. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: World Peace Foundation.

A plea for the world's peace.

BARAISM. By Francis Henry Skrine. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 65 cents net.

The religion of brotherhood and its place in the evolution of creeds.

EVERYCHILD. By Lena Dalkeith Burton and Marian Katherine Brown. Boston: C. W. Thompson & Co.; 25 cents.

A morality play.

POEMS. By William Trumbull. Litchfield, Connecticut: Press of the Litchfield Enquirer.

MOODS, SONGS, AND DOGGERELS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

SUGGESTION AND PSYCHOTHERAPY. By George W. Jacoby, M. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An inquiry into the influence of the mind upon the causation and cure of disease.

CRIMINAL RESPONSIBILITY AND SOCIAL CONSTRAINT. By Ray Madding McConnell, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

An examination of the criminal system.

SCUM O' THE EARTH. By Robert Haven Schaffer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNKNOWN AS EXPOUNDED BY HERBERT SPENCER. By William M. Lacy. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co.

A philosophic treatise.

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS. By Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thomson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75 net.

Some studies in psychological aesthetics.

MODERN ENGLISH BOOKS OF POWER. By George Hamlin Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A review of some modern literature.

LEAFLETS FROM ITALY. By M. Natalie Crump-ton. Edited by Margaret L. C. Nicola. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A volume of historic sketches.

THE NORSEMAN. By Elizabeth Alden Curtis. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press.

A drama in four acts.

BABY WISE. Compiled by George R. Sparks. Decorated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A collection of children's quaint sayings.

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THE INVERTED TORCH.

A Selection of Poems by Mr. S. J. Alexander Now  
Appears in Volume Form.

Some of Mr. Alexander's verse has already been introduced to the public through the columns of the *Argonaut*, and we have now to welcome a volume that will certainly not be a disappointment to those whose interest and curiosity have been aroused by the few examples that were published. In an age that is mainly occupied with other things, and less worthy things, than poetry, it is well to be cautious in predicting a public appreciation for the finer products of the mind. But it may at least be said with confidence that Mr. Alexander has deserved the applause of a poetry-loving minority alert to a workmanship that is both delicate and vigorous and that concerns itself always with lofty thought upon lofty themes. Much of the verse of today, while faultless in form and rich in musical values, yet lacks the concentration and intensity essential to great poetry. It suggests a too great readiness in versification, a too great fluency in familiar sentiment. But Mr. Alexander's poetry is always tense. It has the element of suddenness, and when it is at its best it astonishes.

It can be said of none of these poems that it is representative of the whole, for Mr. Alexander's themes are as varied as his metres. If he has a dominant note it is the heroic. He likes to linger over the sentiments of royalty and to talk of kings past and present, and of this tendency a single example may be given:

THE KING'S TRYST.

The Tryst of Widowed Lands  
The Wider Britain keeps.  
With faltering steps She stands  
On Her exulting steep;  
She flings her mourning bands  
Across Her subject deeps.

The August Mother calls  
Her children o'er the tide;  
High are the ocean walls,  
The ocean walls are wide,  
But yet, what e'er befalls  
They hasten to Her side.

At Britain's high behest  
From North and South they come;  
They come from East and West  
Swift foot across the foam;  
They gather to Her breast  
When Britain calls them Home.

They come with flying feet,  
And eyes with tears grown dim;  
From East and West they meet  
Upon the world's far rim;  
They pass with footsteps fleet  
To keep their tryst with Him.

Gifts for the Royal Dead  
From all the lands that lie  
Where Britain's Zone of Red  
Is bounded by the sky.  
Peace that may still hestead,  
And Love that shall not die.

Peace! Peace be with the King.  
Let jangling faction cease.  
Above his ashes fling  
The Flower of Civic Peace.  
So from His grave shall spring  
The Star of Christ's Increase.

But Mr. Alexander recognizes the hero, whether crowned or uncrowned. His poem to Oliver Wendell Holmes approaches perfection in memorial verse, a form of tribute than which there is none more exacting:

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The master of a double art,  
He bore the gifts to make man whole;  
His tears and laughter for the soul,  
A potion for the body's smart.

If not the highest, yet so high,  
So clear and sweet his message rang,  
If not a priest or prophet sang  
Yet the whole world was more thereby.

And the sad age forgot awhile  
Her sweat and tears, and stopped to quaff  
The mellow music of his laugh,  
And answered to it with a smile.

And yet, methinks, he might have built  
Those Stateries Mansions for his art,  
Whereon the sweat of soul and heart  
About the corner stone are spilt.

He, fiefed in yonder blue serene;  
He, free beyond the morning bars;  
He, franchised in the farther stars,  
And the wide spaces in between,

Here had be with firm footstep trod,  
Here had be swept the sounding lyre,  
Whose waves of thunder and of fire  
Surge upwards to the feet of God;

But that he chose of his own will  
To heal the grievous wounds of man;  
To walk the Good Samaritan,  
And gentle healer of the ill;

To pour the balsam of his mirth,  
Free flowing from the lesser fount  
Sprung n' lways on the sacred mount,  
Upon the tired heart of earth.

Perchance, he chose the better part.  
And ye, who knew and loved him, bring  
The first-fruit of the spring  
As his gentle heart.

should he, but when it does appear it is forceful and arresting:

THE BRIDAL.

Fill up his cup each guest,  
Let it brim over.  
Ready both bride and feast.  
Tarryes the lover.  
Why is my lord so late?  
Why does he tarry?  
Here in my halls I wait  
Whom he would marry.  
Long life and I were wed,  
Long have I proved him,  
Shared with him hoard and bed.  
Never I loved him.  
Life is a sorry jest  
All the world over.  
He I wed now is best,  
Faithfullest lover.  
Hasten, my lord, I pray.  
Hasten yet faster.  
This is our wedding day.  
Lord, Friend and Master.  
Narrow the bridal bed;  
Satin its pillows;  
Satin all white its spread;  
White lace in billows.  
Comes my lord's tiring maid  
Softly a-creeping.  
Soft are her fingers laid  
On the bride sleeping.  
Up from the bed and flee!  
The rite's unnerving.  
Let mortal eyes not see  
His servant's serving.  
Up! away from the shock  
Ghastly, inhuman,  
Lest, maddened, we mock  
Christ, born of woman.  
Still bride of a day,  
Soft lie your cover.  
My Lord Death, away!  
The bridal is over.

A final example may be selected from the author's blank verse:

A DREAM OF ITALY.

Peace on the earth, and on the waters Peace;  
In yonder cloudless heavens above us, Peace;  
And Peace with him who slumbers at my side,  
The boy companion of my lonely way  
To this untaken fortress of the hills  
That guards Balboa's ocean. Lo, he lies  
In that dim border and debatable land  
That owns the equal sway of those great lords  
Whom men call Life and Death. Above him now  
The shadow of their cognizance is thrown  
Or roses white, or roses red, that pale  
Or flush above the olive of his face.  
So doth he lie, a dream within a dream,  
A charmed prince in an enchanted land,  
From which myself might draw him to my side  
—The devious ways by which he went made straight

For his returning feet—did I but place  
My hand upon his brow, become august  
With the compelling dignities of Sleep.  
And he would wake and smile, and smiling speak  
In those soft sibilant accents that I love;  
In hearing which my soul perchance would see  
The God-blown bubble of the Lordly Dome  
That floats above the Tiber, o'er the dust  
That once was Rome—and still is Italy.  
I am not alien to this land that lies  
A wedge of emerald trust between her walls  
Of sapphire seas. Myself am native here;  
I leap the Rubicon of alien blood  
Too shallow to divide myself from Her,  
My Soul and Spirit Mother. Oh, Beloved!  
Oh, Well Beloved! Oh, Best Beloved Thou!  
What shall I bring Thee from my human love  
That wanders lost upon the soaring heights  
Of a God's adoration? Naught but these?  
Naught but these flawed futilities of Art?  
This rainbow's ladder, broken at the base  
In seven-hued toppled steps I may not climb.  
Naught but these airy capitals that fell  
From broken columns of my hall of dreams  
Wherein my soul may never hope to dwell.  
Naught but these minor melodies of song  
That shall not reach thine ears of royalty  
Attuned to statelier measures. Naught but these?  
To lay beside the gifts the Magi bring  
From all the wider east where God is born  
Incarnate in each new-born Poet's breast.

Mr. Alexander's poems are intensely human, but it is humanness in its exalted aspects, the rarer aspects of passionate enthusiasm and of the romantic vision. If they can be identified with any particular influence it is that of the old school of poetry which concerned itself with large themes and with the sentiments that do not change from age to age.

THE INVERTED TORCH. By S. J. Alexander.  
San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.50.

College Life.

The author was dean of Yale College from 1884 to 1909 and he is therefore well qualified to write on all matters pertaining to college life and to the welfare of the student. His book, he tells us, is a sort of *résumé* of the advice that he has been in the habit of giving verbally to the students who have sought it, and whether he speaks of study, of recreation, or of the college virtues, he is always well worth hearing. There is at least one piece of educational advice that might be taken to heart by teachers everywhere. It is foolish, he says, to fill the mind with material that is always accessible in books of reference, and he reminds us that Secretary Bayard expressed a disinclination to have in his office a man who knew the population of all the countries of Europe.

FROM SCHOOL THROUGH COLLEGE. By Henry Parks Wright. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$1 net.

"Everybody's Saint Francis," by Dr. Maurice F. Egan, will begin as a serial in the May *Century Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Child of the Dawn.

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson need not apologize for treating the subject of immortality by means of an allegory or fantasy. Next to poetry it is the most effective of all ways in which such a topic can be considered and the one that carries the greatest appeal to those who remain unmoved by ontological speculations. Mr. Benson's motive is not argumentative. Comparing himself to one who is traveling upon a road he describes the landscape as it unfolds before him. He describes his own experience without desire to fashion the experience of others.

Mr. Benson tells us why he believes in the immortality of the soul. During a two years' illness he was conscious that while the physical machinery was out of gear his mind remained intact and practically unaffected by the disease, imprisoned, like a bird in a cage, but perfectly free and uninjured by bodily weakness. Moreover, he recognized that he had been living with a false standard of values and that the only thing that really mattered was the relation of the soul to other souls, and that all other occupation was a kind of bodily delusion. The body, indeed, grows strong again and reasserts itself, but the possibility remains when it has once been grasped.

Distinctly curious are Mr. Benson's speculations on reincarnation. If human life have any intention behind it how can that intention be fulfilled by one embodiment, especially if that embodiment last but a few years? He finds it impossible to believe in any multiplication of human souls, seeing that if there can be no creation of new matter neither can there be of new soul. Therefore the sum total of life can not actually be increased. We can not easily believe, says Mr. Benson, that at the death of the two first progenitors of the race there were but two souls in heaven; that at the death of the next generation there were, let us say, ten souls in heaven, and that the unseen world is now peopled by myriads of human entities who have had a brief taste of incarnate life and who will now live eternally in some vast community of spirits.

There is no need to recommend Mr. Benson to those who already know him. For a certain exquisite and gentle sincerity expressed in scholarly and faultless literary form Mr. Benson has few rivals.

THE CHILD OF THE DAWN. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Major Cicero Newell, author of "Indian Stories" (Silver, Burdett & Co.; 50 cents), was for years the friend of the Indians of the plains and during his life with them he learned the strange and interesting things that he has woven together in this little volume for the boys and girls of today.

Those interested in the teachings of Baháism would do well to read a little volume issued under that name by Francis Henry Skrine and published by Longmans, Green & Co. (65 cents net). Mr. Skrine seems to have prepared his work under the direction of Ahdul Baha himself, whose portrait he uses as a frontispiece, and in the course of his few well-written pages he gives us a satisfactory sketch of the religious system that has already made so profound an impression upon the Eastern world.

"Farm Boys and Girls," by William A. McKeever (the Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net), belongs to the Rural Science series under the general editorship of L. H. Bailey, who has probably done more for rural life than any other

man in America. The author devotes the first part of his book to general considerations of child life and then to the special conditions of the country. The author's advice is invariably marked by common sense and experience and his book is one to be recommended with heartiness.

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low side of poetry is sparsely rep-  
Mr. Alexander's work, as it





### "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT."

"Little Miss Fix-It" is very felicitously labeled on the programme as "a happy hilarity in two acts," and, though we can not always trust the eloquence of the press agent, on this occasion we may repose complete faith.

The piece, which is sired by that successful trio, Messrs. Hurlbut, Smith, and Hobart, must have been written and composed when spirits were high and the world looked rosy. The characters are young and pleasure-loving, there is not to be found—oh, grateful omission!—an elderly Lothario in search of salacious adventure, and the women are all respectable, yet charming.

The dialogue goes off like a series of champagne cork with ebullitions of the gayest wit and humor and every song has distinctiveness and point. And each and every point is neatly inserted into the grinning receptivities of the audience by a particularly good company.

And set in the midst of this group of clever and competent players is Alice Lloyd, who is billed—again with entire truth—as "England's foremost singing comedienne." And that is just what this bright little cockney is—a comedienne of exceptional merit. Alice Lloyd has a sense of humor, and that gift, which is so difficult to analyze or classify, of saying humorous things so humorously that they sound as if born of the moment—a flash of foam on the ocean of small talk.

She was born for the stage, this little Englishlander, and her experience there, allied to her quick intelligence, have made her so absolutely sure of what to do and what not to do that every gesture, movement, and inflection is pointed with apt significance.

It is curious, that ability that some stage people have of so stamping their individuality on everything they do, and giving it that quick propulsion which makes it carry straight to the auditor, by whom it is received with an entire accord that makes such people one with their audience.

Alice Lloyd, when she sings, makes a particularly pointed personal appeal. She is enormously favored by male audiences; and when she sings "Splash Me" you can see on the faces of the younger ones a sort of personal response. Her laughing magnetism makes them feel as if they were on the beach, being coquetted with by this small British siren, and they all but go through the motions of accepting her invitation.

In her blonde minuteness, as a dart-dealing Cupid, with her toy legs and feet pinkly disporting themselves under her coquettishly revealing skirtlet, the little comedienne was a sight to make the haldheads young again. Yet her face is neither beautiful nor fine, nor is her abbreviated shape quite slender and youthful enough to satisfy one who has exacting standards. Her features, which are as English as her delightful r's, have taken on a less youthful character since her first visit, but her trim, tiny, beautifully shod feet, and silken ankles, and the pretty little dancing steps in which these eye-attracting charms are exhibited, are not a day over twenty. And that sense of stage fitness, which so animates her, causes the clever little comedienne to make the very best of herself in every way; in the matter of costume, the arrangement of her hair, the neat, quiet incisiveness of her spoken words, the lively challenge of her vocalized expression; and, to cap it all, the mischievous provocation of her glance, the sparkle of her eye, the gleam of her teeth, the wave of laughter and fun that lights up her entire physiognomy so gayly and wholeheartedly that every face smiles back at her.

What came as something of a surprise was to discover that this comedy-songstress par excellence is so thoroughly mistress of the art of spoken comedy, too. Her speaking voice, like her person, is small, but penetrating, and not a syllable is lost; and every syllable and movement is dextrously charged with the meaning, and the degree of meaning, the author intended.

"Little Miss Fix-It" is a young wife entertaining a house party; and among the dozen or more guests the rôles of the principals were acted with such reassuring competence that it dawned upon us almost immediately that we were having the rare felicity of being entertained by a company of first-class merit.

A few words will often tell the tale: "Buddie" said something about climbing the fence, Percy responded, and we knew! The two men, James Lane and Lionel Walsh, who acted these rôles, are both the very best type of light comedians. James Lane is of the

class we are more accustomed to out here. But he hasn't a mechanical trick in his repertory. Every bit of repartee or turn of humor jumps out of him as if it were just minted. And, like Alice Lloyd, he respects the English language so thoroughly that the house had not the anguish of losing one of the long procession of joke-nuggets with which his lines were liberally adorned.

Lionel Walsh is an Englishman, and an artist. He is an actor with an eye and an intellect for detail. He is a lesson in comedy to the young aspirant. The little dog-like shakes of comfort with which he settled himself on a cushioned sofa, or a *chaise longue*, the slow look of doubt, of minutely fractioned bewilderment, almost suspicion, with which Percy received the numerous buffets administered by his lively friends, followed by the relieved dismissal of all possibility of ridicule, the characteristic attitude suitable to one of Percy's mental vacuity, and all these hits of thoughtful detail added to the actor's lively sense of burlesque, of mental caricature, of character sense, made his work something notable. His humorous recitation, "My Word," is a perfect gem of its kind. The house hung on every word, for not a syllable could be spared, and, praise be the gods for this rare felicity, not one was slurred or lost.

It seems as if it must be a purely American institution, this tendency to gabble, in comedy. "Little Miss Fix-It" is the most really amusing and humorous performance I have heard this season. The audience laughed continually, yet, practically, there was not one word in the performance but was uttered, and even sung—oh, wonder!—so that it was understood without auditory strain or aggravated guessing.

Frederic Santley is the chief male singer, and, well accompanied by a male contingent, he pleased the house with a varied selection of lively numbers. He is also a good dancer, and was called on to figure as the partner of our returned San Franciscan, Grace Field, in the "turkey trot," which was considerably labeled for us on the programme so that we knew where we were at.

The dance, which is not at all vulgar, but extremely violent, and which would certainly be regarded by social conservatives as unseemly in the extreme for a drawing-room, was danced by the pair with electric abandon, and perfect skill. Grace can scarcely be mentioned in connection with the "turkey trot."

A very good special number, called "Disguising," was done by Alice Lloyd and James Lane, in which the little comedienne gave us a taste of her versatility in exhibiting a variety of types. In this she figured as a coster-girl, a Scotch lassie, and a Russian girl, and Mr. Lane made an excellent second.

It seemed to me that one of the best things that Alice Lloyd did was her sailor-hoy song, she did it with such dash, and assumed so exactly the bold, confident swagger of the jaunty sailor-boy in search of a responsive 'Arriet that the laughing impudence of the expression, the killing cock to the cap, the little, English, self-confident shake of the body, the jerk of the head, and the fleeting wink, all seemed purely masculine.

There were other good players besides those already mentioned. Nellie Malcolm's Bella Ketcham, the girl with the giggling, gurgling laugh, was a very neatly rounded-out little sketch of a husband-hunter, and Grace Brown's Ethel, the youthful romancer whose life trials began with her engagement, was played with intelligence and humor. There again we must commend the management. Grace Brown was not merely a girl, any girl, but a girl who knew how to do neatly and effectively the small bit of impersonation that was laid out for her.

Another very clever, distinctive, and amusing impersonation was that of Annie Buckley's Mary Ann, a domestic of positive character, and clamorous voice to match, whose love affairs and opinions were allowed to diversify the stage landscapes with what would have seemed an insufficient number of times if Mary Ann's betters had not been so highly entertaining.

Alice Lloyd, business-like and thorough in this detail as in other things, had a change of garb and headress every time opportunity offered, and her costumes were costly and tasteful.

In fact, "Little Miss Fix-It" is so complete in every way, and so first-class in merit, and the little comedy star is such an immense favorite here that it is a matter for surprise that the entertainment was not hooked for a longer stay than a week.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Martin Beck has added Florence Roberts to the rapidly growing list of distinguished players who will appear exclusively in the vaudeville theatres controlled by him. Miss Roberts will begin a tour of the Orpheum Circuit almost immediately, and will be seen in a one-act play called "The Miracle." In her supporting company will be Charles Wingate, Walter Green, J. H. Morrison, and Ethel Merritt. This will be Miss Roberts's first vaudeville appearance.

Saturday matinees only will be given during the Blanche Bates engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

It has been a long time since a star and play have been so happily united as Blanche Bates to "Nobody's Widow," and to those who are intimately in touch with the trend of things theatrical the mention that David Belasco presents Miss Bates in this delicious comedy at the Columbia Theatre Monday night next, April 29, signifies the altogether too brief stay of such exceptional importance and merit. Blanche Bates's engagement in this city is for two weeks only, with matinees on Saturdays only.

Miss Bates's success as Roxana Clayton, "the widow," has even surpassed her enormous hits in "Madame Butterfly," "The Darling of the Gods," and "The Girl of the Golden West," and inasmuch as "Nobody's Widow" is designated as a farcical romance, her triumph as a comedienne is all the more emphatic. "Nobody's Widow" is a delightful comedy, as light and fascinating as thistle-down and as deliciously effervescent as a glass of champagne, with a novelty of motif and constructive quality that establishes it as one of New York's biggest successes.

Mr. Belasco has given her excellent supporting players, including Bruce McRae, Adelaide Prince, Kenneth Hunter, Edith Campbell, Alice Claire Elliott, Minor S. Watson, and Arthur Hyman.

The Orpheum announces for next week an attractive and varied programme. Toots Paka and company will present a terpsichorean and musical specialty which has proved a great hit of the present New York vaudeville season. Johnny Ford, who will make his first appearance here, has been described as "the man who can't make his feet behave." He excels in song and dance. John E. Henshaw and Grace Avery, who recently made such a hit at the Orpheum during their too short engagement, will return for next week only.

The Harvey and De Vora Trio will offer a diversified dance review, with a lot of comedy thrown in. Miss Millie De Vora is famous as an eccentric danseuse, while Master John Dough, who stands exactly three feet high, is the smallest comedian in vaudeville. Bert Harvey is a clever comedy dancer and the originator of all the steps he introduces. Rosina Casselli and her midget wonders, a highly trained troupe of rare and cute Mexican Chichauha Dogs, will be included in the new bill. They are acrobatic marvels and execute difficult feats on the ground and in the air. Miss Casselli's success with these members of the smallest canine race in the world is attributable to patience and kindness.

Next week will be the last of Ed Blondell and his company and the Gertrude Van Dyck Trio. It will also conclude the engagement of that splendid actress, Blanche Walsh, in "The Thunder Gods."

The beautiful and commodious Pantages Theatre, on Market Street, opposite Mason, which was opened the first of the year, has sprung into immediate popularity and has built up a clientele of vaudeville lovers that serves to crowd it once every afternoon, twice at night, and four times on Sundays and holidays. It is one of a dozen houses on the prosperous Pantages Circuit, and is constantly supplied with high-class vaudeville acts from the principal European and Eastern theatrical centres. On Sunday, Mons. Gustarello Affre, the famous French tenor, who is to his country what Caruso is to Italy, and who was the big feature of the engagement of the Paris Grand Opera Company at the Valencia Theatre, will return for one week, after a triumphant tour of the Pantages Circuit throughout the Northwest. As on his previous vaudeville engagement in this city, when all records for the Pantages Theatre were broken, M. Affre will be assisted by Mme. Martha Richardson, the eminent dramatic soprano, and these really great artists will be heard, in costume and with appropriate scenic environment, in scenes from "Il Trovatore." This will positively be M. Affre's last appearance in San Francisco. The rest of the programme will be unusually interesting, including the Bloomquest Players, in their comedy sketch, "Nerve," said to be a laugh-producer of great power. The Woods-Walton Trio, known as "The Musical Marines," will offer an original act; De Haven and Sidney, Hebrew comedians, will present a singing and dancing specialty, and Remarc and Rillay, pantomimists and exponents of black art, will surround themselves with an atmosphere of mystery. The Hans Kideros troupe of acrobats, appearing in evening dress, Kimball Brothers and Segal, eccentric singing comedians, and sunlight pictures, showing many amusing surprises, will complete a remarkable bill. The rates of admission at the Pantages Theatre are extraordinarily low, considering the attractions, ranging from ten to thirty cents, with box and loge seats at half a dollar.

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It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Despard is a leader of the English suffragettes and quite a mighty woman in her way. When Mrs. Pankhurst retires for a brief season of meditation and prayer in Holloway jail it is Mrs. Despard who takes her place and stands at the head of the embattled ranks of English women in their noble efforts to support home industries and the plate-glass trade. Mrs. Despard may be likened to the statue of liberty, but in place of a torch she holds a little hammer, and the little hammer is modestly wrapped in a little stocking.

Mrs. Despard believes that the time has now come for an alternative policy. Her little band of hope has broken all the windows in reach of their hammers and they would break all the others if they could only throw stones without endangering their own lives, which they can't. So now there is to be a change and Mrs. Despard tells us what it is. For a certain space of time to be hereinafter determined all women shall cease to wear hats and to contribute to church funds. It is a desperate move, but then, as we all know, the heart of man is desperately wicked. It is not to be touched by ordinary means. Something blood-curdling must be devised, and here it is.

Now with the second of these dire expedients, the abstention from church contributions, we have some sympathy. We ourselves registered a similar vow some time since, when our souls were harrowed by some hideous injustice. At the moment we forget what this was, but it was awful, and we have kept that vow with unflinching zeal. We have broken other vows, vows of godliness and the like, but we doubt if any temptation could persuade us to break this one. We may backslide in other matters, but not in this.

And, come to think of it, there is much to be said for the renunciation of hats. Not for us, of course, being bald, but for women. And yet they must not be vindictive. They must not be cruel. Let them first try the effect of a threat. It might be enough in itself. Let the suffragette go home with resolution upon every line of her face and tell her husband plainly without circumlocution that unless he will vote early and often for the enfranchisement of the only sex she will buy no more hats. Watch the wretch squirm. See him hide behind the newspaper in an effort to conceal his dismay. Note the curious sounds with which he will try to stifle his consternation. And if he is still obdurate let the threat be carried out. This is no time for sentiment, for maudlin pity.

It is a wonder that men themselves have never thought of this plan. They, too, have grievances and ambitions, political projects, and expedients, trivial of course, and yet real enough to them. "Sixteen to one, or No Trousers!" What a battle-cry it would make. These methods ought not to be neglected at a time when the Society for the Prevention of Things can hardly get a hearing from the callous crowd and when a man can scarcely venture to reform his next-door neighbor without being called names.

Some good stories are to be found in "Recollections of a Court Painter," by Mr. Thaddeus of London. He tells us that on one occasion he was the guest of Sir Julian Goldsmid and two other men, Sir J. B. and Mr. C., were his fellow-guests. The three sat up very late talking on the first evening, and when they finally went upstairs Mr. Thaddeus found that his companions were uncertain as to their bedrooms. Believing that he knew Lady Goldsmid's arrangements, Mr. Thaddeus indicated what he supposed to be the correct doors and went his way. Next morning Lady Goldsmid informed him that both men and their wives had left the house in high dudgeon. Mr. C., whose first name was Francis, was apprised of some terrible mistake when he heard a sleepy voice from the bed saying, "Jack, how very late you are." Flying precipitately from the wrath to come, he encountered his fellow victim in the passage, perspiring at every pore from a similar catastrophe. And both the ladies believed that Mr. Thaddeus was exercising his delicate gift of humor.

Somewhere in the East they are holding a simple life exhibition, or at least that is what they call it. Its ulterior motive seems to be to show bachelors how they may continue to soar in the pure airs of liberty and defy the fowler and his snare. They have all sorts of contrivances there, but nearly all tending to the same end, to show the inexperienced youth of the country that while a wife may be a luxury she is by no means a necessity. And there ought to be a law against it.

It is surprising how easily you can be a bachelor if only you know how. For example, look at the new fireplace that these people have put on show. You touch a button and the whole affair swings round, disclosing a perfect little cooking stove with a oven-plate warmer, and toasting rack. You have cooked and eaten your modest dinner. You touch the button again and once more you have the ordinary fireplace. Then

you put your feet on the table, light your pipe, throw the match on the floor, and laugh that whole-hearted, care-free laugh that comes only to the bachelor. There are other contrivances that darn your socks and sew on buttons while you wait, and you can even do your own washing by the aid of a simple little machine that will clean anything from a handkerchief to a conscience.

It is quite an interesting collection of costumes that the Smithsonian Institution is now trying to complete. The Institution authorities began with the costumes of earlier days and they have now developed the ingenious plan of inviting distinguished women to donate the costumes that they wore upon important occasions. Mrs. Grover Cleveland has been asked to give the gown that she wore on the occasion of her wedding at the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt has been invited to present her inaugural dress and Mrs. Taft the costume that she wore at her silver wedding anniversary. Other notable American women will be asked to contribute the gowns that they wore at foreign ceremonials, such as court presentations, the Indian Durbar, and so forth. These costumes will be displayed on appropriate wax figures enclosed in show-cases, and they should make an exhibition of unusual interest.

What a peculiar and distinctive excellence there is about the word "the" when it is used as a title. And it is used as a title both in Ireland and in Scotland, in some few cases legitimately and in most cases illegitimately. The ancient Irish tribes were accustomed to elect their kings, and when the king died they elected another one. They knew nothing about hereditary rights, but they chose from among themselves some one worthy of autocratic power, and when he ceased to be worthy—well, there were plenty more where he came from and a king more or less made no difference. Which seems to be the perfection of government, and one to which the world will presently return. But during the reign of Henry VIII these kinglets were all abolished with two or three exceptions. They were made peers, which was quite a descent for them. The exceptions remain to the present day, and perhaps there are only two that can make valid claim to the ancient title, and these two are The McDermot and The O'Connor Don.

And a proud title it is. You can not go much beyond it. The other kings, the parvenus, the upstarts, the Guelphs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Hapsburgs may spread their titles all the way down a column of print, but The McDermot and The O'Connor Don step in gayly ahead of them and take precedence of them all with the little three-lettered word that expresses priority, uniqueness, and distinction. To add any other kind of title would be to detract from the exclusiveness of the "The." The O'Connor Don would not exchange glories with the Sultan of Turkey, who has eighty-two titles. The Sultan of Turkey is no doubt a very important and respectable person, but who is there who would not rather be called "The" than "head of the faithful" or "supreme lord of all the followers of the prophet." We doubt if The McDermot would be aware of the existence of the Sultan of Turkey if he should meet him at a free lunch counter.

It must be profoundly discouraging to the tailor when he finds that the great ones of the earth are indifferent to their outward splendors, or careless about their sartorial adornments. It must be hard for him to believe that there can be any real greatness of character that is unaccompanied by an external accuracy of attire.

Sometimes we get an indication from the trade journals of the real feelings of the tailor, and the tailor has feelings just like men. For example, a recent issue of the *Tailor and Cutter* speaks exultingly of the eminently proper procedure of the Hon. R. L. Borden, who recently became Premier of Canada. When Mr. Borden was in opposition he allowed his opponent, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to surpass him in the matter of dress. Perhaps he felt it becoming in the leader of a minority to affect a costume, not exactly of sackcloth and ashes, but one that should gently express the idea of unattained ambitions, of unfulfilled hopes. But what a change may be seen, now that he has become premier. Says Mr. F. B. Jones in the *Tailor and Cutter*: "He appears on most occasions the better dressed man, though I, his tailor, state it." We forgive Mr. Jones his note of exultation. We feel that diffidence would here be out of place where a great moral issue is involved. Mr. Jones says: "I had the pleasure of trying on a suit at his home on the day the Laurier government resigned, and his quiet, gentlemanly qualities were patent on that occasion, for he was, as always, quiet, and no one would have imagined had they not already known that he had just been elected first citizen of Canada by a landslide of votes. I asked him if he would like three buttons on the front of his morning coat, one on the seam, as the roll was fairly low. He asked if it was any use to have the bottom one. I said no, it was only for show. Characteristically Mr. Borden replied, 'Oh, well; cut out

the frills.' It is evident that the Hon. R. L. Borden intends to dress according to his office, and may many of his party follow his example."

The *Lancet* is once more filled with a pained surprise by the discovery of another popular superstition that it hastens to remove. Cigarettes, we are told, contain far less nicotine than either pipe tobacco or cigars and to that extent are less injurious. It is really lamentable to note the haste with which the ignorant public forms a judgment upon these scientific matters and jumps to its own conclusions without availing itself of medical guidance. It is true we were under the impression that we had been buried under an avalanche of medical testimony to the effect that cigarette smoking as a mode of suicide was nearly as effective as the revolver, but doubtless that is but another proof of our besotted unawareness. So let it be understood that cigarettes are not more injurious than other forms of tobacco, and if we are lucky and get to press in good time this verdict may still belong to orthodox medical science by the time it sees the light of day. But we must be quick.

The present-day composer does not live down to tradition. He is a press agent, an artist, and a financier, all in one, if modern composers may be judged by Mascagni and Puccini. Mascagni not long ago completed a tour of South America which yielded him such immense returns that the figures are staggering. After he fussed with the producers who were to present his opera "Ysobel" in this country he took it to South America, where his entire tour yielded returns of \$800,000. Fifty thousand persons greeted Mascagni when he landed at Buenos Ayres and a great parade was given in his honor. His salary was \$12,000 a month for conducting his new opera in addition to large royalties. "Ysobel" was sung twenty-five times and "Cavalleria Rusticana" twenty times in the South American cities. At San Paulo, the centre of the Brazilian coffee trade, the nightly box receipts averaged \$8000.

Hobb—Is your wife critical? Nobb—Frightful! She is almost as bad as my fifteen-year-old daughter.—*Life*.

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A lady, observing that a stranger in her pew had no hymn-book, politely handed him one. "Thanks," said the gentleman, with great suavity; "I seldom use a libretto!"

Having learned the important date when the United States mint was established and the cotton gin invented, a grammar-school pupil in Kentucky, answering the question: "What were two important institutions established in Washington's administration?" wrote, "Mint and gin!"

A chaplain in our navy enjoys telling of his endeavors to induce a marine to give up the use of tobacco. During a talk that ensued between the two the chaplain said: "After all, Bill, you must reflect that in all creation there is not to be found any animal except man that smokes." The marine sniffed. "Yes," he agreed, "and you won't find, either, any other animal in all creation that cooks its food!"

Professor Mahaffy was once examining a man who had put himself down as an "agnostic" on entering college. He was having a hard time at Mahaffy's hands over some "crux" passages in a Greek hook. "I believe, sir," said Mahaffy, "that you are—aw—are an agnostic in religious matterth." The man feebly acquiesced. "Well, then, sir," said the professor, "I can quite athure you that you are an agnohtic in Greek ath well."

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

It is characteristic of some good-natured men always to agree with those with whom they converse. It is with them a point of politeness never to differ, which sort of politeness is certainly a very amiable kind of tact. We have a capital instance of the value of this policy in the sensible speech of the man who, during one of the Belfast riots, was asked by a mob what his religion was. He did not know whether his interrogators were Catholics or Protestants, but he looked at their weapons, their bludgeons, and their firearms, surveyed all carefully and answered: "Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gentleman there with the big axe."

It is related that upon one occasion Senator Thurman's friends visited his house to apprise him that a new political honor had been conferred upon him. He was pleased, but after they had been seated a few moments the conversation lagged and the old Roman seemed to be ill at ease. His wife tried her best to entertain the campaigners and the senator excused himself. He presently appeared with his boots and top-coat on. "Gentlemen," said he, "we will now go out and get something to smoke. My wife is the boss here and we never have anything to drink in the house." Mrs. Thurman looked pleased as she closed the door after them. "As I was saying," added the senator, "she runs the house, but, thank God! she doesn't run the town."

The subject of "kissing before engagements for marriage" came up at a whist club of half a dozen married couples. It turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. One of the men had a poor memory: "We used to kiss, sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife. "No, sir," she said, with deep indignation; "you tried to, and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded." "Is that so?" the husband remarked; "I've kissed so many—" "What's that? What did you say?" the wife asked. There was a pause. Intense but suppressed excitement was visible on the faces of the other married men. "I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began." Then the other married men breathed more freely.

The Brazilian nahoh, Baron Fereau, was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions. It was one of his peculiarities never to fee servants, and the waiters of the various hotels at which he sojourned were, for that reason, not partial to him. One morning, while staying at the magnificent Maux Hotel, in Rio de Janeiro, he came down to breakfast and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it he ordered a second. "Baron," said the head waiter, maliciously, "it's a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal." "Is that so?" said Fereau, and rising from his seat he left the room. In ten minutes he came back into the dining-room. "Waiter," said he, "I have just bought this hotel and am master here now. As you

will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once." Thereupon he took up his napkin again and called to another waiter: "Now, bring me another cutlet!"

In New York, during the old Bohemian days of Ada Clare, Harry Clapp, George Arnold, William Winter, and the rest, Nat Urner, the novelist, knew every Bohemian, and had got so used to pathetic tales of personal distress that whenever he met a man he unconsciously assumed that man to be in hard luck. Meeting Frank Patton one day, he said to him: "Well, how are you, my dear boy?" "First rate," said Patton; "got an editorial position, got a good wife, got a bank account, and everything is lovely." "Well," said Arnold, "never mind, old fellow; cheer up, cheer up."

Of innumerable occasions when Judge Hoar indulged in the retort mordant, perhaps none gave him greater satisfaction than this: B. F. Butler, his chief adversary at the bar in the early 'fifties, as counsel for the defense, closed with this sympathetic appeal to the jury: "We have the highest authority for saying, 'Everything that a man hath will he give for his life.'" When Hoar's turn came, he said: "It has for a long time been suspected by those who have watched Mr. Butler's career that he recognized as the highest authority the individual upon whom he now relies. For, gentlemen, as you well know, the statement which he quotes from the Book of Job was made by Satan."

Judge Purple, of Peoria, was an able jurist, but he had eccentric ideas of what "doing well" at the Illinois bar meant. While visiting Washington, the judge was asked by a Boston gentleman as to the success of a young lawyer who had "gone West" some five years before. "He is doing well, sir," said the judge. "He is? Well, I am glad to hear it," continued the gentleman; "you think he has a good practice and is making money, judge?" "I don't know anything about his practice or his business; but he is doing well." "How is that, judge? You say you don't know anything about his practice or his business, yet you think he is doing well." "I mean just this," said the judge; "that any man who practices law in Illinois five years and keeps out of the penitentiary is doing well, whether he has much practice or not."

When F. H. Heald settled on the Machado Ranch, near San Diego, and began to build Elsinore, then unnamed, he was puzzled about the christening. What should he call the coming city by the lake and springs? Finally he chose Lake something or other—a long compound—but the postoffice authorities would not have it. They wrote Mr. Heald that one word was enough and sent him a list to choose from. He took Elsinore, and a few days afterward announced the fact to old Señor Machado. The aged don was for a moment nonplused. "El Señor," he said; "which señor do you mean, yourself or myself?" "Yourself, of course," replied the diplomatic Heald. And to this day the Machados believe that the name Elsinore is but a gringo corruption of "El Señor," the señor who owned the original property.

At a naval court of inquiry, in New York, much unconscious humor was exhibited. The sailors called as witnesses were quite unused to such proceedings, and went about their work very much as a Sioux Indian might be expected to conjugate a Greek verb. One of them—Bill Bubbles—came shuffling forward, his eyes hunting all round the room, as if in search of some place of safety. "Come here," said the admiral. He came, of course, upon the wrong side. "No, here! What's your name?" "Bubbles." "What's all of it?" "Bill Bubbles." "Bill Bubbles, take the book." "Book, sir?" "Yes, here!" The admiral stood up, placed his eye-glasses astride of his nose, peered through them at the unhappy Bubbles, and held out the Bible. Bubbles made a motion as if to take the Bible, perhaps thinking it a gratuity. "No, no! just place your hand on it." Bubbles put up his left hand. "No, your right hand." Bubbles put up both hands. The admiral seized the left one between his thumb and finger and removed it. The right remained. "Now, Bubbles." "Yez'r." "Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you will give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing hut the truth, so help you God?" "Yez'r." "Well, then, kiss the book." "Hey, zur?" "Kiss the book." "Kiss it, zur?" "Yes, kiss it." Bubbles looked around appealingly, but there seemed to be no help for it, so he placed himself squarely on his feet, drew a long breath, hent over the Bihle, and produced a noise which made the admiral jump. For an instant, the Bible seemed to be in peril, and the admiral, rescuing it with a sudden pull, looked sternly at Bubbles and said, slowly: "Go yonder and sit down." Another witness had had trouble with Lieutenant Lumley. "He says, sezee, 'Ef you wasn't so small,' sezee, 'I'd knock you out of sight,' sezee. 'I'd like to see you do it,' says I. Also he done it." There is much eloquence in these four words.



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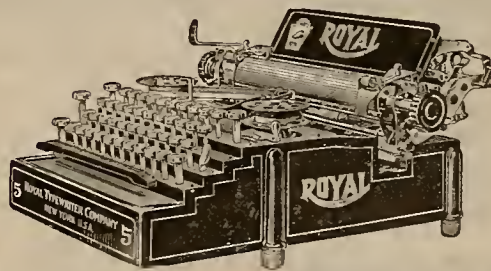
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie Belle Allan, a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert T. Allan of Redlands, and Lieutenant James A. O'Connor of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Miss Allan belongs to one of California's pioneer families, being a granddaughter of the late William Shiels, and a niece of Mrs. George Franklin and J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. William Lynham Shiels, and Mr. Charles H. Shiels, of this city, and Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Kinloch Johnstone, of the army.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ruth Casey and Mr. Arthur Brown. Miss Casey is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William P. Casey (formerly Miss Caroline Pierce) and a niece of Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Mrs. Frank D. Madison, and Mrs. Marsh, of this city, and Mrs. Arthur Goodwin, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Brown formerly lived in the East, but for years has resided in this city. The wedding will take place in October at Miss Casey's home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Amy Bowles, to Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., son of Governor Hiram W. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson. The wedding will take place in May at The Pines, the home in Oakland of Mr. and Mrs. Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walter Stetson have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Stetson, to Mr. Paul Charles Butte.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Postlewaite and Mr. Thomas R. Dean will take place today at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Postlewaite. Miss Marie Bulard and Mr. Clement Gray will be the bridal attendants.

The wedding of Miss Mary Clappett and Mr. William Boxwell Beatty took place recently in Los Angeles. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Clappett of the southern city, and a niece of the Reverend Frederick W. Clappett of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty will reside in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Lieutenant Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bane, who arrived last week from Manila en route to West Point.

Mrs. Duane Bliss entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was complimentary to Mrs. Bliss Perry, wife of Professor Perry of Harvard University. Professor Perry was the honored guest the same day at a luncheon given by Mr. Duane Bliss.

Mrs. Charles Mills was hostess at a tea recently at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Pierre Olney entertained a number of friends at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breedon gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Walton Hedges of Santa Barbara.

Mr. Joseph Rosborough was host Saturday evening at a dinner-dance at the Claremont Country Club.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel was hostess Monday at a luncheon and bridge party at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. James C. Jordan gave a dinner at the Columbia Park Boys' Club. During the evening a musical programme was presented by the talented members of the club.

Mrs. Walter Greer entertained at a luncheon in honor of Miss Jessie Morrison, whose engagement to Mr. Guy Knapp of Portland has recently been announced.

Mrs. Hearst will be hostess this afternoon at a musicale at her Hacienda del Pozo de Verona. A special train will take the guests to and from Pleasanton.

Mrs. Hearst was the honored guest at a reception given Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel by the members of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.

Mrs. Edward L. Eyre was hostess at a tea complimentary to Mrs. Harold Sewell.

Mrs. John Kilgarriff gave a garden party last Saturday at her home in Ross and entertained the young friends of her son, Mr. Lester Kilgarriff. Mrs. Bowie-Dietrich chaperoned a number of young people from town.

Mrs. Walter Finley gave a bridge-tea Thursday at her home in the Presidio.

The final dance of the Saturday Night Club of Berkeley was given last Saturday evening in the Town and Gown Club. The patronesses are Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley, Mrs.

Allen MacKenzie Sutton, Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, and Mrs. Selim Woodworth.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained at a dinner at the Hotel Stewart in honor of Baron and Baroness von Schroder.

Mrs. Charles Hines was hostess Saturday at a bridge-tea at her home at Fort Scott.

Mrs. Finley was the guest of honor at a tea given Monday by Mrs. Alexander McCrackin at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss left last week for their home on Lake Tahoe, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. William S. Tevis returned Monday from Woodside, where she spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. Edgar M. Wilson spent a few days recently in Los Angeles with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edingham Sutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear sailed Thursday for Panama, and upon their return will take possession of their home on Vallejo Street. They have been residing in Oakland for the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron will leave next week for Burlingame, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels are en route to Europe, where they will remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are again established in their Burlingame home, which was occupied during the winter by Miss Isabel McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown and their children will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Clarence Folliis has been spending the past two weeks in this city, having been called from New York by the serious illness of his brother, Mr. James Folliis of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham (formerly Miss Juliet Garber) have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford has gone to New York to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Marian Smyth, and Mr. E. Coe Kerr.

Mr. and Mrs. Latrop Ellinwood spent the week-end at their bungalow in Sausalito.

Miss Birdie Rice and Miss Marin have returned to their home in Santa Barbara after a visit with Mrs. A. N. Towne at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John D. Tallant of New York is expected to arrive the middle of May to visit her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright. Mrs. Tallant is at present in Goldfield with her son, Mr. John Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Cora Jane Flood are spending a few weeks in Coronado.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has returned from Coronado, where she has been spending three months with Mrs. J. D. Spreckels.

The Messrs Cyrus Pierce, Richard Girvin, Jr., and Eyre Pinckard have returned from a motor trip to Monterey.

Mr. Prescott Scott has returned from New York.

Judge M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Sloss, and their children will spend the summer in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford and their family will spend the summer months in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve, will spend the next few months in Santa Barbara and will later go abroad for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson returned Thursday from Chico, where they spent several days at the Pratt ranch. Miss Marjorie Shepard is expected home next month from Manila, where she has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Captain Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long.

Miss Frances Jolliffe is again established in her home on Webster and Washington Streets. Since her return from the East she has been visiting her sisters, the Misses Jolliffe, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have returned from Menlo, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Miss Ruth Casey has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan at their home in Burlingame.

Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have opened their country home in Pleasanton for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald (formerly Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick) and their little son will be their guests during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sabla, and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin left Wednesday for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour at their home in Rutherford, Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee have gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro left Thursday for Santa Barbara and are at the Hotel Potter. Upon their return they will go to Mill Valley to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermer-Hesketh spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon at their home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates are established for the summer at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Milner Rideout (formerly Miss Frances Reed), who have been spending the past year in the East, will return home shortly and will reside in Sausalito with Mrs. Rideout's mother, Mrs. Henry C. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers sailed last week for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Miller of Sacramento spent a few days last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Marion Crocker will spend the summer at their country home in Cloverdale.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, will leave May 15 for Ross, where they will spend the summer.

Major Henry T. Ferguson, U. S. A., will arrive next week from Panama and will be connected with the quartermaster's department in this city. Lieutenant J. F. Daye, U. S. A., has arrived from Panama and will leave shortly for Manila.

Lieutenant John L. Bond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bond have been spending the past two weeks with friends in Los Angeles.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), Mrs. Clover, and the Misses Dora and Beatrice Clover, of Washington, D. C., will spend the summer at their country home in Napa County.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and her sister, Miss Julia Langborne, have recently been visiting relatives in Washington, D. C. Miss Langborne will not return home until after the wedding in June of Miss Martha Calhoun and Mr. Wilson B. Hickox.

Rear-Admiral Kempff, U. S. N. (retired), and his daughter, Miss Cornelia Kempff, are established for the summer at Watson's, Marin County.

Colonel Charles Mason Kinne and Mrs. Kinne sailed Thursday from New York for Naples, where they will join their daughter, Mrs. Clark Burnham.

Major Sberwood Cheney, U. S. A., who left a few months ago for Panama, arrived Saturday from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sberwood have returned to their Spokane home. Miss Avis Sberwood accompanied them for a visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson have returned to their Belvedere home after spending the winter months in the city.

## Opera in the Shade of the Pyramids.

The plan of performing Verdi's Egyptian opera at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops was actually carried out. The voices and the orchestra sounded well, but what was most notable was the procession, in which over a hundred gayly caparisoned camels and two hundred horses participated. The setting sun tinged the natural scenic background with rich colors. Never had the old and the new met as they did at this performance—the pyramid, thousands of years old, while the spectators came mostly in automobiles. Three cinematographs were kept busy in taking records, electric lights showed the way to the sphinx, and even an aeronaut attempted to get a peep at the show, but was prevented by an accident.

## The Flonzaley's Farewell Concert.

The last concert by the famous Flonzaley Quartet, one of the most important musical organizations in the world, will be given this Sunday afternoon, April 28, at 2:30, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. A most important and beautiful programme has been arranged, including the Beethoven Quartet, Op. 95, which is an example of that master's wonderful skill when at the very zenith of his powers. By many this is considered Beethoven's very greatest chamber music composition.

Here is the complete offering: Quartet in G major, Op. 17, No. 5; Haydn; Quartet in F minor, Op. 95, Beethoven; (a) Interludium in modo antico, (b) Scherzo, Glazounow.

Tickets are on sale at the music stores and on Sunday at the hall after ten a. m.

## Alexander Heinemann, the Lieder Singer.

Alexander Heinemann, the famous lieder singer and interpreter of the best in song, is not only an interpreter of the greatest authority, but he is also a genuine artist as a vocalist. Possessed of a haritone voice of quite exceptional beauty, which he uses with the utmost skill and artistry, there is no other lieder singer before the public so well equipped as Alexander Heinemann. Assisted by John Mandelbrod, who for many years has been his assisting pianist, Heinemann will give three exceptional programmes of song at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 5, at 2:30, when he will offer four important groups of song, the first being devoted to works by Loewe, Schubert, and Schumann, the second to Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, and Hugo Wolf, and the third to the modern composers, Richard Strauss, Hans Hermann, Karl Kaempff, and Eugene Haile, while the fourth group will consist of three old German folk songs.

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Thursday, May 9, at 8:15, works by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Loewe, Wolf, Schubert, and Schumann will be given—by special request Loewe's "Edward," Schubert's "Litanei," and Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers" are on this list.

For his final recital, on Sunday afternoon, May 12, another splendid collection of masterpieces is promised.

Books of the words in German and English will be distributed gratis at each concert.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday, May 1, at both Greenbaum box-offices, and mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The home in Annapolis of Ensign Thomas Starr King, U. S. A., and Mrs. King has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. King was formerly Miss Anne Winchester of Wilmington, Delaware.

The home in Manila of Major G. W. McIver, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIver has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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## What To See—How To Get There

The visitor in San Francisco quite naturally wishes to see as much of the city as possible in a short time, and nothing answers the purpose quite so well as the street-cars. They run direct from the heart of town to the chief points of interest in and about the city, and a five-cent fare is all that is necessary to make the trip one way.

It is really surprising how quickly and well one can see the show places of the city in this manner.

Of course every visitor has heard of the famous Cliff House. That is probably the first place he has made a mental note of for a visit. Two scenic routes are offered. One can board a Haight Street car at the Ferry or along Market Street, ride to Golden Gate Park, transfer to the ocean car and quickly reach one's objective point. One of the sights is the *Gjoa*, the little craft in which Captain Amundson made the Northwest Passage. Now that he has discovered the South Pole, additional interest is added to this ship. The beach is splendid, and then there are the Seal Rocks, the great museum and baths, and up on the plateau Sutro Heights, with its wonderful gardens, open to the public. Return can be made by the Sutter Street route, which affords a magnificent view of the Golden Gate.

The Mission Dolores, founded in 1776 by the good padres, must be seen, no matter whatever else is missed. Built of adobe, it is still in a remarkable state of preservation. In its quaint churchyard lie the remains of Captain Don Louis Antonio Arguella, first civil governor of California under Mexican rule. Valencia Street car No. 9 can be taken at the Ferry for this interesting ride.

Nobody would care to miss the Presidio, which can be attained by a car at the foot of Market Street, plainly marked as to destination. There are other routes which can be taken to the Presidio, but this one goes direct from the Ferry building.

Telegraph Hill is also historical. It was highly regarded as a strategic point by military men in the early days of the city's life, and at one time a signal station was located on its peak, announcing the entrance of ships at the harbor's mouth. A Kearny Street car will carry the sight-seer to a point within a few blocks of the top, and the climb is well worth while, for the entire city lies spread out below, and the sweep of bay with its busy shipping is inspiring. On the way back one can stop off, walk over a hock, and see San Francisco's gorgeous Chinatown, with its wonderful shops and still more wonderful odors. The walk down to Market Street is very short.

Then there is another journey south along the bay, aboard a Railroad Avenue car. It takes the traveler through the manufacturing and shipbuilding and lumbering districts, down past Butchertown to a gardening district not so thickly settled and strongly reminding of the rural districts. One obtains an idea of the great spread and growth of the city in that direction, returning with larger ideas as to its shipping facilities.

If one desires to make a trip into the country, through as pretty a region as could be imagined, board the San Mateo car at Market and Fifth Streets and ride to the end of the line, twenty-eight miles distant. This trip is 25 cents each way.

The above are just a very few snapshots of the effective manner in which the United Railroads cover San Francisco.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

By the statement of Allan Pollok, controller, it is shown that the Panama Pacific International Exposition Company, since its organization in December, 1909, to March 31, 1912, has received \$1,707,689 in payments on subscriptions, and \$17,659 from other sources. It has expended in the same time \$949,307, of which \$430,999 was for site purposes. There have been, so far, 14,305 subscribers for stock, their subscriptions amounting to \$6,065,790.

Reminiscence Day was celebrated last Saturday by the Daughters of California Pioneers in Pioneer Hall. One hundred and fifty pioneer fathers and mothers were guests of honor. The luncheon was presided over by Miss Lucy Adams, president of the society, and her address of welcome was responded to by Mr. W. H. Hobart of the California Pioneers. Special features of the luncheon were the principal items on the bill of fare, corn-beef hash and Spanish beans; the service, wooden plates laid on a brown paper cover; and the decorations, California poppies in masses.

The Musicians' union asks the city authorities to engage three bands of thirty members each, to give a weekly open-air concert in the several public parks at a total cost of \$24,180 for the year. This would be at the rate of \$155 per concert, or \$5 to each player, with \$5 extra to the leader. There is much to be said in favor of good music for the public, and for all-the-year-round open-air concerts, but this plan contemplates small compensation for the musicians. One weekly engagement at \$5 would seem to promise very little in the way of support or encouragement to the members of a permanent, well-drilled band.

Application for dissolution of the Bank of Daniel Meyer has been made to the Supreme Court by the sons and heirs of the late Daniel Meyer, founder of the bank. The application states that the depositors have been fully satisfied and that there is no outstanding indebtedness. For nearly forty years the bank has been one of the well-known financial institutions of the city.

By the will of the late Edward L. Baldwin, president of the Ferry Drug Company, the estate, consisting of his drug store and stock in the Baldwin Celery Soda Company, is left to the widow, Mrs. Nellie E. Baldwin.

A 25-foot lot on the southeast side of Market Street, between Sixth and Seventh, running 165 feet through to Stevenson Street, where it has a frontage of 50 feet, was sold last week at about \$4200 a front foot.

Michael Joseph Conboy, policeman for twenty-five years, was convicted of manslaughter last week, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. While intoxicated he shot fatally Bernard Lagan, a young man. He had had four previous trials. Judge Sargent of Monterey County was on the bench at the fifth trial.

The Musical Association of San Francisco has announced its financial report of the first symphony season through its board of governors. The receipts have reached the sum of \$49,292.45, with disbursements placed at \$45,574.43. This left to the association a net balance of \$3718.02, but with the net returns realized from the special concert by Tetrassini for the library fund, amounting to \$1025.85, the association has on hand \$4743.87.

Helen Ware will shortly visit this city for the first time since she has become established as one of America's prominent stars. Miss Ware will be seen here in the dramatic triumph "The Price."

Maude Adams's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will positively be limited to one week, the tour of the Charles Frohman star including but few of the cities on the Pacific Coast this season.

Alice Lloyd's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will come to a close with Sunday evening's performance of "Little Miss Fix-It," in which the star and her company shine with great effect.

One of the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre will be the notable success "The Spring Maid," with Mizzi Hajos in the title-role.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"It is my ambition to go to the legislature."  
 "Huh. That isn't an ambition; it's a disease."  
 —*Satire.*

"Has Grippe lost his character?" "No; unfortunately, it has just been discovered."  
 —*Baltimore American.*

*Tramp*—Uv course, there's matrimunny—I've thought o' that; but then I says t' meself, "Wot'd there be in it fur me?"—*Life.*

*Mrs. Henpeck*—There will be no marriages in the next world. *Mr. Henpeck*—No wonder they call it heaven.—*Philadelphia Record.*

*Editor of Great Daily*—I want a good, strong editorial on the tariff for tomorrow. I think you can write it. *New Man (promptly)*—Yes, sir. Which side?—*Life.*

*She*—You are always talking about making money in literature—why don't you do something? *He*—I did—I pawned my typewriter for \$15.—*Satire.*

"Going away this summer?" "No. My wife has decided she can get all tired out more comfortably by staying at home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"He is a man who is always ready to offer a suggestion." "But no one ever acts on his suggestions, so they really do no harm."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

*Doctor A*—So Higgins died after a. I. I thought the operation was going to be a success. *Surgeon B*—It was. We collected the bill in advance.—*Life.*

"Do you always keep a-smiling about your daily duties?" "Naw; I look grouchy all the time. Then I aint asked to do no extra work."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Selling your home to buy an automobile. What will you do without a home?" "Wen't need none after I git the auto; wouldn't never be there, anyhow."—*Houston Post.*

"Then the wedding was not altogether a success?" "No; the groom's mother cried louder than the bride's mother. It was considered very bad form."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*Transient*—You are getting to be quite a city here, aren't you? *Native*—You bet. We've had the militia down here three times this year and the state board of health twice. Not bad, eh?—*Satire.*

"Willie, mamma has a great surprise for you." "I know what it is—big bruvver is back from his vacation." "How did you know?" "My hank won't rattle any more."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

"You was a big loser when de game broke up, wasn't you?" "Yes. Dat's why it broke up." "Was it a good hand dat won de last pot?" "It shore was. When it landed it felt like it mus' o' weighed a ton."—*Washington Star.*

"Another war scarce?" chuckled Senator Sorghum. "Why do you laugh? Are you not afraid of war?" "Yes. But there is a heap of difference between being afraid of war and being afraid of a war scare."—*Washington Star.*

"I see in this paper that Dr. Wiley says a wife is entitled to one-third of the husband's salary." "Yes. The trouble is that so many wives don't seem to know which third it is, and take all three."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"We made a rule in our card club that no member should be allowed to win more than two prizes during the season." "Was it a success?" "Not exactly. As soon as a lady won two prizes she dropped out."—*Detroit Free Press.*

*Tom*—That Miss Biggle is the poorest conversationalist I ever met. *His Hostess*—Is that so? *Tom*—Yes. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was "No," and I had to propose to her to get her to say that.—*Boston Transcript.*

"There is a great deal more refinement in athletics than there used to be." "Yes," replied the sporting man; "but every now and then some pugilist breaks loose and talks about 'slugging over the ropes,' like a political candidate."—*Washington Star.*

"And you didn't know it was loaded?" "No, judge, I swear I didn't." "But before pointing it at the deceased, why did you not look into the barrel to see whether or not it was loaded?" "Why, judge, that would have been a fool thing to do! It might have exploded and killed me."—*Houston Post.*

"Any old clothes?" asked the wayfarer. "I have none," said the head of the house. "Not even an old pair of shoes?" "No; but here is an old automobile you may have." "Thanks, boss, but I have enough trouble supplying my own wants, without begging gasoline from door to door."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*Minnie*—I wonder what ever became of Jennie Smart, who took first prize in our graduating class? *Mamie*—Why, don't you know? She wrote an article on "The Degradation of American Womanhood," got one

thousand dollars for it from a magazine, went into Wall Street, made a fortune, and went to Europe and bought one of the sweetest little princess you ever saw!—*Terre Haute Express.*

## THE MERRY MUSE.

A Millionaire Tucre.

Said a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"  
 And her scandalized ma almost shucre;  
 But when the chance came,  
 And she told the good dame,  
 I notice she did not rehucure.  
 —*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

There Was a Young Woman.

There was a young woman lived in a flat,  
 As you may plainly see,  
 Who said she could do more work in a day  
 Than her spouse could do in three.  
 If this be true, her husband said,  
 Why, let us quickly stop,  
 And you may do my work for one day,  
 While I go out and shop.  
 But you must fix the tariff rates,  
 Lest they should be too high,  
 And you must build the great hotels  
 Which scrape against the sky.  
 And you must man the mighty ships  
 Which sail across the main;  
 And don't forget the sewer pipes,  
 And schedules for the train.  
 She tried to fix the tariff rates,  
 But found they would go wrong;  
 She tried to build the great hotels,  
 But learned she was not strong.  
 She could not man the mighty ships,  
 Altho' she was full fain;  
 And she forgot the sewer pipes  
 And schedules for the train.  
 She swore by all the stars in heaven,  
 By all the leaves on the tree,  
 That her spouse could do more work in a day  
 Than she could do in three.  
 She swore by all the leaves on the tree  
 And all the stars in heaven  
 That her spouse could do more work in a day  
 Than she could do in seven.  
 —*Julia T. Waterman, in New York Evening Post.*

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Oregon Senatorship.

With Senator Bourne and all other aspirants eliminated, the senatorial game in Oregon is narrowed down to a straight contest between Benjamin Selling (Republican) and Dr. Harry Lane (Democrat). Selling is a native of Portland, being the son of P. Selling, a pioneer Jewish resident, long and prominently engaged in the "general merchandise" trade of an earlier era. Mr. Selling himself is a retail clothing dealer on a large scale and a man of very considerable wealth. He is a public-spirited man, having served several times as a state senator in close affiliation with the old regular Republican organization, of which Senator Joseph Simon was for many years the head. Dr. Lane is a grandson of General Joseph Lane, Oregon's first territorial governor, one of her first senators, and a candidate for Vice-President on the Breckenridge-Lane ticket in 1860. Dr. Lane is a physician of standing, and was for some years the chief of Oregon's insane asylum service. More recently he served a term as mayor of Portland. Dr. Lane is a veritable "Hotspur" in all relationships, and like his opponent Selling a man of strong friendships and of strong antagonisms. The outcome of the contest between these two men rests

of course with the state legislature to be elected this coming November. The state is nominally Republican by a heavy majority, the chances therefore being largely in favor of Mr. Selling.

### The Campaign.

The spectacle of a President and an ex-President of the United States in a fierce warfare of personal villification is, in Washington's famous phrase, a thing to make the judicious grieve. It matters much in Mr. Taft's behoof that Mr. Roosevelt was the aggressor, and that in the ferocity of his repeated assaults he flung propriety and truth to the winds. It likewise matters much in Mr. Taft's behoof that in his reflections upon Mr. Roosevelt he has limited himself to parliamentary language, avoiding extreme and vulgar phrases of defamation. It matters much that he was goaded far beyond the ordinary limits of manly patience. Yet the ugly fact remains that the week has witnessed between a President and an ex-President in a contention for favor in connection with the presidential office an exhibition of verbal fisticuffs only slightly above the level of a quarrel between Billingsgate fishwives. Furthermore the incident has exposed a mental attitude on the part of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt in contrast with the high public pose assumed by both. Behind and below the publicly declared enthusiasm of each for the principle of popular rule—a pose carried on both sides to a fulsome extreme—we have an exhibit of private feeling far from edifying. Is there a man of traditional and patriotic feeling whose gorge did not rise in reading the published excerpt of Mr. Taft's letter to Roosevelt declaring that for his exaltation to the presidency he was indebted as to one who had "voluntarily" yielded the powers of the presidency into his hand; and is there a man of decent sensibilities whose contempt did not deepen to chagrin in the angry retort against one who "bites the hand that feeds"?

Mr. Taft may plead extreme provocation. He may likewise plead wanton insult and wanton injury. He may ask, as in truth he has asked, the indulgence of the public under resentment which any man would feel in relation to ordinary affairs. But when everything possible to be said in justification has been conceded, there still stands the fact that the dignities of the presidency of the republic have been immeasurably lowered. We will confess some exhilaration in reading the President's answers to Mr. Roosevelt's barefaced and gross slanders. We must likewise confess that upon sober second thought we believe it would have been better to suffer with dignity than to descend so nearly to the level of a reckless and frenzied antagonist. One who disdains to allow his enemy to define the methods of his warfare is a stronger man than one who may be drawn into a fight out of season and in disregard of his own standards of propriety.

By common consent the fight for Massachusetts has been accredited as decisive, and according to nearly complete reports as we write Wednesday morning, the victory appears to be with Mr. Taft. The choice for delegates at large, eight in number, appears on the face of the returns to have fallen to Roosevelt, but under such circumstances as to have led Mr. Roosevelt to "renounce his claim" to their support. The reasons actuating Mr. Roosevelt are not quite plain; and in any event his right to renounce or to accept may be questioned. The clear fact in a mixed situation appears to be that under a preferential primary Massachusetts has declared for Taft by a scant majority. The delegates thus won for Taft, added to his already large lead over Roosevelt, bring him appreciably nearer the goal. Yet it is to be remembered that not all the delegates accredited to Mr. Taft in the printed tables are instructed or pledged to him. The eighty-and-odd New York delegates, openly friendly to Taft, are not under positive instructions, and therefore may only tentatively

be reckoned as an element in his support. Support him they undoubtedly will if his general strength shall appear to promise success. But they are not definitely attached to him for a life-and-death struggle. It is for this reason that the contest between Taft and Roosevelt is really closer than it appears by comparison of tabulated figures. If the New York delegation shall elect to stay with Taft in a last-ditch fight there is every reason to believe that in spite of reverses he may win the nomination at Chicago. Here, in the uncertain status of the New York delegation, is the essence of the situation as it stands today.

It is inevitable in this posture of affairs that many Republicans, anxious over and above all personal considerations for party success, should question the discretion of putting either Taft or Roosevelt at the head of the ticket. That Taft is popularly less strong than was hoped is now evident, although there is still no positive evidence that the party as a whole would not turn to his support in the event of his nomination. We incline to the opinion that, with the battle of Chicago won and passed, Taft could rally the party to practically unanimous action. Yet there remains the possibility of an organized defection headed by Roosevelt, who is obviously and all but avowedly determined to fight his former friend even to the last ditch. Roosevelt on his own part, while a very considerable gainer in the campaign, has not come, nor we think is he likely to come, within hailing distance of the nomination. And if by some miracle he should be nominated, his defeat, we believe, is a certainty. So profound is the distrust and contempt for him that he would surely be scratched by thousands upon thousands of Republicans. The Argonaut can speak only for itself; but it makes no scruple to say that it would prefer any Democrat of reasonable character in the presidency to Theodore Roosevelt. This feeling, we believe, is positive and widespread—so positive and so widespread as to make Mr. Roosevelt's election an impossibility.

### Industrial Workers at San Diego.

San Diego seems to be acting in a peculiarly silly manner toward the self-styled Industrial Workers of the World. The one thing needed by these sorry scarecrows is advertisement, and San Diego is giving it to them with both hands. The one thing that can make them dangerous is some plausible semblance of martyrdom, and San Diego seems to be determined that they shall have it. Nothing is so inexcusably foolish as the idea that creatures of this kind can be rendered harmless by persecution, whereas they are always harmless until they are persecuted. Every one knows that these Industrial Workers are hobos, shiftless, lazy, and worthless vagabonds who try to make themselves interesting by the adoption of a sort of political claptrap that is only one degree removed from anarchy. But anarchy can not be cured by anarchist methods, and when we read that these wretched creatures have been driven from the city boundaries, compelled to kiss the flag and to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," we can only suppose that the city authorities are intent upon illustrating anarchy rather than preventing it. The result was a foregone conclusion. Thousands of these mis-called "Workers" are now on their way to San Diego from all parts of the country under the pretense of defending free speech and the right of the citizen to live where he wishes. And they will have their way because they have nothing to lose. They can not be excluded from the city, and prison has no terrors for them so long as the meals are regular. San Diego, trying in childish ways to avoid a scandal, has created one.

It is a pity, because the trouble could have been avoided so easily. If this ragged regiment had been allowed to meet in some vacant lot and to show their energy in speechifying it would have been the end of the whole matter. They would have gone somewhere



else in search of the stupid opposition upon which they thrive. Now they will stay and try conclusions in San Diego, where the conditions are so precisely to their liking.

We might advantageously take a leaf from the English book of experience when dealing with windbags like these Industrial Workers. The English police proceed on the principle that so long as men are allowed to talk they will never do anything but talk. It is a sound principle and worthy of adoption. The police are always to be found in close proximity to the fulminating orators in Hyde Park, but they are there to protect them and not to assail them. The agitator, the socialist, and the anarchist are harmless so long as they are allowed to talk. Suppress their talk and they become explosive. The orators in Hyde Park use an extraordinary violence of language, and the police see to it that the safety valves are kept open. If the authorities of San Diego had a measure of the same common sense it would have been a good thing for the city. But when we read that a local editor has been kidnapped and maltreated merely for suggesting that free speech within the law ought to be tolerated we can only suppose that the anarchist methods of the "Workers" have proved contagious and that the authorities have a peculiarly bad attack of the disease that they are supposed to be fighting.

#### Champ Clark.

The progress of events makes it necessary to modify the declaration of an earlier date that Champ Clark is a joke. Whatever else Mr. Clark may be, he is now a serious fact. In truth, he is much more than likely to be the nominee of the Democratic party for the presidency of the United States, under circumstances enforcing general party support and upon a platform as worthily representative of traditional American ideas and sentiments as any other in the field. Rivalry for Democratic favor has gone far enough to eliminate practically all the names hitherto mentioned excepting those of Clark and Wilson, with perhaps that of Bryan somewhere in the offing. At the end of last week 422 delegates to the Baltimore convention had been chosen, and of this number 148 are pledged to Clark, 101 to Wilson, with 109 uncommitted, and 64 scattered among "favorite sons." While this is far from being conclusive, it does illustrate a tendency more likely to be augmented than diminished by the further progress of events. It will not take many events like the Massachusetts primary to make his nomination an assurance.

The Honorable Beauchamp Clark is a native of Kentucky, where he was born March 7, 1850. His record as to education includes attendance upon country schools, the University of Kentucky, Bethany College, and the Cincinnati Law School. He was for two years (1873 and 1874) president of Marshall College, West Virginia. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, and has lived at Bowling Green, Missouri, since 1880. He has been successively city attorney, a presidential elector, a prosecuting attorney, and a member of the House of Representatives, having been elected to the latter office in 1889 and successively reelected. He was permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention in 1904 and was chairman of the committee which notified Judge Parker of his nomination to the presidency. He was minority leader of the House for three sessions, including the second session of the Sixtieth, and both sessions of the Sixty-First Congress. He was vice-president of the Transmississippi Congress at Denver three years ago, and is now Speaker of the House of Representatives, and by virtue of that office the foremost Democrat in the official life of the country. So much for Mr. Clark's public character and record.

Personally Champ Clark is a good deal of a slob. Long before he came to Congress, and doubtless in the interest of his political fortunes, he assumed what we may style the Pike County pose. If there is any aspect or phase of grotesque rusticity without reflection in Mr. Clark's manners it is because that particular affectation has not been impressed upon Mr. Clark's attention. It is his habit to sit around on hot days in what Mr. Emerson styles "unbuttoned ease"—with shoes unlaced, with loose waistcoat flapping in the summer breeze, with his coat across the back of his chair or tumbled into a corner. He chews tobacco in true Pike County style, usually bearing abundant evidence on his shirt-tail that whatever splutterings may have gone wrong have not been wholly lost. If he wants a drink of water, he doesn't bother with a tumbler—the side of

the pitcher is good enough for him. In short, Mr. Clark has copied Uncle Joe Cannon and gone him one better. There are stories, not perfectly authenticated, that water is not Mr. Clark's favorite beverage. Nevertheless those who advocate his nomination express faith, or at least a very positive hope, that if nominated and elected he could be kept in condition to make an upright appearance on inauguration day.

Yet the truth of history requires it to be said that Champ Clark is withal a man of parts. If not a polished man, he is a man of sound understanding and of very considerable powers. He is perhaps best known throughout the country for his drolleries of manner and speech. But his associates in Congress know him for a man with a good head, albeit subject to the bias of his geographical and political environment, and of a generous heart. If there are those who insist that there is a broad yellow streak in the man, there are others having good opportunities of knowing, who pronounce it a vein of pure gold. This much is certain, that Mr. Clark in the long course of his public life has never been involved in any questionable connection or policy, that he has maintained the respect of his constituents at home and of his party and congressional associates at Washington. It is further to be said that in the Speakership Mr. Clark has exhibited an unfailing regard for his responsibilities. He has been fair alike to all parties and factions, and his demeanor as a presiding officer has been outwardly marked by a creditable reserve and a proper dignity.

Mr. Clark has now for some sixteen years stood in immediate affiliation with Mr. William J. Bryan. The two men are close friends, and either, no doubt, would concede anything in reason to the other. If either shall be nominated at Baltimore, the succeeding "supper" hour will find them dining from the same dish and drinking hard cider—or whatever substitute may be handiest—in mutually warm fellowship. So cordial is the relationship of the two men that whatever the country knows of the sentiments, tendencies, and policies of one, it may with reasonable assurance accredit to the other. In brief, Mr. Clark is Mr. Bryan over again plus certain eccentricities of manner, plus more experience in official life, plus a more definitely organized mind, and minus a certain rhetorical brilliancy and the loose mental habit produced by long experience as a candidate for office.

It must be confessed that the first thought of Champ Clark in the White House is suggestive of a bull in a china shop. There is an element of something in the man which when thought of in connection with the presidency is suggestive of burlesque. Yet we are not sure that the country has not survived something quite as defective at the point of conventional decorum, even though its pretensions were higher. We are by no means sure that Mr. Clark would make worse havoc of cherished traditions than did Mr. Roosevelt during the last two years of his presidency. We venture to hope that Mr. Clark might find in the presidency an inspiration that would promote and enlarge his dignities, much as he has found it in the Speakership.

It has been suggested that Mr. Clark, being the representative of the South and the West—rather more of the South than of the West—would reflect the Southern idea in his political attitudes and motives. Possibly so—and we are far from being assured that it would not be a good thing. The ideas and the ideals of the East and of the North as reflected in recent experience—especially in the pending Republican campaign—do not tend to edify thoughtful and patriotic men. More than once since the campaign got "hot" we have been moved to reflect that pretty much all that is left of old-time American standards in life and in politics is to be found in the South. Most curious it is that we must now look to a region which only a generation ago sought to withdraw from the union of the states for those impulses and tendencies which sustain the most worthy traditions of American government. We say this not in the spirit of concession, but in the spirit of tribute—with hat off and with a very sincere respect for a section of the country relatively uncorrupted by overdeveloped wealth, relatively unshaken from its devotion to American standards by overwhelming infusions of foreign blood and alien ideas.

It needs to be added that a dark aspect of Mr. Clark's campaign is the support given to it by Mr. Hearst with the implications involved in that support. With Mr. Clark as President we should without doubt have Mr. Hearst in the Cabinet; and in consideration

of Mr. Hearst's habits of aggression and of the power of his half-dozen newspapers with their fixed hold upon the low and sinister elements of as many communities, there is no doubt that he would be a positive if not a dominating Cabinet force. Mr. Clark's election would bring Mr. Hearst prominently and effectively into the government of the United States. It would vastly enlarge Mr. Hearst's powers for evil, while stimulating his already intense and growing ambition. This is a consideration not to be overlooked as related to speculations connected with Mr. Clark's candidacy. On the whole it is the least pleasant aspect of a picture which in its entirety is very far from charming.

#### Mexican Intervention.

The conflicting reports from Mexico can be understood only with the aid of a large scale map. For example, when we read that the State of Sinaloa is "in rebel hands" it is well to recognize that Sinaloa is nearly as large as New York and that this startling piece of news means no more than that one small town has been seized by some 500 tattered rebels. And so on all down the line. Immense areas are supposed to be overrun, captured, pacified, or conquered over night, and it is only the map that can reduce these feats to their true size.

But however bad may be the condition of Mexico—and there can be no doubt that it is very bad—there is as yet no reason why we should assume the rôle of policeman or refuse to Mexico the right to work out her own salvation. Mexico is not the only country in the world, nor will she be the last, to pass through the fires of revolution and to gain strength and wisdom from adversity. It is true enough that her present state of turmoil is a nuisance and a danger to ourselves, but the alternative of intervention might be, and certainly would be, a far greater nuisance and a far greater danger. It would mean a war of conquest against a country 800,000 square miles in extent. It would mean a war not against some central power with authority to treat and to surrender, but against innumerable guerrilla bands such as are now devastating the country, acknowledging no allegiance except to their brigand chiefs and never staying long enough in one place to be met and beaten. We know what this meant with the semi-savages of the Philippines. It would be a hundred times worse in Mexico.

But the war itself would be almost the least of the evils that would follow intervention. Thanks to the act of piracy by which Mr. Roosevelt acquired Panama, our reputation is already none too savory among the southern republics. Just as Mr. Roosevelt "took" Panama so we are accredited with the same disposition toward the other weak states of the continent should it ever suit our policy to display it. The necessity for the extraordinary placatory efforts first of Mr. Root and now of Mr. Knox is due entirely to Mr. Roosevelt's brutal aggression upon Panama, and if we should now feel ourselves forced to intervene in Mexico it would be hopeless to attempt to prove our good faith to the southern republics. It would be regarded as a further step on the road to a general annexation. It would mean an explosion of suspicious terror. Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, it is now enormously difficult adequately to protect American lives and interests in Mexico. It would have been easy to do this with clean hands, with hands free from all suspicion of acquisitiveness.

We may as well recognize that there is a war party in America and that it is represented by Mr. Hearst, whose journalistic instincts require a constant succession of sensational events. Mr. Hearst made the Spanish war and he is now intent upon a war with Mexico. Day by day he serves his half-witted readers with a satanic banquet of manufactured outrage and torture varied with blood-curdling and mythical accounts of Japanese duplicity. Mr. Hearst never ceases his appeals to the abominable combination of revenge and fear that characterizes his patrons, and to minimize its force would be to underrate the brute strength of numbers.

It may be that the Japanese government is not insensitive to advantages that might conceivably accrue to itself from a Japanese fishing colony in Mexico. It may be that the presence of such a colony is unpleasant to ourselves. But what of it? The Japanese fishermen have as much right to fish in Mexican waters as we ourselves have to dig for minerals in Mexican mines. Can any one seriously contend that the nationality of these particular fishermen constitutes a *casus belli* with Mexico and that she has no right to tolerate these people while extending a welcome to all other for-



eigners? Is there any one so pusillanimous as to maintain that the United States is endangered by a few hundred Japanese fishermen in Mexico? It seems hardly credible, but then everything is credible in Mr. Hearst, who plays on these alternate strings of revenge and fear in order that his newspapers may be duly supplied with large and lurid headlines.

### The Reward of Courage.

It is the experience of every newspaper editor to be asked by somebody almost daily why he doesn't "show up" this or "denounce" that. These questions come frequently from earnest souls, not lacking perhaps in theoretical courage, but more frequently from that element which, while always itself "playing safe," is prolific in suggestions involving hazard to others. Only last week, for example, the editor of the *Argonaut* was privately urged to expose a phase of unionistic aggression by an eminent and wealthy citizen who only the month before had ordered a petty advertisement out of the paper because in his craven timidity he feared it might "put him in wrong" with certain phases of the trade.

From a current issue of the *Springfield Republican* we clip the following paragraphs which interestingly illustrate one of the ways through which the qualities of courage and frankness find promotion:

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

[Extract from Editorial in *The Republican* of April 16.]

But it is to be hoped and to be confidently expected that the full story will tell of no such unmanly cowardice to women and children as that which lent added horror to the sinking of the French liner *La Bourgogne* in 1898, when the frenzied crew fought for the boats, and 571, nearly all passengers, were lost.

[Telegram from Advertising Agents in New York, April 18.]  
To *The Republican*, Springfield, Mass.—  
Cancel at once all French line advertising.

FRANK PRESBERY COMPANY.

If there be anybody further curious to discover how plain speech on the part of a newspaper pays, let him turn to the advertising columns of this newspaper. At the same time let him bear in mind that the *Argonaut* is the one newspaper of international circulation in the western half of the American continent; that it is more widely read than any other newspaper of the Pacific Coast; that it has more respect than all of them together. Then let him compare the advertising columns of the *Argonaut* with those of any one of a dozen of its contemporaries whose whole study it is to run with the hare or chase with the hounds as the "policy" of the day may suggest.

Courage and candor are fine qualities, but whoever in the conduct of a newspaper applies them consistently and persistently must seek his reward chiefly in the approval of his own conscience. And he must come pretty soon to an attitude of more or less emphatic contempt for the timid and the spineless who, on their way with their advertising "copy" to the office of the *Examiner* or some other pander to the shifting phases of the popular mood, call in on the editor to say that he is a fine fellow who has spoken their exact mind—excepting perhaps they would have put it a little stronger.

And since we are speaking modestly, let us free our mind to the extent of saying that if San Francisco enjoys throughout the world the credit of possessing one newspaper which maintains a moderate standard of courage in the declaration of its opinions, it is due not to the generous providence of the community, but to a perhaps quixotic devotion to a fixed ideal in journalism, accompanied of necessity by a willingness to live plainly and make the most of the elusive element of hope.

### Italy and the Dardanelles.

It is easy to understand why Italy has attacked the Dardanelles in spite of her assurances to Europe that the war with Turkey should be confined to Tripoli. She imagined that it would be quite an easy matter to snatch one of Turkey's few remaining provinces in Africa, and that territory so far beyond the reach of the Turkish army would never seriously be defended. But Italy has discovered her mistake. Turkish prowess is never so indomitable as in defense, and to say that she has held her own in Tripoli is to understate the fact. She has done more than hold her own, much more. The Italians are occupying high-water mark on the Mediterranean and that is about all, and they are faced by hordes of Arabs who ask nothing better than to die. So far from receiving the support of the European nations, Italy is meeting their sullen resentment, and

she is now anxious to force them to intervene and to save her by a show of superior force from the results of her own greed. They will not intervene so long as the fighting is confined to Africa, and so she has attacked the Dardanelles. She argues plausibly enough that an assault upon European Turkey may involve such dire possibilities that Europe will be compelled to see to it that lighted matches are not thrown into that particular powder magazine. The first attack has failed, after severe damage to an Italian ship, and Europe is still apathetic. Turkish ammunition proved to be surprisingly good. Possibly it was made in Germany, and now Italy will probably take some further step in order to force the powers to stop the war. She has spent an enormous treasure and she has nothing to show for it.

That Russia alone should display some sympathy for Italy is natural enough. Russia and Turkey are in sharp antagonism over Persia, and Russia would like to see her opponent weakened. Moreover, Russia has no love for a neighbor that succeeded in overthrowing a despotism and in this way set an example that might be contagious. But it is very certain that Russia will be cautious. She is in no mood for war, nor does she want to offend France and England, who are deeply resentful of the Tripoli business. Both France and England have their own problems with the Mohammedan world, France in Morocco and England in India. A concerted Mohammedan movement is the ugliest of all ugly possibilities, and it has been brought appreciably nearer by Italian aggression. To protest against that aggression is one of those rare acts of virtue that are also good politics, so that if Italy should succeed in forcing an intervention she may not find that the arbitration will be all in her favor.

### Editorial Notes.

Progress finds its own ways of making head; and, curiously enough, not one time in ten thousand is the manner in accord with the expectation. For example, the principle of temperance in the matter of liquor drinking has made a tremendous advance, not through the kind of agitation practiced by John B. Gough and other mountebanks, not through total abstinence social orders, nor yet through instruction respecting the chemistry of alcohol and the human system. Temperance has come through the necessities of modern life for exact service and normal human energies. The great transportation companies, the great industries, demand sobriety because sobriety is essential to efficiency. Even the printing office, once the refuge and home of the toper, no longer harbors the drinking man. Nobody trusts the judgment of a drinking lawyer nor tolerates the drinking medical practitioner. Thanks to athletics, temperance has become the rule among students once so given to social forms of indulgence. And so in the matter of roads: The old arguments, convincing as they were when anybody could be got to listen to them, availed nothing. The bicycle, while it promoted agitation, accomplished little because your average bicycle rider in the highest days of the fever was a boy rather than a man, with only a boy's part in public affairs. But the automobile brought to the support of the good-roads idea the most effective personal forces in every community. The motorists in taking up the good-roads agitation gave it an impetus and a force which could not be denied. It is to the automobile, little more than a toy fifteen years ago and a novelty so late as ten years ago, that we owe a movement which is making good roads everywhere. In the year 1911 there was spent in systematic road construction in the United States, according to official statistics, the gross sum of \$150,000,000, of which one-third was directly appropriated by states. The movement is only fairly begun; and the opinion is declared that the year 1912 will witness the expenditure of a still larger total. More than two-thirds of the states have organized highway departments with the purpose of promoting scientific road construction upon a systematic and comprehensive plan.

Two immediate reforms have come about in consequence of the *Titanic* disaster. One is an arrangement on the part of transatlantic steamship lines to shift the "steamship lanes" one hundred and eighty miles further to the south during the spring and summer months. This will add somewhat to the time requisite to the trip, but it will undoubtedly contribute to security. The second reform is the provision of an increased equipment of life-saving gear, including boats, rafts, etc. An order issued by Mr. Ismay to equip all the steam-

ships of the International Mercantile Marine Company with increased life-saving facilities will affect the White Star Line, the American Line, the Atlantic Transport, the Red Star Line, the Leyland Line, and the Dominion Line. In issuing this order Mr. Ismay declared:

Everybody learns by experience. One thing I learned from my experience is that the laws relating to the preservation of life in case of just such an accident are not adequate. They were based, no doubt, upon the assumption that these great steel ocean liners were unsinkable, with their highly developed system of bulkheads. But experience has taught us that in certain circumstances there are at present no such things as unsinkable ships.

I issued this order as a result of my own observations. I am candid to admit that until I had had actual experience in a wreck I never fully realized the inadequacy of the rules of our and other lines with reference to the preservation of life in case of an accident in midocean. I had gone along like the rest of the steamship men on the theory that our ships were unsinkable.

I determined to do this irrespective of any present or future laws on the subject, either in this country, in England or Holland or any other foreign countries touched by the lines of the International Mercantile Marine Company. I am going to see to it that not only every passenger but every member of the crew on any ship of the White Star, the American, and all other lines of the International Mercantile Marine shall in the future be as safe as possible in case of another accident.

We are not waiting to merely comply with the law. We are going to disregard technicalities and give the most ample and complete protection to human life, irrespective of all legal requirements. In the future there will never arise a condition in which there is not room for everybody in the lifeboats or on the unsinkable pneumatic life-rafts, that are not even capable of being upset in rough weather.

It comes out through the official inquiry that it was not Mr. Ismay who prevented the sending of reports by wireless from the rescue ship *Carpathia*, but the officials of the wireless company giving advice and direction from the New York office. It appears that Mr. T. W. Sammis, chief engineer of the Marconi Company of America, sent to the wireless operators on the *Carpathia* a series of messages of which this is a sample: "Keep your mouth shut. Hold story. Big money for you." Mr. Marconi, head of the wireless company, testifying before the committee, made no scruple about the genuineness of this instruction. It was, he said, the practice of the wireless operators to sell their stories. And so, during the days when the world was waiting for the news, when thousands of stricken families were counting the hours in agony of soul, those who might have spoken were holding back in the hope of "big money." The facts would seem to carry their own suggestion. Is the spirit of commercialism so debasing the minds of men that no appeal can be heard above the "jingle of the guinea"? Has the progress of what we call civilization carried us to a point so remote from the normal impulses of humanity that the very tears of anguish are esteemed a legitimate subject of commercial bargaining?

The city of Spokane, which has long suffered under the blight of an aggressive labor unionism, has thrown off the yoke. During the week the local contractors, backed by the Builders' Exchange, have declared for the open-shop principle and are rigidly enforcing it. The question at Spokane has not hinged on the wage rate, and the new movement is declared to be a protest against the methods of unionism, against unionistic selfishness and its influence in retarding the growth of the city. Becoming convinced that unionism was strangling local prosperity, the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Board, the Architects' Association, and the Builders' Exchange came together and declared for the open shop. Thus the cities of Portland, Seattle, Spokane, and Los Angeles are now enforcing the principle of freedom and competition in industry. Only San Francisco continues to submit to the domination of an arrogant, blatant, and ruinous unionism.

It is a fact worth noting that the chief contributions to the *Titanic* relief fund, in California at least, have come from a class without substantial wealth, even for the most part without a fixed abiding place. It is the actor folk, apparently, who have been most closely touched by an appeal addressed to the heart of all mankind. Practically all the theatres, even the little moving-picture establishments, have given freely and generously, the artists volunteering their services. But we have heard of no landlord giving his rental for the day, no merchant giving his receipts. The newspapers appear to have limited their generosity to incitement of others to give, turning the whole matter to a profitable account. Verily it is a disordered world we live in.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The tenacity of the Vatican in clinging to the phantom of the temporal power has received once more a curious illustration. After the fall of the Campanile at Venice the fine peal of bells was recovered, uninjured, from the ruins. These bells were the gift of the Pope in memory of his former residence as Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, and now that they are once more in position he was anxious to hear them peal in the rebuilt Campanile. The civic authorities were eager to gratify the Pontiff. Special microphones were installed in the belfry and the Venice-Rome telephone line was specially reserved for Vatican use during the space of ten minutes. But the Temporalist party was alarmed. To accept a courtesy instead of exercising a right would be equivalent to an abrogation of the right, and so the courtesy was declined and the arrangements were countermanded.

English newspapers just to hand contain some enthusiastic descriptions of the starting of the *Titanic* upon her maiden voyage. The following extract is from the *Standard* of April 11:

But the most fascinating feature, perhaps, of the *Titanic* today was the trips of "discovery." Men and women set out to explore. They were shot into the depths by splendidly equipped electric lifts. They called at the postoffice for a chat with the postmaster on the sorting arrangements. They wandered to the swimming baths and the luxurious Turkish saloons. They examined the kitchens, with their 21,000 dishes and plates, tons of silver and cutlery, and acres of glass and linen. They touched the pianos on every deck in every corner of advantage, or listened to the band; scanned the array of novels and more serious works in the libraries; and learned all sorts of wonderful things about the electric buttons which control this 47,000-ton vessel, command its engines and its little army of services alike.

A few days later the *Titanic* was two miles under water and a civilization in miniature had been destroyed.

Mr. Henry Moy-Fot, special agent for the Chinese Merchants' Association of America, is good enough to give us the Chinese point of view of maritime disasters. The duty of a Chinese sailor, he says, is well defined. He must save the men first, then the children, and finally the women. "This is on the theory that men are most valuable to the state, that adoptive parents can be found for children, and that women without husbands are destitute." This arrangement, explains Mr. Moy-Fot, is utilitarian. But why call it utilitarian? Why misuse an honest word? The utilitarian, says Sir William Hamilton, is one who prefers the useful to the useless. We all do that, although we may, and do, disagree as to what constitutes utility. The man who prefers a machine to a picture or a poem has no better right to call himself a utilitarian than the man who prefers a picture or a poem to a machine. They have different standards of values. The Chinaman who thinks that man is more useful than a woman tells us nothing about the principle of utility, but he tells us a good deal about his own standard of civilization and his own benighted sense of values.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is in a state of eruption over the Home Rule bill, and it is a matter for congratulation that his poetic inspiration seems inclined to forsake him whenever he is most bent upon mischief. Here are the first and last verses of the poem that he contributes to the *London Morning Post*:

The dark eleventh hour  
Draws on and sees us sold  
To every evil power  
We fought against of old.  
Rebellion, rapine, hate,  
Oppression, wrong, and greed  
Are loosed to rule our fate,  
By England's act and deed.

Believe, we dare not boast,  
Believe, we do not fear—  
We stand to pay the cost  
In all that men hold dear.  
What answer from the North?  
One law, one land, one throne.  
If England drive us forth  
We shall not fall alone.

Now that is pretty poor stuff, ugly, rabid, and spiteful. In justice to Mr. Kipling's intelligence we must assume that he does not believe a word of it. He seems to feel himself under some kind of dire necessity to throw out a stream of verbal lava whenever England shows signs of acting justly to some one, such as Boers in South Africa or Irishmen in Ireland. It is a pity that Mr. Kipling does not restrain his muse and that he seems to be so bent upon earning for himself a place among the evil forces of civilization.

Reports adverse to missionary enterprise have been common enough of late years, but in the main these have originated from sources not particularly friendly to religious effort in any form. But now comes the report of the special committee appointed by the International Bible Students' Association of Brooklyn, New York, and its emphatic language can hardly be overlooked by those anxious to form a judicial opinion. The success attained by missionaries in the past, says the report, is very small:

We found Oriental Christians about as sincere, intelligent, and earnest as the average church attendants in America and Europe! Very few gave evidence of being wholly consecrated to God and His service.

Present missionary efforts are almost exclusively along the line of general education. Although this is not Christianizing work, it is of course a good work, for the poor Orientals surely need it.

And day of the times, in the Orient as in the Occident, towards unbelief in any religion. The Orientals are tolerant of all religions, and are often perplexed by missionary competition and opposition in Christian denominations. The higher castes consider the medley of Chris-

tian doctrines presented to them less philosophical than their own.

The committee has a word of warm praise for Orientals in general. The masses of the people, we are told, are less vicious and rude, more kind and considerate, than those of Europe and America, while drunkenness and immodesty are almost unknown among them.

France is about to celebrate the second centennial of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and various descendants of the author of the "Contrat Social" will assist at the rejoicings. The occasion might well give rise to some useful reflections. Rousseau may be regarded almost as the creator of the French Revolution, and while his "Contrat Social" may seem commonplace enough and tame enough to the political student of today, it had a portentous significance for the time in which it was written. If any man ever succeeded in planting a new idea in the mind of the world it was surely Rousseau, and yet the fruits of that new idea seem hardly commensurate with the agony that it immediately produced. France today is nearly as discontented as in the day of Rousseau, and certainly far more apprehensive of sudden and unwelcome change. Two hundred years after the birth of Rousseau finds the whole of Europe in a state of greater unrest than when he wrote his "Contrat Social," and the portents far more menacing.

A great disaster such as that to the *Titanic* has at least the advantage of making us forget the even more ugly news which is our ordinary daily food. For over a week there has been no space in our newspapers for black hand murders, syndicalism, strikes, and divorces. Even the presidential election is reminded that there are other things than itself in the solar system, and if there happened at the moment to be a popular pugilist upon the horizon he, too, would be reminded of the fleeting nature of fame. The historian of the future searching the newspaper files for his material will find a break in his record of the ordinary affairs of the age. The world, the flesh, and the devil will have left the stage for the space of a week.

The house of Davidson & Newman that shipped to America the chests of tea that gave rise to the War of Independence is still doing business in London, not at the same address, which was in Fenchurch Street, but in Creechchurch Buildings, Leadenhall Street. But the business is carried on in the same old-fashioned way, with strict attention to value and cleanliness and with the absence of all ostentation and advertisement. Until 1777 the firm was known as Rawlinson, Davidson & Newman, but the first name was dropped in that year and the present style adopted. Over the door is still to be seen the old shop sign of a crown supporting three sugar loaves.

The necessary removal of 11,000 human skeletons from an ancient crypt under the parish church at Rothwell, Northamptonshire, England, revives the question of the origin of these bones. Rothwell was once an important place, but never important enough to own so many skeletons. Moreover, a large proportion of them bear the marks of wounds, but the theory that they originated in some battle is negated by the fact that many of them are those of women. Moreover, no battle has been fought near there except the battle of Naseby, and less than a thousand men were killed in that fight. Even the ancient battles between the Danes and the Saxons were all recorded, and there is no story of such a battle as this, nor was there ever a visitation from plague so far as is known. The crypt itself is of unknown age and the mystery is further increased by the fact that when the bones were first discovered, nearly 200 years ago, they were carefully arranged in layers with the skulls on top, then the legs, and then the arms. They have now been removed and placed on shelves—a sight well worth seeing by the curious tourist.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Meerschmum mines at Nemlau have been worked for 2000 years, it is claimed, and the process is quite simple. The mines, which at one time reached from Kahe to Mihalitch, on the Sea of Marmora, are concentrated around the city of Eski-Shehr, and give employment to some 5000 miners. The mines are worked in the most primitive manner by a foreman and two to five workmen with picks. The depths of the pits vary greatly and depend upon the depth at which a reddish brown earth is met, which is the first indication of the existence of magnesite. Sometimes this red earth is found only a few yards beneath the surface, but ordinarily at a depth of twenty yards, often forty, and even sixty. In this layer of red earth meerschmum is found, disseminated in nuggets of irregular shape. The size of these rarely exceeds twelve to sixteen cubic inches, the greater part are of the size of a walnut. No explosives are used, the ground being soft. Almost the entire output of this article is exported to Vienna, and thence distributed to the various European countries and to the United States, the latter buying only the finest selections.

Not the least valuable result of the coal strike was the glimpse the suspended industries gave Englishmen of the place their country might be like if all smoke could be abolished. This was noticed particularly by amateur astronomers, who were able for the first time to use their telescopes to good advantage in the neighborhood of the large cities. The stars shone with a brilliancy never before observed in some districts.

The Salvation Army recently stated that its property holdings in the United States exceed \$5,000,000 in value.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers.

Tiny slippers of gold and green,  
Tied with a moldering golden cord!  
What pretty feet they must have been  
When Caesar Augustus was Egypt's lord!  
Somebody graceful and fair you were!  
Not many girls could dance in these!  
When did your shoemaker make you, dear,  
Such a nice pair of Egyptian "threes"?

Where were you measured? In Saïs, or On,  
Memphis, or Thebes, or Peusium?  
Fitting them feathery brown toes upon.  
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb  
I seem to see you!—so long ago,  
Twenty-one centuries, less or more!  
And here are your sandals; yet none of us know  
What name, or fortune, or face you bore.

Your lips would have laughed, with a rosy scorn,  
If the merchant, or slave-girl, had mockingly said,  
"The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn  
Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,  
And still be footgear as good as new!"  
To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,  
Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you  
Be gone, like a dream, from the world you bewitched!

Not that we mourn you! 'Twere too absurd!  
You have been such a very long while away!  
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word  
Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.  
Sorrow and Pleasure, and Love and Hate,  
If you ever felt them, have vaporized hence  
To this odor—so subtle and delicate—  
Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you! Yet not so sweet  
Were aloe and nard, as the youthful glow  
Which Amenti stole when the small dark feet  
Wearied of treading our world below.  
Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,  
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!  
When your slippers tripped lightly their latest mile—  
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw  
Antony's galleys from Actium come.  
But there! if questions could answers draw  
From lips so many a long age dumb,  
I would not tease you with history,  
Nor vex your heart for the men which were:  
The one point to learn that would fascinate me  
Is, where and what are you today, my dear!

You died, believing in Horus and Pasht,  
Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore;  
And found, of course, such theories smashed  
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.  
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?  
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?  
Your charming soul—so I calculate—  
Mislaid its mummy, and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,  
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,  
Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak.  
And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back?  
A scent of lotus about her hung.  
And she had such a far-away wistful air  
As of somebody born when the Earth was young;  
And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married? These might have been  
Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes;  
And you laid them aside with the garments green,  
And painted clay Gods which a bride would use:  
And, maybe, today, by Nile's bright waters  
Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—  
Great—great—great—very great—granddaughters  
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,  
Little green slippers, with golden strings!  
For all you can tell is that leather will last  
When loves, and delights, and beautiful things  
Have vanished, forgotten—No! not quite that!  
I catch some gleam of the grace you wore  
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,  
And left your shoes at Death's bedroom-door.

You were born in the Egypt which did not doubt;  
You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrows;  
You were sure, when your play-days on Earth ran out,  
Of play-times to come, as we of our morrows!  
Oh, wise little Maid of the Delta! I lay  
Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,  
And wish that one game we might merrily play  
At "Hunt the Slipper"—to see it all plain!

—Edwin Arnold.

To rid Princeton of the name of being a home for the sons of rich men, the university authorities are opening a large farm near the college, where any student will be given a chance to work all through the summer vacation to help him pay his way through the university. It is calculated that the students will be able to earn \$2 a day, the laborer to obtain the entire product of his toil. The tract available for student labor will be increased as rapidly as students apply for work. The soil will be devoted to truck farming, and the crop will be sold to the college commons and to the various Princeton eating clubs.

Fishermen along the Mississippi River occasionally earn as high as \$2000 in a single day by a haul of German carp, so plentiful have the fish, so much despised on the Pacific Coast, become in the middle section of the country. Frequently one haul of a great seine brings in 100 tons of fish. The seine, fully 1000 feet long, is dropped in a huge semicircle and drawn in with the aid of motor boats. It frequently costs the fishermen \$300 to clear the river bottom of stumps for a haul.

One steamer for Asiatic ports recently carried away from Seattle enough flour to load twenty freight trains of twenty cars each. There were 170 carloads of other goods, enough cargo in all to load a train four and one-third miles long.



## SARAH'S LATEST ROLE.

## Madame Bernhardt's Triumph as Queen Elizabeth.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Sarah Bernhardt became a member of the Odéon company and achieved her first notable success on the Parisian stage. Her attempts at burlesque had failed; her interpretation of a minor rôle in Racine's "Iphigénie" stirred neither playgoers nor critics. Even her marvelous *voix d'or* could not redeem those early bids for fame. But when she was cast for Cordelia in a translation of "King Lear" her "prentice days ended. The tortured spirit of Lear's noble daughter was a subject native to her art, and if she died "off stage" and so had no opportunity to display that realism and pathos which have made her death-scenes memorable, she acted in the shadow of the impending calamity and gave proof of where her power lay.

And now, in her golden age, in the sunset days of a career which has had no equal in the theatrical annals of Paris, the divine Sarah has assumed a rôle well calculated to display the entire range of her art, inasmuch as it is one which is a reflection of her own capricious and emotional personality. Her own theatre, then, on the historic Place du Châtelet, was densely crowded on Thursday night for the first performance of Emile Moreau's "La Reine Elisabeth," for if the Parisian is not quite exact in his knowledge of English history he is acquainted with a sufficiently broad outline of the facts to convince him that in the rôle of the Virgin Queen Mme. Bernhardt would have ample scope for all her versatility. Perhaps it is as well that the aforesaid knowledge is not more minute. For, as has always been the French manner in handling Elizabethan history, M. Moreau has aimed at being picturesque rather than truthful. Even the worthy John Banks in his "Unhappy Favorite" was not more free with the facts about Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex than Louis Aubery in the version he compiled for the delectation of French readers, and it is to be feared that M. Moreau has relied more upon the romances of M. Aubery than upon the hard realism of contemporary documents.

But there were not many in the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt on Thursday night whose sense of historical truth was violated by the poetic license of the play. How should the Parisian know that it was a terrible anachronism to locate Elizabeth at Plymouth in those Armada days when she was really at Tilbury, that it was equally false to make that occasion the opportunity for the first meeting of the queen and her favorite, that to introduce James I was to bring him to England fifteen years before he crossed the Scottish border, and that to make Drake announce the defeat of the Armada at Plymouth was to end the struggle before it was well begun? Nor are these the only liberties M. Moreau allows himself. Defying the antiquaries, he insists upon the ring story, and once more makes the climax of Elizabeth's last romance turn upon the existence of a jewel which has been duplicated almost as frequently as fragments of the wood of the true cross.

In fact, "La Reine Elisabeth" is constructed on the theory that poets know better how to order events than Clio. And so M. Moreau has sacrificed to the ideal instead of to the actual. His justification is that his fancy is more alluring than fact. He may be forgiven, then, for opening his drama at Plymouth rather than Tilbury, for, to begin with, the bold headland of the Devonshire coast affords a more picturesque setting than the dreary flats of the banks of the Thames. Besides, to start the action at Plymouth within view of the "silver streak" gave greater opportunity to oppress the queen with the danger involved to her throne by the Spanish fleet, and to sound that note of remorse which is the key of the drama. For in that hour of suspense when the fleets of England and Spain are in a death struggle Elizabeth is visibly anxious, and to accentuate her highly wrought condition James of Scotland—a reminder of the beheaded Mary Stuart—appears and offers the support of his army on the condition that the queen will sign a parchment naming him as her successor on the English throne. This is the juncture at which Essex enters, to imitate Raleigh by throwing his cloak on the ground for the queen to walk on, and to hearten her with his confident belief that Drake and his scadogs will easily defeat the power of Spain. And while the queen hesitates to fulfill the condition which will enlist the aid of the Scottish army, Drake himself dashes upon the scene with the news that the Armada has been scattered.

Three more acts complete the development of the story. The first, which postulates the lapse of twelve years, is laid on the terrace of the royal palace at Richmond, and introduces a picturesque and moving tableau of Elizabethan court life. The act begins on a high note, passes to a minor tone, and ends in a refrain of tragedy. When the curtain rises there is disclosed an animated crowd of gay courtiers, but a few minutes later Shakespeare comes upon the scene to deliver a monologue on crime and temptation and surrender, and as he speaks the queen is so overcome by emotion that the gathering is suddenly broken up and she is left alone with Lady Howard. Then she pours out her heart, confessing her love for Essex, her anxiety as to the expedition on which he is engaged, and her longing for his return. That longing is soon gratified, for hardly has her confession left her lips than the young earl appears. The warmth of his welcome may be imagined, and ere the interview ends the queen has pre-

sented her favorite with that ring the return of which will insure his pardon for all the future, no matter what offense he may commit. And now she must leave him for a little to attend to affairs of state within the palace, but when Elizabeth returns she finds Lady Howard in Essex's arms. This was one of the most dramatic incidents of the play, notable for the superb manner in which Mme. Bernhardt alternated between deep affection and bitter jealousy, and because of the suggestion of the former climax in which the queen denounced her favorite as a traitor was not so overwrought as to ruin the suspense essential for such a stage of the development.

All through the third act, then, the scene of which is laid in Westminster Hall, there is no foreseeing what will happen. It is true Essex has been tried, and found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death, but the warrant has still to be signed, and Elizabeth suddenly amazes her ministers by assuring them that the charge of treason was her own invention. She even tells them the story of the ring and her promise, and asks why her favorite has not returned that potent jewel. No one can tell, but inquiries are made, and at last the queen is informed that Essex obstinately refused to send back the pledge she had given him. That insulting message rouses her Tudor pride; she signs the death-warrant; and as the curtain falls the clock strikes the hour for the earl's execution.

For the final act the scene once more reverts to Richmond, but it is in the interior of the palace and not on the terrace that the action passes. The great queen is nearing her end, and her last hours are embittered by the memory of Essex. The mystery of the ring haunts her still. And now she hears that when the earl was led out of the judgment hall the ring was not on his finger. Where, then, was it? She is tortured by the problem, for after all her favorite may have returned the pledge. And now the mystery is to be solved. For Lady Howard begs an interview, and tells how the ring was confided to her care by Essex, and how her husband, in revenge for her unfaithfulness, kept it and so sent Essex to his doom. Thus the stage is set for the great climax. In her agony Elizabeth pours out all her terrible fury on the woman who had been her rival in the love of Essex and overwhelms her with bitter reproaches. But the strain is too great for her enfeebled body; she sinks back on her couch in physical collapse; she asks for a mirror, and as she gazes on her wasted features bemoans how changed she is from the day when she was the "fair vestal throned in the West"; and then, with one supreme effort, she asserts her queenhood once more, addresses her courtiers in the old high royal manner, and so with a last gasp falls forward and dies.

To thus sketch the story in rough outline is sufficient to suggest the manner of its acting. The range of emotion is wide—patriotism, love, jealousy, pride, generosity, caprice, and the lofty Tudor spirit, everything, in fact, that made up the sum of Elizabeth's memorable career. And, despite her sixty-seven years, surely there is no actress so capable of portraying all those moods as Sarah Bernhardt. She passed at ease from one passion to another, and in the final moment showed all her old mastery over the realism and pathos of death.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, April 16, 1912.

All that is left of the one-time town of Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois, is an old building once used as a smokehouse—a place where ham and bacon were cured. Even this will soon be washed away by the ever-encroaching Mississippi, which has engulfed practically the entire townsite. One hundred and fifty years ago the site where the smokehouse still lingers was the seat of the largest city west of the Allegheny Mountains. There is a curious lack of exact knowledge as to who settled this old town. Some say it was established as early as 1682 by men who were with the Chevalier de la Salle. By others it is asserted that Chevalier de Tonty planted the town there four years later. "Black gowns," as the Indians called the priests, were the first recollection that the savages had of the white men.

Pulque, the national drink of Mexico, is made from the juice of the maguey plant, large tracts of which are cultivated outside of Mexico City. As a rule there are eight hundred plants to the acre. The juice is extracted by *peones*. It is shipped into town in long trains much like milk trains here, and the consumption is so great that it is equivalent to two quarts a day for each person. The white liquid tastes like yeast and in small places it is a common sight to see pigskins filled with the liquor strapped to a burro's back, the pulque making a gurgling sound with every motion of the animal.

Following the example of the Hamburg-American Line, the International Mercantile Marine Company will at once equip all the steamships it controls with enough lifeboats and rafts to save every passenger and member of the crew in time of peril. The lines affected are the White Star, the American, the Red Star, the Atlantic Transport, the Leyland, and the Dominion.

The sect known as the Jains, in India, is said to be ahead of all others in fasting feats. Once a year these people abstain from food for seventy-five days, while fasts of from thirty to forty days are very common.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Emily McSheehy, who has the distinction of being the youngest town clerk in the world, lives at Byron, New South Wales, Australia. She is just seventeen years old, but prior to her election she had acted as assistant for nearly two years to her father, who held the office.

Arrigo Boito, who has just been nominated by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy as one of the new senators, is famous as a musician, and well known as a composer and writer. He is a native of Padua, but Milan is his home by adoption. There he won his first successes in 1862. His "Mephistopheles" is the work by which he is best known to the general public.

Sir Bertrand Dawson, physician to King George of England, who recently came to this country to acquaint himself with the work of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, fights shy of newspaper men and considers that "American physicians commit a grave breach of ethics in being so talkative in the newspapers." He has published a number of medical works of an authoritative nature.

James A. Durkin, the most famous office boy in the world, has for eighteen years "run the copy" at the office of the Chicago *Tribune*. He was taken from the Waifs' Mission in 1892 by some newspaper men, and given an opportunity on the *Times*. A year later he left to work for the *Tribune*. There he has remained. He knows nearly every newspaper man of note between San Francisco and New York, and his knowledge of Chicago is encyclopedic.

Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, widow of the famous Confederate general, has written a book, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the building of a monument to the slaves of the Confederacy. Mrs. Longstreet is the postmistress of Gainesville, Georgia, the office being of white marble. She is not interested in woman's suffrage, and during a recent visit to New York asserted that the women of the South pay little attention to the question.

Herbert S. Bigelow, president of the Ohio convention which is laboring to produce a new constitution, was an Indiana farmer's boy, but grew up with a theological bent. He graduated from the Western Reserve University in Cleveland and then studied at Lane Theological Seminary. Cincinnati called him, and he went as a Congregational minister. He is now a Unitarian. Though a minister, he has long been in politics, having run for secretary of state of Ohio in 1902.

William H. Haskell, a plumber, is an instructor in the Wentworth Institute of Boston. When the school incorporated the plumbing trade in its curriculum Mr. Haskell was selected as instructor. The experiment has been successful, having attracted about seventy-five young men. Mr. Haskell has had thirty years' experience in the trade, is well educated, and advises his pupils to remain in school as long as possible, that they may fit themselves for the business competition of the day.

Robert A. Bishop, a former locomotive engineer, is keeper of the most powerful light in the United States, safeguarding all ships entering or leaving New York harbor. It is called Navesink Light, is of ninety-five million candle power, and is located on a promontory near Sandy Hook, 250 feet above the beach. The keeper is a Yankee engineer and mechanic, a native of New Haven, Connecticut, and with his brothers owns a large farm near New Haven, which is said to have been in the family since 1639.

N. C. Hanks, lecturer and interpreter of Shakespeare, is armless and blind. At twenty-one he was mining near Provo, Utah. A box of giant caps exploded in his hands, blowing them off and blinding him. His companion saved his life by rough surgical work. After Hanks was able to leave the Provo hospital he began studying under Byron King. For the last three years he has been lecturing in the Northwest, giving critical interpretations of Shakespeare and modern authors. Through it all he is serene and cheerful.

The Reverend Reber J. Hamilton, just elevated to the position of Bishop of the new Anglican diocese of Japan by the missionary society of the Church of England in Canada, has been engaged in missionary work in Japan since 1892, displaying excellent organizing ability. He studied art in the University of Toronto, then decided on law, to which he gave some study before "finding" himself. A course in theology at Wycliffe College rounded out his education. Later he returned to Wycliffe as dean, and then went to the mission fields.

Mme. Jenny Porchet, who has charge of the prison at Aigle, in the Canton of Vaud, is now fifty-two years of age, and thirty-one years ago she married the then prison governor. At his death, the authorities advertised for a successor, and among the applicants was his widow, who had managed the prison during her husband's long illness. Another point in her favor was her physique. In height she wants only an inch of six feet, and possesses the muscles of a man. The prison commission doubted her fitness. She offered to try her strength against the strongest gendarme, all doubts subsided. The prison is to be the best managed in Switzerland.



## THE CIRCLE OF GREEN EYES.

When Miss Nancy Arrived Just in Time.

Big Ike Langley leaned his axe against the giant pine he was felling, filled and lit his pipe, grinned amiably at little Theodore Roosevelt Langley, and tossed him the match-box. "Getin' dark, Theede," he said, "guess you better light the bonfire."

In the pleasant light and heat of the crackling pine boughs, Ike smoked contentedly, blowing remarkably perfect smoke rings for the amusement of his nephew. "Gimme puff," implored Theodore R., "just one teeny little puff, Uncle Ike!" But Ike sagely shook his head. "No, Theede, can't do it; no boy ought to smoke before he's eight years old. When he gets to be eight, let him go to it, I say; it's good for him; but until he's eight— Look out, Theede, look out, the tree's fallin'! Run, Theede, run!"

A crackling like the ragged firing of many rifles had interrupted Ike's monologue on the proper age to begin smoking. An unseen flaw in the wood and a sudden gust of wind had unexpectedly completed his task, and the big "bull" pine thundered toward the ground. The man and boy were directly in its path. Theede, with a boy's agility, escaped; but Ike, turning to run, caught his foot on a root, and fell prostrate in the deep snow. A second more, and the falling tree had pinned him down.

Little Theede screamed in childish treble. A brawny arm appeared and grasped powerfully at the empty air; a smothered but fervent "Gosh all hemlock" came from beneath the snow.

The boy threw himself upon the outstretched arm. "You aint dead?" he wailed at the utmost pitch of his lungs, "don't say you're dead, Uncle Ike!"

Ike spat forth a generous mouthful of leaves and snow. "Gosh all— Brush the snow off me, Theede; there, that's better. Don't be scared, I aint dead. Don't even seem to be hurt any. But the tree's layin' right across my legs, and I can't move 'em. Now stop cryin', Theede; we're in great luck, considerin' the fix we might be in, and what's more I've got a good plan to get me out. But it all depends on you and your grit. Are you game, Theede?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you what you are to do. Put my coat, over there, under my head; pile a lot of brush on the fire; and leg it down the trail as fast as you can to Nancy Archer's homestead. That's only three miles, and you know the trail. Tell Miss Nancy to ride on up the logging-road to Patsy McHarter's lumber camp and send a bunch of timberjacks down here to take this log off me. It's right in their line. And, say, Theede—"

"What is it, Uncle Ike?"

"Kin you see my pipe anywhere? Well, never mind, just reach in my coat pocket and hand me the plug of chewin' you'll find there. Now spread my coat under me again. There, I'll be all right if I don't freeze. Sling a lot more wood on the fire and then go."

When the fire was replenished, a pair of small arms closed momentarily about Ike's neck, and a boy's coat, and thick, red sweater were wrapped snugly around him. "I won't need 'em because I'll be runnin'. Good-by, Uncle Ike!"

"Good-by, Theede. You're a plucky kid, and I aint never been sorry we took each other to raise. Don't be gone any longer'n absolutely necessary; and when you git to Miss Nancy's don't spend much time partin' your hair before—"

But Theede was already gone, and Ike lay blinking a bit uncertainly into the face of the full moon.

Contrary to his expectations, the first hour did not bring with it any great discomfort. His imprisoned limbs did not pain him, and the deep snow where he lay seemed to warm, rather than to chill him. "Theede must be about to Miss Nancy's now," he reflected. "Gee whillikins! I've got a date to take her to Plummer to the dance tonight; ought to be at her ranch right now, with gold links in my cuffs. She'll be hoppin' mad by the time Theede hands her his callin' card; gimme one guess and I can name the hottest woman in Idaho!"

He chuckled to himself, and even began to see the entire situation in a humorous light. But presently a numbness crept pricklingly through his fettered limbs. The fire died lower, and he began to feel the cold. Another interval of waiting, and he commenced to roll his big head slightly, in pain. His arms beat upon his limbs and body in an effort to restore the impeded circulation. Then quite suddenly he became still, listening with all intentness, and a grayish pallor overspread his bronzed face. The sound to which he gave such rapt attention was neither loud nor near, but it drove the blood back sickeningly upon his heart—the short sharp yelping of a pack of timber wolves.

The sounds drew nearer, and he realized that, guided by the campfire, the pack would soon be upon him. He searched an ingenious mind for a means of defense, no matter how slight, but there appeared to be absolutely none. Thirty feet away, his axe leaned against the splintered sump of the tree that held him down; but even though he had it, his prone position would prevent its use. Nothing could save him until help arrived, except the already dying fire; as long as it flamed, even fitful, the wolves would not approach too near. But if the rescuers did not come before the fire died to a dead glow—he closed his eyes.

Presently the hunting calls died away into a more profound silence, and he heard the rapid pad, pad, of

light feet upon the yielding snow. He raised himself with difficulty to a half-sitting position, and beheld, in the shadow beyond the firelight, the green glint of a dozen pairs of round, unblinking eyes. A wolf leaped from the darkness, a long, agile bound toward the man, and paused, eying the fitful fire; then leaped back and lifted a fierce, lean head toward the sky. Ike watched, fascinated, the lips curl back from the snowy fangs. The long, mournful howl quavered through the silence, joined in a moment by a pandemonium of savage voices. Ike lay down again, and covered his face with the boy's coat.

The fire died lower, and the circle of green eyes narrowed. The man raised himself painfully upon his arm. Cold, the growing numbness of his limbs, and a fear that sickened him, were beginning to tell. His broad chest swelled to its utmost, and a long, clear, deep-throated call rang through the woods. The green eyes disappeared, and the stealthy pad, pad, of skulking feet was heard again in the snow. The fire died lower still, until it merely blinked in places beneath the ashes, like glances from blood-shot eyes. The wolves returned and drew nearer, nearer, to the man. A tide of fierce anger swept over him; he raised himself once more and hurled unnamable oaths at his waiting enemies. He flung at them twigs, bits of bark, anything his hands could reach. Once again, and only once, the great voice was raised in a far-reaching call. But this time the wolves did not flee, but merely halted a pace, and then the circle narrowed.

"Just a few minutes left," murmured Ike, "just a few minutes, and the boys aint anywhere near. Theede must of got lost, or somethin'. I hope somebody'll look after Theede," he continued incoherently, "meby Miss Nancy'll take him in when she finds out he aint got no uncle. Them wolves are creepin' nearer, they're creepin' nearer! I'll rip the under jaw off the first one that touches me; but what's the use of that? Suppose I ought to say somethin' pious before I pass in. Meby I can remember a prayer, or else make one up. Let's see 'What goes up must come down'— Oh, thunder, that aint right! Can't I remember?"

A big wolf leaped upon the log just above Ike's prostrate form, and crouched for the spring. But Ike paid no attention. "Now I got it," he murmured, "it's like this:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the—"

The wolf sprang upon him. A rifle rang out close at hand, and the dead animal rolled aside. But Ike did not know it, for he was sleeping peacefully the deep sleep of unconsciousness.

A young woman sprang from her quivering pony, and her still smoking carbine dropped unheeded into the snow. She threw herself, sobbing, upon the man's body, and began to chafe his cold hands between her own. "Too late," she cried, "we're just a little too late, Mr. McHarter; Ike Langley's dead."

Patsy McHarter and his rescue party of six stalwart lumbermen pressed about her. Patsy brushed her gently aside, and placed his ear close to Ike's lips; then he straightened himself and patted Miss Nancy's shoulder in clumsy reassurance. "Breathin'," he said laconically.

The woman uttered a stifled cry of joy. "Whisky," she demanded eagerly, "got any whisky, Patsy McHarter?"

Patsy grinned. "I'm Irish," he answered, and reached for his flask. "Here, make him swallow some of this; and the boys and me will have him out of here in a jiffy."

It was long past noon the next day when Ike awoke and surveyed with wonder the immaculate neatness of Miss Nancy's "spare bedroom." Memory came quickly to his assistance, and he made the experiment of moving his legs. "Hunky dory," he murmured with a sigh of relief.

He glanced about the room again, and saw little Theede. "Theede," he whispered loudly. "Oh, Theede!"

The boy's blue eyes opened, and his lips parted to speak, but Ike held up a warning hand. "S-h-h-h; where's my pants? That so? Just reach in my hip pocket and hand me my plug of chewin'. Thanks. Now open the windy."

Ike bit off a generous chew. "'Bout 'leven feet," he calculated. "Wouldn't it be awful if I'd miss it," he confided to his admiring nephew, "but I won't."

He spat skillfully through the opening, and lay back proudly on his pillow. A rustle of feminine skirts came from the adjoining room, and just in time he raised himself again, and hurled his plug of "chewin'" through the window. Then he dropped hastily back, and pretended to be asleep.

Miss Nancy entered, and Ike opened his eyes. Unmixed admiration was in his glance. "Good-morning, Miss Nancy," he began, "I'm awful much obliged to you for all you've done. Say, Miss Nancy," he continued, "you look just as sweet as a big bunch of apple blossoms, I declare you do!"

Miss Nancy's pink cheeks grew pinker still, and her brown eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Shut up, you big fool," she snapped. "Ike Langley, what have you got in your mouth? I hope it aint—"

"Nothin'; nothin' tall," lied the culprit. "Miss Nancy, changin' the subject a little, me and Theede wants to ask you a important question. Will you marry us?"

Nancy Archer flushed again, and her glance grew tender. "I don't know about that, Ike. If I do, will you promise on your word of honor to quit using tobacco?"

Big Ike Langley raised himself upon his elbow, and swallowed heroically. His right cheek resumed its normal outline, and a queer, sick expression stole over his face, but he smiled happily.

"I've quit already," he said.

DAN CURTIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1912.

In the personal laboratory of Sir William Ramsay, at University College, London, is a new pair of scales so delicately adjusted that they will weigh a seven-millionth part of an ounce. The room is in semi-darkness. So delicate are these wonderful scales that their balance is disturbed by the alteration of temperature caused by the turning on of an electric light at the other end of the room. The operator has to leave them for an hour in darkness—after he has tip-toed from the room so that his footfall should not set up any vibration—and then read them swiftly before any change in the temperature has had time to affect them. The scales rest in a metal chamber. The beam, only a few inches long, appears a mere cobweb of glass with its frail supports. It is not made of glass, however, explains Sir William, but of silica, which expands and contracts under the effect of heat far less than glass.

It is not at all well known that knighthood has constantly been conferred upon women. Many English ladies received the accolade and many more were members of such knightly orders as the Garter and St. John. When Mary Cholmondeley, "the bold lady of Cheshire," was knighted by Elizabeth for "her valiant address," on the queen taking the command at the threatened invasion of Spain, did she know that a whole city of Spanish women, the gallant women of Tortosa, had been knighted for saving that city from the Moors? Mary and Elizabeth had both been knighted at their coronation, but by the time Anne, the second Mary, and Victoria ascended the throne it had been quite forgotten that according to English law and use a woman who filled a man's office acquired all its privileges and was immune from none of its duties.

An old sportsman of Normandy declares that round the lighthouse of Barfleur last November there were picked up in the course of four nights 10,000 birds of all sorts, including 1800 woodcock. The lighthouse on the Pointe de Penmarc, in Brittany, has a revolving light of 30,000,000 candle power. Visiting this on November 10 last year, and again on the 12th, an observer saw tens of thousands of birds whirling round, and it seemed to him that the light shot out a perfect hail of electric sparks among the migrants. Next morning he was present while the dead bodies were being collected. They are dispatched every day to Paris by train, and the "catch," he was told, often comprised from 2000 to 4000 victims; one morning alone there had been more than 500 woodcock in the "bag."

An interesting test was recently made at the Fore River shipyards of a new life raft invented by H. J. Matson, for which much is claimed. It was launched successfully from the deck of the great Argentine battleship *Rivadavia* by a contrivance operated by a lever, and in the water showed its capacity to hold fifty men. Launching is simple, because it works equally well either side up. There are twelve watertight compartments besides room to store water and food for a week. The inventor has received four medals from French societies. In the past rafts have excited little enthusiasm because they are not easily navigated, but wireless has added greatly to their value, specially for frequented routes, where survivors can count upon being picked up.

Representative journalists from all over the country were brought together April 25 at the annual banquet of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, and the entertainment provided for them, interesting throughout, was novel in the character of some of its features. The telephone played a prominent part in the programme. President Taft, although actually in Boston, addressed the assembled gathering over the long-distance wires, his voice being distinctly conveyed to each guest by means of a receiving instrument. In a like manner Premier Borden, of Canada, who was at Hot Springs, Virginia, was heard, as were songs and recitations by performers at local theatres.

The project to build in the capital city of the United States a memorial structure in honor of George Washington, specially to contain a great hall for public assemblages, has gone so far that the United States Senate has voted a site for it in the public reservation near the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum. The bill requires that the building, to be erected on the site, shall cost not less than \$2,000,000, to be faced with granite and to be endowed with not less than \$500,000 to provide for its maintenance. It is to be under the control of the board of regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Of the \$2,500,000 which is to be raised by private subscription more than one-fifth has been pledged.

A map of the world on the scale of sixteen miles to the inch is being prepared by coöperation of the important governments. The map is to be published in sheets.



## HENRIK IBSEN.

A Biography by Edmund Gosse Concludes a Complete Edition of the Poet's Works.

The Viking Edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen is now completed by the appearance of the thirteenth volume, devoted to a biography of the dramatist by Edmund Gosse. It will be remembered that the first eleven volumes contained the plays, the twelfth volume, entitled "From Ibsen's Workshop," the drafts, scenarios, and notes of the modern plays now translated into English for the first time, and now comes this final biographical volume from the pen best qualified to write it.

But Mr. Gosse pays a generous tribute to Mr. William Archer as actually the introducer of Ibsen to English readers. For twenty-five years Mr. Archer struggled to make known the man as he really was and to secure a recognition for his genius. His name, says Mr. Gosse, is now permanently attached to the intelligent appreciation of the Norwegian playwright in England and America. How far Ibsen owes his fame to his advocates and how far to his touch upon the human heart—and there is no other permanent dramatic form—it is for time to determine, but certainly no other writer was ever so fortunate in his friends, his editors, and his interpreters.

Mr. Gosse is well advised in passing lightly over Ibsen's birth, childhood, and early influences. We care little for such cargo, however interesting it may be to the eugenicist. His was rather a grim childhood, a grimness intensified by his natural revolt against an unlovely and ungracious environment. We learn without surprise that young Ibsen was regarded as "not quite nice," that he was looked upon with favor by neither young nor old. A lady who knew him in his youth says that he was not liked because he was so spectral. He conveyed the idea of malevolence.

Ibsen's dramatic life began at Bergen, and here he acquired his immense knowledge of the technicalities of the theatre. He was responsible for every detail, dresses, furniture, selection of plays, scene-painting, everything. Here he produced "The Vikings," powerful and vivid enough, but with the constructive weakness of a mosaic. Ibsen laid under contribution all the sagas of the Northland, but, says the author, a poet is at liberty to steal what he will if only he builds his thefts up into a living structure of his own:

There is great vigor, however, in many of the scenes in "The Vikings." The appearance of Hjordis on the stage, in the opening act, marks, perhaps, the first occasion on which Ibsen had put forth his full strength as a playwright. This entrance of Hjordis ought to be extremely effective; in fact, we understand, it rarely is. The cause of this disappointment can easily be discovered. It is the misfortune of "The Vikings" that it is hardly to be acted by mortal men. Hjordis herself is superhuman; she has eaten the heart of a wolf, she claims direct descent from a race of fighting giants. There is a grandeur about the conception of her form and character, but it is a grandeur which might well daunt a human actress. One can faintly imagine the part being played by Mrs. Siddons, with such an extremity of fierceness and terror that ladies and gentlemen would be carried out of the theatres in hysterics, as in the days of Byron. Where Hjordis insults her guests, and contrives the horrid murder of the boy Thorolf before their eyes, we have a stage dilemma presented to us—either the actress must treat the scene inadequately, or else intolerably. *Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet*, and we shrink from Hjordis with a physical disgust. Her great hands and shrieking mouth are like Bellona's, and they smell of blood.

Ibsen had, of course, to pass through a period of intensely destructive energy. He was poor, sore, uncomfortable, and was therefore certain that the times were out of joint and that he could scourge them back into sanity. At least he would try, and by that most dangerous of weapons, the satire. And so he wrote "Love's Comedy" and struck heavily at the sanctities of betrothal and marriage. He would have the *marriage de convenance*, which suppresses the absurdities of love-matches. But he was to find that it is even more dangerous to interfere with the conventions than with religion:

"Love's Comedy" is perhaps the most diverting of Ibsen's works; it is certainly the most impertinent. If there was one class in Norwegian society which was held to be above criticism it was the clerical. A prominent character in Ibsen's comedy is the Rev. Mr. Strawman, a gross, unctuous and uxorious priest, blameless and dull, upon whose inert body the arrows of satire converge. This was never forgotten and long was unforfeited. As late as 1866 the Storting refused a grant to Ibsen definitely on the ground of the scandal caused by his sarcastic portrait of Pastor Strawman. But the gentler sex, to which every poet looks for an audience, was not less deeply outraged by the want of indulgence which he had shown for all forms of amorous sentiment, although Ibsen had really, through his satire on the methods of betrothal, risen to something like a philosophical examination of the essence of love itself.

Ibsen had no belief in the soundness of the sentiment that may underlie a marriage engagement. Marriage, he held, should be sudden, impulsive, unpremeditated, elemental. He liked to see Young Lochinvar fording the river where for there was none and without preliminaries or formalities:

To Brandes, who reproached him for not recording the history of ideal engagements, and who remarked, "You know, there are sound potatoes and rotten potatoes in this world," Ibsen cynically replied, "I am afraid none of the sound ones have come under my notice"; and when Gulstad proves to the beautiful Svanhild the paramount importance of creature comforts, the last word of distrust in the sustaining power of love had been said. The popular impression of Ibsen as an "immoral" writer seems to be primarily founded on the paradox and fireworks of "Love's Comedy."

No feature in Ibsen's personal career is more interesting than his relation to Björnson. Great as was

Ibsen's capacity, we have, says the author, to admit that Björnson's character was the more magnetic and more radiant of the two. The original friendship between the two men was allowed to lapse into positive antagonism, but when each had suffered and learned by the estrangement, fate brought them once more together:

The reconciliation began, of course, with a gracious movement from Björnson. At the end of 1880, writing for American readers, Björnson had the generous candor to say: "I think I have a pretty thorough acquaintance with the dramatic literature of the world, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that Henrik Ibsen possesses more dramatic power than any other play-writer of our day." When we remember that, in France alone, Augier and Dumas fils and Hugo, Halévy and Meilhac and Labiche, were all of them alive, the compliment, though a sound, was a vivid one. Sooner or later, everything that was said about Ibsen, though it were whispered in Chocaw behind the altar of a Burmese temple, came round to Ibsen's ears, and this handsome tribute from the rival produced its effect. And when, shortly afterward, still in America, Björnson was nearly killed in a railway accident, Ibsen broke the long silence by writing to him a most cordial letter of congratulation.

In reading "The Wild Duck" the author detects an astonishing resemblance between Ibsen and Euripides. The comparison is a bold one and is based on the concentration of Ibsen's mind upon the clash of temperament. Henceforth he sees nothing anywhere but catastrophe. The avalanche is always moving and tragedy always ahead of us. The poet had now isolated himself and even his family saw him only at meals. Visitors were wholly debarred unless they caught him on the staircase:

And now the celebrated afternoons at the cafés had begun. In Rome Ibsen had his favorite table, and he would sit obliquely facing a mirror in which, half hidden by a newspaper and by the glitter of his gold spectacles, he could command a sight of the whole restaurant, and especially of the door into the street. Every one who entered, every couple who conversed, every movement of the scene, gave something to those untiring eyes. The newspaper and the café mirror—these were the books which, for the future, Ibsen was almost exclusively to study; and out of the gestures of a pair of friends at a table, out of a paragraph in a newspaper, even out of the terms of an advertisement, he could build up a drama. Incessant observation of real life, incessant capture of unaffected, unconsidered phrases, actual living experience leaping in his hands like a captive wild animal, this was now the substance from which all Ibsen's dreams and dramas were woven. Concentration of attention on the vital play of character, this was his one interest.

Ibsen was now beginning to occupy a position very similar to that of Whistler. Extremes call forth their opposite, and as the dramatist was more fiercely assailed by conservatism he was defended with the greater vigor by a youthful and noisy radicalism. Ibsen became a state of consciousness, a creed, a canon of revelation:

In Sweden, at this time, the admiration for Ibsen took forms of almost preposterous violence. The great Swedish novelist, Gustaf af Geijerstam, has given a curious and amusing account of the rage for Ibsen which came to its height about 1880. The question which every student asked his friend, every lover his mistress, was, "What do you think of Ibsen?" Not to be a believer in the Norwegian master was a reef upon which love or friendship might easily be shipwrecked. It was quoted gravely as an insufferable incompatibility for the state of marriage. There was a curious and secret symbolism running through the whole of youthful Swedish society, from which their elders were cunningly excluded, by which the volumes of Ibsen, passed from hand to hand, presented on solemn occasions, became the emblems of the problems interesting to generous youth, flags carried in the moral fight for liberty and truth. The three northern countries, in their long stagnation, had become clogged and deadened with spiritual humbug, which had sealed the sources of emotion. It seemed as though, after the long frost of the 'seventies, spring had come and literature had budded at last, and that it was Ibsen who had blown the clarion of the West Wind and heralded the emancipation.

In 1889 Ibsen became aware that he was the deity of unconventional youth all over the world. Until then there had been no adventure in his perfectly decorous domestic life. And now he was more than sixty and the monotone of his personal career was to be shot with scarlet:

In the season of 1889, among the summer boarders at Gossensass, there appeared a young Viennese lady of eighteen, Miss Emilie Bardach. She used to sit on a certain bench in the Pferdthall and when the poet, whom she adored from afar, passed by, she had the courage to smile at him. Strange to say, her smile was returned, and soon Ibsen was on the bench at her side. He readily discovered where she lived; no less readily he gained an introduction to the family with whom she boarded. There was a window-seat in the *salle à manger*; it was deep and shaded by odoriferous flowering shrubs; it lent itself to endless conversation. The episode was strange, the passion improbable, incomprehensible, profoundly natural and true. Perhaps, until they parted in the last days of September, neither the old man nor the young girl realized what their relations had meant to each. Youth secured its revenge, however; Miss Bardach soon wrote from Vienna that she was now more tranquil, more indecent, happy at last. Ibsen, on the other hand, was heartbroken, quivering with ecstasy, overwhelmed with joy and despair.

It was the enigma in his "princess," as he called her, that completed Miss Bardach's sorcery over the old poet:

She seems to have been no conquere; she flung her dangerous fascinations at his feet; she broke the thread which bound the charms of her spirit and poured them over him. He, for his part, remaining discreet and respectful, was shattered with haughtiness. To a friend of mine, a young Norwegian man of letters, Ibsen said about this time: "Oh, you can always love, but I am happier than the happiest, for I am beloved." Long afterward, on his seventieth birthday, when his own natural force was failing, he wrote to Miss Bardach, "That summer at Gossensass was the most beautiful and the most harmonious portion of my whole existence. I scarcely venture to think of it, and yet I think of nothing else. Ah! forever!" He did not dare to send her "The Master Builder," since her presence interpenetrated every line of it like a perfume, and when, we are told, she sent him her photograph, signed "Princess of Orancia," her too-bold identification of herself with Hilda Wangel hurt him as a rough touch that finer tact would have avoided. There can

be no doubt at all that while she was now largely absorbed by the compliment to her own vanity, he was still absolutely enthralled and bewitched, and that what was fun to her made life and death to him.

On his seventieth birthday in 1898 Ibsen received the felicitations of the world, and immediately after the festivities he went to Copenhagen to visit the King of Denmark. In the following year he took a vivid interest in the preparations for the National Norwegian Theatre in Christiania, which opened on September 1:

The next night was Ibsen's fête, and he occupied, alone, the manager's box. A poem in his honor, by Niels Collett Vogt, was recited by the leading actor, who retired, and then rushed down the empty stage, with his arms extended, shouting "Long live Henrik Ibsen." The immense audience started to its feet and repeated the words over and over again with deafening fervor. The poet appeared to be almost overwhelmed with emotion and pleasure; at length, with a gesture which was quite pathetic, smiling through his tears, he seemed to beg his friends to spare him, and the plaudits slowly ceased. "An Enemy of the People" was then admirably performed. At the close of every act Ibsen was called to the front of his box, and when the performance was over, and the actors had been thanked, the audience turned to him again with a sort of affectionate ferocity. Ibsen was found to have stolen from his box, but he was waylaid and forcibly carried back to it. On his reappearance, the whole theatre rose with a roar of welcome, and it was with difficulty that the aged poet, now painfully exhausted from the strain of an evening of such prolonged excitement, could persuade the public to allow him to withdraw. At length he left the theatre, walking slowly, bowing and smiling, down a lane cleared for him, far into the street, through the dense crowd of his admirers. This astonishing night, September 2, 1899, was the climax of Ibsen's career.

But the decline of Ibsen's faculties was close at hand. He suffered from an apoplectic stroke from which he never wholly recovered, and thenceforth his interest in external events was gradually withdrawn:

During his long illness Ibsen was troubled by aphasia, and he expressed himself painfully, now in broken Norwegian, now in still more broken German. His unhappy hero, Oswald Alving, in "Ghosts," had thrilled the world by his cry, "Give me the sun, mother!" and now Ibsen, with glassy eyes, gazed at the dim windows, murmuring "Keine Sonne, Keine Sonne, Keine Sonne!" At the table where all the works of his maturity had been written the old man sat, persistently learning and forgetting the alphabet. "Look!" he said to Julius Elias, pointing to his mournful pot-hooks, "See what I am doing! I am sitting here and learning my letters—my letters! I who was once a writer!" Over this shattered image of what Ibsen had been, over this dying lion, who could not die, Mrs. Ibsen watched with the devotion of wife, mother, and nurse in one, through six pathetic years. She was rewarded, in his happier moments, by the affection and tender gratitude of her invalid, whose latest articulate words were addressed to her—"mine søde, kjære, snille frue" (my sweet, dear, good wife); and she taught to adore their grandfather the three children of a new generation, Tankred, Irene, Eleonora.

Mr. Gosse's survey of Ibsen's character is eminently just, discriminating, and clear-sighted:

Ibsen had the reputation of being dangerous and difficult of access. But the evidence of those who knew him best point to his having been phlegmatic rather than morose. He was "unbrazeous," ready to be discomposed by the action of others, but if not vexed or startled, he was elaborately courteous. He had a great dislike of any abrupt movement, and if he was startled, he had the instinct of a wild animal to bite. It was a pain to him to have the chain of his thoughts suddenly broken, and he could not bear to be addressed by chance acquaintances in street or café. When he was resident in Munich and Dresden, the difficulty of obtaining an interview with Ibsen was notorious. His wife protected him from strangers, and if her defenses broke down, and the stranger contrived to penetrate the inner fastness, Ibsen might suddenly appear in the doorway, half in a rage, half quivering with distress, and say, in heart-rending tones, "Bitte um arbeitsruhe!"—"Please let me work in peace!" They used to tell how in Munich a rich baron, who was the local Maecenas of letters, once bored Ibsen with a long recital of his love affairs, and ended by saying, with a wonderful air of fauity, "To you, master, I come, because of your unparalleled knowledge of the female heart. In your hands I place my fate. Advise me, and I will follow your advice." Ibsen snapped his mouth and glared through his spectacles; then in a low voice of concentrated fury he said: "Get home, and—go to bed!" whereat his noble visitor withdrew, clothed with indignation as with a garment.

The volume closes with short appreciations of Ibsen by Edward Dowden and James Huneker. As a whole it forms a fitting conclusion to a series remarkable for its inclusive character and fine mechanical workmanship.

THE WORKS OF HENRIK IBSEN. Viking Edition. Edited with introductions by William Archer. In thirteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. In sets. Price per volume, \$2.

The receiving operator of wireless telegraphy can hear nothing except when he has the receiver of the instrument at his ear. What is desired is the ringing of a bell, which will warn the operator that he is wanted when he does not happen to be tied to the instrument. The importance of such an audible signal is shown in the fact that the *Titanic's* distress signal did not flash in the *Carpathia* until the operator there was about to retire for the night. Had there been some method of giving him the signal when the *Titanic* was calling, similar to the bell of the telephone, a vast element of risk would have been eliminated. "Experiments to devise a signal are under way," said Mr. Marconi, who is in New York. "I can not tell how near to completion they are, but we are striving to perfect the apparatus to do just that thing." He was asked about the progress of the improvement to give the sense of direction to the wireless operator. "That is practically completed," he said. "That will be all right."

The 1000-mile survey across the Great Australian desert for the proposed railway between Darwin and southern Australia gives a hint of the amount of unexplored territory in this island empire.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

George Cabot Lodge.

The two-volume edition of the poems and dramas of George Cabot Lodge will be welcomed for their own value, which need hardly be enlarged upon. But the third volume, "The Life of George Cabot Lodge," by Henry Adams, is a distinct acquisition and one that shows every mark of careful preparation.

That Boston should produce a poet was not a little remarkable. No more unfavorable soil could be found. Poetry was foreign to the Boston genius, which discouraged any expressions of the emotions, and indeed the emotions themselves. The author tells us that Cabot's instinct must have been innate, which seems to be a truism of all instincts. Generally speaking, poetry in America had taken the form of revolt against society, and not the expression of society itself. Emerson was the only strictly Bostonian poet. Longfellow belonged to Cambridge, and Lowell "was also in no strict social sense a Bostonian." Lodge can not be accounted for by any of the usual theories of heredity or environment.

The author gives us a happy combination of biography and literary criticism. Wisely, too, he gives us many of Lodge's letters, which display his mental tendencies as more conventional expressions could hardly do. Writing in 1904 he ascribes to the American man a cynicism, energy, and capacity that are simply stupefying, but "in every other respect he is a sentimental idiot, possessing neither the interest, the capacity, nor the desire for even the most elementary processes of independent thought." He is speaking, of course, only of the well-to-do classes, and he goes on to say that the man has now been dethroned. "A woman rules in his stead. His wife finds him so sexually inept that she refuses to hear him children and so driving in every way except as a money-getter that she compels him to expend his energies solely in that direction, while she leads a discontented, sterile, stunted life, not because she genuinely prefers it, but because she can not find a first-rate man to make her desire to be the mother of his children and to live seriously and happily. . . . American women don't fall in love with the American man (I mean really), and they're quite right; only a woman won't have children by a man she's not really in love with; and when you think of the travail and the peril of death can you blame her?"

Lodge's dramatic motive was always the same. God is Will, but we can know it only as ourselves. Evolution is the struggle of the will to raise itself to self-consciousness, to free itself by detachment. His philosophy is that of the *Bhagavad Gita*, and it is expressed as Prometheus, Buddha, and Christ. It is a philosophy unpopular in America, although, as the author says, it "probably seemed simpler than shower or sunshine to a Hindoo baby two thousand years ago."

The success of a biography is to be estimated by the impressiveness of the figure that it draws, and by such a standard Mr. Adams has done a notable piece of work and one that Mr. Lodge's friends may well accept as a competent tribute to his genius.

POEMS AND DRAMAS. By George Cabot Lodge. Two volumes. \$1.25 net each. THE LIFE OF GEORGE CABOT LODGE. By Henry Adams. \$1.25 net. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

## The Boy and His Gang.

Mr. J. Adams Puffer makes the latest contribution to the ever-present problem of the reclamation of the boy. Boys, says the author, always move in gangs. Upon a small scale the boy lives through the tribal instinct of the race, and this tribal instinct, unregulated, becomes a danger and a nuisance. But regulated it may be made to serve the interests of the boy himself and of the community.

In the course of a small volume Mr. Puffer tells us how this may be done. The force represented by the gang spirit can not be suppressed. Moreover, it is a good force. But it can be directed into useful channels, the channels of moral, mental, and physical education. The author is obviously qualified for his task by sympathy and intelligence and his book should not be overlooked by the philanthropy of the day.

THE BOY AND HIS GANG. By J. Adams Puffer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

## Red Eve.

After a long silence in the domain of fiction Mr. Rider Haggard gives us a new story in which history, romance, mysticism, and magic are skillfully blended. Some courage is needed, and more ability, successfully to introduce the Angel of Death as the character of a novel, and perhaps no one but Mr. Haggard could do this acceptably and without reproach upon the ground of taste. The grim Master of Murch, keeper of man and looser of burdens, is met by Sir Andrew Arnold while that good knight is journeying in the land before he becomes a priest. We find him in Venice, whither Sir Hugh has journeyed after the battlefield of the order to take vengeance on the Noyon, who not only tried to betray him to France, but who drugged Red Eve,

Sir Hugh's betrothed, and married her against her will. It is Murch who lets loose the pestilence upon Italy and carries it in his train to England, where at last Sir Hugh meets his enemy and cuts the tie that binds him to Red Eve.

Mr. Haggard gives us some half-dozen characters likely to live in the memory. We suspect that Dick the Archer was borrowed bodily from Scott's "Ivanhoe," and is possibly Locksley reincarnated but without that great howman's joviality. The archery contest before King Edward and the Black Prince is strangely like the similar scene in Sir Walter's novel, but it is a story that easily bears repetition. The picture of the Battle of Cressy is a good piece of work, and so is that of the plague-stricken cities of Southern Europe. Probably "Red Eve" will not have the popularity of some of Mr. Haggard's earlier works, but none the less it is a distinctive story and one that will add to Mr. Haggard's reputation.

RED EVE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

## The Great Gay Road.

Mr. Tom Gallon tells us the story of a tramp who was once a gentleman and who becomes almost a gentleman once more. Hilary Tolfrey Kite and his companion hobo, Perkins, being reduced to want, decide to commit a burglary. They choose the house of Sir Crispin Vickery because that gentleman is in the habit of leaving a window open and a candle burning in the hope that his son who ran away from home twenty years before will come back and feel that he is welcome. When Sir Crispin hears the burglar alarm and finds Kite making himself at home with the food and drink he naturally believes that his hopes have been realized, and Kite, equally naturally, does not deceive him. How the heart of this debonaire rascal is finally softened by kindness and by the influence of good women the author explains in a satisfactory way. His story is by no means without artistic merit.

THE GREAT GAY ROAD. By Tom Gallon. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

## One of Us.

Very few authors have had the courage to make one who is physically deformed the hero of a love story. Even Mr. Rudno lessens his task by assuring us that Raphael's deformity becomes much less marked as he approaches manhood, and moreover he endows him with the genius of the musician, which compensates for much. But the iron of bodily difference enters into the heart of Raphael as a boy and gives him all of the suppressed intensity and the morbidly easily passing into bitterness usually associated with those upon whom nature has placed her external brand. He runs away from home, is adopted by a sort of gentleman hurglar, rescued by a wealthy family who protect and educate him, and then goes to Paris for his artistic training. When he meets Norma he falls in love with her, but with the corroding consciousness of the abyss between them, and when he meets her again with Walt, her accepted lover, he assumes the responsibility for one of Walt's discreditable love affairs and so prevents a breach that it would have been to his interest to promote. Norma and Walt are married, and then that fascinating, romantic, and conscienceless young scoundrel shows himself in his true colors, with Raphael always in the background, worshipping the broken-hearted wife and ready to sacrifice himself to keep from her eyes the full vision of her degraded husband. It is a strong and passionate story, full of well arranged and well displayed incident, but one that owes its chief value to its markedly successful mental portraiture of Raphael. A writer with less skill would have emphasized a deformity that is almost the keynote of the story. The author barely mentions it after his opening chapters, but he none the less stamps the fact upon every page of the book. Raphael's whole character is the expression of his physical defect.

ONE OF US. By Ezra Rudno. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## Margaret of Savoy.

It seems that history concerns itself less with its virtuous heroines than with those others whose vices or eccentricities render them more sympathetic with normal human nature. There have been three Margarets of France. Of the first, the author of the "Hep-tameron," we know all that we are ever likely to know and are still undecided whether we must call her saint or devil. Of La Reine Margot, wife of Henry of Navarre and sister of Charles IX, she who witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, we know nearly as much. But of Margaret of Savoy, niece and aunt of the other two, we know very little, although our ignorance has now been largely removed by Winifred Stevens, whose biography is likely to hold the field for some time to come.

Curiously enough, all three Margarets had energy and learning enough to have distinguished them in any age. They lived at a time when it was considered disgraceful to bow to feminine authority, but there is no feminist of the present day, the day of femi-

nists, who could approach these three Frenchwomen either in ability, scholarship, or force of character. Margaret of Savoy neither wrote nor talked, but the scope of her reading was amazing. Her accounts show that she bought six commentaries on Horace in the course of a single year, as well as three editions of Cicero's "De Officiis" and Aristotle's "Ethics" in Greek and Latin. And she could govern the cultured and harsh men of her day, causing them to dread her wit and to love her wisdom and virtue. She was honored alike by her countrymen of France and her adopted people of Piedmont and Savoy. By her marriage with Emmanuel Philibert she kept the peace between France and Savoy, and at a time when piety meant intolerance she was yet able and willing to save the Waldenses from destruction. Always the powerful friend of literature and liberty, and actually the founder of Italian unity, her name would be almost unknown but for the poets of her day. Even Brantôme, whose trade was slander, describes her as *La bonté du monde*.

With relatively sparse material the author has produced a most satisfactory biography, one that not only arranges incidents in chronological order, but that reproduces to some measure the atmosphere of the day. She gives us a fine description of the duel between La Châtagneraie and De Jarnac, the contest from which the *coup de Jarnac* obtained its celebrity. She tells us of the death of Margaret's brother, Henry II, from a lance splinter in the right eye after five criminals had been wounded in the same way and then killed in order that the surgeons might determine the precise nature of the injury. Margaret was married the day before the king died, and her political, literary, and religious power may be said to have begun with that event.

MARGARET OF FRANCE, DUCHESS OF SAVOY. By Winifred Stevens. With seventeen illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

## The Singer of the Kootenay.

Mr. Robert E. Knowles adds to his list of novels by a somewhat conventional story of northern latitudes and of mission work in British Columbia. Dr. Seymour, Presbyterian minister of Wardville, is sent on an evangelizing expedition to Kootenay, and as the singer who is to accompany him is taken ill at the last moment he enlists the aid of Murray McLean, whom he meets on the train and who is bound for the same locality. Dr. Seymour has a scapegrace son who has lost himself somewhere in the Far West, and we know by the novel reader's intuition that there will be a reunion somewhere toward the end of the book. The story is not without its good points and its strong incidents, but we should like to have a more vivid picture of the Kootenay district and fewer of the events that might occur almost anywhere.

THE SINGER OF THE KOOTENAY. By Robert E. Knowles. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

## Wayward Feet.

Mr. Goring Thomas has done better work than this. Even the story that is most rich in technical excellences ought not to be so written as to produce a sense of resentment in the reader, and we feel a resentment that Toinette Moreau's life should be so purposeless and her fate so undeserved. Upon the death of her mother Toinette is taken from the Pas de Calais to Paris by her aunt and we are introduced to some of the less attractive features of French life, and also to the dawn of a romance that we have a right to believe will end happily. Tragedies in fiction ought to come only from an atmosphere of tragedy, and not from sunny skies, and the author can hardly be acquitted of a charge of perverseness in disappointing a reasonable expectation.

WAYWARD FEET. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

## Wild Flowers.

Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey's new book on botany is based upon the classification presented in the seventh edition of "Gray's Manual of Botany," embodying the decisions of the Vienna Congress of 1905. The congress came to an agreement respecting the botanical names and classifications of American flowers. Greater simplicity has been aimed at with the result that we have now a complete and easily understood guide to the flowering plants of the Atlantic seaboard, New England, the Middle States, and, to a limited extent, of the Southern States. The volume is freely illustrated and contains eight colored plates.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO WILD FLOWERS. By Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75 net.

## My Ragpicker.

Mary E. Waller, author of "The Wood-Carver of Lympus," now gives us another dainty idyll as delightful as anything that has preceded it. It is the story of Nanette, the little ragpicker of Paris, who has never known a mother save the gray stones of Notre Dame, Our Lady who careth for all. Rag-picking in Paris is not an enticing trade, but the author persuades us quite easily that so lovely a flower as Nanette can indeed grow

in the shadows of the Buttes-Chaumont otherwise alive with unlovely things. The little story can be read in an hour, but art is measured neither by time nor weight.

MY RAGPICKER. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents net.

## The Overture.

The short drama from which this volume of verse takes its name is devoted to the first love passages between Wagner and Frau Cosima, and perhaps it would have been in better taste to delay its publication until after the death of Mme. Wagner. The other poems in the volume, all of them short, are deserving of praise for careful workmanship and a condensed vigor of expression rare enough to be notable. The author has not seen a vision nor dreamed a dream, but his verse suggests the possibility of his one day doing so.

THE OVERTURE. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published a "Manual of Experimental Botany," by Frank Owen Payne, M. Sc. (75 cents). The work is intended for a complete high school course, in which botany is correlated with gardening, farming, and bacteriology.

"Echoes of Cheer," by John Kendrick Bangs (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net), is a little volume of verse in Mr. Bangs's well-known style. The philosophy is a homely one, easily to be understood and leaving a sentiment of optimism and kindness in the mind.

"The Children in the Old Red House," by Amanda M. Douglas (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net), is a story of eight children, who, with their mother, live in poverty until fortune comes to them. It is well told, and with a moral that imperceptibly pervades the book.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published a little book illustrated in colors and entitled "Baby Wise," being a collection of children's quaint sayings compiled by George R. Sparks. The sayings have been taken from all sources, and while the compiler does not vouch for their authenticity he hopes that at least they are true in spirit.

Mr. J. Basil Oldham, author of "The Renaissance" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 35 cents net), explains the diminutive size of his work on the ground that it is an attempt to give an introductory explanation of the meaning of a movement in which, owing to its many-sidedness, it is sometimes difficult to see the wood for the trees.

Boys who like Indian stories will be satisfied with "On the Trail of the Sioux," by D. Lange (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net). It is based on the last stand of the Sioux against the white man on the Minnesota frontier in the early days of the Civil War and is intended to show what even the young endured in the making of the country.

"With Fire and Sword," by Major S. H. M. Byers (Neale Publishing Company), is a personal record of the war by a member of General Sherman's staff. The author kept a daily diary during his four years' service, and as he belonged to one of the few regiments that actually fought themselves out of existence it will be seen that his diary is of no ordinary kind.

A valuable handbook for those in charge of the sick is "Food for the Invalid and the Convalescent," by Winifred Stuart Gibbs (the Macmillan Company). In addition to "General Directions" the author devotes sections to "The Preparation of Each Class of Foods," and "Special Menus and Diets." The book is written so concisely and practically that it can hardly fail to be of value.

The Mediæval Town series, already a handsome and valuable library, has been enriched by the addition of "The Story of Avignon," by Thomas Okey, with illustrations by Percy Wadham (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net). It would be hard to speak too warmly of a series distinguished not only by literary merit, but by a ripe historical scholarship. Almost without exception these volumes read like novels.

Under the title of "Children of the Resurrection" Dodd, Mead & Co. have published a little volume of Bible stories by Rev. John Watson, D. D. (Ian MacLaren). The author's son explains that these should have been published in America some years ago, but some difficulty intervened and the little volume never appeared. No recommendation is needed for anything from the pen of Ian MacLaren. The price is \$1 net.

The Court series of French Memoirs, edited by E. Jules Méras (Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.50 per volume), now includes the "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun." The book is little more than a homish record of scandalous adventures and adds hardly at all to our knowledge of the revolutionary era. At the same time it can hardly be denied a place on the historical shelf never denied to whatever can illuminate any phase, however unworthy, of the great crisis in the story of France.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Auguste Rodin.

We have had many books upon the art of Auguste Rodin, but perhaps none quite so ingenious as this which we owe to Paul Gsell. An artist who converses freely about his art and whose unpremeditated utterances are accurately reported is probably at his best. We feel that we have a spontaneity not always to be found in more conventional works, and certainly M. Gsell's book has every mark of spontaneity. It is written in the form of conversation or of question and answer, it covers well nigh the whole range of art, and it derives a certain piquancy from the fact that the author has no intention to keep himself in the background. He prints his own remarks in italics and they are quite numerous.

Rodin confesses himself to be a realist. "En tout j'obéis à la nature et jamais je ne prétends lui commander. Ma seule ambition est de lui être servilement fidèle." But it is not only material nature that he would imitate. "Le moulage ne reproduit que l'extérieur; moi je reproduis en outre l'esprit, qui certes fait bien aussi partie de la nature. Je vois toute la vérité et non pas seulement celle de la surface. J'accroche les lignes qui expriment le mieux l'état spirituel que j'interprète." In other words he relies upon the internal picture, and there have been those who say that the accentuation of lines to which he confesses has sometimes led him into caricature. The author asks him "ironically" if this accentuation and exaggeration is not actually a changing of nature, and Rodin, laughing at his obstinacy, replies: "Eh bien non! Je ne l'ai pas changée. Ou plutôt, si je l'ai fait, c'était sans m'en douter sur le moment même. Le sentiment, qui influençait ma vision, m'a montré la nature telle que je l'ai perçue. Si j'avais voulu modifier ce que je voyais, et faire plus beau, je n'aurais rien produit de bon."

Rodin nearly always suggests movement in his work, and his explanation of this seems to be the unique. He intends that the eye of the spectator shall complete the gesture that is represented. "C'est en somme une métamorphose de ce genre qu'exécute le peintre ou le sculpteur en faisant mouvoir ses personnages. Il figure le passage d'une pose à une autre; il indique comment insensiblement la première glisse à la seconde. Dans son œuvre, on discerne encore une partie de ce qui fut et l'on découvre en partie ce qui va être."

The chapters on design and color, on feminine beauty, and on thought in art are rich in suggestiveness for the student. Another chapter of unusual value is on "Mystery in Art." Religion, says Rodin, is something more than the repetition of creeds; "c'est encore l'élan de notre conscience vers l'infini, l'éternité, vers la science et l'amour sans limites, promesses peut-être illusoire, mais qui, dès cette vie, font palper notre pensée comme si elle se sentait des ailes." In this sense Rodin avows himself to be religious and he tries to express his religion in his works.

The book is of unusual value, both for its scope and for its easy and beautiful expression. It is a treatise upon art by an art master, and a treatise presented in its most attractive form. A valuable feature of the volume is the liberality of the illustrations, well selected and well executed.

L'ART. ENTRETIENS REUNIS. Par Paul Gsell. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Christy" Mathewson, the star pitcher of the New York Giants, by many followers of baseball declared the greatest twirler that ever lived, has written a series of stories about the Big Leaguers, the men who have played the game with him, which has been brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons in book form under the title "Pitching in a Pinch."

A memorial to Jane Austen has just been set up in the pump-room at Bath, England, which figures in "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey." It is a bronze bust on a richly decorated pedestal of jasper, with an inscription referring to the admirable pictures of the old Bath life and manners which are given in her novels.

William Thomas Stead, who was lost in the wreck of the *Titanic*, was editor of the *Review of Reviews*, author of many books on economic and social topics, champion of world-peace, and reformer, and the most talked-of journalist in England. He naturalized the American "interview," introduced illustrations, established "extras," altogether earning for himself from Matthew Arnold the title of "the inventor of the new journalism in England." Born sixty-three years ago in Embleton, the son of a Congregational minister, he began life as a clerk; but when he was still a lad he became a journalist. He was editor of the *Northern Echo* when barely sixteen. Later he succeeded John Morley as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and started a crusade of sensationalism. He was imprisoned in 1885 for the publication of a book entitled "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," an exposé of certain monstrous crimes against children and young women, for which the law then provided neither prohibition nor penalty. It resulted in the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885—a

law which successive ministries had been unable to get enacted. He left the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1891 to found the *Review of Reviews*, to which he gave his time almost exclusively thereafter. The American *Review of Reviews* was founded one year later and the Australian *Review of Reviews* in 1894. Shortly after this he started on a peace crusade, and after visiting the Czar in 1898 he founded and edited the weekly paper, *War Against War*. He came to America in 1907 as the guest of Andrew Carnegie to be present at the founding of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and to further the cause of world-peace in America. A great sensation was created by his book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," written as the result of his visit to the World's Fair in Chicago.

L. C. Page & Co. announce the publication of Caroline Atwater Mason's new book of travel and description, "The Spell of France," the third volume in their Spell series. The fourth, "The Spell of England," by Julia Dew, will be issued in the early fall.

Lady Ritchie is at present staying at the Hotel Three Crowns at Vevey, which she visited as a little girl with her father, Thackeray, who wrote the greater part of "The Newcomes" there. During Thackeray's stay at Vevey, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterward German emperor, "then a tall, young man, very timid and reserved," passed several weeks at the same hotel, and the two visitors became friends. At that time the Three Crowns was an unpretentious, comfortable inn; now it is a modern "palace." Whenever she is in Switzerland Lady Ritchie makes it a point to visit Vevey, where her distinguished father stayed and worked.

Speculation as to the identity of the author of "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman," which was published anonymously by Houghton Mifflin Company last fall and was generally attributed to Margaret De'and, is now brought to a close by the publishers' announcement that the author is Mary Heaton Vorse, author of "The Breaking In of a Yachtsman's Wife" and "The Very Little Person," as well as innumerable magazine articles.

The Century Company has now in preparation a new book of fiction by David Gray, stories of adventure in American army circles in the East.

Beethoven's love affair with the Countess Guicciardi has been made the centre of a novel which has already run into several editions in Sweden. Johan Nordling is the author and the book, which he calls after Beethoven's composition, "Quasi, una Fantasia," is now being translated into English, French, Italian, Dutch, and Russian.

Justin McCarthy, one of the best-known Irish statesmen and men of letters, for many years a member of Parliament and an ardent home ruler, died April 24, at Folkestone, England, in his eighty-second year. He had been ill throughout the winter and spring and his daughter had acted as his nurse. McCarthy was one of the most prolific political and historical writers of the time. He was for twenty-five years a political writer for one of the London daily papers. He was vice-chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party in the House of Commons before the rejection of Mr. Parnell by the majority upon which Mr. McCarthy was by them elected chairman. As historian, novelist, and essayist, McCarthy was well known in the United States. In 1868 he traveled through the country for nearly three years, and since then had more than once revisited America.

New Books Received.  
FICTION.

THE APACHES OF NEW YORK. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

MAVERICKS. By William MacLeod Raine. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of frontier life by the author of "A Texas Ranger."

RUDRA. By Arthur J. Westermayr. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$2 net.

A romance of ancient India.

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## ON BEGINNING AN ESSAY.

Nothing is harder than to begin an essay (says a writer in the *Spectator*). Indeed, there are those who will tell you that the whole art of essay-writing lies in the neat construction of the first half-dozen sentences. That perhaps is an extreme view, but the dictum is none the worse for a little heightened coloring. For it is true that a fair beginning may carry off even a weak essay; and the best of essays finds it hard to live down a clumsy beginning. For better or worse, its fate is settled by its opening sentences. You can tell from the first puff of your pipe if it will smoke cleanly and coolly to the end. So with an essay, you know at once whether or no it will take your fancy. Nor is the success of first sentences less important to the writer than to the reader, as all who have essayed know well. If those sentences are neatly put upon paper, if they run smoothly and have caught the writer's meaning, he will pursue his way with that zest which is the great secret of essay-writing. You may plod your way through a longer work, but an essay, if it is to give any pleasure in the reading, must carry the manifest appearance of having given pleasure in the writing.

There are essayists—Mr. Chesterton is the most notable example among modern writers—who believe in startling their readers at the outset with some smashing paradox or other extravagance. As it were, they hustle him into the essay. But these are the methods of the controversialist. The true essay-writer is more gentle. He tempts his reader forward. He will give him something a little whimsical for a start to catch his fancy, and so lead him on. If he is well advised, he will make his opening sentences as crisp and simple as may be. The essay should be clear and tranquil, and flow smoothly for a start; later on, when the reader is well upon his voyage, it may tumble and riot a little if it will.

Hazlitt, the prince among essay-writers, knew well how to begin an essay. Some famous examples of the art may be gathered from him. The beginning of "The Indian Jugglers" is the best known and most quoted, but "On Going a Journey" is that which comes nearest perfection:

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself; I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I can not see the wit of walking and talking at the same time; when I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it.

Indeed, that is not near perfection. It is perfect. It is clear and simple as could be. Of the first dozen sentences, not one is two lines in length. Yet they run smoothly. They tempt the reader forward. He could not stop even if he would. They pleasantly stimulate him; they set him anticipating what is to come. For they lie in perfect balance between what might offend by being commonplace, or startle by being extravagant. An essay which begins like that may do what it likes with its reader.

Another essay which opens in the same perfect fashion is Stevenson's "Walking Tours." It was written very much under the influence of Hazlitt, indeed clearly with an eye upon this essay of his, "On Going a Journey," from which it quotes. Much of it might have been written by Hazlitt, or by a younger and more elfish Hazlitt than Hazlitt ever was:

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest.

To have read that is to be in a jolly humor at once. If there is anything in it to which exception can be taken, it is the phrase "canting dilettantes." There is an irritable quality in that which is out of place. Setting out upon a walking tour in a jolly humor, one should find it impossible to be annoyed even with the wicked people who do not share one's opinions. Each of these beginnings has this supreme quality, that it gives you at once the writer's point of view. From the start you and he are on a complete understanding. There is no need for more explanation. If you agree, you go on comfortably together. If you disagree, you may part company. But you can not accuse him later on of having inveigled you into the essay on false pretenses.

Lamb is above the rules which guide lesser men. None could write a complex sentence as simply and lightly as he. He can use parentheses as freely as other men use epithets. There is no one of his essays which is more charmingly than the "Praise of Sweeps," yet its first sentence runs

to a lengthy paragraph of itself. It, too, is perfection in its way, but a perfection which other essayists may well hesitate to attempt.

One does not, at first thought, turn to the *Edinburgh Reviewers* in search of examples. For the works of these portentous essayists do not so much begin as have "introductory paragraphs." Macaulay, for example, is not conspicuously successful in the beginning of his essays. He starts more than once with the uninteresting statement that the book under review has given him pleasure. But reading Macaulay is like swinging a very heavy pendulum. It is difficult until the pendulum is moving by its own momentum. There are two, and only two, "openings" in Macaulay's essays worth the quoting:

The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brothdinnag and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the hulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface; the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library.

In its way that is perfectly written, well calculated to tickle the fancy of the reader. The other, the beginning of the essay on the ill-fated Montgomery, is no less admirable:

The wise men of antiquity loved to convey instruction under the cover of apologue; and though this practice is generally thought childish, we shall make no apology for adopting it on the present occasion. A generation which has hought eleven editions of a poem by Mr. Robert Montgomery may well condescend to listen to a fable of Pylip.

It is worth noting that Macaulay and Macvey Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, had some discussion upon that paragraph. Napier, apparently, would have had it omitted, and have plunged straight into the fable. Macaulay ruled that this would have "had rather too flippant a look," and wisely kept his first sentences as they stood. A more successful beginner of an essay among the *Edinburgh Reviewers* was Lord Jeffrey. He dashed into his subjects in a very spirited fashion. His "This will never do!" addressed to Wordsworth, has become famous; but it must yield to the essay on Byron's "Sardanapalus." The whole of the opening passage of that essay is admirable, and it begins very happily thus:

It must be a more difficult thing to write a good play, or even a good dramatic poem, than we had imagined.

After that no one would hesitate to read on.

Among Thackeray's lesser sketches there are two delightful examples in the light and whimsical manner, though Thackeray for the most part runs to too great length in his opening sentences:

It has been said, dear Bob, that I have seen the mahogany of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner.

So "Great and Little Dinners." But better still is the beginning of that amusing little satire—in Thackeray's perfect manner of extravagance—"A Brighton Night Entertainment":

I have always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems.

And from the moderns let us take two:

Having spent an hour in the company of a book entitled "Picture Paragraphs: Things Seen in Everyday Life Explained and Illustrated," I am one of the best informed men in England, capable of taking my place with distinction at any dinner-table and devilish well worth sitting by. For I know if not all, very nearly all.

It might be Lamb; as a matter of fact, it is Mr. Lucas. And then one from that pleasant essayist, Mr. G. S. Street:

It is all very well to denounce superior people, but I am inclined to think that inferior people are, on the whole, a more serious inconvenience.

All these have the pleasant tempting quality which the opening of an essay should have. Each at once puts the reader on good terms with himself and with the writer. For the reader will feel certain that the writer, having set it down, has paused to read it over with an approving chuckle, and then has hurried on with added zest. And that is the spirit in which essays should be both written and read.

The life of Washington has been published in Chinese, and is sold as fast as it comes from the press. "I met many old men" (writes Robert Dollar) "who could not speak a word of English, but who were quite familiar with the life of Washington and what he did to establish our republic."

T. Martin Towne, a composer and writer on musical topics widely known, died in Chicago last month. For many years he had been connected in an editorial capacity with the Cook publishing house.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Turn of the Years.

How may we know you, year of all?  
You come, as others come,  
Night-sandaled, and your flying feet  
Set bells aswring in every street—  
But you are dumb.

We run, unwearied travelers  
Still on the upward slope  
Of life, to take your strong young hand,  
To search, to dare, to understand—  
Pilgrims of hope.

You lead us on, you lead us up;  
We seek your Avatar  
By folds of faith, the pass of tears,  
Peaks of delight—O year of years,  
You take us far!

And then you go. We bear your voice,  
We know your name at last. . . .  
You were the Future that we sought,  
And all the years may bring us naught  
But you, the Past.

—V. H. Friedlander, in *Westminster Gazette*.

## To Build the Temple.

To build the temple that the master plann'd,  
Long time a throng of unknown workmen  
wrought,

Each on his fragment of the artist's thought.  
The whole he had no need to understand;  
To carve from one white block, with docile hand,  
A Lapith that with Centaur calmly fought,  
Or even to spend the hot day doing naught  
But smooth a surface with slow-biting sand—  
Such was their toil. But when, their labor o'er,  
Helios from gray Hymettos gazed upon  
Fair column and sculptured front, and through  
the door

Greeted Athena—ah, the Parthenon!  
Ruin'd, dispers'd, yet precious evermore,  
It crowns each faithful workman, though unknown.  
—Thomas D. Goodell, in *Yale Review*.

## A Venetian Pastoral by Giorgione.

Play on, my brother, play;  
Nor let tone's lulling ecstasy surprise  
The singing of your lute-chords into calm.  
How good to float away  
An hour from out the thralldom of the eyes;  
To taste the balm  
Of this benign, unsensual draught of tone;  
To wind cool spirit-waves alone,  
Unmindful of what glowing mysteries—  
What passion-flowers are lurking in the grass,  
Nor thrill when her rich, languorous pipings pass  
To merge in your compelling harmonies.

Play on, my brother, play;  
For one swift hour today  
Our spirits, freed from sight's insistent mesh,  
Have overcome the indomitable flesh,  
And sensed the end  
Whereto our beings tend.  
Hark what the noon-stars say!  
Play on, my brother, play.  
—Robert Haven Schaffer, in *Yale Review*.

## History.

"Past is the past." But no, it is not past;  
In us, in us, it quickens, wants, aspires;  
And on our hearts the unknown Dead have cast  
The bungers and the thirst of their desires,

Unknown the pangs, the peace we too prepare!  
What shakes this bosom shall reverberate  
Through ages unconceived; but in dark lair  
The unguessed, unhelped, undreaded issues wait.

Our pregnant acts are all unprophesied.  
We dream sublime conclusions; destiny, plan,  
Build and unbuild; yet turn no jot aside  
The something infinite that moves in man.

We write The End where fate has scarce begun;  
And no man knows the thing that he has done.  
—Laurence Binyon, in *Oxford and Cambridge Review*.

Most people have the idea that the Oberammergau Passion Play is unique in the world. It is true that it is better advertised than any of the others, but there are three villages in the Tyrol—Erl, Thiersee, and Brixlegg—where the Passion Play is still produced and where, as at Oberammergau, it has been given with more or less regularity for several hundred years past. This summer the play comes to Erl, a little village of 600 inhabitants just inside the Austrian boundary, and easily reached by train and wagon inside of two hours from Munich. At the presentation of the play in 1902 the former theatre turned out to be much too small and the little village has built a fine new theatre costing, with the outfitting of the play, some \$32,000, a tremendous debt for so small and poor a community to assume. The theatre seats 1500 comfortably, is well built, well outfitted, and as, contrary to the traditions of Oberammergau, the stage is also enclosed, both audience and actors are completely protected against the vagaries of the weather. The text, originally written probably in the fifteenth century by a monk at Augshurg, as now used, was prepared by a pastor of the little village about the middle of the last century. The music, composed many years ago by a native of the village, also is very interesting in its simplicity. The performances will begin May 12 and continue every Sunday throughout the summer up to October. The performance will begin at eleven in the morning and finish at six in the afternoon. The facility with which Erl can be reached undoubtedly will attract many of the American summer visitors to Munich to the play, which, in historical interest, stands not one whit behind the Oberammergau enterprise.

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"The people of San Francisco can count on the United Railroads to do everything possible in its power to give full support and every assistance to the things that make for the advancement of San Francisco, its people, and its interests along all lines."

Extracts from a recent address by Thornwell Mullally, assistant to the president of the corporation, to members of the Home Industry League.

Along this line it is interesting to every resident to ponder over some statistics concerning the road and its operations.

As an industrial proposition alone the United Railroads have a vital hearing on the progress of the city, which time will very materially increase.

With the exception of the Southern Pacific Company, this street railway company is by far the largest single industry in the community. It handles approximately 90 per cent of the total street railway business of the city.

That some conception may be obtained of the magnitude of the corporation's business, it is only necessary to state that at the present time it has on its payroll 3400 employees, drawing in the way of wages or salaries \$240,000 per month, or a total of \$2,880,000 per year.

This is home industry, and these earnings undoubtedly find their way into local circulation without loss of time. Few, undoubtedly, have ever considered the United Railroads from such a viewpoint, and this statement, simply as a plain fact, will open new channels of thought to every thinking reader.

Continuing farther with the same line of interesting reasoning, we quote Manager Black, speaking at the same gathering:

"If we allowed one wage-earner to every four inhabitants of the city, and having our calculations on the census of 1910, it will be noted that over three men out of every hundred living and doing business in San Francisco support themselves and families directly through their services rendered to the United Railroads of San Francisco. In other words, this industry supports directly, approximately, 14,000 people, and, of course, in addition to this number there are many who, through their business relations with the United Railroads, derive at least a part of their livelihood."

One begins to wonder how and where all these men are employed, but the answer reveals itself when it is considered that at present the company is operating between 590 and 600 cars, reaching to every corner of the city, making over 60,000 miles every twenty-four hours.

It requires nearly 1800 men to man these cars, and, as each must be a trained employee, it is at once evident that they comprise men chosen because of their fitness for the trying position in which they find themselves day after day. For it requires a special temperament to make a successful car man.

Of the remaining thousand and a half or so, they are employed in the maintenance of track and roadway, overhead lines, rolling stock, and various other duties, including a large force of clerks and hookkeepers.

The *Argonaut* next week will contain another article, going into buying, building, and supplies.

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BLANCHE BATES IN COMEDY.

It is always interesting, after having seen one act of a piece, to look up on the programme the classification an author has given his play. "Nobody's Widow" is billed as a farical romance, and this label sets the pace for the players. It is a breathless one. I wonder they do not pant before the evening is over, especially Blanche Bates, who is suggestive of perpetual motion.

Miss Bates's great card always was a physical and mental exuberance that captures her audience. And the temperament is still there. Goodness gracious, but how she keeps going! I should think she would need to be rubbed down by a professional traineress after her night's work. Her acting is the very epitome of lightning changes of expression, attitude, gesture, position.

She sweeps over the stage like a human cyclone; she is continually picking up and putting down articles without meaning or motive; she changes the expression of her face so rapidly, so frequently, and so meaninglessly, that one grimace jostles the other, and the bright attractive features never, or at least very rarely, have the repose of maintaining one expression for sixty consecutive seconds.

I finally became fascinated in applying myself to discovering what she meant by a smile, a grimace, a moue, or a giggle. Well, I saw very plainly that she was not working in the detail of expression on any preconceived plan.

"Nobody's Widow" is great nonsense; a light, trivial, only fairly witty "Dolly Dialogue" sort of a piece; a war of wills and wit between a man and woman who are in love with each other, and therefore delight in prolonging the conflict just for the joy of a long postponed reconciliation. For when each thinks the other's resentment may last, he or she immediately climbs down off the lofty perch of a just displeasure and begins to throw out olive branches.

"Nobody's Widow," from all accounts, has had an undubitable Eastern success; but the vogue it has enjoyed must have been founded largely on Miss Bates's magnetism.

The *jeux d'esprit* do not glow with brilliancy, nor snap with originality. They are very commonplace, rather cheap. Nothing lingers in the memory to quote. What has made it go is the untiring liveliness of the dialogue. As with animated people, whose flow of spirits is inextinguishable, the auditor is misled into thinking that all this vivacity is true wit and humor.

And Blanche Bates flashes across and around the stage, and leaps out of one dress, and one mood, into another, and gallops through the dialogue with the speed of an express train. And Bruce McRae, although much less physically vivacious than his fair co-player, maintains the same verbal pace. I feel breathless when I think of it.

To my mind it is not acting. Blanche Bates is Blanche Bates, expeditiously donning and doffing a whole assortment of heterogeneous and not always strictly appropriate expressions. Bruce McRae is Bruce McRae, obliged for a time to submerge his talents in the frivolous atmosphere of farce.

It must be very wearing to them, as it certainly is to a spectator who is out of sympathy with the piece. To all intents and purposes such were few indeed, on Monday night. The auditorium of the Columbia was well filled. Automobiles by the dozen had gleamingly rolled up and deposited their showy freight. The California girl had a cordial reception, and at the end of the second act stacks of flowers were handed to her over the footlights. The audience rippled with sympathetic laughter; a speech seemed to be expected, and the actress gasped out a prettily confused, grateful word of thanks and appreciation.

All was cordiality, pleasant, appreciative response. I tell all this that readers who might become faint-hearted about taking in "Nobody's Widow" may learn that in my lack of appreciation I was apparently in an insignificant minority.

As to the style and manner in which the play was staged, it is sufficient to say that it is a Belasco production. There is a handsomely and cosily equipped room in one act; another similarly set off in the two others. Of the three leading rôles that of Betty Jackson is quite up to the mark of the other two. Adelaide Prince, who plays the part of the vague-minded Betty, is an actress with deliberation of speech and movement; which,

under existing circumstances, I regarded as quite a boon. Farce did not shake her out of her mental poise. This actress has humor, too, and a good stage presence for drawing-room comedy, as well as the physical curves and contours upon which to display handsome and showy gowns.

Belasco enterprise was evidenced by the presence of two pretty and fashionable women in a couple of minor rôles; one of them, Edith Campbell, who played the rôle of a sparsely syllabled Spanish countess, is quite a beauty, while the other evidenced youthful attractions under a too-generous mask of white powder.

Kenneth Hunter's Ned was satisfactory, hut, small though it was, the rôle of the baron was made slightly absurd by the incongruity between his accent and mustache and the artless American countenance to which they were joined.

The author has boldly constructed his first act, which is characterized by a wealth of dialogue and a dearth of action. Of activity there is a great deal, as attested by the before-mentioned numerous physical tangents of Blanche Bates.

It is no reproach against a play to have much dialogue without action, if the dialogue leads to something. But after a half-hour conversation, with some mutual recrimination between the sundered pair, in the first act, they left off at just precisely the point where they had begun. So all this verbal rattle was just talk for talk's sake, which certainly is a defect in a play.

The second act was better, but the young author, Avery Hopwood by name, does not make the principal incident, which is the duke's engagement for the supper with Betty, exactly probable or credible, since he is head over ears in love with Roxana, and scared to death for fear he may displease her.

In the third act there is a little more going on, but still there is a paucity of incident throughout the play which recalls again Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues"—and mere dialogue, no matter how vivacious and well sustained, does not make a play, even if that play is a farce.

The audience was quite diverted by the apparition of Betty done up for the night in cold cream, and by the further appearance of Blanche Bates with hair disilluminizingly un-aurooled for the night's toilet, and wrinkle-removers plastered upon her speaking countenance. Miss Bates did up this toilet act so expeditiously that we had but the briefest of glimpses of her in disarray; but it was one of the best things she did, as it was one of the very few of Roxana's acts which seemed to have a motive behind it; in this case the generous act of convincing Ned, who has just seen his inamorata in cold cream, that other women beside Betty can be disilluminizing when deprived of rats and plastered with skin renewers.

Blanche Bates, by the way, does not run to rats. She wore her own hair close-reefed and filleted about her head, and carried very well a style that is more particularly becoming to girls in their teens. She even daringly wore a fillet of crape, and jet earrings, in the first act, and thus soberly ornamented appeared much handsomer than in the more rich and highly colored apparel of later acts. But she made her best appearance in the first act, in which she appears in widow's weeds, her animated face very becomingly framed in a chic automobile cap, expressive of resigned widowhood just beginning to take notice of an appreciative world over a demure barrier of white lawn strings tied under the chin.

I do not suppose that writers of farces generally trouble themselves about depicting character. But, strangely enough, in "Nobody's Widow" we haven't the remotest idea what kind of people either Roxana or her duke are, whereas Betty makes some kind of an assertion of individuality. She belongs to a type, to be sure, but then both the author and the actress have joined to make one or two of her special characteristics stand out with some distinctness, which is more than can be said of the main characters.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Arrangements are in progress to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first appearance of William H. Crane upon the stage next season. Mr. Crane made his debut in 1863. The season of 1912-13 will round out his fiftieth year. It is planned to mark his "golden wedding to the stage" with an elaborate revival of the best of the Crane comedies, including "The Henrietta," "The Senator," "My Wife's Father," "The Fool of Fortune," and "Brother Jonathan."

The Drama Players lost during their Chicago engagement more than \$70,000, but it is said that one founder is satisfied to back the experiment for one more season on condition that a smaller theatre be engaged and that the plays be selected on a basis which provides dramas suited to a small auditorium. The confidence of the subscriber is said to be the result of a visit to the Little Theatre in New York.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Bright and breezy and entertaining is the comedy "Nobody's Widow," in which Blanche Bates is appearing at the Columbia Theatre under the management of David Belasco. The three acts of the Avery Hopwood work skip along with an enjoyable swing. Miss Bates, Bruce McRae, Adelaide Prince, Edith Campbell, Alice Claire Elliott, Minor S. Watson, and others make up a cast which is complete. Every line and situation is made the most of, and the cleverness of the players certainly adds materially to the success of the attraction. Anything is apt to happen to anybody with the romantic name of Roxana, and Blanche Bates impersonating a dark-haired, flashing-eyed, Spanish-Oriental beauty type of American girl, bearing the appellation in "Nobody's Widow," not only has a burden of things happen to her, but is equal to all the emergencies and comes out of the ordeal with flying colors. It is almost needless to say that the production is up to the customary Belasco standard of excellence. Miss Bates's engagement is limited to this and next week, with matinées on Saturdays only.

Katherine Grey, the eminent emotional actress, will appear at the Orpheum next week only. This is Miss Grey's first season in vaudeville and she is scoring heavily in the one-act play, "Above the Law." Miss Grey is a San Francisco girl who has achieved fame as a dramatic star through sheer ability. She has been successfully associated with the late Richard Mansfield and other great lights of the stage, and her last appearance in this city was four years ago, when she successfully starred at the head of her own company in the best play Clyde Fitch ever wrote—"The Truth."

Aida Overton Walker, accompanied by nine lieutenants, eight dusky chorus girls, and a colored comedian, will offer a musical melange that is pretentious, melodious, and entertaining. Miss Walker gained an enviable reputation as a comedienne and dancer while co-star with Williams and Walker, and since her advent in vaudeville she has added to the laurels already gained. The setting of the act is elaborate, and the locale is Porto Rico. In her final number Miss Walker gives a perfect imitation of her late husband, the famous colored comedian, George Walker.

Lester, America's premier ventriloquist and the winner of international fame, with the assistance of a wooden figure of a man performs a most remarkable act. The Holloways, acrobatic and trick cyclists, are said to be the only performers who climb a "triplet" bicycle balanced on a tight wire. They perform feats on the wire that are considered daring and sensational on the ground, and relieve the thrills of their act by the introduction of good comedy.

Next week will be the last of the eccentric dancer, Johnny Ford; the Harvey and De Vora Trio; Rosina Casselli and her Chihuahua dogs, and Toots Paka and her Hawaiian company.

The current bill at the Pantages Theatre, headed by such great artists as Mons. Gustarello Affre, the wonderful French tenor, and Mme. Martha Richardson, the eminent dramatic soprano, in the prison scene from "Il Trovatore," and completed by eight excellent vaudeville features, including the exclusive motion pictures showing the *Carpathia* with *Titanic* survivors, is serving to crowd the popular playhouse to the doors these afternoons and evenings. On Sunday there will be a complete change of programme, the big feature being a tabloid version of "The Soul Kiss," the New York musical comedy success, with a cast of over a dozen clever people. The melodious comediotta takes nearly an hour for the rendition, five beautiful scenes are carried, and there are some fifteen musical numbers and dances. "The Soul Kiss" is one of the most ambitious productions ever seen in vaudeville, and it has been creating a sensation all along the Pantages Circuit. Montien Brooke and Bert D. Harris will offer their song comedy, "A Mild Flirtation," abounding in fun and melody, and Murray Bennett, a clever entertainer, will present a number of his celebrated character delineations. Will Abram and Agnes Johns, from the legitimate stage, and their little company will be seen in a gripping sketch, "The New Partner," full of bright lines and startling situations, and Furman and Parker, up-to-the-minute exponents of ragtime, will be heard in the latest popular ditties. Figaro, a French comedy juggler, will offer some unique examples of muscular and digital dexterity. The Carpos Brothers, novelty acrobats, will give feats of daring and strength, and sunlight pictures, showing some absolute novelties, will complete an attractive programme.

On Monday night, May 13, Charles Frohman will present at the Columbia Theatre Maude Adams in the magnificent production of Edmund Rostand's poetic comedy, "Chantecler." It is to be regretted that Miss Adams's engagement in San Francisco on this visit is limited to six nights and one matinée. "Chantecler" is to be seen here with more of Rostand's original text than was given even

in the French production. At the time that the piece was given before the Parisian audiences, there was so much friction between author and company that the play received merciless "cutting." Miss Adams, however, has done her best to present the spirit of Rostand's comedy along the exact lines laid down by the writer. The advance sale of seats opens next Thursday.

David Belasco has made himself a storm centre by the statement with which he accompanied his announcement that he will train promising young men for the stage at his own expense. This statement to the effect that the young American actor today can not act and does not want to act was bad enough, but he ascribed to such things as the theatrical clubs, promenades on the avenue, mild flirtations in Peacock Alleys and Vanity Rows, blame for the condition in part. Not only the young American actor, but the older American actor has rushed to the defense of the club in particular and the Young American in general. Considerable sport has been made of some of the requirements for dramatic training set forth by the great author-producer-manager. That dancing, fencing, music, languages, should be made foundations for a career on the stage is laughed at publicly and privately and to the satisfaction of those particular critics. A considerable portion of the community, however, has approved Mr. Belasco's plan and applauded his statement.

Mascal, the baritone of the Grazi French Opera Company, sang at Tetrizzini's farewell concert in New York, but was not highly successful.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The orator who was addressing the woman's club was distinctly heard to say that the problem of the moment was that of marriage. The statement arrested our attention because just at that instant we were not thinking of marriage at all. We did think of it some twenty years ago and promptly committed it. Thereupon it ceased to be a problem and has never been one since. It became what the French call a *fait accompli*. But another problem took its place, and we were thinking of that other problem when the lady spoke. The new problem is connected with pay day and with the next sacrifice to be offered up on the altar of economy.

But why is marriage the great problem of the moment? One would suppose that marriage had just been invented, like aviation, and that we were now beginning to take our initial and timorous flights. Or that wrong marriages, foolish marriages, mismatched marriages, were now occurring for the first time in the history of mankind and that women's clubs must see to the matter without loss of time lest the evil spread.

Of course there is no marriage problem at all and never has been one. There is a problem of individual human cussedness which intrudes itself into the marriage relation as into everything else. Our grandparents, who never heard of such a thing as a marriage problem, yet recognized clearly enough that cussedness, plus matrimony, meant misery, and the only remedy they knew anything about was to get over the cussedness. And a pretty good remedy, too. What we call the marriage problem is created by the new idea that cussedness is an inalienable human right and that everything else must square with it. We have adopted the principle of the celebrated whisky advertisement which said, "If drinking interferes with your business, get rid of your business." On the same plan we say if cussedness interferes with your marriage vows, get rid of your marriage vows. The so-called marriage problem is not a marriage problem at all. It is no more than a search for some way to avoid the inconveniences of cussedness.

An illustrated advertisement acquaints us with a great discovery. The illustration is of a human leg from the knee downward. There are some indications that the leg is intended to be that of a woman. It is more graceful than our own, and moreover it is hounded to the north by some garment of a filmy and fluffy description, lace edged, and unlike anything to be found in our own homely wardrobe. In short, we should scorn to wear such a thing, or such things. Just below the knee there is a garter and at the back of the garter is a sort of pouch or pocket. The printed explanation solves the riddle. It is a purse for women, whose newly acquired rights do not yet include the liberty to carry a Christian pocket in a Christian way. Put your money in the garter pocket, says the advertisement, and it will be safer than in the stocking itself. The garter has an adjustable fancy huckle and the purse itself has two compartments and is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It seems perfect. The whole thing is a delight to the uninstructed male eye.

Heaven forbid that we should presume to offer advice upon a matter so entirely feminine, but a moment's reflection suggests some drawbacks. Suppose that ornamental fancy huckle should become undone. Obviously the garter and the purse would fall to the ground and place the owner in a peculiarly embarrassing position. Now a garter can always be disowned, but not a garter-purse. We ourselves were so fortunate as to witness the finding of a garter by the conductor of a street-car. He was an honest man, and although the temptation to keep that garter must have been a strong one he resisted it. He held it up where every one could see it and asked for claimants. There was no answer, although the owner was certainly present and must have recognized her property. But suppose that garter had been one of these new ones with the purse attachment and money in the purse. It would have required a double dose of modesty to disown it. The predicament would have been a painful one. No, it can hardly be said yet that the pocket problem has been solved. Let us try again.

We discover with a shock of surprise that there is something wrong about the law, at least the Italian law. Thus do our illusions vanish and our ideals suffer from the blight of disenchantment.

Take the case of our Caruso, whose warm and melting heart has led him into trouble with the fair sex, and not for the first time. Caruso has just been prosecuted for breach of promise to marry, a promise sufficiently proved by the mass of amorous effusions produced in court by the lady. There was no talk at all about the promise. There was talk at all about the breach.

Note the issue. Here are the words of the issue:

No doubt whatsoever that Caruso had Signorina Ganelli to make her his law-

ful wife, and not merely to take her as governess or maid, as he would make believe, and there is no just motive for failing to fulfill his promise.

It remains a morally deplorable act on Caruso's part that with the outlook of an imperishable love and a life abounding in splendor and ease he should have inveigled an inexperienced, ingenuous, upright girl, afterwards to abandon her without any reason to her fate.

But whereas it is clear that, notwithstanding Caruso's blandishments and gushing love letters, she succeeded in maintaining her unique source of wealth, the honor of a spotless life, intact, she can not claim reparation for any damage.

Oh, just judge! Oh, wise law! This girl has been so immaculately virtuous that the law can give her no redress for her injuries. So long as she remains virtuous there is entire impunity for whoever wishes to play fast and loose with her affections. But if only she had departed from the straight and narrow path the court would have recompensed her by substantial damages. Perhaps Signorina Ganelli will henceforth have her doubts as to whether honesty is, after all, the best policy.

Under the title of "That's Why" the *Houston Post* is good enough to explain why we use safety razors. The explanation follows:

Into my smiling rosebud mouth

The smiling barber deftly books

His finger, and pulls it awry

To get the whiskers in the nooks

At either corner; and he asks—

And gives my head a scratch or two—

"Your head is very dirty, don't

You think you need a nice shampoo?"

Then he says: "You need a massage,"

But I insist that I do not.

And then he blisters my poor face

Within a towel reeking hot;

Then he insists I ought to have

A mess of tonic on my hair!

And that is why I hate to sit

Me in a barber's easy chair.

And all the while the barber breathes

His onion breath into my face,

And books his finger 'neath my lip

And drags my mouth all out of place.

A bootblack fumbles at my feet,

And begs and begs me with a whine

To loosen up and come across

And let him give my shoes a shine.

Because I do not want a shine,

Because I hate the barber's books,

Because I want no shampoo, and

Because my face the barber cooks,

Because I care for no massage,

And want no tonic rubbed in me,

I hate to do it, but am forced

To use a safety razor, see?

If harbers were wise—an absurd supposition, for in that case they would not be harbers—they would cease to inflict cruel and unusual punishments upon their victims and the safety razor would take a hack seat.

A woman writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* has a good word to say for the women gamblers at Monte Carlo. They are by no means the excitable, hysterical, and unscrupulous players that have been described to us. Many are unscrupulous and dishonest, but they are usually calmer than the men. There are women who will pick up your winnings under your very nose, and if you protest the croupier will probably pay the money again rather than have a disturbance. There are other women who will sit beside a man and openly claim a part of his winnings, and if the man is wise he will surrender to the extortion rather than disturb the domestic bliss. But as a rule the women gamble with equanimity, and how extraordinarily lucky they are, to be sure:

Women have wonderful luck. While men work out elaborate "systems," and sit frowning over figures the mysteries of which would take a very Napoleon of finance to elucidate, and then play—and lose, women simply plank their money on the number they are "sure is going to win," and they do win!

It is not at all an uncommon thing to see a woman sitting against the wall, her husband by her side waiting to put pieces on at her command. While he trots to and from the tables, telling her what numbers turned up last, fussing and fuming and worrying what to do next, she calmly surveys the figures she has jotted down, gives him another "piece" at the psychological moment to put on, and her big velvet embroidered bag grows wider in circumference every hour. The five-franc "piece" is even heavier and clumsier to carry than our "crown" piece. But she is so thoroughly used to it in quantities that she does not mind at all, but says, "The heavier the better!"

The games at the Casino are perfectly fair, says the writer. When there is trouble, and trouble is very rare, it is due to the players, and not to the game; "and I am sorry to say that when there is anything wrong it is generally a case of 'cherechez la femme.'"

It is hardly fashionable to say a good word for gambling, but, like the devil, it is not so black as it is painted. The appeal to chance is, in its way, a sort of by-product of religion. Actually there can be no such thing as chance unless we are willing to believe that there is nothing in the universe but chance. Both chance and design must have the whole field or none of it. They can not both exist in the same solar system. Chance is the name that we give to unidentified law, and the appeal to chance is an ac-

knowledge of the hidden laws of nature, of the higher and unseen powers of the universe. It is a sort of sacrifice, a kind of obeisance, a species of homage, a variety of worship.

Our lives are a kind of gamble. We constantly take our chances upon the arrival of tomorrow and we throw the dice with death and fate. But for chance what a dull world it would be. Unless the cards were shuffled beyond all calculation what a dreary time we should have. But the shuffling of the cards and the shaking of the dice-box are but the effort to carry events on to other planes of cause and effect where the human mind can not follow them and where human design comes to naught. So let us cease to blame over-much our misguided brothers and sisters who gamble. They are devotees of the unknown god.

The *Clay Centre (Kentucky) Times* points with pride to one of its reporters, whom it believes to be a coming man. Says the *Times*:

He not only wrote up a wedding notice without mentioning the name of either the bride or the bridegroom, but he reported a basketball game without mentioning the score or even so much as telling which side won the contest.

A world-famous curiosity is about to disappear at Leipsic. This is Auerbach's cellar or drinking place, which owes its special celebrity to the fact that Goethe located in it the scene in "Faust" in which Mephistopheles, standing upon a wine cask, takes his flight into space, to the stupefaction of the drinkers. The old building in which the cellar is found was built by Dr. Stromer D'Auerbach between 1530 and 1538, and the worthy doctor began by putting there the wine which he intended for his own use. Later, as the wine was good, he conceived the idea of selling it, and in this way was established the tavern to which his name has since been attached. From the earliest years of the seventeenth century legend placed in this cellar the famous adventure of Faust and Mephistopheles. Goethe, studying at Leipsic from 1765 to 1768, frequented the cellar, and there talked with his friends of art, literature, and politics, and later turned the legend to account.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Wunnchick consulted her husband about their daughter's education. "Would you prefer to have daughter take her lessons home?" she asked. "It's all right for the drawing," replied her husband, who disliked noise, "but she'd better go to the teacher's residence for the singing and piano-playing."

A Southerner, with his intense love for his own district, attended a banquet. The next day a friend asked him who was present. With a reminiscent smile he replied: "An elegant gentleman from Virginia, a gentleman from Kentucky, a man from Ohio, a hounder from Chicago, a fellow from New York, and a galoot from Maine."

One day, many years ago, the telephone in the office of the chief of police rang. Chief Speers answered. The call was from a new policeman on the Union Avenue heat. He said: "A man has been robbed down here, and I've got one of them!" "Which one have you?" asked the chief. The reply came back, "The mon that was rohbed!"

Sandy Hoyle, negro janitor of a Southern newspaper, listened to a discussion by the foreman and the intelligent compositor on the commercial possibilities of the aeroplane. Sandy seemed deeply interested, but at the close of the conversation he shook his head solemnly and said: "White folks may do great things with them flying machines, but one thing I knows fo' suttin—they won't never need no Jim Crow cars on 'em."

An old farmer of Dumfriesshire was the guest of a fine lady in that country. When the afternoon tea was served the hostess observed that the old man gulped down his before she could serve the other guests. Again and again the farmer passed his cup to be refilled. At the ninth cup the lady, becoming uneasy as to the supply on hand, ventured to ask: "How many cups of tea do you take, John?" "How many do you gie?" asked John warily.

Mary met Emily on the street. They had not seen each other for many years. "Why, how do you do!" exclaimed Mary effusively, topping off the salutation with a few vague pecks at Emily's face. "Now this is delightful," said Emily, who was older than Mary. "You haven't seen me for eleven years, and yet you knew me at once. I couldn't have changed so dreadfully in all that time. It flatters me." Said Mary: "I recognized your honnet."

Several natives of Indiana, traveling on a railroad train, differed on the question whether a man horn in that state could be distinguished at a glance. They resolved to put it to a test by going through the train with the champion of the affirmative in command. He paused in the first car and looked a passenger over narrowly. Then he went up to him and said: "Weren't you horn in Indiana?" "I know I look that way," was the answer, "hut I've been sick a long time."

At the informal gamhol which was given by the Chicago members of the Lambs' Club recently John Drew told of an actor who had the misfortune to fall off a ferryboat at night. Of course there was great confusion on board. The searchlight was turned round and round in an effort to find the man. He came up for the third time just as the light struck him, and from force of habit the actor raised himself and delivered a most ceremonious bow. Then the rescuers grahled him.

A colored attorney walked rapidly into the courtroom, followed by a large colored woman. She had her sleeves rolled up to the elbows and appeared to have come from the washtub. Her manner was business-like. "Ah wants to probate mah husband's will," she said. The judge went through the usual procedure. He read the will and asked the usual question. Then he hegan making the usual notations. "And when did he die?" the judge asked. "Jes' about a half-hour ago," was the answer.

When in England, Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, had luncheon with a prominent Englishman noted for hoasting of his ancestry. Taking a coin from his pocket, the Englishman said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling." "Indeed!" replied the governor, smiling, as he produced another coin. "What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

When the late Stilson Hutchings owned two newspapers in St. Louis he kept standing along the top of the editorial page of each, "While the Dispatch and Times are under the same proprietorship, they are under distinct and separate management." One day he learned that Stanley Huntley, author of the "Spoondyke Papers," his correspondent

at Jefferson City, had been celebrating unwisely. He telegraphed, dismissing him, and signed the message "S. H." Huntley replied: "I was gay last night and am sick today. My condition of today and my condition of last night, while under the same proprietorship, are under distinct and separate management." Hutchins wired back, retaining Huntley and raising his salary.

At a recent dinner Judge Fisher of Arizona was introduced by the toastmaster in a long speech dealing humorously with the change in vocation made by the judge after arriving in the territory, soon to become a state. Judge Fisher noted this effort in the first paragraph of his address, and admitted that when he came to Arizona he was a preacher. "But when I saw what glorious winter weather the territory had, warm sunshine, flowers blooming, birds singing, I understood why the people were indifferent about going to heaven. And in summer I realized that he'd had no terrors for them."


A French governor of the South Pacific Colony of New Caledonia assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief, who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth. "You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe." "The yams, you say?" "Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe." "Why is that?" "Because baked yams go so very well with the captives."

Justice Van Devanter, of the United States Supreme Court, tells of a youthful law student who exhibited much precocity at getting to the real facts of a given proposition. The law school professor was cautioning his class against neglecting a thorough review of the semester's work, and he pointed out in a general way what the approaching final examination would cover. "I'll pause now to answer any questions," the professor added, in a kindly tone, "and then I must hasten to prepare the examination papers for the printers." Nobody had any question for a moment, and then a solemn, thoughtful-looking young student arose and signified his desire to propound an interrogation. Says he: "If I may inquire, who is the printer?"

This is a new version of the old story about an Irishman who was painting a fence, and who worked fast so that he might get the job finished before the paint gave out. Our grandfathers laughed at that joke, before our grandfathers bought razors. The new version is up to date, but the old point still sticks out. "I have a touring car and I have a chauffeur. The latter is a hright Italian hoy, and an invaluable servant. The other night, ten miles from home, hut inside the city limits, I observed that he was putting on a hurst of speed. 'Slow down a bit, Giuseppe,' I warned him; 'we'll be arrested if we keep on at this speed.' 'Scusa me, mister boss,' he answered; 'we're ten mila from home, an' only got enough gas for t'ree mila. Eef we no hurry we never mak' eet!'"

An English actor was a member of a company snow-bound in the Sierras while en route from California to the East. Before their train was pulled out of the drifts, they had been reduced to eating the coarse fare of the railroad laborers and got little enough even of that. So that they all had a magnificent hunger on when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table. "Bring me in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a hurly Western man, "a porterhouse steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two hotties of Bass's bitter beer." The landlord stuck his head out of the dining-room door and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment: "Say, Bill, tell the hand to play 'Rule Britannia'; the Prince of Wales has came."

During the latter part of the Civil War, Basil Gildersleeve lay one day apparently at the point of death, surrounded by several members of his family. "Brother," he murmured faintly, "I have, at most, only a few days to live, and when I am laid to rest I want you to have my new pair of boots in the closet yonder. I paid two hundred and fifty dollars, Confederate, for them, and you are sorely in need of a pair." Instead of the expected burst of gratitude, there was no answer. Racked with emotion at the thought of his great loss, the brother was evidently too much overcome for speech. "Brother," persisted the future "Immortal" weakly, "you mustn't have any foolish sentiment about those hoots. I will never be well enough to wear them again, and it would be pure extravagance to hurry me in them." Still the brother, his face flushed, his heart too full for utterance, made no reply. "Won't you promise me to wear the hoots after I am gone?" Gildersleeve pleaded. "Basil," stammered the other, crimsoning with confusion. "I've—got 'em on now."



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Olga Jungbluth of this city and Mr. Irwin Broughton of Modesto. Miss Jungbluth is the niece of Mrs. Frank Ames and Mrs. Alfred Hamersmith and the granddaughter of Mr. Nicholas Ohlandt. Mr. Broughton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Broughton and a sister of Miss Esther Broughton. He is a graduate of the University of California and a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Persons and Lieutenant David McDougall Le Breton took place Tuesday evening in Philadelphia. The bride is the daughter of Captain Remus Persons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Persons, who resided several years at Mare Island and who are now stationed at the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia. She is a sister of Mrs. Sidney Henry, wife of Naval Constructor Henry, and of Miss Susie Persons, the latter of whom was the bride's only attendant. Lieutenant Andrew C. Pickens, U. S. N., was best man. Lieutenant Le Breton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Le Breton (formerly Miss Nopie McDougall) and a brother of Miss Marguerite Le Breton. He is a cousin of Mrs. Andrew Welch and the Messrs. Edward J. and Vincent de La-veaga. After a trip abroad, Lieutenant Le Breton and his bride will reside at the Boston Navy Yard.

The wedding of Miss Edith Boswell Jones and Ensign Merritt Hodson, U. S. N., will take place Wednesday evening, May 8, in the Episcopal Church in San Rafael. The bridal attendants will be the Misses Gladys and Rhoda Jones, Miss Dorothy Richardson, and the Messrs. William Norris King, John Pike, and W. Oliphant. Miss Jones is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Jones of San Rafael, and a niece of Mrs. Frederick R. King. She is a cousin of the Messrs. Boswell King, William Norris King, and Ensign Thomas Starr King.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sullivan and Paymaster Roland Weyburn Schuman will take place June 5 at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sullivan. Paymaster Schuman will arrive from Washington, D. C., the latter part of May.

The wedding of Miss Rowena Wilson of Berkeley and Mr. Theodore Benedict Lyman will take place May 8 in St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley. Miss Joy Wilson will be her sister's maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids include the Misses Miriam Gibbons, Marie Bullard, Olive Craig, Esther Merrill, and Alice Paine.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab of New York. Among the guests were Dr. M. R. Ward and Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Mr. J. A. McGregor was host Monday at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club complimentary to Mr. Schwab.

Dr. M. R. Ward and Mrs. Ward entertained a number of friends at a dinner Saturday evening.

Mrs. John A. McGregor was hostess at a tea Monday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwab of New York.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Hugh E. Montgomery gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Lincoln of Boston.

Mrs. Francis Wayland Lucas was hostess Saturday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street, complimentary to her aunt, Mrs. B. B. Norris of New York.

Mrs. Garrett McEnerney extended her hospitality Monday to the members of the Catholic Humane Bureau, who gave a bridge party for the benefit of the worthy charity. The new organization was founded by the late Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan.

Mrs. Tiley L. Ford was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of her niece, Miss Anne Wynn Ford, who is a visitor from Kansas City.

Mrs. E. P. Brinegar entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Alden Anderson of Sacramento gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Franciscan Club.

Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Presidio Terrace complimentary to Mrs. William C. Huff of Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. William Berg was host recently at a dinner at his home in Sausalito.

Mrs. James K. Moffitt, Sr., was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home in Piedmont. Among the guests were a number of friends from this side of the bay.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner and theatre party last week in honor of Mrs. C. E. Ellicott, wife of Captain Ellicott, U. S. N.

Mrs. William Sesson has issued invitations to a luncheon at the Franciscan Club, May 7, in honor of Mrs. George Forderer.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges of Santa Barbara entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party, and later in the week was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Among those who entertained in honor of Mrs. Hedges during her stay in town were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. George Carr, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, and Mrs. Carroll Buck. Mrs. Hedges left Thursday for Europe.

Miss Christine McNab gave a dance Thursday evening at her home on Broadway complimentary to Miss Jane Wickersham, who is engaged to Mr. Stuart McNab; Miss Miriam McNear, fiancée of Mr. Leo Korb; and Miss Minna Van Bergen, who will be married June 6 to Mr. Donald Jadin.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen entertained a number of their friends Sunday afternoon at their home on Green Street. The occasion was the christening of their infant son, who was named Edgar Turney Van Bergen.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr., gave an informal dance Tuesday evening at their home on Jackson Street.

The last dance of the season of the members of The Dancing Club took place Friday, April 26, at Century Hall. A cotillon arranged by Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury was enjoyed by the children.

The final meeting of the Tuesday Evening Skating Club was held last week at Dreamland Rink.

The members of the Gaiety Club of Oakland entertained a large number of their young friends at a dance in the ballroom in the Monte Vista residence of Mrs. Edward M. Walsh. Among the guests were the young daughters of the patronesses, Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long, Mrs. E. M. Walsh, Mrs. Willard Williamson, and Mrs. Louis Ghorardelli.

The Directors' Daughters will give a Rose Festival May 8. Miss Suzanne McEwen is the president of the society and the executive committee includes Mrs. George B. Somers, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, and the Misses Blair and Pollock.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have rented for the summer the home in San Mateo of Mrs. Jane W. Bothin. They will move about June 15 from their own home, which will be remodeled and ready for occupancy in September.

Mrs. Camillo Martin will leave this month for Europe and will be joined abroad by her sisters, Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Miss Mary Hyde, who will delay their departure until September. A year's travel will include visits to Egypt, the Holy Land, and India, returning by way of the Orient.

Mrs. George R. Shreve and her daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve, left Wednesday for a month's visit to Santa Barbara, where Miss Rebecca Shreve is attending school. Mr. Shreve will remain at the Hotel Peninsula until the return of his family, when they will take possession of the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale. Mr. and Mrs. Shreve have recently sold their home and purchased another site on which a new residence is in the course of construction.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah W. Stanford and Miss Gertrude Stanford, of Warm Springs, are established at the Hotel Bellevue for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings and their three children left Sunday for England, where they will spend the summer.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop have returned from a trip to Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor and Mrs. Robert Oxnard spent the week-end in Bakersfield as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee have recently been the guests of Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove at their home in Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze have taken a house in Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames and their children will spend the month of July in Santa Barbara. They have rented their home in Woodside to Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain.

Mrs. Emma de Noon Lewis and her sister, Miss Mabel de Noon, will sail this month for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean spent the week-end in Menlo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Sharon.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper, have gone East to remain

several weeks. During their absence Dr. Cooper and Mr. Arthur Goodall will reside at the Pacific Union Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ferner-Hesketh returned to town Monday after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Sharon.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick, who have been spending the past week in Los Angeles, have returned to their home in Bakersfield.

Mrs. Jane W. Bothin left last week for Byron Springs for a two weeks' visit.

Miss Celia O'Connor is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Miss Johanna Volkman and her brother, Mr. Daniel Volkman, sailed Thursday for Panama. Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton were also passengers on the same steamer.

Baron Henri von Schroder, Baroness von Schroder, and the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroder returned this week to their ranch, Eagles' Nest, in San Luis Obispo County, after having spent the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf will close their town house shortly and move to Belvedere, where they will, as usual, spend the summer.

Mr. James Otis and his daughters, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, are en route to Panama.

Mrs. C. H. Abbott sailed on the *Tenyo Maru* for Hongkong, where she will visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Delman Clinton (formerly Miss Helen Davis).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh are established in their country home in Woodside after having spent the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are occupying their home in Santa Barbara. Mr. Bothin spent a few days last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn have returned to their home in Saratoga after a visit of several weeks in town.

Mrs. Gustavus C. Simmons returned Tuesday to her home in Sacramento after a week's visit in Berkeley with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles of Piedmont have been spending the past two weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin and their little daughters, Mary and Eleanor Martin, left Wednesday for Napa County, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Frank Denny and her daughter, Miss Esther Denny, have gone to Applegate for a brief visit.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low will spend the summer in Monterey and will later go abroad for an indefinite stay.

Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman have gone to San Jose, where it is hoped the change may benefit the health of Mrs. Blakeman, who has been ill at a sanatorium.

Miss Anne Peter's has returned to her home in Stockton after a few days' visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Miss Ruth Winslow spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby are established for the summer in Burlingame, having closed their town house last week.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins has gone to Panama for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman will spend part of the summer at Wildwood, Sonoma County, the country home of Mrs. Denman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness are established in an apartment in Paris, and have with them the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Ness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro moved Wednesday to Mill Valley, where they are settled for the summer in the Dunker house.

British Ambassador James B. Bryce and Mrs. Bryce arrived Tuesday and sailed Wednesday for south sea ports.

Miss Alice MacFarlane of Honolulu is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pingsit will spend the month of May in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are established for the summer in their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller left yesterday for Virginia, where they will visit Mrs. Miller's relatives.

Mrs. Emma Grimwood and her brother, Mr. Bryant Grimwood, returned yesterday from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the past two weeks.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will leave within a few days for New York and will sail immediately for London, where she will visit her relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Quick will come from the East to spend the month of July with Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. Philip King Brown and her children will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe, where they have recently bought a place.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris returned Tuesday from San Mateo, where for six weeks they have been occupying the cottage of Mrs. Leroy Hough. Mr. Harris has entirely recovered from his recent illness.

Major Henry T. Ferguson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ferguson are established in an apartment on Broadway and Franklin Street. Major Ferguson arrived this week from Panama.

Mrs. Richard Cassidy, wife of Lieutenant Cassidy, U. S. N., is visiting friends in this city. Lieutenant Cassidy is on duty in the Orient.

Colonel David J. Rumbough, U. S. A., of Schofield Barracks, is ill at the Presidio.

Lieutenant James G. Ord, U. S. A., left last Friday for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He will return shortly to this city and accompany his regiment to Alaska in June.

Captain Alfred W. Bjornsted, U. S. A., has been appointed military attaché to the American embassy in Berlin, and with Mrs. Bjornsted will sail in August for Europe. Mrs. Bjornsted, who was formerly Miss Pearl Sabin, is the daughter of Mrs. John I. Sabin and a sister of Miss Irene Sabin and Mrs. Redmond Payne. Captain and Mrs. Bjornsted are at present in Washington, D. C., and are planning to come West in June to visit Mrs. Sabin at her home in Mountain View.

Major B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., spent a few days in town last week en route to Honolulu.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., has arrived from Schofield Barracks, Honolulu.

Admiral Uriel Schree, U. S. N., and Mrs.

Seebree, arrived Sunday from Coronado and are at the Fairmont Hotel for a brief visit.

Mrs. William H. Bertsch and her children will leave in June for Madison Barracks, New York, where they will join Major Bertsch, U. S. A., who for the past two years has been stationed in the Philippines.

Mrs. John P. Wisser, wife of Colonel Wisser, U. S. A., has returned from a visit in Washington, D. C.

Wine valued at \$2143 a drop is the boast of the celebrated Bremen Rathshaus. Its foundation stone was laid in 1405, and it has the greatest and most valuable collection of Rudesheim wines in existence. These are the vintages of 1653, 1666, 1727, and 1784. The fabulous price of \$24,947,767,500 is placed on a hin of Rudesheim wine. This is at the rate of \$17,151,227 per bottle, containing eight glasses, or \$2,143,903 per glass of 1000 drops, or \$2143 per drop. It is estimated that the value of this wine, which is owned by the city, is eight times greater than the debt of the German empire.

The home in Oakland of Mr. and Mrs. William Thornton White has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. White, who was Miss Katherine Brown, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Brown.

The home in Cleveland, Ohio, of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Foster was formerly Miss Margaret Calhoun.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Raisin Day, April 30, was observed with infinite detail in San Francisco, as well as in many other places. There was a procession of decorated automobiles through the downtown section, and at Market and Third Streets large quantities of raisins were distributed in small cartons. Blanche Bates, Mayor Rolph, the members of the San Francisco baseball team, and a band added to the gaiety of the occasion by their presence and activities.

Dr. Washington Dodge, Mrs. Dodge, and their son, survivors of the *Titanic* disaster, reached their home in this city on Tuesday.

The second meeting of the New England Association of California was held Monday evening at the Palace Hotel with a large attendance. President Scott Smith called the assembly to order and Mr. Thomas Hayden was the chairman of the evening. The other speakers were Miss Laura Truby Fowler, Bernard Marks, Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, and Mr. Wendell Easton.

Official reckoning of the registration for the presidential primaries, May 14, was completed last Saturday. There are 109,920 male voters on the list and 26,570 female voters. Of those stating their party predilections the roll shows 86,653 registered as Republicans, and 20,291 as Democrats.

At its Monday night meeting the board of supervisors ordered the cars of the Geary Street railroad to cease running on Sunday, May 5, at the close of the day's work. On Monday morning next work is expected to begin on tearing up the old road-bed and laying the rails of the new city line.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab was in this city several days this week and made a thorough inspection of the Union Iron Works, where he and his associates purpose to build a great drydock that will take in without difficulty the largest vessels.

A suit involving the children of the late multi-millionaire, Daniel T. Murphy, and calling in question the validity of a trust deed by which title was passed to the Jones and McAllister Streets property owned by the Murphys and occupied by Prager's department store, was filed Tuesday by Nola Helen Gertrude Jenner against her divorced husband, Bertram Samuel Joseph Finnistone O'Neill Murphy, known as Sam Murphy. Mrs. Jenner seeks to recover \$12,168.75, due as back alimony since 1895, when the divorce decree was entered, allowing her \$50 per month alimony. She joins in the suit Daniel T. Murphy, brother of Samuel, and the two Murphy sisters, residing in Paris, Mary Helen M. de Dominguen and Frances J. M. le Gori-dec. Mrs. Jenner wants judgment against Samuel and asks that it be made a lien against the Murphy property at Jones and McAllister Streets. She claims that Samuel and Daniel conspired to defraud her by putting the property belonging to a dead sister in trust, and asks to have the trust set aside.

On the First "Robin Hood."

The promoters of the revival of "Robin Hood" by the De Koven Opera Company declare that this production is the first step in the formation of a company to give comic opera in New York in a way that the founders of the New Theatre desired several years ago. It is claimed that the De Koven Opera Company will have some connection with the Metropolitan Opera House by which its singers when not engaged in the performances there shall be able to appear in a comic opera repertory to be sung in some New York theatre. It is said that these syndicate managers have already promised the organization a permanent home. "Robin Hood" is naturally an appropriate work with which to begin any movement looking to a national home of comic opera in New York.

"Robin Hood" was not a positive hit at its first performance. It gained admirers slowly for the series of 4250 performances by the Bostonians. Then there were thousands of presentations by other companies in this country, England, Australia, South Africa, and India. After their first joint effort, "The Begum," Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith wrote "Don Quixote" for the Bostonians, who produced the piece in Boston in November, 1889. They had been looking over some old English picture books depicting the adventures of Robin Hood and his merrie men in Sherwood Forest and it struck them that the bandit hero furnished an excellent theme for an opera. After the first act of "Don Quixote" De Koven visited Barnabee and MacDonald, the stars and managers of the Bostonians, in their dressing rooms and submitted the scenario. Contracts were signed that night and De Koven began work on the score on January 9, 1890. Smith sent him the book act by act, and the music was finished in exactly three months. Book and music were sent to the Bostonians on tour in installments. They liked the first act greatly but objected to the second act on the ground that it lacked local color. This was the act that proved to be the most interesting. The Bostonians had no great faith in "Robin

Hood," but determined to produce it in Chicago during the last week of their engagement. A production was made at a total expense of \$109.50, including costumes, and the opera had its first performance on the night of June 9, 1890, at the Chicago Opera House. The curtain did not fall until 12:20 and Smith went home disgusted, determined to begin on another libretto. The engagement, which opened to \$450 on Monday, closed to nearly \$2000 on Saturday night. Meanwhile the Bostonians had grown to believe in "Robin Hood," which they played for five weeks at the Boston Music Hall to average receipts of \$200. The largest house contained \$300.

Under the contract with the authors the piece had to be done in New York within a given period, but no manager in New York cared to risk its production. The last previous engagement of the Boston Ideals, as the Bostonians had previously been known, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, had averaged only \$5800 gross in five weeks. Consequently no local manager would give "Robin Hood" on sharing terms. Barnabee, undiscouraged, rented the old Standard Theatre outright from J. M. Hill for five weeks at \$2000 a week and a little over \$500 was invested in new scenery and dresses.

"Robin Hood" opened on Broadway on September 22, 1891. The opening week's business was \$3100, the second \$4000, the third \$5000, the fourth \$6000, and the fifth absolute capacity. The company made a short tour. Then in response to a genuine public demand returned to New York and played fourteen weeks at the Garden Theatre to large receipts. Three more engagements were played at the Garden and other revivals were made at Wallack's, the Broadway Theatre, and the Academy of Music. Mr. de Koven directed the 4000th performance of "Robin Hood" at the Broadway Theatre. Over the country the piece was a success. London also liked "Robin Hood." The members of the original "Robin Hood" company were Edwin W. Hoff, Tom Karl, Eugene Cowles, W. H. Macdonald, Henry C. Barnabee, George B. Frothingham, Peter Lang, Marie Stone, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Josephine Bartlett, and Carlotta Macconda.

The Heinemann Lieders Concerts.

The last, but by no means the least important attraction of Manager Greenbaum's season, will be Alexander Heinemann, the famous German baritone lieder singer, in three quite exceptional programmes of the best in song. Gifted with unusual dramatic powers, Heinemann makes a song become a tragedy, a comedy, or a romance, according to the innermost meanings of both the composer and the poet, and his rendition of the classics of Schumann, Schubert, and Beethoven, are a revelation to both professional and layman. Unlike many of the song interpreters Heinemann is in every respect a beautiful singer, as well possessing a baritone voice of the rarest quality, which he uses with consummate skill and artistry. In fact, Heinemann's voice and singing would make his concerts a huge success apart from his wonderful interpretations.

The first concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, May 5, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the programme including works by Loewe, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, and others.

The second concert will be given next Thursday night, May 9, and will be his only evening appearance. On this occasion, by special request, he will give Loewe's dramatic ballad "Edward."

The final concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 12.

Mr. John Mandelbrod, one of Europe's most celebrated accompanists, will add no little to the pleasure of these events, and books of the words in German and English will be distributed gratis at each performance.

Seats are now on sale at both Greenbaum box-offices. On Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall.

The Verdi Requiem at the Greek Theatre.

The Berkeley Oratorio Society of one hundred and fifty voices, and an orchestra of fifty under the direction of Paul Steindorff, assisted by Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, Mrs. Carol Nicholson, Mr. Carl Anderson, and Mr. Robert Lloyd, will give a performance of Verdi's "Requiem" in the Greek Theatre, under the auspices of the University of California, as part of the commencement week festivities, on Saturday afternoon, May 11. Seats can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the usual box-offices in Berkeley.

A plan is proposed for the exchange of municipal bands between four cities of the Middle West this summer. The cities are Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, and St. Louis. If the plan is carried out, each of the bands will make a tour of six weeks.

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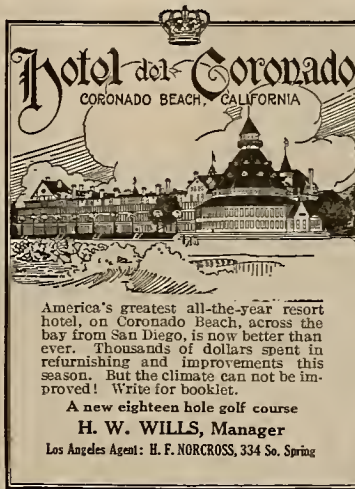
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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

"Been hunting, eh? Any luck?" "Yes. I got back safe and sound."—*Laughter.*

"I thought you loved a light-haired girl last year." "I did, but she dyed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Customer—Waiter, this egg is not what it should be. Waiter (absent-mindedly)—New York is full of temptations, sir.—*Satire.*

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I did once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—*Washington Herald.*

"Mighty mean man I's wukin' fer." "Wat's de mattach?" "Took de laigs off de wheel-barrah so's I kaint set down an' rest."—*New York World.*

"Who gets the custody of the automobile?" "I told my wife she might have it. I can't keep up a machine and pay alimony too."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

He—The Smiths only invited me down to their place because I play a good game of golf. She (consoling)—Oh, I'm sure you must be mistaken!—*World of Golf.*

"Does your husband know anything about baseball?" "Really, I don't know. He talks a great deal about it, but his remarks seem incoherent to me."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Mr. Datus—I'll not be home tonight. Mrs. Datus—You won't, eh? Why? Mr. Datus—An artist friend wants me to pose as a model for a hen-pecked husband picture.—*Chicago News.*

"Young man, how do you expect to marry my daughter if you are in debt?" "Well, sir, in my opinion it's the only square thing to do. The longer I am engaged to her the worse off I will be."—*Life.*

"What a wonderful age of invention it is!" said Mrs. Peterson; "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day trousers."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Lady—So you're really one of the striking miners? The Loafer—Yus, lidy. I'm not they call one o' the pioneers o' the movement. I went on strike twenty-three years ago, lidy, and I aint never give in yet.—*Sketch.*

New Girl—Please, mum, the fire's out, and the cook wants to know where's the kerosene. Mistress—We don't keep kerosene, but if you are in a hurry, you will find a small keg of powder in my husband's room.—*Life.*

Business Man—You tell me I am hurting myself sitting so long at my desk, but I can't make any money if I don't. Doctor—Have you enough to pay me? Business Man—Y-e-s. Doctor—Then stop.—*New York Weekly.*

The Doctor—Hark! Whence those cries of agony? The Lawyer—They come from the office of the dentist. Last week the chiropodist operated on the dentist, agreeing to take his bill out in trade; and now the dentist is taking it out.—*Satire.*

Mrs. Post—Have you any cooks who can make mayonnaise, lobster Newburg, and croquettes? Proprietor of Intelligence Office (proudly)—Lots of 'em. Mrs. Post (sadly)—Bring me one of the other kind. I've got dyspepsia.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"He drinks heavily." "I know it." "He gambles." "I am going to marry him to reform him." "My girl, listen to me. Try one experiment before you do that." "What experiment?" "Take in a week's washing to do and see how you like it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"You ought to be glad that you will be electrified instead of hanged," said a prison visitor to a convicted murderer. "Why?" asked the felon, in surprise. "You suffer greatly from rheumatism, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, electricity is the best known remedy for that."—*Epoeh.*

"What do you consider the most important event in the history of Paris?" "Well," replied the tourist who had grown weary of distributing tips, "so far as financial prosperity is concerned, I should say the discovery of America was the making of this town."—*Washington Herald.*

Bridegroom (two days after the wedding)—I haven't seen anything yet of that \$5000 check from your father. Bride—Well, you see, dear, papa heard that your father had already given us one, and he knew we shouldn't care to have duplicate presents.—*Boston Transcript.*

"You're a nice one!" said the street-car conductor to the man from the country; "if you saw that fellow pick that gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere and not let him get away?" "Waal," said Reuben, "I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of pick-pockets,' and b'gosh I didn't dast to."—*House-keeper.*

Interested Visitor (before portrait at Royal Academy exhibition, to commonplace looking stranger)—Can you tell me—who is this beautiful lady? Stranger—Mrs. Eustace Montgomery Browne-Jones. Interested Visitor—

Oh, really! And—er—who is Mrs. Eustace Montgomery Browne-Jones? Stranger—I am.—*Punch.*

Mrs. Newedd—Jack, dear, I want you to get your life insured. Newedd—Why? Are you going to do your own cooking?—*Boston Transcript.*

"That vaudeville show you are giving makes me nervous." "Well," replied the New York table d'hôte manager, "what do you expect. I can't have all these people sitting around with nothing to think about except the kind of dinner I am giving them."—*Washington Star.*

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

The New Dispensation.  
 Being certified as germless.  
 By the parson they were tied—  
 The antiseptic bridegroom  
 And the prophylactic bride.  
 If their pictures do not flatter 'em  
 The camera may have lied—  
 Hey the prophylactic bridegroom  
 And the antiseptic bride!  
 —*Chicago Tribune.*

The Hook Worm.  
 Behold the lowly hookworm,  
 Who labors up and down,  
 With patient, awkward fingers  
 On wife's latest gown. —*Satire.*

But Couldn't Fill the Dichigan.  
 There was a man in Michigan  
 Who used to wish, and wighigan,  
 That spring would come  
 So he could bome  
 And go away and fighigan.  
 —*Chicago Chronicle.*

Natural Increase.  
 Adolphus put his fuzzy hat  
 Behind the chair to hide it.  
 Next morn with wonder he beheld  
 Four little caps beside it.  
 And ere he saw another sun.  
 He drowned the three and kept the one.  
 —*Chicago Tribune.*

A Last.  
 J. Henry Peck, quite gay, forsooth,  
 Had just emerged from voting booth.  
 "This 'equal rights' is great," quoth be;  
 "It surely makes a hit with me."  
 His friend, surprised, his eyes did bat,  
 And asked how Henry figured that.  
 With caution great, Hank looked around,  
 And drawing near, his voice he found:  
 "This is the first chance in my life  
 I've had to vote against my wife."  
 —*Chicago Tribune.*

Anxious Bachelors.  
 'Tis leap year and throughout the land  
 These timid words you'll note:  
 "Oh, will she ask me for my hand  
 Or merely for my vote?"  
 —*Washington Star.*

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Harvester Immunity.

It seems almost superfluous to examine any particular statement by Mr. Roosevelt in order to show that it is either more or less misleading than its companion in mendacity. But Mr. Roosevelt's effort to identify Mr. Taft with the immunity extended to the harvester company deserves some special notice. This immunity, we are told, received the approval of Mr. Taft and of the whole Cabinet, and so far from accepting the President's disclaimer Mr. Roosevelt repeats his original assertion with all that wealth of manufactured detail for which he is famous. But fortunately the matter does not rest either upon Mr. Roosevelt's assertion or Mr. Taft's denial. Mr. Root was a member of the Cabinet at the time and, as an eminent lawyer, such a discussion could hardly escape his attention. Mr. Root has no recollection that the question of the harvester company was ever brought before the Cabinet at all, either in Mr. Taft's presence or at any other time. Secretary Wilson, who was also a member of

the Cabinet, says precisely the same thing, and that Mr. Root and Mr. Wilson should both forget a matter of such extraordinary importance is inconceivable.

But the question of Mr. Taft's participation is settled conclusively by the fact that he was not in the country when the harvester question was first broached and he was still abroad when it was finally disposed of. The dates are easily accessible and they are unanswerable. These imaginary conversations with Mr. Taft, these expressions of his hearty approval of the policy toward the harvester company, must have occurred when he was thousands of miles away, as is proved in a moment by a glance at the record and at the almanac.

It seems clear enough that the matter was never brought before the Cabinet at all. Why should it be? Mr. Roosevelt was accustomed to dispense immunities to his friends and penalties to his enemies without either aid or consultation. He was in the immunity business. To him the law of the land was no more than an additional opportunity to care for his friends, and if he could wave it upon one side in the case of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, why not also in the case of the harvester company?

### The Republican Campaign.

By all the rules of political practice Mr. Roosevelt met his Waterloo in Massachusetts. In that election he lost not merely the thirty-six votes of the old Bay State but the prestige which another notable success, following upon the heels of his victories in Illinois and Pennsylvania, would have given him. His total of assured votes is now approximately two hundred and fifty as against a tentative five hundred for Taft. If he (Roosevelt) were to get every delegate yet to be chosen, he would still fall shy of the number necessary to a majority of the Chicago convention. If in this situation Mr. Roosevelt has any real hope of success it must rest upon confidence in his power to stampede the convention. This we think an impossibility. Once perhaps there may have been in the name of Roosevelt a magic by which the incident of Bryan's first nomination in 1896 might have been paralleled. But after such a fight as the country has witnessed in this pre-convention campaign a stampede, unless for a new man, would seem out of the question. Men elected to support other candidates as the result of passionate and embittered contests are not likely to lose their heads and turn to the support of an embattled opponent. That sort of thing happens only when, mutual antagonisms having wrought a common ruin among candidates, a new figure is brought into the field—one against whom there is no definite and fixed prejudice.

We suspect that Mr. Roosevelt knows himself defeated, and that the inspiration of his continued candidacy is that first of affording his supporters a rallying point, and second of defeating Taft. To this end, we believe, Mr. Roosevelt's energies will now be addressed. Probably from the beginning—from the hour he cast his hat into the ring—his animating purpose has been more to defeat Taft than anything else.

That he can do this in the face of his promise to support the nominee of the convention is, to say the least, very doubtful. True, his promises have come to have very little value; but it is not easily believable that to his record of bad faith he will be willing to add a new and flagrant instance, and at the same time take a step calculated to disrupt the party through which his own promotions have been gained, and to which his allegiance has so frequently and positively been pledged.

It now seems an assurance that Mr. Taft in the weeks between now and the convention will gain a sufficient number of votes to make, together with those pledged and those tentatively favorable to him, a majority of the members of the convention. The hazard of his candidacy lies, we think, not in the chance of failure to get more votes, but in the possibility of losing some of those already reckoned in the Taft column.

The eighty-and-odd votes of New York, it is to be remembered, are not instructed. They are free to go to anybody else, and if in a body they should abandon Taft it would be for him a serious and probably a fatal matter. Another hazard lies in the Ohio situation. District primaries are to be held May 21. The loss of Ohio, his own state, would, we believe, be a fatal blow. But while the contest is a hot one, there is no reason to anticipate failure. The feelings of state pride and state loyalty make a tremendous appeal to the individual voter, especially in a state which highly values its prestige as a maker of Presidents and which has a fixed habit of loyalty to its own sons. Obviously Mr. Taft's status, all things considered, is not as strong as it was hoped it would be. But the situation is still favorable—so favorable that the chances may fairly be said largely to support hopes of his nomination at Chicago on the first ballot.

Our own state will elect delegates to both national conventions on the 14th instant—Tuesday next. In view of recent history and in consideration of the fact that all the powers of the state administration are being employed in support of the progressive cause, the chances would seem to favor a progressive success. But the progressives of California are divided into two factions, one passionately for Roosevelt, the other passionately for La Follette. The Roosevelt faction, having the support of the state party organization and of the state government, is probably the stronger. But though less strong than Roosevelt, La Follette has still a formidable support. One hope of success for Taft is in the certainty that the progressive element will be divided. There are, too, powerful appeals for Taft, first in his position on the tariff which is highly favorable to California interests, second in the sense of gratitude and of obligation on the part of our people due to his more than friendly coöperation in connection with our coming exposition. California, if she would be true to the sentiments of friendship and loyalty, sentiments hitherto of large potentiality in their relation to all forms of public action, will give her vote for Taft.

### Direct Primaries and Minority Rule.

The State of Oregon upon the returns of any straight election is politically Republican by more than a two-thirds vote. Yet in two recent state elections Oregon has chosen Democratic governors. At the present time she is represented in the Senate by one Democrat and one Populist. How comes it that in a state overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment the foremost political posts are filled by Democrats? The answer is simple; and there lies in it an exposition of one of the ways by which the direct primary system unfaithfully enforces, not the "rule of the people," but rule of a minority of the people.

Oregon being heavily Republican, there is a natural tendency to develop a multitude of candidates for each office, some strong and some weak. This is the opportunity of the opposing minority party. Large numbers register as Republicans; and in the primary elections bestow their votes upon whichever candidate appears to be the weakest. Where this is done, the result is the rejection of strong candidates and the selection of weaker. In the meantime the minority party puts up its strongest man. Then in the ensuing election the Democrats who registered as Republicans turn to support of their own party. Thus George Chamberlain, a Democrat, was elected governor of Oregon two successive elections. Thus Chamberlain and Bourne, the one a Democrat and the other a Populist, are senators from Oregon. It has ceased to be practicable in Oregon for any Republican of strong and definite character to be a candidate for any office, since, under the direct primary system, the Democratic managers, though at the head of only a small minority of the voting body, have it in their hands to elect down the strong man who in a straight contest would be



elected, in favor of the weak man who can be beaten.

It is to be suspected that in the several states where Mr. Roosevelt has been successful in presidential primaries the Oregon practice has been resorted to. It is noted in the dispatches both from Massachusetts and Maryland that the Republican primary vote is abnormally heavy and the Democratic vote correspondingly light. Observers new to the system confess their inability to account for this fact. It presents no problem to those who have observed the workings of the direct primary in Oregon. We venture the prophecy that when the returns of the presidential primary in Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Maryland shall be compared with the returns of the election in November there will be found discrepancies explainable only by the theory that multitudes of Democrats in these states participated in the Republican primaries for the express purpose of forcing the Republican party to make a weak nomination.

"Rule of the people" in the sense that it is proposed by the extreme progressives is practically an impossibility. There must be, in politics as in other things, organization, discipline, coöperation—in other words, some species of party organization and action. It has been so everywhere since the overthrow of centralized and arbitrary authority in public affairs. It will be so until the world in courses of political degeneracy or evolution shall come round again to dictatorship, kingship, or by whatever name you may style the all-powerful man. There is no system under heaven practicable or possible under which "all the people" may "rule." And, the prizes of authority being what they are, and human nature being what it is, the more elaborate the machinery of government, the more chances there are for the professional manipulators of the game. Schemes designed elaborately—the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and all such like devices—to enforce "rule of the people" tend inevitably and speedily to the profit of professional political manipulators. The simpler forms of political action, like all human devices, fall far shy of perfection. But on the whole they work out better results—results in closer accord with the popular will—than the fanciful and complicated schemes forever being devised to protect a careless or indifferent public against its own neglects or follies.

#### Magdalena Bay and the Senate.

The Senate will be well advised to avoid a direct issue with the President on the subject of Magdalena Bay. The President was clearly in the right when he declined to transmit the facts in his possession and requested the Senate to be satisfied with a statement of deductions from the Secretary of State. In other words he contends that the Monroe Doctrine is not a law, but a policy, and that it is for him to interpret and administer it. President Monroe promulgated that policy without suggestion or coöperation of Congress, and his successors must interpret and administer it in the same way. If the Senate should retaliate, as it threatens to do, by enlarging and extending the Monroe Doctrine in order to include the situation at Magdalena Bay it will incur an onerous responsibility and one from which it might well shrink.

No one knows better than the President that the Magdalena Bay outcry is a mare's nest and that this country is in no more danger from the few Japanese fishermen who are trying to make a scanty living there than it is from the Esquimaux. Half a dozen different nationalities have fished in Magdalena Bay and have secured concessions for that purpose from the Mexican government. But they have all been driven out by the entire lack of water and by the intolerable heat. There has never been a successful settlement there and probably there never will be. Even the American navy, using the bay for target practice, has found it impossible to stay there for any length of time. It can not be colonized except by some people who are independent of food and water.

The authorities at Washington know very well that there is no sincerity behind this clamor about Magdalena Bay. It is a part of the fairy tales from the interior of Mexico that are so industriously circulated by Mr. Hearst in the hope of providing the kind of sensation that is the daily diet of his newspapers. Mr. Hearst, we may suppose, is not wholly above the bias of self-interest. Very few of us are, but in this case self-interest is large and active. It may be that Mr. Hearst has schooled himself to forgetfulness of the facts of Mexican land of which he is the owner, the flesh is weak, and he may have some sort of

subconscious realization that American intervention would mean an almost incalculable increase of values. Such considerations will sometimes present themselves even to the best of us, while Mr. Hearst's previous successes as a warmaker may have spurred him on to another of those heroic efforts which are so admirable a blend of patriotism and profit. But of one thing we may be comfortably sure. The President and the State Department know all that is to be known about Magdalena Bay and their assurances will easily outweigh all the trumpeting of Mr. Hearst and his ready writers.

#### The Democratic Outlook.

Champ Clark's recent successes in the matter of picking up delegates to the Baltimore convention have not the significance that similar successes would imply on the other side of the political fence. The reason is that Democratic convention practice requires a two-thirds vote to nominate. While Clark continues to gather in one delegation after another, there is small chance of his getting a sufficient number to assure success on first ballot; and after one ballot has been taken the whole situation may fall into confusion. Even though Clark may enter the convention as the leading candidate at the point of numerical strength he is almost certain to meet determined opposition. This year for the first time since Cleveland's third nomination, the Democratic party is really hopeful of success. But its wiser heads know that the chance of success rests upon putting up a candidate capable by his character of commanding the respect of voters normally Republican, but who for one reason or another may be disaffected toward their own party.

When everything is said that can be said for Champ Clark, the fact remains that he is relatively a cheap figure. He is a man of some parts; but he is also a man of a loose and reckless tongue and of vulgar manners. As a nominee he would not command the kind of respect which Democratic policy demands as a basis of appeal for Republican votes. Another objection to Mr. Clark—and a mightily potent one—is his affiliation with Mr. Hearst. It is taken for granted that if he should come into the presidency Hearst would be his Secretary of State or otherwise a large figure in the administration. The prospect is not pleasing from any point of view. The Democratic rank and file distrusts Hearst on the score of his shifting and selfish course while claiming character as a Democrat, as well as for his open abandonment of the party six years ago and his attempt to establish a new party upon the Independence League movement. In California, for example, it is remembered that in 1906 through the agency of the Independence League he broke down the regular Democratic nominee for governor (Theodore Bell) and practically gave the state to the Republicans. Now between those who question the policy of nominating Clark on his own account and those who resent his affiliation with Hearst, plus the opposition based on hopes in behalf of other candidates, there is pretty certain to be found in the Baltimore convention a strong anti-Clark combination.

Who is the man most likely to find favor if the opposition to Clark should, as above suggested, take formidable shape? A highly respectable minority would prefer Judge Harmon upon the theory that he would command Republican support. The answer will be that the nominee should first of all command the support of his own party—and at this point Judge Harmon will fail. Bryan's influence, Clark's friends, and other elements of disfavor will promptly array themselves in opposition—and that will be the end of Judge Harmon. There will be a group favorable to Underwood. But against him it will be urged that in a campaign of direct appeals to voters of the North it would be unwise to present a candidate hailing from Alabama; and this argument is likely to destroy Mr. Underwood. Mr. Wilson of course will be urged upon the convention, but against him there are many objections, some open and some more or less concealed. Urged as against Clark, he will be weak in the fact that in the pre-convention campaign he has been Clark's main competitor, and in many states beaten by Clark.

And here is where our old, familiar, true, tried, seasoned, and reliable friend, William Jennings Bryan, may come in. Mr. Bryan does not present himself as a candidate unless we may accept his jocular proposition that he be "nominated by the Republicans as a compromise candidate" on Roosevelt's declaration that he "is more progressive than Taft" and on Taft's earnest assurance that he is "less dangerous than Roosevelt." If Bryan is chosen as a candidate Mr.

Bryan in his character of party dignitary has made an effective campaign. It has been a campaign nominally not in behalf of any candidate, but for the party. Disclaiming any ambitions on his own account, taking broad and impersonal ground, he has gone pretty thoroughly over the country, renewing everywhere his personal acquaintance and reviving an enthusiasm which by some magic appears always to be at his command. In so far as he has discussed particular candidates favorably, he has named Clark and Wilson. Upon occasion he has openly disapproved of Harmon and Underwood.

Let us suppose a situation at Baltimore in which after one or a few ballots Clark and Wilson stand in the lead, but shy of enough votes to nominate. Both have had favors since the present campaign began at Bryan's hands. In the minds not only of the candidates themselves, but of their supporters, there is the thought that Bryan has stood manfully aside, giving to each his chance. On both sides there is a sense of obligation to Bryan, and on the side of Clark a warm and long-sustained personal friendship. In the meantime let us suppose that with his usual address Mr. Bryan has carried himself as the leading convention figure—as indeed "the peerless one" of familiar memory. For be it borne in mind no man who ever sat in a political convention of any party has so contrived in victory or defeat to command general admiration as Mr. William Jennings Bryan. In such a situation what is likely to happen? It is hardly necessary to answer the question. There will in the nature of things come a fall for a compromise man. Such a situation would be ready made for Mr. Bryan; and if it comes he will fall into it with the air of one who accepts a manifest destiny plus the acquired grace of repeated experience.

#### The Recall and Mr. Debs.

The failure of the recall election in Berkeley is not so much an exoneration of the accused officials as a mark of resentment against the recall itself. With the exception of a small number of busybodies with more leisure than intelligence very few people knew or cared why the recall petition was started. But it is one of the charms of the new law that a very small minority in a community with no other outlay than that of time, which is usually valueless to them, can set the whole electorate by the ears and force a costly election upon the bulk of their fellow-citizens, who want nothing so much as to be let alone in political peace. One of the chief advocates for the Berkeley recall now confesses that the new nostrum is likely to be used conservatively. It is hard to see upon what this rosy hope is built. Six out of ten persons are only too ready to sign any petition that is presented to them simply because such a request ministers to their vanity. And there will certainly be no lack of agitators willing and eager to gain a little publicity by "saving the country" in ways so inexpensive to themselves.

It will doubtless be a gratification to advocates of the recall to know that Mr. Eugene Debs is with them heart and soul. The mind of that great patriot is filled with joy when he recognizes the good work for democracy that was done by Comrades Johnson, Lissner, and the others when they placed the recall upon the statutes of California. Henceforth, says Mr. Debs, we can pick the fruit in California whenever we judge it to be ripe. There will be no need to wait for regular political periods or for the workings of the old political machinery that has now been thrown upon the scrap-heap. Says Mr. Debs with a note of pardonable exultation and with a metaphorical slap on the back for his coadjutor, Governor Johnson, "Don't you see what it means, comrades, to have in the hands of an intelligent militant working class the political power to recall the present capitalist judges and put on the bench our own men?" Leaving to the progressives of Sacramento, and Fresno, and Los Angeles the proud privilege of comradeship with Mr. Debs, we may still answer his question in the affirmative. We do see exactly what it means. We do see that there is neither safety nor honor for any judge, however upright, however learned, who does not happen to be one of "our own men." We do see that the day is not far off when the election of a judge will be tantamount to a pledge that his decisions will be class decisions and that the law will be twisted and warped in obedience to the clamor of the moment. We do see that we are a step nearer to the day when the elementary rights of liberty hitherto safeguarded by the law will be at the mercy of the



be swept away in the interests and by the orders of "our own men."

### The Owen Bill.

The Owen bill for the creation of a national bureau of health makes a periodic appearance in the Senate and it is likely enough to profit from the political preoccupations of the day. But whatever the fate of this bill may be, it is clear enough that it ought not to pass. Such a board as this can not be formed without giving some sort of government sanction to one school of medicine over others, and if we must have a system of medicine established by law why not also a system of religion sustained in the same way?

Recent experience has not enamored us with government by boards of experts and least of all by boards of doctors. Local health boards are not usually ornamental features of the municipal landscape, and there is no reason to suppose that a national board would be free from the faults and failings of which we are so constantly a witness upon a smaller scale. There ought to be no supreme place for the scientific expert in matters of government. That is to say, he ought never to be free from a lay control that can see a broader human issue than the purely scientific. Health is a good thing, but liberty is a far better thing, and it is to be feared that an irritating compulsion would be the only weapon in the armory of a national board. America has already more government to the square mile than any other country in civilization, more officials with the power to hector and domineer, more ordinances and more prohibitions than would be tolerated by any other people in the world. We do not want to increase the number by the creation of still more authorities, and especially of authorities who openly avow their intention to interfere with legitimate personal habits. We are "ordered about" far too much already.

### Homer Davenport.

Homer Davenport's eminence as a cartoonist was a standing puzzle to many of his craft because they estimated his work by technical rather than by moral standards. It was not as an artist that Davenport won and held his vogue, for in truth he was an indifferent draftsman. Sometimes his likenesses were good, but oftener wide of the mark; and all his work bore the stamp of crudeness. What Davenport did above others of his day was to catch and retain the mental and moral atmosphere of every character he pictured, even though the faults in the work, judged artistwise, were obvious. But Davenport's supreme merit lay in the fact that his pencil was directed always by his own intelligence and imbued with his own convictions. He was no mere draftsman, supple to the bidding of whatever hand gave out a pay-check. It is because he would not work in conflict with his notions of things that he frequently changed employments, drawing first for one journal and then another. In the main his work was given through the Hearst newspapers, though there were frequent and long lapses because he would not submit to the changes in "policy" which mark the course of Mr. Hearst's practice in journalism. Davenport had no "policy." He dealt with men and situations as they interested him, and to ends according with his own perceptions and feelings. When it suited Hearst to avail himself of Davenport's work he was welcome to it; but when there were differences between editor and cartoonist, the latter would not yield. His pencil was never for hire against his judgments and convictions. He held his profession as the expression of his own character, being the only conspicuous cartoonist for many years to sustain through good times and bad this self-respecting attitude.

Davenport was a product of the pioneer life of Oregon, and in his personality he profoundly reflected the individualism of the pioneer character. He was what he was, without apology and without concession. Money could not swerve him nor fame spoil him. He remained always more boy than man, a lover of nature, a lover of animals, a lover of essential right and justice. He did not despise convention, but yielded to it in so far as a man of intense individualistic tendencies could without abandoning the essential qualities of his mind and heart. But convention could never enchain him, for it held no enticements outweighing his innate love of freedom, his unshakable devotion to the idea of personal responsibility for whatever he did.

In an extreme sense Davenport was a son of the soil. He was a rustic of rustics. But it was in the

American rather than in the European sense. If not bred in contact with things conventional, he was bred in relation to things essentially wholesome. His father was a man of education and of social and political prominence, albeit the plainest of pioneer farmers. His mother was a large-souled woman—one who instinctively and fearlessly took upon herself the responsibilities which in every country community fall to some woman of exceptional character. And so Davenport, although bred in an atmosphere of simple rusticity, was inspired and trained from his cradle under standards, mental and moral, of high inspiration. The fundamental merit of the man was in the fact that through the many and striking changes of his life he remained faithful to these standards.

Oregon was the first of the Pacific states to be settled by Americans. Her population came mostly from the West and Southwest—intensely American in habit and feeling, deeply imbued with an old-fashioned Godliness, and respectful of the essentials of culture. There was not much filigree work about the pioneer life of Oregon, but it was self-reliant, self-respecting, self-sufficient. To this day California, which in so many ways has gone ahead of Oregon, must turn to the East when she has need of special talent or special culture. Oregon has supplied her own needs. The men who make her State University are home-bred. Likewise her judiciary, her journalism, her leaders in professional life, all are from the strong native stock. It was of this stock that Homer Davenport came, and not more in the distinctions of his life than in his faithfulness to its ideals he did it honor.

### Editorial Notes.

Especially worthy of attention is an article in this issue of the *Argonaut* by Judge John Currey challenging the "recall" amendment to the California state constitution in its legal aspects.

Mayor Rolph has done well to dismiss arbitrarily Commissioners Spiro and O'Grady, holdovers from the McCarthy régime and determined by means fair or foul to serve the political interests represented by them. In a particular instance—Spiro and O'Grady having voted against the law to license a liquor saloon within proscribed limits—the mayor appears to "have the goods" on the commissioners. But why does he halt with Spiro and O'Grady? Why does he not include Mike Casey of the board of public works in the executive discard? Surely in a famous investigation, now apparently forgotten by all but a few of us, Casey's delinquencies were sufficiently exhibited. Is it possible that the mayor, who is so bold in the matter of Spiro and O'Grady, is afraid to dismiss Casey? And if so, is it because Casey is a professional Irishman, a labor-union leader, or both?

It was highly gratifying to be assured by Mr. Roosevelt that the campaign between Mr. Taft and himself would not be one of personalities. This assurance was given by Mr. Roosevelt in his speech at Boston. On the previous day he had spoken at Worcester, and a hasty glance at his oration upon that occasion reveals the following examples of campaign tactics which presumably do not come under the head of personalities according to the Rooseveltian standards of good taste:

Mr. Taft is guilty of deliberate misstatement of a great and vital fact.

He says what he must know to be untrue.

Such conduct represents the crookedest kind of a crooked deal.

While speculating with some consternation on the meaning that Mr. Roosevelt attaches to the word personalities we may well wonder what has happened to the spirit of the American people that allows it to tolerate such unprecedented language as this against a President of the United States.

Miss Anne Morgan announces that when she has gotten through with her summer vacation she is going to "see passed by the legislature a minimum wage scale for female workers." The whole world will agree with Miss Morgan that large classes of female workers are wretchedly paid; but it is not easily believable that the evil can be done away with by legislative enactment. The price of labor, like the price of bread and meat, is regulated by the balance between supply and demand. It has been so since the beginning of organized industry; it will be so until organized industry ceases to exist. One difficulty with female labor is that too often it is untrained and ineffective. Another difficulty is

that women, being without the motives common to men, are willing to work for low wages, and so underbid each other. The effect of a minimum wage law for women will be, not to increase the wages of women workers, but to eliminate large numbers of women from industry, thereby preventing them from earning anything at all.

Mr. La Follette is not, in the view of the *Argonaut*, an engaging political figure. He stands for all the crudities, quackeries, and whimsies of the day. But now and again in the course of his talk Mr. La Follette hits a philosophical nail fairly on its head. For example, at Woodland last Friday, when asked a question implying a rude criticism of himself, he said: "Never in all my career have I paid any attention to personal abuse. The very minute you drop a great issue—for sake a great truth for which you are fighting—to make answer to personal attack you sink into a commonplace squabble. I shall confine myself to the real issues."

The ministers of the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches of Sunnyvale, a little town in the Santa Clara Valley, have suddenly awakened to the absurdity of their continued separate existence and are trying to concert some plan for a merger "for the greater glory and power of the kingdom." This sounds like an infringement of the Sherman act, but at least we may be grateful for a display of common sense hitherto unsuspected. It is a long time since the world at large displayed the faintest interest in the differences that separate these many conventicles, and that these differences still exist is proof of the extent to which the churches have slipped out of the ranks of modern life. Perhaps Sunnyvale may find that her spiritual hopes will not be seriously endangered by the disappearance of at least two out of three of her little churches.

Republican primary elections and conventions for the selection of delegates to the Chicago convention are fixed for the following dates:

Wyoming—State convention, Cheyenne, May 13.  
California—Primaries, May 14.  
Maryland—State convention, Baltimore, May 16.  
Tennessee—State convention, Nashville, May 14.  
Idaho—State convention, Boise, May 15.  
North Carolina—State convention, Raleigh, May 15.  
Washington—State convention, Aberdeen, May 15.  
Utah—State convention, Provo, May 15.  
Minnesota—State convention, Minneapolis, May 16.  
Montana—State convention, Livingston, May 16.  
West Virginia—State convention, Huntington, May 16.  
Florida—State convention (insurgent), Jacksonville, May 18.  
Ohio—District primaries, May 21.  
New Jersey—Primaries, May 28.  
Texas—State convention, Fort Worth, May 28.  
Ohio—State convention, Columbus, June 3.  
South Dakota—Primaries, June 4.

Democratic primary elections and conventions for selection of delegates to Baltimore are scheduled as follows:

California—Primaries, May 14.  
New Hampshire—State convention, Concord, May 14.  
New Mexico—State convention, Clovis, May 14.  
South Carolina—State convention, Columbia, May 15.  
Maryland—State convention, Baltimore, May 16.  
Ohio—District primaries, May 21.  
Virginia—State convention, Norfolk, May 23.  
Texas—State convention, Dallas, May 28.  
New Jersey—Primaries, May 28.  
Georgia—State convention, Atlanta, May 29.  
Arizona—Primaries, May 29.  
Rhode Island—Primaries, May 31.  
Idaho—State convention, Coeur d'Alene, June 3.  
Louisiana—State convention, Baton Rouge, June 4.  
South Dakota—Primaries, June 4.  
Arkansas—State convention, Little Rock, June 5.  
Ohio—State convention, Toledo, June 5.  
Minnesota—State convention, Duluth, June 6.  
West Virginia—State convention, Parkersburg, June 6.  
Tennessee—State convention, independent faction, Nashville, June 18.

Mrs. Mary Maury Worth of Richmond, Virginia, and other descendants of Matthew Fontaine Maury, the famous scientist and geographer, have presented to the United States through President Taft the Maury medals, commissions, and correspondence. Maury was a commander in the United States navy when he resigned at the outbreak of the Civil War. He ranked as commodore in the Confederate navy. He was the first scientist to "track" the seas, and while in the naval hydrographic office more than half a century ago published "Laws for Vessels Crossing the Atlantic."

Louisiana celebrated on Tuesday, April 30, the centennial anniversary of her admission to the union of states, and the ceremonies were held in New Orleans on the spot where the state's flag was first hoisted.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The welcome accorded to anecdotes of distinguished men seems to show a recognition of the fact that the small events of life are more indicative of character than the great ones. Just now the English newspapers are rich in stories of W. T. Stead. It is said of him that he went through life with a scourge in his hand, but that he was usually too kindly to use it. He performed every action as though the fate of nations depended upon it, and it may be said very truly that the fate of nations did indeed depend upon some of the things that Stead took in hand. He tells us himself that his aged father once reproved him for leaving nothing to the activities of Providence. At that time John Morley was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Stead was his assistant. A blue book on Egypt had just appeared and Stead was anxious to ride through a wet, dark night in order to carry the publication to his chief. "Do you think," said his father, "that the history of Egypt will be altered if you see Mr. Morley tonight instead of tomorrow morning?" "It might," replied Stead. "William," answered the older man, "I sometimes wish you would remember that God has kept a share in the world's government for Himself. You really seem to think sometimes that he has left it all to you." Another story told of him concerns a meeting between Carnegie and Roosevelt. Carnegie said of Stead, "He's one of the best fellows in the world and one of the cleverest men, but argument with him is impossible, for he insists on doing all the talking." Three years later Stead visited Roosevelt and they discussed Carnegie. "I am willing to bet," said Stead, "that you didn't get a word in edgeways with Carnegie. I never can."

American criticism upon the slowness of the Mafia trial is received with bad grace by Italian newspapers. They ask how about Porter Charlton, who murdered his wife two years ago and threw her body into Lake Como and who is still awaiting extradition for his crime? Recent inquiries by the Italian authorities have elicited the reply that Charlton will probably be handed over for trial in about a year. The arrangements for the trial may occupy another year, so that proceedings can hardly begin until 1914. The reason advanced for the delay is the necessity for an extended medical observation of the accused, but the Italian newspapers ask, not unnaturally, if all American murderers are thus placed under medical inspection for several years before trial? Or whether this is a particular procedure reserved for murderers who happen to be wealthy?

Every now and then our newspapers break out into a chorus of gibbering ecstasy over some surgical operation that is supposed to have turned a bad man into a good man, or a fool into a sage, a feat that old-fashioned and unscientific people usually suppose to be due only to the grace of God. But we rarely hear any more about these modern miracles. Among recent cases of this kind was the supposed cure of an idiotic child by Professor Payr of Berlin, who transplanted a portion of healthy thyroid gland. When we read of the surprising results of this performance we feel elated. There seemed to be hope for some of our wife's relatives whom we suspected of having been born without any thyroid gland at all. But these hopes are rudely shattered. The original story occupied about nine columns and was used as a passionate plea for vivisection, a national health board, and the immediate heatification of all doctors. Now comes the aftermath. An obscure paragraph notifies us that the idiot child in Berlin did indeed show marked signs of improvement, but that its state is now as bad as ever. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Excavations at Pompeii continue to yield interesting results. Among recent discoveries is the house of Ocellius Firmus, who must have been a man of wealth in his day. But his wealth was of small avail to him in that city of dreadful night, for there within the house was the body of Ocellius Firmus himself with those of his wife and two children. Husband and wife had clasped hands and the children were embracing each other. Such at least is the interpretation of the mound of volcanic ash that now represents the Firmus family of Pompeii. Every vestige of the actual bodies has, of course, vanished, but the ash has preserved their mould, and after the mould has been filled with plaster we shall probably have a replica so perfect that even the expression of the faces will be legible.

How often it happens that the survivors of celebrities disgust the world by their rancorous greed in the distribution of a wealth that they did nothing to create. The heirs of Robert Louis Stevenson have quarreled from the day of his death until now. The heirs of Tolstoy hardly waited until the funeral was over before beginning a dispute over the loaves and fishes that has only just been settled through the intervention of some friendly jurists. The widowed countess already receives \$5000 from the Russian government, and, by the way, we may ask why it is that a semi-barbaric institution like the Russian government shows itself so alive to the claims of literature, while a government like our own is so entirely indifferent to them. In addition to this official grant Countess Tolstoy will receive the income from all her husband's works with the exception of a portion of his unpublished writings which will go to his daughter, Countess Alexandra. The widow has already received an offer of \$250,000 for her share of the unpublished manuscripts. Works published in Germany since the death of the author yield \$40,000 a year in royalties and \$10,000 has already been paid in royalties for the dramatic production of "The Living Corpse." Countess Alexandra, on her part, has found a publisher who is willing to pay her \$150,000 for the manuscripts of her share and out of this sum she is to pay \$9000 to her widow. Tolstoy's estate proves therefore to be of considerable value, but it is interesting to guess at what

Tolstoy himself would have said could he have foreseen the unseemly wrangle that has attended the distribution of wealth for which he himself had so deep a contempt.

A good example of professorial reasoning is furnished by Professor Sonaker of Stanford University. The professor has selected two rats and enclosed them in treadmill cages. One rat he fed upon a mixed diet and the other rat was compulsorily a vegetarian. The meat-eating rat ran 5447 miles, while the vegetarian rat accomplished only 492 miles. Therefore, argues the professor, a meat diet is best suited to human beings and a much vexed question is laid at rest by, *mirabile dictu*, a Stanford pundit. And yet a naturally cantankerous disposition causes us to cavil. Human beings are not rats, nor is it the aim of human life to run meaningless races in treadmills. If we were disposed to adopt the professorial methods, which we are not, we might argue quite differently and quite as plausibly from these same facts. We might contend that the vegetarian rat, thanks to the diet, had so developed her intelligence that she recognized the absurdity of so useless a work as running in a treadmill and was devoting her time to reflection on the reform of our educational system or to the psychology of professors. Indeed the vegetarian rat seems to be much the superior of the two, and her meat-eating competitor little more than an idiot. Now if we could only try some such experiment with two university professors the results might be truly valuable. Who knows? A judicious diet might one day develop a professor with diffidence and modesty, a professor who shrank from publicity and reclame.

Situations that appear to be quite simple are often complicated. Take, for example, the question of an agreement between England and Germany to reduce their armaments. This seems to be one of those things so sensible as to be impossible. But there are complicating features. Germany argues that such an agreement would be useless because the English ship yards are always filled with war vessels in construction for other nations. No agreement could forbid the building of such ships, and yet if England found herself in a difficulty she would seize them at once. There could not be even an exchange of information as to ship-building intentions, seeing that such exchange could not include the ships intended for foreign powers. And yet those ships would certainly become part of the British force if they were needed. A German critic says that there were two warships completed in the British yards at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. They had been ordered for a South American republic, but England promptly purchased them and handed them over to Japan. That story is probably apocryphal, as warships are not among the things that one loses sight of. But the difficulty is a real one and goes far to explain a situation that the average man thinks he would solve in a minute.

A Paris dispatch to the *New York Sun* says that a portrait of Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," once existed, as is known from the author's introduction to his "Exemplary Stories," published in 1613, wherein he apologizes for writing another preface after the trouble the one prefixed to "Don Quixote" had caused him. He remarks that the friend who urged him to write the introduction might have been satisfied with an engraving of the portrait made by the famous Don Juan de Jauregui, and adds the following description of himself as suitable to be placed under the portrait:

"He whom you see here, with auburn hair, a wide and open forehead, cheerful eyes, curved nose but well proportioned, silvered beard which twenty years ago was golden, very long mustache, small mouth, few teeth, not ten in number and those in had condition, and still worse placed as they do not touch one another, is the author of 'Galatea' and of 'Don Quixote.'"

After 300 years the original portrait seems to have been found by José Albiol, a professor at the engineering school of Oviedo. In cleaning an old panel which he acquired, he found a portrait which seemed to correspond with that described by Cervantes. Continuing the cleaning process he was able to read the inscription, "D. (don) Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra—Juan de Jauregui, pinxit agno 1600."

Possibly the last figure is a 6.

The authenticity of the work is generally admitted, although the title and the date have given rise to some criticism. The discoverer has presented the portrait to the Spanish Academy, which has accepted it as genuine. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

While hymns as we know them today are a comparatively recent innovation in church services, they are a very ancient institution and existed long before the Christian era (says the *Etude*). Many important collections of hymns date back to about 500 years before Christ, though of course hymns existed long before that period. Among the collections which have come down to us from then are the Sanskrit "Rig-Veda," a Chinese "Book of Odes," the "Buddhist Hymns," the Grecian "Homeric Hymns," and the "Odes of Pindar." "The Latin Hymns," or hymns of the Western church, date from the fourth to the twentieth centuries, while the "Lutheran Chorales" date from the sixteenth century. The hymns which play so prominent a part in the services of the modern Protestant churches were not in wide general use until about 1860.

Artificial milk made from the soja bean is a testimony to the ingenuity of the Japanese, and it is said to correspond very closely with ordinary condensed milk. The beans are first soaked, then boiled in water. Presently the liquid turns white; sugar and phosphate of potash in proper quantities are added, and the boiling continued until a substance the thickness of molasses is obtained.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Desiderium.

Sit there forever, dear, and lean  
In marble as in fleeting flesh,  
Above the tall gray reeds that screen  
The river when the breeze is fresh;  
Forever let the morning light  
Stream down that forehead broad and white,  
And round that cheek for my delight.

Already that flushed moment grows  
So dark, so distant; through the ranks  
Of scented reed the river flows  
Still murmuring to its willowy banks;  
But we can never hope to share  
Again that rapture fond and rare,  
Unless you turn immortal there.

There is no other way to hold  
These wehs of mingled joy and pain;  
Like gossamer their threads enfold  
The journeying heart without a strain—  
Then break, and pass in cloud or dew,  
And while the ecstatic soul goes through  
Are withered in the parching blue.

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,  
And, Youth, fold up those peacock wings!  
More rapture fills the years that pass  
Than any hope the future brings;  
Some for tomorrow rashly pray,  
And some desire to hold today,  
But I am sick for yesterday.

Since yesterday the hills were blue  
That shall be gray for evermore,  
And the fair sunset was shot through  
With color never seen before!  
Tyrannic love smiled yesterday,  
And lost the terrors of his sway,  
But is a god again today.

Ah! who will give us back the past?  
Ah! woe, that youth should love to be  
Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast,  
And is so fain to find the sea—  
That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,  
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,  
For breakers of the homeless deep.

Then sit forever, dear, in stone,  
As when you turned with half a smile,  
And I will haunt this islet lone,  
And with a dream my tears beguile;  
And in my reverie forget  
That stars and suns were made to set,  
That love grows old, or eyes are wet.  
—Edmund W. Gosse.

## Affinity.

In an old-world temple two blocks of stone  
Where the sky of Athens burns hotly blue,  
Have been standing stately, and still, and lone,  
Dreaming together the ages through.

There were two pearls hid in the self-same shell  
(Like sweet sea-tears that for Venus weep);  
They have whispered secrets that none may tell,  
Side by side in the heart of the deep.

When Boabdil ruled in the land of Spain,  
Two roses grew in a garden rare;  
They drank of the fountain's silver rain,  
And mingled their scents in the drowsy air.

In Venice, to rest on a golden dome,  
Two doves came floating on pinions white;  
And they loved each other, and made their home  
Under the stars on a still May night.

But the changeless laws that our lives involve,  
Are the laws of death, and cold decay;  
So the temple falls, and the pearls dissolve—  
The birds and the roses must pass away.

Yet each, by a strange metamorphosis  
Is born anew in some fairer form;  
So the rose may live in red lips that kiss—  
The marble in limbs that are white and warm,

And in hearts of lovers once more may greet  
Those doves who dwelt on the dome of gold;  
And in mouths of velvet the pearls may meet  
To gleam more white than those pearls of old.

For how otherwise grew the wondrous hirth  
Of the strange and sweet affinity,  
That warns two souls in this desert of earth,  
They must claim each other where'er they be?

They recall, in a new-found ecstasy,  
The dreams of their mystic long-ago;  
By the marble temple, or stormy sea,  
Or Moorish garden where roses blow.

And they feel the flutter of snowy wings  
On the golden dome of a stately fane;  
And the faithful atoms the wild wind brings  
Must find each other and love again!

So, my heart that within me burns and glows,  
Would read your heart, and ask you whether  
You were pearl, or marble, or dove, or rose,  
In that fairer world, when we were together?  
—After Gautier, by Florence Hemiker.

Yachting can not be said to have yet reached the dignity of a sport among the Japanese. A vernacular paper states that Prince Arisugawa recently lamented the fact that no Japanese of wealth, except a naturalized Chinaman of Kobe, owned a yacht, and he decided to set an example (says the *Far East*). The prince has therefore commissioned Dr. Sakurai to prepare designs for a high speed vessel of a few hundred tons. Prince Arisugawa is honorary president of the Imperial Marine League and the Life Savers Society, and is deeply interested in all maritime affairs.

Graham bread, adopted in 1908 for the French army, has now been replaced by a white bread ration. The daily portion of twenty-six ounces of white bread has been reduced to twenty-three ounces, but the white flour is estimated to contain one-sixth more of nutritive substances than the graham.



## THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.

## Sidelights of the Birthday Celebration at Stratford-on-Avon.

This is Shakespeare's birthday and St. George's day to boot. But at Stratford-on-Avon the hero of the dragon-fight is overshadowed by the dramatist. Such a supplanting of the old-time saint is a concession to utility and a violation of facts. The festival of St. George would have no value in the market-place of Stratford, whereas the festival of St. William is an annual asset of golden worth. Hence facts are sacrificed to tradition, and the legend which affirms that Shakespeare died on the day of his birth is utilized at its full cash value. Of course it is nothing more than a legend. For the mystery which envelops so much of the life-story of the author of "Hamlet" begins at his cradle. The actual date of his birth is unknown. That he was baptized on April 26 is duly attested by the parish records of Stratford, but that he was born three days earlier has no more authority than tradition.

Such uncertainty, however, has not damped the ardor of the devotees who are thronging the streets of this town on the Avon. From an early hour yesterday trains and motors and all kinds of vehicles began discharging their passengers, and by midday the normal population had swollen to sufficient proportions to insure a crowded audience at the matinee of "The Taming of the Shrew" in the Memorial Theatre, while by sunset the pilgrims had become so numerous that seats were at a premium for the evening performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by the F. R. Benson company. Between those two "two hours' traffics" of the stage the visitors had ample opportunity to estimate how far the mayor's "fellow burgesses" had responded to his appeal to "make the town bright and attractive on so important an occasion." The spacious Bridge Street, where Washington Irving's hotel is situated, was exempted from the invitation on the ground that a special scheme of decoration was to be carried out in that thoroughfare, but in every other rambling street the Stratfordians were at liberty to indulge in feasts and bunting as their taste dictated. The corporation set an admirable example by adorning the Town Hall with a series of cartoons illustrating the seven ages of man, and many another burgess made a valiant effort to break with the conventional type of British decoration, but it must be confessed that for sheer artistic beauty there was nothing to compare with the radiant aspect of Marie Corelli's house. Mason Croft is at all seasons of the year the one bright spot in the streets of Stratford, but for the Shakespeare festival the famous novelist exerts herself to the utmost, with the result that today her picturesque home is a glowing mass of tastefully blended color. The creepers which almost hide the soft red of the bricks have broken out into all shades of delicate green, the flower-boxes which adorn all the sills sparkle with blossom, and every inch of woodwork in window-frames and doorways forces the color scheme with a note of deep brown. Nor should it be forgotten that Miss Corelli is also responsible for two restorations which have added so notably to the old-world aspect of the town. Thanks to her untiring labors the Harvard House, the girlhood home of John Harvard's mother, has been denuded of its modern accretions and can now be seen as Shakespeare saw it, while it was at her instigation and at the cost of her own purse that the lovely gables and half-timber work of the beautiful Tudor House were stripped of their hideous plaster. "I'm mad about Shakespeare," Miss Corelli confesses, and she might add that she is equally enthusiastic in her labors to restore his town to the aspect it wore in his own days.

But while Mason Croft and the Harvard and Tudor houses are among the daily delights of Stratford, for this birthday festival the ceremonies of Bridge Street have been the centre of fleeting interest. The noble width of that thoroughfare gives ample space for the famous flag parade at which, to a bugle call, the national emblems of countless nations are unfurled in honor of the dramatist. Two new ensigns figured in today's rites, namely the flag of Bulgaria and the new emblem of the Chinese republic, and when the ceremony ended the usual procession moved off towards that holy Trinity Church where repose the ashes of the poet. The route was past the house in Henley Street known as the Birthplace, and at that point the cavalcade was joined by numerous unofficial admirers bearing wreaths for the dramatist's grave. To the strain of the Shakespeare hymn the procession wended slowly to the church, where, in the chancel, the floral offerings were received by the parish clergy and heaped upon the gray stone incised with those famous admonitory lines: "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear." Even amid the distractions of such a ceremony it was impossible to miss noting that the new vicar, Canon Melville, has already rendered a service to Shakespeare's church which must earn him the gratitude of all reverent spirits. Before his advent the porch and the space just inside the door had been turned into a mart for the sale of postals, guide-books, photographs, etc., and at every turn one saw mercenary placards announcing that the fee for this was so much and for that and the other so much more. Canon Melville has overturned those money-changers' tables and restored to the sanctuary the spirit of the sanctuary.

Perhaps the vicar's example may prove infectious in time. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be desired.

A small Stratford boy who accompanied me on some of my wanderings bore unconscious testimony to the spirit of his town. "I don't agree," said he, "with all the fuss people make about that Shakespeare." "Why?" "Well, look at the lot of money he gets!" That he was astonished when I suggested that the aforesaid Shakespeare was dead does not blunt the point of his impeachment. Certainly a "lot of money" is demanded in the name of the poet. It rejoiced my heart to learn that an alert American had been overheard to christen Stratford as "the sixpenny town." There is no getting away from that sixpenny fee. If you want to visit the alleged Birthplace the charge is sixpence; if you wish to inspect the museum under the same roof you must hand out another sixpence; if you would walk over the site of the New Place the cry is still sixpence; if you would enter the Memorial Theatre you can't do it under sixpence; if you wander out to Ann Hathaway's cottage the sixpenny tribute pursues you still.

No wonder Stratford impresses the visitor as a sophisticated town. The commercialism of the thing is carried to excess. Take this Shakespeare festival as an example. It began yesterday, April 22, and it will not end until Saturday three weeks, May 11. Three weeks for the celebration of a birthday which is only a tradition! The honest Stratfordians confess such protraction is a mistake. They agree that a week at the utmost would be ample. And, treason of treasons, they will even whisper that the programme is burdened with too many of Shakespeare's plays! This year there is to be a little variety, for the programme includes Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande" and the "You Never Can Tell" of the bard's modern rival. Perhaps that experiment will inculcate the needed lesson that Shakespeare is not the less honored by the greater honoring of modern dramatists.

But the commercial fraternity is probably beyond redemption. It has set its heart upon sixpences and dollars. In the shadow of the old Clopton bridge there is a steam launch flaunting the legend, "The George Washington—Welcome to the Avon," and that seductive greeting is duplicated all over the town. The picture postal merchant lures with the "King John" quotation, "Have I not here the best cards?"; there are "Shakespearean Depôts" beyond count; there is an "As You Like It" tea-house; and, to catch the heretics, one street boasts its "Bacon's Shakespeare Restaurant." It is true the mulberry-tree relics are gone, but the supply is inexhaustible of souvenirs made from wood taken from Shakespeare's church with a "certificate" thrown in. After all, however, the most grievous experience for the informed visitor is to find the official leaflet and guide-book of the Birthplace persist in indicating as Shakespeare's natal room an apartment in that house which was not occupied or owned by John Shakespeare until eleven years after the poet was born. Little of either of the two houses in Henley Street remains as it was in the sixteenth century, but to claim the honor of "the Birthroom" for an apartment which the poet probably never entered until he was a lad of eleven looks like levying a toll of sixpence under false pretenses. And Stratford as a whole will be a more pleasant place to visit when it is less of a "sixpenny town."

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, April 23, 1912.

Several languages are now taught in Tokyo at the big schools, such as the Tokyo School for Foreign Languages, which were not taught four or five years ago. At the annual graduation ceremony held at the government school a few days ago over a hundred students received diplomas. The languages taught here number no less than twelve, namely, English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Mongol, Siamese, Malay, Hindustani, and Korean. The total number of instructors is forty-six, of whom five are English, two French and two Chinese, and one each of German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Siamese, and Indian nationality, the remainder being Japanese, who give instruction in nine of the languages taught. Since the foundation of this school in 1900 there have been nearly five hundred graduates in English.

Macon County, Alabama, is said to have a larger area of land held by negroes than any other county in the South. In 1910 negroes owned 61,689 acres in Macon. In Liberty County, Georgia, the next largest in negro land holdings, the area was 55,048, while in Louisa County, Virginia, the third county in this respect, the colored population owned 53,268 acres. In Macon County there is no race problem—the negro population, through the industrial education of Tuskegee, has become self-reliant. The county has fifty-seven colored public schools, of which forty-seven have been built through the aid and assistance of Tuskegee Institute, and the negro patrons have paid for buildings and equipment \$18,065, an unusual amount for one county in the South.

In the seventeen provinces of Siam there are 166,293 monks and nuns connected with the temples of the native religion. The official language of the entire country is Siamese, and the missionaries are required by the government to teach it in all the schools, while government oversight is very strict. This must eventually lead to the general use of the Siamese language even by the common people of the Laos province, though the Laos language is different, the Laos territory lying outside the ancient Kingdom of Siam.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Veau, who has just been awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the gold medal of the Carnegie Foundation, is surgeon of the Children's Hospital in Paris. He contracted diphtheria in caring for children during the epidemic in 1911 and nearly lost his life.

Congressman J. M. C. Smith of Michigan, a member of the lower house, was a bricklayer before he became interested in politics. He served his time at the trade and followed it for several years afterward. It is said he was one of the fastest bricklayers in his part of the country.

Dr. Hin Wong, a Chinese student at Columbia University, has just been appointed a special agent in the reform plans for the industrial development of southern China. He received his preparatory education in Hawaii, where his father was a Presbyterian minister and a publisher.

Major-General Thomas H. Barry, who will succeed the late Major-General Frederick D. Grant in command of the Eastern division, is superintendent of West Point Military Academy. He was born in New York in 1855, and has established a high reputation for efficiency as a military officer.

May Alden Ward, who succeeded Julia Ward Howe as president of the New England Woman's Club, probably the oldest organization of its kind in this country, is an able writer and has produced a number of widely read books. She is a native of Ohio, and studied literature and languages abroad. Later she was called to fill the English chair at Syracuse University, New York. Her "Old Colony Days" is especially valuable to the student of early history.

Miss Margaret Smith, distinguished as the only woman member of the New England Retail Coal Dealers' Association, lives at Skowhegan, Maine, where she has been assisting her father, who is too told to conduct the business alone. Recently she attended the convention of dealers in Boston, being the only woman present. Miss Smith is a graduate of the Skowhegan high school, knows the coal business thoroughly, and frequently goes to Boston to place large orders for her firm during the year.

Chung Mun Yew, the old Yale coxswain, has been appointed minister of the Chinese republic to the United States. Chung entered Yale in 1883 after preliminary studies in the Hartford, Connecticut, public schools and made the crew in the freshman year, steering the Yale shell to victory against Harvard. He was elected to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the only one of his race to be so honored. Previous reports had been to the effect that the post at Washington would be raised to an embassy and that Dr. Wu would be sent here as ambassador.

Mrs. George Stwire Waters, who has just been appointed a chief of the Yakima Indian reservation in central Washington by President Taft, is the first woman who has ever been honored by selection to any office on the reservation. She was educated in an Eastern school and is thoroughly abreast of the times. Mrs. Waters was one of the delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of North American Indians in Washington, D. C., recently, when she met the President following her discourse upon "Indian Rights." Her husband is head chief of the reservation.

Wakao Ippei, the wealthiest man in the province of Yamanashi, Japan, did not learn to read until he was sixty years of age, nor had he up to that time begun to accumulate his present great fortune. At the age of ten he started to make his own way in the world. At one time he was a ragpicker. His first real business venture was the purchase of crystal balls, which sold at a good profit. As he grew in wealth he entered the silk field, in which most of his money was made. After reaching the age of sixty he engaged a tutor in Chinese classics, which study he pursued until his ninetieth year. He is now ninety-three.

Frederic C. Howe, who became a municipal government expert under the tutelage of Tom Johnson, late mayor of Cleveland, has been appointed managing director of the People's Institute in New York City, to succeed the late Charles Sprague Smith. Professor Smith started the institute fifteen years ago. The trustees have been canvassing the field for a successor since his death in 1910. Howe has been identified with various public movements in New York and Cleveland. A lawyer by profession, he practiced in Cleveland for fifteen years in the law firm of Garfield, Garfield & Howe. Before that he had been engaged in newspaper work in New York.

Major Thomas L. Rhoads, selected by President Taft to fill the position of the late Major Butt, lost in the *Titanic* wreck, is the first army surgeon in the history of the nation to serve as such military aide. Major Rhoads is now in command of the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. He graduated from Jefferson Medical College, then made a special study of surgery, and in 1898 entered the army as a contract surgeon. Twice he has served in the Philippines. He is said to have won the lasting friendship of the President by performing a difficult operation on him in the first reserve Manila hospital, during the period when Taft was governor of the islands.



## MULLIGAN'S FIGHT.

## And the Final Victory of a New Regime.

Mulligan sat with his face buried in his hands, on the kitchen "stoop." He was yet dazed—as much from the fumes of the fiery liquor inside as from what he had been through.

He had stepped outside, with a mumbled excuse to the watchers who "waked" with his dead wife. He had a vague fancy that out here, away from the calm dead and the boisterous living, things would shape themselves out for him. Also he wanted to be near Tim, the bulldog, ignominiously chained, since he had recognized an enemy in and attacked the doctor—the doctor who could not cure. He had never known Tim to do such a thing since the days of his fiery youth, and a fancy came to the man that the dog had seen the shadow hovering over the house long before it fell. There was something supernatural about the attack on the doctor—more so, even, than the long-drawn howls that had preceded and followed it.

"Tim knowed it," said the man, chokingly, patting the intelligent head. "Yes, you knowed it, old man. Why didn't you tell me, hey? Why didn't you speak?"

Tim wagged his stub of a tail, and nestled closer to his master.

"If you'd o' come out wid it, old man," Mulligan said, after a moment, "I cud o' tol' Betsey—but now she's gone, Tim, gone, an' there's jest you an' me an' the childer."

Tim kissed the face, where the first tears were beginning to sparkle.

From inside came the clink of glasses, the smell of whisky and tobacco. The watchers were old neighbors and old friends, or the friends of old neighbors and old friends, yet they seemed as far removed from him as if they spoke an alien tongue. The dog, he felt, understood him better than they.

He knew that the stupor of his grief passed for coldness. He guessed that they were contrasting it with that of Jack O'Malley, who had dragged his dead wife from the coffin, and tried to kiss her back into life. Then, overpowered, he had vented his agony on the coffin, and splintered it into a thousand pieces. This, of course, involved the purchase of a new one, and as Jack had not been able to pay for the first, it was preposterous to expect him to pay for the second. So the neighbors contributed their ill-spared mites, and Mary O'Malley went to her rest fittingly.

With Mulligan there had been no question of dollars and cents. Everything that could be done had been done, without regard to money or to price. He could yet hear the whirr of the motor-cars that had brought other physicians to the consultation with the local doctor. When they left, he knew just what he had known before they came—pneumonia was a deadly thing, and Betsey had a fighting chance.

"She had a fightin' chance, Tim," he confided to the dog. "There war a fightin' chance fur Betsey, an' she didn't win out."

He heard footsteps crossing the kitchen, coming toward his place of refuge, and he loosed his arms from the dog's neck. He stood up, sullenly, blinking his eyes, as a flood of light fell over him from the open door.

"W-h-y, Dennis Mulligan," said his wife's sister, "aint you ashamed of yourself? It's a nice way to hide yourself off like this, with all the company in there, an' poor Betsey lookin' jest perfectly gran'—an' so natural! Come on in, an' show yourself. You'll have all the neighbors talkin'."

He started to follow her, but stood, hesitating, till she passed through the open door. Then he bent stealthily down, and put his face against the dog's.

"Good-night," he said. "Good-night, dear old Tim."

Inside, the traces of tears on his cheeks warmed their hearts to him.

"Shure," they whispered, each to each. "Dinnis do feel turrible. It's that deep kind that don't be shovin'. But his heart's well nigh broke."

He behaved decorously. Presently, when his glass had been filled, and re-filled, he became fuddled enough to voice his grief, and they lamented for him and with him, consoling him with a tenderness not less than they had shown to Jack O'Malley. But the man longed for the quiet night and Tim.

The funeral was over at last, the many-carriaged, public funeral, preceded by two express wagons of floral pieces.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Dennis Mulligan kept repeating the words to himself, as the carriage went swiftly homeward. He took little notice of his black-robed children, six little steps and stairs, huddled tearfully together in a corner of the carriage. They were crying, they scarcely knew why, and they wanted their mother to come and kiss the tears away.

At home, the kindly neighbors had the house in order again, and they had hidden away things which they knew would hurt. But even the open windows had not been sufficient to efface the cloying, persistent odor of flowers.

His sister-in-law came in, prepared the evening meal, and made the children comfortable for the night. Then she came back in the sitting-room where Dennis sat.

"I've e'rything fixed for the night, Dinnie," she said, "an' I'll run in tomorrow an' keep an eye to the childer while you're at work."

"Goin' to work?" she said. "Goin' to lay off?"

"Permanent," he answered, shortly, and argument, she knew, would be worse than useless.

So it became an established thing for Dennis to sit at home, nursing his children and his grief; watching the children grow, and the grief not diminish. Things, as his sister-in-law expressed it, were at sixes and sevens; the children seldom at school; the house never in order. The chickens and pigs fought over what had once been his wife's cherished beds of flowers.

But, through it all, things done or undone, neglected or cared for, there was one thing Dennis never forgot—the flowers on his wife's grave. It had become a fetich to the man. It was neighborhood talk. They flung it in the face of Jack O'Malley, who was gayly honeymooning with his wife's young successor.

"Some one had ought to tell him to get wise," he observed, serenely.

His sister-in-law attempted it, outwardly at her ease, inwardly quaking.

"You'd ought to come out o' this, Dinnie," she began, tentatively.

"Come out o' what?"

"Everything. Them young ones ought to be at school somewhat regular; you ought to be—"

"What?"

"Doin' somethin'. You're a smart man, Dinnie, an' good lookin'. If you don't want to work, why don't you try politics—they say they're interestin'; an' you kin bring an' keep clean hands at the dirty work."

"I'll tell you why I won't—well, I jest won't, an' that's all. You been kind, an' you mean all right, Ria, but I'm jest not worth what my name spells."

"Your name spells?"

"The first letters of it," he explained, irritably. "Dennis Aloysius Mulligan—D-A-M. I aint worth one."

And then, one day, with no one talking to him, or egging him on, the man woke up. He marveled to see that it was springtime, that the earth was covered with a flowered, velvet carpet. He shaved off the disfiguring beard, and put on his best suit, far too large for him. Leaving his sister-in-law in charge of the children, he took his way to the city, and hunted up his old "boss."

He gripped him cordially by both hands. "Mulligan," he said, ignoring the length of time that had passed, "I'm glad to see you—very glad. You're looking well. Want your old job?"

"Any kind."

"The old one's waiting for you. Report as foreman tomorrow. The man knew he was only holding it."

When he told his sister-in-law, she rejoiced, but said little. She had been married long enough to know that "men is queer critters," often turning back from a path marked too strongly with the approval of their "wimmen folks."

"Let the men alone," she was wont to observe, "or drive 'em backwards like a mule, if you want to. They don't stand for bein' bossed."

But there was one thing about which she felt obliged to put down her rather large-sized foot.

"Ye'll have to get some one to see to things here, Dinnie. Lord knows I'd do it if I could, but no woman can properly see to two houses full of childer. One batch is bound to be neglected. I won't slight yours, an' I can't slight my own."

No, he would not expect that. He nodded understanding of the situation, the old black pipe bobbing up and down in his mouth. But his eyes questioned her. "Ye could get Jack O'Malley's mother," she went on. "The new wife'd be glad to find a place for her. She's a good woman, an' while she aint over clean, she won't be cruel to the childer. An' you an' them'll sure get enough to eat. She's a good cook."

The old pipe was out of the mouth now, and he tapped the table with it. He did not speak in words, but the tight shut mouth answered her clearly. She read the obstinate negative, familiar on the face of "her Jim."

"Thin what's to be done?" she queried. "There's few willin' to go out in the neighborhood, an' fewer yet I'd be willin' to trust wid the childer. There's old Mrs. Cushing, only too glad to do, but she's laid up half the time wid the rheumatiz. I might be able to get ye the Widow Bloom," she continued, looking away from his observant eyes, "but, shure, she's above it, an' I don't know she'd come."

The match she had tried to light flickered out by the quick-drawn breath of Dennis.

"Ye would," his eyes accused, forcing her wavering ones to meet them, "ye would put some one in your dead sister's place."

Of the Widow Bloom's connivance at the scheme, free from conceit as he was, he had not a doubt. She had persistently tried to elbow herself into his notice and his life, before the grass was green on his wife's grave.

"I'll fix it," he said at last. "I'll advertise. If you kin watch the childer for a few days?"

Yes, for a few days, she could and she would.

The advertisement, with the assistance of the boss, bloomed out a taking and misleading one: "Wanted—A middle-aged woman to take care of a widower's home: pleasant place; good pay." The good-natured boss also donated his office as a vantage point to view the applicants. Better than Dennis, he knew the risk of springing six children upon a woman unawares.

The first woman, early as it was, had undoubtedly looked upon the wine when it was red. He would have none of her. The next, suitable apparently, shied at the six children, diplomatically mentioned, and would have none of him. So on, through more women than Dennis had viewed for many a day. Again Dennis threw himself upon the mercy of the boss.

"Sure, I'll see them for you," he said, laughing at the dismayed face of Dennis, "and pick you out one in no time."

And later in the day he brought the cheering news, "I found her. She'll be there long before you get home."

Dennis Mulligan approached his house with a feeling of dread. The children met him, tidy as to hair and clothes, bright as to ribbons and faces. They greeted him uproariously.

"Papa," said small Dennis, "the lady's come—a regular peach! She made us cookies, an' we've codfish balls for supper."

"She put my best ribbon on," observed little Bessie, complacently, "an' cleaned us all up. I like her."

"New mama," shrieked the baby, holding out her arms. "Mamie wuv her."

A slight, almost girlish figure turned as they came in. She was frying, on the newly blacked stove, and her face was flushed, but she greeted her employer with composure.

"I heard you coming, Mr. Mulligan," she said. "I'm the new housekeeper."

"But—but—" stammered Dennis, "the advertisement—said—middle-aged."

"It didn't say the middle of *what* age," she answered, laughing. "I'm in the middle of my—"

She did not finish, but Dennis guessed that "twenties" was the missing word.

Then for the man and the children began a new régime. The house, orderly and bright, blossomed into beauty with a touch here and there. The chickens and pigs were relegated to their proper sphere, by a fence erected by Dennis after working hours. New flowers began to spring up in the neglected beds. The children, neat, happy, and good, were a solace to the bitter thoughts of their father. For he was waging a fight against the content insidiously possessing him.

At times he viewed the trim figure of Kitty Cunningham with a feeling akin to aversion. So strong was the contrast between it and one that he remembered. At others, he yearned over her at her laborious work with a fierce tenderness. What if *she* began to have backaches, and complain—to become querulous, fault-finding, impossible to please or to be pleased? Then would his loyalty summon up the face of his wife as he had last seen it, shining with a peace that must forever blot out other remembrances. And the man would groan in the solitude of his room.

As for Kitty Cunningham, she was blithely unconscious of it all. She did what was in the bond, and more. Often she stooped over the ironing table until late in the night. She had a fancy for keeping the two youngest children in spotless white. One night he spoke, almost without volition.

"Kitty," he said, "I'm goin' to put electriciey in here. Then you can have an electric iron, an' it'll be easier work."

She paused in her work, and turned toward him, wiping her moist forehead.

"That'll be dandy!" she said. "It's hot work."

"Yes," he continued, coldly, "the people in them cottages of mine is kickin' fur it like steers. An' I guess if my tenants has to have it, it's no more 'n fittin' my own house should."

She did not appear to notice the change of tone, but went on with her ironing, stopping to speak a word now and then. She was always at her ease with him, always polite, but her manner stopped just short of being pleasant. With the children she was different, and they adored her. He summed her manner up to himself, describing it accurately.

"It's kind of as if she said, 'Hands off, Mr. Mulligan. I'm here to do my work, an' that don't take in bein' friends with you. Hands off, if you please, sir!' As if I wanted to touch her," he concluded, indignantly.

And yet there came a time when he no longer deceived himself; when he acknowledged himself beaten, yet fought the harder for the forlornness of the hope; when he groaned in his desire to put his soul at the mercy of the little calloused hand. He became ill and haggard. The hopelessness of it all weighed on the man. His loyalty and his love fought in his very face.

"I'll not," he told himself, harshly, "I'll not give in! I'll be damned before they say I'm a Jack O'Malley, lovin' an' forgettin', a turn about weathercock!"

And it was just as he reached this conclusion that Kitty turned her wonderful blue eyes upon him, brushing the tantalizing curls away, as she said, "You aint lookin' well, Mr. Mulligan. Won't you take some o' this tea I been makin'? It's good. It's a tonic. I'm givin' it to Dinnie and Bess."

The natural thrill at the words hurt him like a knife thrust.

"Who told you to give medicine to my childer?"

She answered him quite calmly, ignoring the tone and the words.

"Your sister-in-law. She said it was good for them, workin' so hard in school. An' she let me give some to my young man," she concluded honestly.

"Your young man?"

"Yes. He comes nights when you're at lodge. He's a nice young man, Chris Adams, the one whose place you took—or who took yours, while you was away. I do get my work done, whether he comes or not, an' it's lonesome out here. You aint got no objections, have you, Mr. Mulligan?"

Then Dennis furlled his flag, and victor and vanquished, ceased to fight the battle against all that makes



life dear. He took a step nearer, mastery in eyes and voice.

"Kitty, I got objections. I got all kind of objections. I want you myself. Tell me you aint promised to that whippersnapper!"

She faced him, her soft eyes flashing, her little foot stamping on the spotless floor.

"Don't come no nearer. How dare you say such things to me?"

"Taint no insult, Kitty, the love of an honest man."

"It tis, I tell you. It tis. Go an' put flowers on your wife's grave, if you want to. That's your business. But don't make love to me."

"Kitty—I—I—he began, deprecatingly.

"Where was you Sunday?"

"To mass."

"An' after?"

"I stopped to speak wid Tom Dillon. I wasn't late for dinner—not much, anyway."

"An' after?" she persisted.

"I went to the cemetery wid Dillon. He's lost a kid, an' feels all broke up."

"An' you," she said, scornfully, "you, Mr. Mulligan, didn't you take no flowers, an' where did you put 'em?"

"Yes," he said, stung at the tone. "I did take some flowers—four-bits worth, an' put 'em on my wife's grave."

She made him a mocking courtesy.

"I thought so. Your wife's grave. An' now you'd like to have a pair o' wives? The other one aint here, Mr. Mulligan."

The next night was lodge night, and he was glad to escape from the strained situation. Even the children might have noticed the wall of silence that lay between them.

Kitty washed the dishes, and put the children to bed. Then she sat down to wait. She waited long. At nine o'clock she started up at the sound of a footstep, with crimson cheeks and brow. Not Christopher Adams, with all his love and persistency, had ever brought that wave of color to her fair face.

"Kitty," said Mulligan, coming in and putting his arms around her, as one who would not be gainsaid, "I've pounched the head of Adams, good an' proper. He won't come between us no more. I told him he wasn't wanted, but he wouldn't go away."

She half nestled to him, but struggled again to get free.

"There's still your wife between us," she said. "Your wife—an' the flowers."

"My wife!" he cried, exultantly. "My wife is here. An' the flowers the childer can see to, if they want to. Domned if I care."

IDA ALEXANDER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1912.

## THE RECALL CHALLENGED.

Judge John Currey Discusses the Legal Aspects of the Recall Procedure in California.

By John Currey, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of California.

The Recall Procedure Article of the Constitution of the State of California, adopted on the tenth day of October, 1911, is hereby challenged as repugnant to and in conflict with several of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

First. In violation of so much of the tenth section of Article 1 of the Constitution which is as follows: "No state shall \* \* \* pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts."

Second. In violation of Section 4 of Article IV of said Constitution, which is as follows: "The United States shall guarantee to every state in the union a republican form of government."

Third. In violation of so much of Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, which is as follows: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Fourth. In violation of so much of the Preamble of the Constitution as was declared by the people who adopted it to be ordained "to establish justice \* \* \* and to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity."

It is further in violation of fundamental principles of government and law, as will hereafter appear.

In respect to the first point above stated in the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and some of the highest courts of states, there is a diversity of views in some of which it has been held that the employment by a state of one of its citizens, eligible and qualified to perform the duties of a particular state office as provided by law which he accepts and agrees to perform is not a contract, and further that compensation which may become due and payable for his service is not property. On the other hand, there are many decisions of the Supreme Court to the effect that the employment mentioned and the acceptance of it by the chosen incumbent of a state office is a contract; and that compensations which may accrue and become due such incumbent for service is property of pecuniary value exchangeable for the necessities of his living.

In the case of Taylor vs. Beckman (178 U. S. Reports), which was a contested election case passed upon by the highest court of the State of Kentucky, Chief Justice Fuller, with a majority of his associates, held to the tradition first above stated, while Justice Brewer with whom Justice Brown concurred and Justice Harlan, in their dissenting opinions held to the contrary. These dissenting opinions were fortified by many other decisions of the same court. The dissenting opinion of Justice Harlan was of massive strength and reasoning and which is here commended to the examination and consideration of all who may have doubts upon the subject. It is respectfully suggested that an employment by the state,

or a corporation, or an individual, of another who accepts such employment and agrees to perform a particular service in consideration of compensations to be paid him is essentially a contract of reciprocal obligations.

It appears by the terms of the Recall Procedure Article referred to that the existence of the judicial department of the state is wholly ignored and instead thereof substituted by a majority of the electors of the state, whose judgment is made final and conclusive, determining the removal of the rightful incumbent of a state office and conferring it upon another, and it further appears that the grounds of objection to such officers need not be of substantive validity. They may be trivial to an absurd degree, their sufficiency is protected by the provision of said article which provides that the same shall not be open to question or subject to review, which is comprehensive and exclusive of any possible action of any court or other authority. This Recall Procedure Article carefully and industriously provides that the officer sought to be removed shall not be served with notice of anything charged against him, whatever it may be, nor an opportunity to be heard in his defense. Such information it is declared, is only for the electors of the state at large. The proscribed officer is allowed to make a statement justifying his course of conduct in office, but to whom he shall make it is not provided, or whether or not such statement need to be responsive to any objection is a matter of indifference. In such case it is a statement not required to be served on or seen by anybody.

Thus it is provided that the lawful incumbent of an office in his possession and in the discharge of its duties may be removed therefrom, condemned, degraded, and deprived of his living, without notice, and without opportunity to be heard in defense of his rights, however cruel and unjust the judgment of his enemies. Is this established justice ordained by the Constitution, declared to be the Supreme Law of the land? This law affords to every person charged with a delinquency, whatever it may be, the right to know what the delinquency is and the right to a hearing in his defense. If the charge be a crime and the accused party answers "Not guilty," he must be tried by a jury by whom he must be regarded as innocent until his guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt, and he also is entitled to be confronted by the witnesses against him and safeguarded at every stage of the trial until condemned or acquitted. This is due process of law and the equal protection of the laws as meant by the Fourteenth Amendment above quoted.

It is to be noticed that the Recall Procedure proceedings referred to provide for the prosecution of the proscribed officer without jurisdiction of his person or any subject matter. Jurisdiction of subject matter is fundamental and must exist in fact as precedent to any authority, whether it be of constitutional creation or legislative enactment. It lies at the foundation of all civilized government. It is axiomatic truth involving the natural right of self-defense.

Attention is again called to the fact that in the case of Taylor vs. Beckman all parties concerned were granted the right to be heard in the protection of his supposed interest in that contest; whereas, in the case of an officer sought to be removed in the execution of the Recall Procedure proceeding question he is denied the right to notice of the grounds alleged for his removal, and also denied the right to question the sufficiency of such grounds before any court of competent jurisdiction or other authority. In fact the existence of any court is wholly ignored as a part of governmental machinery in prosecutions for delinquencies in office. This is plainly in defiance of the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment already herein set forth.

The friends of the Recall Measure claim that it is political and that a state office may be abolished at the will of the people and that the incumbent of such office accepts it subject to such condition. Admitting this to be so, it does not follow that the Recall Procedure Article carried into execution would abolish any state office, and so extinguish the incumbent's right thereto or deny to him the right to know for what he may be sought to be removed and allowed a hearing in his defense. To deny him such rights is plainly in violation of the provisions of the Constitution herein referred to; as appears by the decisions of our National Supreme Court to which reference has been made. The office as an entity remains undisturbed. It is the officer who is sought to be removed without due process of law and in defiance of the equal protection of the laws.

My position is that, inasmuch as such Recall Procedure Article does not provide for notice to the officer sought to be removed and that giving to him of an opportunity of a hearing in his defense, jurisdiction of his person and subject matter is not acquired. Section 434 of our Code of Civil Procedures recognizes and corroborates this fundamental and inflexible rule of law. Notice and an opportunity to be heard is a condition precedent to jurisdiction, and therefore the attempted removal of the officer is not only voidable but is absolutely void, as appears in the following decisions of our National Supreme Court and others.

In Volume V of the Encyclopædia of the United States Supreme Court Reports, page 641, it is said:

"It is an axiom as old as the law that before any person can be deprived of life, liberty, or property, he must have been given reasonable notice and an opportunity to be heard in his own defense. The observance of this maxim is a fundamental requisite of the due process of law guaranteed by the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments. Judgment without such citation and opportunity wants all the attributes of a judicial determination; it is judicial usurpation and oppression and can never be applied where justice is justly administered either within the jurisdiction or elsewhere. The requirement as to notice and hearing is really embraced within the larger rule as to jurisdiction because no judgment of a court is due process of law, if rendered without jurisdiction in the court and there can be no jurisdiction without notice and an opportunity to be heard."

These views are fortified by an abundance of authority. In Galpin vs. Page (18 Wallace, pp. 368), Justice Field, speaking for the court, said:

"It is a rule as old as the law and never more to be respected than now, that no one shall be personally bound until he has had his day in court, by which is meant until he has been duly cited to appear and has been afforded an opportunity to be heard. Judgment without such citation and opportunity wants all the attributes of a judicial determination; it is judicial usurpation and oppression and can never be upheld where justice is justly administered."

In Walden vs. Craig (14 Peters, 147, 154), Justice McLean, speaking for the court, said:

"Service of process or notice is necessary to enable a court

to exercise jurisdiction in a case; and if jurisdiction be taken where there has been no service of process or notice, the proceeding is a nullity. It is not only voidable, but it is absolutely void."

In Earl vs. McVeigh (91 U. S. 503), Justice Clifford said: "Due notice to the defendant is essential to the jurisdiction of all courts, as sufficiently appears from the well-known legal maxim that no one shall be condemned in person or property without notice and an opportunity to be heard in his defense."

In Windsor vs. McVeigh (93 U. S. 274, 277, 278), Justice Field said:

"That there must be notice to a party of some kind, actual or constructive, to a valid judgment effecting his rights, is admitted. Until notice is given, the court has no jurisdiction in any case to proceed to judgment, whatever its authority may be, by the law of its organization, over the subject matter."

In Harvey vs. Elliott (167 U. S. 414, 415), Justice White (now Chief Justice), said:

"The fundamental conception of a court of justice is condemnation only after hearing. To say that courts have inherent power to deny all right to defend an action, and to render decrees without any hearing whatsoever is in the very nature of things to convert the court, exercising such authority, into an instrument of wrong and oppression and hence to strip it of that attribute of justice upon which the exercise of judicial power necessarily depends."

In Bradstreet vs. Neptune Ins. Co. (3 Sumner, 600, 607), Justice Story said:

"It is a rule founded upon the first principles of natural justice that a party shall have an opportunity to be heard in his defense before his property is condemned."

In the early and great case of Kings University of Cambridge (1 Strange, 557, 567), the doctrine that want of notice vitiates all acts was recognized. In this case a mandamus was issued to restore a party to an academical degree which had been taken from him without notice by the governing body.

In delivering the opinion in this case, Justice Fortescue (p. 567) said:

"The objection for want of notice can never be gotten over. The laws of God and man both give the party an opportunity to make his defense, if he has any. I remember to have heard it observed by a very learned man upon such an occasion, that even God himself did not pass judgment upon Adam before he was called upon to make his defense. 'Adam' (says God) 'where art thou, hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?' And the same question was put to Eve also."

In re Groult (93 N. Y. Supp. 719), it is said that, as it has been held in many cases that the party accused should enjoy a hearing by reason of the grace or favor of the board or tribunal having the particular liberty or property right in charge; the right to a hearing should be granted and secured to the citizen by the law itself. I beg to quote from the decision just referred to:

"The federal courts and nearly all the state courts have for many years united in so declaring, and the Court of New York Appeals as early as 1878 in Stewart vs. Balmer (74 N. Y. 183, 30 Am. Rep. 389), declared that a hearing or an opportunity to be heard, in which the citizen may defend, enforce and protect his rights, is absolutely essential to constitute due process of law. So carefully have the courts guarded this constitutional and secured right of the citizen, that statutes omitting this required essential have uniformly been condemned, even where it appeared, as it does in this case, that the party proceeded against was permitted, through courtesy of the court to have and did have notice of the proceedings and an opportunity to be heard." And it is further said, "it is not enough that a person may by chance have notice, or that he may as a matter of favor or courtesy have a hearing. The law itself to be constitutional must require notice and give a right to a hearing. It matters not upon the question of the unconstitutionality of such law, that the questions involved have been properly decided. The essential validity of the law is to be tested not by what has been done under it, but what may, by its authority, be done."

In the case in re Rosser (110 Fed. 562), the principles announced in the Groult case are fully confirmed by the Court of Appeals. It is there held distinctly that notice and opportunity to be heard are essential elements to due process of law.

The rule and doctrine inculcated as above appears applies to the framers and people who adopt a constitutional provision as well as to courts of judicature. The principle is the same in the one case as in the other. It is, as already appears, axiomatic. The right of a person to have notice and the opportunity to be heard is a sacred natural right of which he can not be deprived even by the law of a State Constitution. So jealous have been the framers of the Federal Constitution and the people who have adopted it of the rights and liberties of citizens, that they placed, by the Fifth Amendment, a limitation upon its powers, and the Fourteenth Amendment was in like manner adopted as an inhibition upon the states to pass any law abridging the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, or depriving any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or denying to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. These amendments seem to have been prophetic of conditions existing at the present time.

This constitution enforced, in accordance with its letter and spirit, is the bulwark of the liberties of the people.

"Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,  
Strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

A strong protest is being made in South Australia against the continual slaughter of such rare birds as the ibis, the egret, cranes, and spoonbills to supply the demands of milliners. The slaughter is objectionable not only as destroying some of the most beautiful and interesting creatures of nature, but, according to the *Journal of Agriculture*, also as rendering South Australia even more prone to plagues of grasshoppers, and is a prime cause of the decline of its fish resources. As the wading birds disappear the crustaceans that destroy fish spawn increase in multitude.

The republic of China is to have a complete kindergarten system installed in the national schools. Miss Mary F. Ledyard, kindergarten supervisor of the Los Angeles city schools, announced recently that she had head the Chinese schools.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Studies: Military and Diplomatic.

If Mr. Charles Francis Adams were to write a continuous and consecutive historical work it would probably take rank as the best ever produced in America. So much, at least, we may believe from a perusal of the shorter studies of which he is the author, and especially of the ten essays that make up the present volume. Eight of these essays are military and the remaining two are devoted to "An Historical Residuum," and "Queen Victoria and the Civil War."

With no desire to pay an unjustified compliment, it may be said that Mr. Adams, as an historical essayist, is not without resemblance to Macaulay. There is the same uncompromising presentation of opinion without regard to its popularity, the same precision directed toward the analysis of evidence, and much of the literary grace that gives to that analysis its most attractive form. As an example of unpopular opinion fearlessly advanced we may cite the author's treatment of Washington's military genius. Without spoiling it by a summary, it may be said that Mr. Adams has no praise for the attitude of enthusiastic eulogium that the ordinary American historian finds it judicious to adopt. But for the fact that the handling of the British troops was even more incompetent than that of the American the results might often have been very different, and Mr. Adams makes no secret of his opinion of those historians who suppose that their patriotic duties absolve them from the obligations of accuracy.

Mr. Adams further displays his ability to dissect a popular myth in his essay on Queen Victoria. He shows clearly enough that the queen's sympathies were not specially aroused by the Civil War, but doubtless the story will live among those that prove our capacity to believe the things that are not so.

The two essays entitled "The Ethics of Secession" and "Lee's Centennial" were first delivered as public speeches. They present a theory of the Union and the constitution with special reference to States' Rights that perhaps is not wholly new, but that can hardly be overlooked by students of sectional psychology. Other important papers are "Some Phases of the Civil War," "Washington and Cavalry," and "The Battle of New Orleans."

STUDIES: MILITARY AND DIPLOMATIC, 1775-1865. By Charles Francis Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

## Sekhet.

Sekhet, as every one knows, was the Egyptian god of love and of cruelty, but we were not aware to what length his cruelty would go until we read the vicissitudes that befell Evarne Stornway after she had thoughtlessly evoked his aid while on a visit to Philæ. It must be admitted that Evarne deserved most of what she got. Left by her dying father to the care of Morris Kenyon, that gentleman speedily decides that a mistress is preferable to a ward. Evarne has some bourgeois objections to the rôle assigned to her and she resists the siege. But she has had a classical education, and so she goes to bed one night with the determination to consult the pages of Plato as to love's obligations. She finds something as to the generosity that is so becoming to the victims of the tender passion, and so she at once jumps out of bed, goes straight to Kenyon's door and—is admitted. Truly the Grecian philosopher has much to answer for.

Then the inevitable happens. Kenyon tires of his toy and selects another, and it is in despair at her discovery while on the Egyptian tour that Evarne invokes the aid of Sekhet. She leaves Kenyon, goes on the stage, fails, tries something else, fails again, starves for a time, and finally becomes an artist's model, and in this capacity she meets her fate for a second time. It would be unfair to follow Evarne's fortunes to their close, but they are of such a nature as to cause us to register a vow never to bow down to heathen gods and to strike the name of Sekhet in particular from our visiting list. Finally it may be said that the author's sympathies are evidently with Evarne. Ours are not. But we are consoled by the thought that "there aint no such a person."

SEKHET. By Irene Miller. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Magic of Spain.

Mr. Bell's book has no points of resemblance with the ordinary guide-book. Evidently saturated with a knowledge of Spain he does no more than select a few of the shining points in his memory and display them with sufficient enlargement for our edification. And so we get a glimpse of the Spanish frontier, of some of the cities, of Old Castille, of the desert and the coast, of village life, and of the country in summer and in winter. Spain still contains many and many a corner that produces upon the visitor very much the same effect as if he were suddenly to meet a mastodon or a crusader. The life of medieval Europe still exists there and in unadorned colors. For example, we may see very plays in which the powers of good, represented by the Catholic church, are pitted

against the forces of evil, typified by infidels, Turks, and Englishmen, which seems rough upon Englishmen. Turks, of course, are used to it.

The latter half of Mr. Bell's book is devoted to Spanish literature. We have chapters on the Cid, the Modern Spanish Novel, the Novels of Galicia, the Novels of the Mountain, and on Castilian Prose. Interesting as is the whole volume, we fail to remember any other work dealing in a way so condensed and so satisfactory with Spanish literature past and present.

THE MAGIC OF SPAIN. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

## The Labyrinth of Life.

It may be perfectly proper to adopt some theory of heredity as the basis for a novel. The canons of fiction are not so well established as to permit of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, but it requires an extraordinary skill to reconcile heredity with sentiment without the sacrifice of the sentiment.

In this particular story the theory is sadly overworked. In fact it verges upon the repulsive. The hero is an American newspaper writer who is spending a year in Paris as a vacation and who devotes his time to European correspondence for his paper, to the preparation of a novel that is to be a best seller and to that leisurely survey of the matrimonial market in which young men are apt to indulge. The market is certainly a favorable one. There is Miss Baxter, the daughter of a millionaire, who seems surprisingly ready to bestow her millions upon a young man who is not only impecunious, but who is not strikingly likable. And there is Monica Eversley, the idealistic daughter of a worldly mother, who is beautiful, frigid, and repellent. Harding is attracted to Monica and lays vigorous siege to her heart.

Eventually he wins her, but not until he has overcome her dread of a possibly inherited influence from her grandmother, who was tried for murder and acquitted for lack of conclusive evidence. The idea of a healthy girl who allows herself for one moment to consider the likelihood of her possession of a latent murderous impulse is not a pleasant one, but the effect upon the married life of the couple is still less pleasant. Harding himself becomes imbued with the same morbid and horrid idea. To his consternation he discovers a resemblance between the hand of Mme. de Brinvilliers, the historical poisoner, and that of his wife. When he sees her weighing some chemicals for use in her art work he pictures her as preparing a poison for himself, and when he is nearly asphyxiated by the fumes from a heating range he actually believes that it was due to the deliberate act of his wife. And all this has no other foundation than a sickly theory of heredity and the fact that his wife's grandmother may have been a murderess. That this absurd couple finally throw their mental rubbish overboard and that "where the abstractions of science had failed the voice of nature had convinced" is a tardy concession to common sense. The story is well told, so well told, indeed, that it merits a central idea more tolerable to wholesome minds than nasty theories about heredity and its dominance over the human will.

THE LABYRINTH OF LIFE. By E. A. U. Valentine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## English Literature.

Mr. G. H. Mair manages to say a great deal in a very small space. His little volume, which appears in the Home University Library, contains 250 pages, and it traces the course of English literature from the Renaissance downwards. Obviously there is no room for superfluities, but it may be admitted that the essentials are all there.

Mr. Mair is by no means despondent of the present age. Those who look back yearningly to earlier days may remember that "classics are being manufactured daily under their eyes" and it would be well for them to cultivate the power of recognition. But why is poetry in such a backwater? The most remarkable feature of the age is its inattention to verse. Tennyson and Browning, it is true, are still popular and the Rubaiyat had, and has, an astonishing vogue. But we love the Rubaiyat, not because it is poetry, but because it can be read without much thought, because it is a lullaby to conscience, because it is a plea for pleasure. But for poetry, as poetry, there is no reward.

The drama, says the author, is about to take its old place as literature. The drama and the novel have enjoyed alternative rule, but now "more and more the bigger creative artists will turn to a form that has a more vigorous principle of life in it than its rival."

ENGLISH LITERATURE: MODERN. By G. H. Mair. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

## A Knight in Denim.

Mr. Benson must be given the credit for the invention of a human character and with no more exaggeration than is needed for purposes of a proper emphasis. Bill Harbaugh is so nearly an idiot that he can not remember the battles in which he fought during the Civil War or the respective values of the coinage. Adopting a village in Ne-

braska for his home, he works as a farm laborer in return for his board and lodging and a tacit permission to worship the woman of the place. An instinctive and unreasoning chivalry is poor Harbaugh's one link with humanity, and it is a chivalry that never becomes gross. Joined to it is a sort of shrewdness that never becomes alert in self-protection but that is unflinchingly aroused in the interest of the protégées to whom Harbaugh attaches himself. We feel that Mr. Benson has drawn his picture from a model, but it is an astonishingly successful picture and one that arrests the imagination. It is the picture of a man who is almost wholly deprived of reason and who yet wins our respect by a display of faculties that are far above reason.

A KNIGHT IN DENIM. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## The Forged Coupon.

This volume contains six posthumous stories by Tolstoy, the first of the six, from which the book takes its name, occupying 181 pages out of a total of 286. The object of "The Forged Coupon" is to show the widespread results of a crime. Two boys forge a coupon and we see the consequences of the act spreading out in widening circles, producing imprisonment, misery, and murder. The story is told in the monotonous and fateful style that characterizes Tolstoy's work and that seems indeed to stamp so much of the literature of modern Russia.

Dr. Hagberg Wright, who contributes a sort of spiritual history of Tolstoy by way of introduction, can hardly be said to add much to our knowledge of the author, nor indeed could he be expected to do so within limits so narrow. Comparing Tolstoy with Rousseau, he remarks that while the latter's appeal was to humanity collectively the message of Tolstoy was to the individual, summoning each man to the inquisition of his own conscience, and to justify his existence by labor, that he may thereafter sleep the sleep of peace.

THE FORGED COUPON. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## A Chain of Evidence.

Carolyn Wells writes a detective story without any very novel features, but ingenious and well sustained. A miserly old curmudgeon named Pembroke living alone with his niece and a servant is found dead in bed, and an examination of the body discloses the fact that death was caused by a long pin driven into the spinal column at the base of the brain. It seems so very evident that the crime was committed by the niece that we are sure it was not, and a surreptitious peep at the last page confirms our certainty. The author introduces at least one ingenious novelty. The suspicions of the superhuman detective are aroused by the perfection of the alibi furnished by the actual murderer, and he proceeds on the theory that genuine alibis are nearly always hard to prove. Those who like detective stories will find that the author has served them well.

A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

## Oliver's Kind Women.

Oliver is not the kind of young man that is worthy of a book all to himself, and as for his "kind women" they are mostly of that easy virtue that is accompanied by a sort of good nature readily mistaken for true kindness. Oliver develops a skill in the writing of short stories, cuts himself loose from his drudging family, sponges alike upon friends and relatives, and finally emerges from his well-earned tribulations by a stroke of fortune upon which we do not congratulate him. If Oliver or his kind women, separately or collectively, are worth four hundred pages of fiction then most decent and hard-working people ought to have about four thousand.

OLIVER'S KIND WOMEN. By Philip Gibbs. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## It.

Short stories by Gouverneur Morris are of such uniform excellence that it is hard to make selections for special praise. There are twelve of them in this volume, all of them vigorous, vivid, and throbbing. Mr. Morris knows how to be strong without being brutal, and in the operation of making our flesh creep he never goes too far.

IT AND OTHER STORIES. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## Brief Reviews.

"The Jonathan Papers," by Elisabeth Woodbridge (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net), is a collection of essays describing the author's experiences in open-air pursuits, such as tramping, canoeing, fishing, and shooting. Elisabeth Woodbridge writes as a nature lover and with a sympathetic insight into nature's moods.

A book of unusual interest to the geographer and the ethnologist is "Africa of today," by Joseph King Goodrich (A. C. McClurg & Co.). Devoting a single chapter to the early history of the country, the author takes us on a sort of tour around Africa, introducing

us to the people, white and black, their customs, religions, trades, and governments. Professor Goodrich, already well known for his work on "The Coming China," has an unusually pleasant descriptive style and an evident and warm sympathy for his topic.

The Carpentier Lectures delivered by the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., D. C. L., LL. D., before the students of Columbia University have been published by the Columbia University Press under the title of "The Genius of the Common Law." Price, \$1.50 net.

The Macmillan Company have published an edition of the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, edited with introduction, notes, and glossary by William Dallam Armes, M. L. The volume is of a convenient pocket size and contains a portrait frontispiece of More. The price is 60 cents net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Special numbers have been the strength and the weakness of *Life* during the past year. They have been successful from one point of view, undoubtedly, but the charge *Life* invariably delivers is better suited to the bell-muzzled than the rifled weapon. However, even the vagaries of management are willingly excused by the readers of America's one eminent exponent of wit and humor. Its expression, written and pictorial, is always well chosen. There are good people, here and there, all over the world, who do not know of *Life's* charm and value, but those who do are by that much wiser and more cheerful associates. The issue for May 2 is a "woman's number," and though the subject chosen will not be exhaustively treated, let us hope, in many years, many new and good things are appropriately set between its covers.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Julia France and Her Times," is said by her publishers, the Macmillan Company, to have required a second edition in its third week.

In Anton Tchekhoff, Russia has produced a writer whose sketches and tales are said to have the broad gusto of a Mark Twain and the condensed workmanship of a master in the short story. The quality of humor appears also in his plays, of which "Cherry Orchard" was produced in London last year, and is soon to be published with an earlier play, "The Seagull."

In his memoir of Edwin Fitzgerald Beale, "A Pioneer in the Path of Empire," Stephen Bonsal traces the career of one who was intimately associated with the occupation and building up of the Far West. Just after the gold period of 1847 Bayard Taylor made a journey to the Pacific Coast, which is dramatically described in his well-known volume "Eldorado." Beale was associated with Taylor on the trip, and Taylor refers to him as "pioneer in the path of empire." General Beale won distinction in the navy, but his special interest was evidently in exploration, and he devoted years to mapping out the desert trails and mountains. Later, he completed the survey of the practical routes, and built the actual wagon roads over which passed the stream of immigration which peopled the country beyond the Rockies. Beale took an active part with the other pioneers in the operations which led to the winning of Southern California.

Garrett P. Serviss's novel, "The Second Deluge," is being translated into French by Mme. Eve Paul Marguerite, daughter of the well-known French novelist Paul Marguerite.

C. Reginald Enock, F. R. G. S., in "The Secret of the Pacific," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, reviews the evidence for and against the assumed Asiatic origin of the Aztecs and Incas, or their predecessors, in the light of his own considerable study of the subject and his own travels. He traces the possible paths whereby such prehistoric immigrants might have arrived upon the western coast of America. Much new material and many new suggestions are advanced.

Jeannette L. Gilder, in her magazine of literary gossip, the *Reader*, has this to say of a well-known literary and dramatic agent: "Miss Elisabeth Marbury has recently been interviewed on the subject of 'College Women in Business' and when asked point-blank, 'What does college education do for women?' she answered point-blank, 'Nothing.' But she added that this was her experience, and that of all the men and women she had employed in business the most successful ones had never seen the inside of a college. Miss Marbury is a practical business woman, and while she did not have a college education herself—there were not many women's colleges when she was of the collegeable age—she has been educated and is educating herself all the time. Always a keen observer, an omnivorous reader, a linguist and a traveler, she has absorbed without knowing it more than most people do who settle themselves down to a hard grind. You might think from what Miss Marbury said that she did not care for cultivated people, but there is no one who cares more for them. She likes people who know things, who know books and art and can talk intelligently about them, but she has no patience with the make-believes."



## THE BIRTH OF VIRGINIA CITY.

Mr. Langford's new volume on "Vigilante Days and Ways" is very much more than its name implies. It is described as an account of the long struggle against organized lawlessness in Montana and Idaho during the days of the early gold discoveries, but it is something far better than a mere catalogue of crime and retribution. It is an unusually vivid picture of the community as a whole and at a time when exceptional conditions called forth exceptional law to cope with them. Of particular interest is the account of the foundation of Virginia City, Montana. Immigrants had been steadily pouring into the country from the time when the dread of Indian attack was removed. Settlements began to spring up along Alder Creek, and of these Virginia City was the chief, although Nevada, two miles below, was once of nearly equal size. This human hive, numbering at least ten thousand people, was the creation of ninety days and into it were crowded all the elements of a rough and active civilization. This exhibition of mining industry, says the author, was twelve miles long, and its general atmosphere may be inferred from a single quotation from the chapter on Virginia City:

No longer in fear of attack by the Indians, immigrants had been steadily pouring into the territory over the Salt Lake route during the month of June. Many came also over the mountains from Salmon River. The opportune discovery of Alder Gulch relieved Bannack of a large and increasing population of unemployed gold-hunters, who, lured by the overdrawn reports of local richness, had exhausted all their means in a long and perilous journey, to meet only disappointment and disaster at its close. Almost simultaneously with the settlement at Virginia City, other settlements lower down and farther up the gulch were commenced. Those below were known by the respective names of Junction, Nevada, and Central; those above, Pine Grove, Highland, and Summit. As the entire gulch for a distance of twelve miles was appropriated, the intervals of two or three miles between the several nuclei were occupied by the cabins of miners, who owned and were developing the claims opposite to them, so that in less than three months after the discovery, the gulch was really one entire settlement. One long stream of active life filled the little creek, on its auriferous course from Bald Mountain, through a cañon of wild and picturesque character, until it emerged into the large and fertile valley of the Pas-sam-a-ri. Pas-sam-a-ri is the Shoshone word for "Stinking Water," and the latter is the name commonly given in Montana to the beautiful mountain stream which was called by Lewis and Clark, in their journal, "Philanthropy River." Lateral streams of great beauty pour down the sides of the mountain chain bounding the valley, across which they run to their union with the Pas-sam-a-ri, which, twenty miles beyond, unites with the Beaverhead, one of the foaming streams of the Jefferson. Gold placers were found upon these streams, and occupied soon after the settlement at Virginia City was commenced. One of these, at Bivin's Gulch, in the mountains twelve miles from Virginia City, though limited in extent, was sufficiently productive to afford profitable employment to a little community of twenty or more miners. Twenty miles below Virginia City on the route to Bannack, a man by the name of Dempsey located a ranche, and built a large cabin for the accommodation of travelers. Seven miles above, and between that and Virginia City, another similar building for like purposes was owned by Peter Daly, and three miles above Daly's was another owned by Mr. Lorrain. These establishments are only important as they serve to locate occurrences connected with this history.

Of the settlements in Alder Gulch, Virginia City was the principal, though Nevada, two miles below, at one time was of nearly equal size and population. A stranger from the Eastern States, entering the gulch for the first time two or three months after its discovery, would be inspired by the scene and its associations with reflections of the most strange and novel character. This human hive, numbering at least ten thousand people, was the product of ninety days. Into it were crowded all the elements of a rough and active civilization. Thousands of cabins and tents and brush wakiups, thrown together in the roughest form, and scattered at random along the banks, and in the nooks of the hills, were seen on every hand. Every foot of the gulch, under the active manipulations of the miners, was undergoing displacement, and it was already disfigured by huge heaps of gravel, which had been passed through the sluices, and rified of their glittering contents. In the gulch itself all was activity. Some were removing the superincumbent earth to reach the pay-dirt, others who had accomplished that were gathering up the clay and gravel upon the surface of the bed-rock, while by others still it was thrown into the sluice boxes. This exhibition of mining industry was twelve miles long. Gold was abundant, and every possible device was employed by the gamblers, the traders, the vile men and women that had come with the

miners to the locality, to obtain it. Nearly every third cabin in the towns was a saloon where vile whisky was peddled out for fifty cents a drink in gold dust. Many of these places were filled with gambling tables and gamblers, and the miner who was bold enough to enter one of them with his day's earnings in his pocket seldom left until thoroughly fleeced. Hurdy-gurdy dance-houses were numerous, and there were plenty of camp beauties to patronize them. There, too, the successful miner, lured by siren smiles, after an evening spent in dancing and carousing at his expense, steeped with liquor, would empty his purse into the lap of his charmer for an hour of license in her arms. Not a day or night passed which did not yield its full fruition of fights, quarrels, wounds, or murders. The crack of the revolver was often heard above the merry notes of the violin. Street fights were frequent, and as no one knew when or where they would occur, every one was on his guard against a random shot.

Sunday was always a gala day. The miners then left their work and gathered about the public places in the towns. The stores were all open, the auctioneers specially eloquent on every corner in praise of their wares. Thousands of people crowded the thoroughfares, ready to rush in any direction of promised excitement. Horse-racing was among the most favored amusements. Prize rings were formed, and brawny men engaged at fisticuffs until their sight was lost and their bodies pommelled to a jelly, while hundreds of on-lookers cheered the victor. Hacks rattled to and fro between the several towns, freighted with drunken and rowdy humanity of both sexes. Citizens of acknowledged respectability often walked, more often perhaps rode side by side on horseback, with noted courtesans in open day through the crowded streets, and seemingly suffered no harm in reputation. Pistols flashed, bowie-knives flourished, and braggart oaths filled the air, as often as men's passions triumphed over their reason. This was indeed the reign of unbridled license, and men who at first regarded it with disgust and terror, by constant exposure soon learned to become part of it, and forget that they had ever been aught else. All classes of society were represented at this general exhibition. Judges, lawyers, doctors, even clergymen, could not claim exemption. Culture and religion afforded feeble protection, where allurements and indulgence ruled the hour.

Underneath this exterior of recklessness, there was in the minds and hearts of the miners and business men of this society a strong and abiding sense of justice—and that saved the territory. While they could enjoy what they called sport even to the very borders of crime, and indulge in many practices which in themselves were criminal, yet when any one was murdered, robbed, abused, or hurt, a feeling of resentment, a desire for retaliation, animated all. With the ingathering of new men, fear of the roughs gradually wore away, but the desire to escape responsibility, to acquire something and leave in peace, prevented any active measures for protection; and so far as organization was concerned, the law and order citizens, though in the majority, were as much at sea as ever.

Previous to the organization of the Territory of Idaho on the third of March, 1863, all of that which is now Montana west of the Rocky Mountains was part of Washington Territory, with Olympia on Puget Sound as capital. All east thereof belonged to Dakota, the capital of which was Yankton on the Missouri, which by the nearest available route of travel was two thousand two hundred miles distant. The existence of Bannack was not known there at that time, to say nothing of the impossibility of executing any territorial laws, at such arm's length, even if it had been. Our legal condition was not greatly improved by the organization of the new Territory of Idaho. Lewiston, the capital, was seven hundred miles away, on the western side of the mountains. Eighteen months had passed since we became part of that territory, before we received an authentic copy of the territorial statutes, and when they came we had been half a year in Montana.

The author gives us fifty-one chapters of animated description of early days in the West, of days that laid the foundation for an orderly civilization and for orderly justice. Vigor of style and accuracy of facts have combined in the production of an important historical work.

VIGILANTE DAYS AND WAYS. By Nathaniel Pitt Langford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

A BOOK OF SCOUNDRELS. By Charles Whibley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net. Some stories of criminals.

BEGGARS AND SCORNERS. By Allan McAulay. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25. A novel.

THE LURE. By E. S. Stevens. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. A story of adventure by the author of "The Veil."

A CAPTAIN UNAFAID. By Horace Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

The strange adventures of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien.

THE POSTMASTER. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE UNDER TRAIL. By Anna Alice Chapin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

HIGH BRADFORD. By Mary Rogers Bangs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net. A romance of Cape Cod.

JULIA FRANCE AND HER TIMES. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE BANTAM. By Brewer Corcoran. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net. A story of school life.

THE RECORDING ANGEL. By Cotta Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25. A novel by the author of "The Circuit Rider's Wife."

PLEASURES AND PALACES. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20.

"Being the home-making adventures of Marie Rose."

A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

HIRAM BLAIR. By Drew Tufts. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

MOLLY McDONALD. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net. A tale of the old frontier.

THE FIGHTING BLADE. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COURT PAINTER. By H. Jones Thaddeus, R. H. A. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net. The record of an artistic life.

THE CONTEST FOR CALIFORNIA IN 1861. By Elijah R. Kennedy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.25 net.

How Colonel Edward D. Baker saved the Pacific States to the Union.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE OLD SOUTHWEST. By Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net. The third volume of a series.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

ANIMAL LIFE IN AFRICA. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net. A book for the big game hunter.

CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net. New and revised edition.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ART OF EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING. By Ernest Pterwee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A complete guide to oratory.

WHAT IS AND WHAT MIGHT BE. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A study of education in general and elementary education in particular.

ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS. Compiled and classified by the Rev. A. Cohen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net. Issued in the Wisdom of the East series.

HOW TO GROW 100 BUSHELS OF CORN PER ACRE ON WORN SOIL. By William C. Smith. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25. A book on practical agriculture.

EUROPE AND ITS PEOPLE. By Professor Will S. Monroe and Miss Anna Buckbee. New York: Harper & Brothers; 40 cents.

An introductory geographic reader for the fourth school year.

ELOQUENCE. By Garrett P. Serviss. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net. Counsel on the art of public speaking.

THE STORY OF MUSIC. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1 net. A new edition.

KANT AND SPENCER. By Borden Parker Bowne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net. A critical exposition.

MANUAL OF NAVIGATION LAWS. By Edwin M. Bacon. A. M. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

An historical summary of the codes of the maritime nations.

This from London about "Passersby" tells how it came to be written. One foggy night Haddon Chambers and Paul Arthur were trudging from a night spent at a theatre to Mr. Chambers's rooms with nothing more thrilling in prospect than a hand or two at cards. Suddenly out of the impenetrable fog loomed what Mr. Chambers still calls "a stain on humanity," a typical London tramp. Mr. Chambers and the tramp collided. But the tramp was quick with apologies well and gently spoken. He interested the playwright, who finally invited him home. The man, whose name was Burns, accepted, "thanking you kindly." And from that little incident and subsequent talk with the wanderer came "Passersby."

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

**Robertson's**  
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## A Poet's First Volume

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The Passing of Joy.  
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MEMORIES OF A PATTI FIRST NIGHT.

The plans that have been outlined for grand opera in San Francisco during exposition times and the lively demand for boxes evidenced among the moneyed people of our community will recall to the minds of many who were here at the time the wild operatic dementia animating all classes in the 'eighties when Adelina Patti, then the most famous living soprano, first came our way.

Colonel Mapleson, who was the impresario of her supporting troupe of vocalists, and who was deeply experienced in the caprices and indecisions of the various renowned songbirds with whom he had had business dealings, experienced some difficulty in persuading Mme. Patti to undertake the tour. Indeed it was finally announced to take place without her, the name of Mme. Erelka Gerster, a Hungarian diva of high reputation, figuring as the prima donna.

But suddenly Mme. Patti, feeling, perhaps, that she must more firmly wed to her kingdom of song these far-off territories on the uttermost verge of civilization, signified her royal will that she would come to the Pacific Coast.

The interest aroused in the coming tour forthwith reached a pitch of the greatest intensity. It was not by any means restricted to music lovers alone, for San Franciscans at that time had had but little experience in Italian opera.

Emma Ahhott, a lady of Michigan extraction, had so far had the field to herself. Miss Abbott had little voice, and was, speaking comparatively, so slightly equipped for her task that she always took a course of vocal music from local teachers when she came to San Francisco. But she was an honest soul with a conscience and good business talent. She brought with her fair singers, who could take up both light and serious operatic works, although in mediocre style.

Miss Ahhott's tiny soprano was sweet, her personality likable, and her troupes generally popular, and as the city was then at the kindergarten stage of operatic appreciation, she had many a financially successful season in San Francisco.

But there came a wind from the great world which made her little light flicker and go out. Adelina Patti was coming! Adelina Patti, who had first sung before the public, a wonder-child at the age of eight; whose phenomenal success began when, as a girl of fourteen, she sang "La Sonnambula" before a London audience, and at one bound became a rising star of the first magnitude. Her affairs had made social history. She it was who married the Marquis de Caux, a distinguished elegant who had held the position of equerry under Eugénie during the second empire, and afterwards bought her freedom from him for a million francs. All the world had known of her subsequent romance with Signor Nicolini, a handsome tenor who was singing Faust to her Marguerite during a long season in Paris, to such effect that the soul of the pretty butterfly—still sleeping, in spite of her glorious voice—was at last awakened, and she thrilled her listeners in Marguerite's inspiring swan song as she could thrill them in no other opera.

It was told that Mme. Patti had magnificent gifts almost daily; many of them from royalty; that she had \$300,000 worth of diamonds, practically all of which she wore in the first act of "La Traviata."

And she was going to open in "La Traviata"! Patti! Patti! Patti! One heard her name everywhere. No detail of her life or career was too trifling to be overlooked by the avid curiosity of the public; for we in San Francisco, far off as we were and are, then had to know of the notabilities of the day at long range only, and it was thrilling in the extreme to think that the celebrated queen of song was coming our way.

By degrees it was apparent that the town was going mad. The price of downstairs seats for Patti nights was set at \$7 and \$5; of "family circle" seats, \$3; gallery seats, \$2; boxes, from \$25 to \$60. But when the eventful date drew near the enterprising speculator, scenting the coming madness, was to the fore, and prices soared to frenzied heights.

On the night, the great, the only, the first Patti night, it was at last plainly evident that San Francisco, especially that part of it seething and surging around the Grand Opera House, was a huge lunatic asylum. A line stretched from Opera Alley—now the only landmark left in the city of those halcyon days—down Mission Street, along Third to Market, and back on itself almost to Opera Alley again. There were people storming the gallery heights for unreserved seats. A throng of carriages, cars, policemen, speculators, and speculators took up space on the street in front of the opera house, or on the opposite sidewalk. Speculators sold \$7 seats for \$9 and \$10, and even higher. In the growing madnes the kind of people who feel that they must be on hand at every big thing lost their heads and their sense of economy. There were established cases where people paid \$5 for a seat. To this day old-time San Franciscans will tell of a case where a man paid three seats and never reached them. The most acute frenzy was yet to come.

It reached its height at the hour when the doors were opened. It then became apparent that the theatre could not hold the multitude that was storming its doors, determined at all hazards to get in.

In spite of all the policemen on hand the well-dressed multitude became a congested mass of struggling humanity in the spacious lobby. Beautiful laces, fragments of costly dresses, even jewels, were torn from fair backs. Some of the people were so demoralized by the damage to their raiment that they went home to repair the mischief. Others were so terrified at the frenzied determination of the crowd to get in that they feared to penetrate into the crowded interior.

It was related at the time that the policemen gave up clearing the aisles because the excited condition of the audience made it rather risky to meddle with individual enterprise. The first woman whom they attempted to warn away, after she had firmly planted herself on the steps in the aisle threatened to give an alarm of fire if she were not permitted to remain. The officers gave one look at the circling multitudes hanging over gallery and balcony fronts, and quietly departed. And the crowd that had stormed the theatre for standing-room sat peacefully on the aisle steps and were happy—and no doubt in the peaceful and chastened present sometimes gather round the fire on winter nights, and while the gale howls without and the musical comedy bird within, they tell tall stories of how they paid fifteen or twenty dollars a seat for the first Patti night.

Outside, the speculator plied his trade, and men made queer pacts. Three men bought one seat in partnership, and took turns at hearing the diva. For Patti had become a spectacle only. Never mind the musical part of it. That didn't count, except with a small, devoted contingent in the swarming gallery who had stood hours, and ran the danger of getting no seats, for the privilege of hearing the wonder-voice of the age.

This compact referred to, made by the three men, worked very well the first night, but an emulous trio, unfamiliar with Italian operas, who followed their example on a "Lucia" night of a later date did not come off so well, the last man having his turn at that point when Lucia is supposed to be reposing in the voiceless solitude of the tomb, where arias and roulades are not. Edgardo, steeped in woe and an inky cloak, was having things all his own way on the stage, and our friend was out.

Those were the days when ladies clung to their hats during a performance, there being no law against it. The opera season, in its highly gala aspect, revealed to theatre-goers the beauties of an auditorium filled with handsome, hatless women. Evening dress, then practically never the mode in the theatre, prevailed. All the family jewels were brought out. The public at large, or such of it as could beg, borrow, steal, or deadhead its way into the theatres, had its first opportunity to see California heiresses *en grand tenue*.

A great wave of exhilaration went through the city. Mme. Patti was tendered a reception at the Palace Hotel, where she had put up, and lived closely guarded and carefully cherished by Signor Nicolini, much as though she were a valuable racehorse.

Everybody that was anybody went to the reception and discovered that the prima donna, who was then a woman in the forties, appeared at close range as a dainty little woman somewhere in the twenties. She was of brunette beauty and patrician aspect, and was considered one of the best dressers in Paris, being always costumed so elegantly, appropriately, and becomingly that devotees of dress took notes concerning her costumes with the devoutness of the elect.

Mme. Patti's doors were continually besieged by musicians desiring a hearing, and from her quarters in the hotel could be heard at too frequent intervals cacophony of dismal sounds by amateur performers of "violin, flute, bassoon," who waited expectantly for the tactfully evasive verdict of the good-natured prima donna, who would rather be spared the heroic measure of absolute frankness.

The charm and soulful quality of Erelka Gerster, the second soprano of the opera troupe, attracted to this exquisite vocalist so great a following that there finally became a war of factions, for Mme. Patti's admirers quickly rallied to her defense. This trifling controversy has left scars to this day. That it existed at all was due to the feverish state of the public pulse caused by the excitements of such an unusual season.

For Mme. Patti was preëminent: the queen of song. She never had to learn to sing, the gift being inborn. When she was eight years old she was making shakes of half and whole tones both up and down an entire scale. At eleven years of age she sang the rôle of Rosina in "Il Barbiere" apparently without studying it. She improvised fioritura on the spot. And as her fame, thus begun in childhood, grew apace, the musical world recognized that it was listening to a flawless voice, a voice without a peer, and one that has never since been equaled.

It has been said of Patti that she had been paid literally her weight in gold for an evening's notes from that Cæsus reservoir, her

throat. And, indeed, this songstress, of whom it was said that she habitually attracted \$10,000 houses, attracted, on that eventful first night in San Francisco, when "La Traviata" was sung, a \$60,000 house.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Yellow Bowl.

When first the Manchu came to power,  
A potter made this yellow bowl,  
With quiet curve and border scroll,  
And here inlaid the imperial flower.  
The peace of art was in his soul.  
Had not the Manchu come to power?

Upon the flaky yellow base  
That now is dull and now is bright,  
A flowering branch, a bird alight,  
Expressed his thought in formal grace.  
Had not disorder taken flight  
And left for art a quiet place?

And then, the artist sense alight,  
He drew upon the yellow bowl  
The symbol of the restless soul,—  
A butterfly, in poised flight.  
For though the Manchu was in power,  
The soul must wake when strikes the hour.  
—Lily A. Long, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Burnt Field.

Fire in this field has wasted all;  
Never a blossom, a blade of grass,  
Survived the ruin—but let that pass:  
Now the good earth heeds the new Spring's call.

A magic touch—and the black grows green  
(How could the burnt clod guess this hour!)  
Up starts the clover, the bee in its flower,  
And never least trace of the old wreck seen!

Fire in this field . . . and my heart the field!  
How could I know, in that fiery bath,  
That the Spring would come despite all scath—  
That the seeds of joy lay safe concealed!  
—Edith M. Thomas, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Doonside.

I drank to Burns a draught of bonny Doon,  
And as the water touched my lips, behold,  
It seemed a scroll before mine eyes unrolled  
As from the cloudy battlements of Noon.  
"Mortal," wondering, I read, "though man so soon  
Departs to his dark chamber in the mold,  
The seed of his life's work grows never old,  
If it unto the nations yield a boon,  
So fares the singer of these banks and braes;  
So springs and twines his soul about man's dream,  
That still he seems to live, to be not far,  
To be a part of nature—like his lays,  
And like the mavis here, and like this stream,  
And like the ageless glory of a star."  
—C. G. Blanden, in *Chicago Post*.

An Invitation.

Unless you come while still the world is green,  
A place of birds and the blue dreaming sea,  
In vain has all the singing summer been,  
Unless you come and share it all with me.

Ah! come, ere August flames its heart away,  
Ere, like a golden widow, autumn goes  
Across the woodland sad with thoughts of May,  
An aster in her bosom for a rose.

Unless you come, who knows but you and I,  
Another year, may seek ourselves in vain;  
For flowers live on, yet each October die,  
But human faces—do they bloom again?  
—Richard Le Gallienne, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Pilgrimage to Vaillima.

An admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, in the person of Miss Laura Stuhls, an Englishwoman, has traveled all the way from England to Samoa to visit his grave (notes the *New York Evening Post*). "I, a lover of the man," she writes, "personally unknown to me save through the potency of his pen, journeyed across the world in order to visit his grave and to get into direct touch with his surroundings." In a little book entitled "Stevenson's Shrine: the Record of a Pilgrimage," Miss Stuhls gives an interesting account of her journey. On her arrival at Vaillima

Not a soul was visible, the place was bathed in sunshine and "steeped in silence," not even a dog barked at our approach. The crotons, dracaenas, and other plants of brilliant foliage made patches of vivid color on the well-kept lawns, and everywhere was the scent of orange-blossom, gardenia, and frangipani.

All Stevenson's furniture has gone from the house, "but the window was there—the window below which he lay on the low settle and breathed his last."

Miss Stuhls and her companion addressed themselves to a Samoan woman, first in English and then in German, but it was all to no purpose. Next they resorted to signs. "Pointing to the mountain-top, I said, 'Tusitala.' The word acted as a talisman, the brown face wreathed itself in smiles, the dark eyes kindled into comprehension." The woman fetched a little native maiden who acted as the guide of the visitors, and led them to the grave. The monument there Miss Stuhls describes as "not an ideal structure by any manner of means, not even beautiful, and yet in its massive ruggedness it somehow suited the man and the place." The broad stone was strewn with faded wreaths and flowers. The chiefs have, it seems, tabooed the use of firearms or other weapons on Mount Vaea, in order that the birds may live there undisturbed and unafraid and build their nests in the trees round Tusitala's grave.

### Cost of Operating a Street Railway

In the last issue of the *Argonaut* there appeared an article which stated that the second largest industrial institution in San Francisco is the United Railroads. The first in size, as might be guessed, is the Southern Pacific. The article also stated that the street-car company has on its pay-rolls 3400 employees, receiving \$2,880,000 per year.

It is the object of the present article to deal with another side of the big industry—that of purchasing, the buying of supplies, including power.

The cost of power alone for 1911 amounted to approximately \$1,000,000, exclusive of all labor charges. This bill for electricity to operate cars is one of the surprises to the lay mind, in looking over a mass of statistics. Very few people give the matter of power a single thought. The thousands of passengers carried daily know they are carried up and down and across the city to their destinations with the assistance of this mysterious "juice," but take it quite naturally as a matter of fact. Where is the power generated? How is the water harnessed? How many miles through the mountains and across the valleys must the current be brought before it is set to the work of operating loaded street-cars in this city? These are interesting questions, which in the answering, would require much space.

Practically all the power is purchased from the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company, which has a hydro-electric plant located on the Stanislaus River, and transmits the energy 140 miles to San Francisco at a pressure of 100,000 volts.

During the year recently ended the United Railroads transported a total of 223,811,685 people, or excluding transfer passengers, 157,279,034, and during that time the cars traveled a total of 22,077,429 miles. To operate this mileage required over 100,000,000 kilowatt hours, and during the heavy parts of December it took as high as 35,000 horse power to operate the system.

Material called for a heavy expenditure in 1911, and as far as possible it was purchased in California. In the aggregate it cost \$372,000, of which amount \$292,000 was paid to California dealers. \$260,000 was for material ordered from the East, through representatives of Eastern concerns located in San Francisco, and \$20,000 for material ordered directly from Eastern factories which were not represented on the Pacific Coast. In addition, eighty new P-A-Y-E cars were purchased and put into operation here at a cost of \$560,000. It has always been the aim of the United Railroads to purchase material from local dealers wherever possible, and through the corporation's efforts a great many Eastern manufacturers have been induced to locate representatives in San Francisco.

Scores of other items, amounting to a fortune in cost, were also purchased, that the system might be made more efficient than ever, and that San Francisco might be fully abreast of any other large city in the matter of street railway transportation.

But even after purchasing material and power and paying employees, there is still the question of taxes. The company paid out for taxes last year over \$400,000, which, with the exception of the Southern Pacific Company, is a larger sum than that paid by any other single interest in the city.

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APPLAUSE AT THE ORPHEUM.

All varieties of applause may be studied at the Orpheum, from the sharp but decorous meeting of palms in chorus—firm in attack, as the musicians say, and as suddenly hushed when the demand for repetition is granted—to the rumble and roar of the gallery, punctuated and prolonged by the ear-piercing whistle with which the gods honor their especial favorites. In the days of the old theatre the gallery was closer to the stage, and its demonstrations led and drowned all other show of appreciation. At the new Orpheum there is the conventional arrangement of orchestra floor, balcony, and gallery, and roar they never so madly the enthusiasts of the uppermost tiers are not overpoweringly awesome in their manifestations of delight. But there are still many kinds of applause to be heard there, and they are not the least interesting particulars of the programme.

Here is a survival from the days of "variety" shows, that has proved its right to exist. Before vaudeville became aristocratic its patrons were unrestrained in their desire to pass audible judgment on each offering, and they alternated hisses and catcalls with tumultuous pounding of the floor and ecstatic whoops impartially. Many mediocre turns "got by," but more were driven off by as remorseless a jury as ever made a show of thumbs above the arena. And when the comedy—crude it might be, but vigorous it must be—or the song, or the dance, was particularly pleasing, then comedian and singer and dancer gained such favorable decision as comes to the favorite baseball player at the park when he ties the score. And the actors liked it, and still hunger for it. It is more than money. Many a notable from "the legitimate" admits that the forthright, unmistakable endorsement of his vaudeville audience has more nearly reconciled him to the change than the larger salary for less work. For it has come to be almost "bad form" to applaud in a two-dollar seat. In a seven-dollar seat, at the opera, it is *en regle*, of course, for the demonstration then establishes one's musical and otherwise artistic standing. But at the theatre, before a modern or new play, by no means. Leave that for "the tired business man" at the chorus-girl parade, or the enthusiasts of vaudeville.

Of course, the emotional custom still endures in the homes of melodrama, but such abiding places are becoming sadly few. Once there were three, perhaps four, permanent playhouses for melodrama in San Francisco. Now there is but one, and that one not half the time true to its traditions. Moving-picture shows have almost driven the silk-hatted villain and the lady with the dagger out of business.

But not altogether. Katherine Grey is at the Orpheum this week in a playlet with a dagger. Katherine Grey, who gave us only a little while ago a charming portrayal of the heroine in one of the best of Clyde Fitch's plays—"The Truth." It is still a picture in memory, unfaded and vivid. She, and that delightful old scoundrel of a father—Harrison Hunter, in the play—made an impression that seemed worth preserving. Now she is doing a melodramatic bit in vaudeville, and ending it with a dagger. Not that the lawyer, with his merciless cross-questioning and relentless pursuit of an innocent man, did not merit something of the sort, but not at Katherine Grey's hands. The atmosphere of that lawyer's office is oppressively mephitic. The unjustly accused husband is distinctly unworthy, and little less objectionable than the legal bloodhound. Miss Grey can not win sympathy in such a setting. The applause is not as liberal as those who make it would be glad to hear for old times' sake.

Lester, the ventriloquist, gets all the audible appreciation in laughter and hand-clapping that the brief pauses in his act will permit. He is a finished performer, as clever as any in his line. His mechanical assistant is a more lifelike figure than those usually employed, and its expressions and poses are as genuine a portion of Lester's art as his wonderful changes and command of voice.

The most clear-cut and unmistakable tokens of approval are won by the guitar player of the Toots Paka Hawaiian troupe, and they are deserved. He makes the guitar a solo instrument, and in an artistic and soulful way which is more than surprising to those who have looked upon the big but feeble strangled box as merely for accompaniment or the tinkling chords of the Spanish fandango. His Hawaiian medley is the best part of the act,

and this in spite of the fact that the singers give their plaintive melodies with much charm, and the dancer, Toots Paka herself, exhibits some of the more tepid movements of the hula-hula.

For daredevil feats on the tight wire the Holloways are to be given first rank. The balancing of the feminine Holloway on a four-seated tandem wheel, reared up in the air, high above the wire, is more than remarkable.

Aida Overton Walker and her company are chiefly mentionable as dancers, though Creighton Thompson, the only male member of the aggregation, has a good voice. Miss Walker is a fiery and graceful exponent of this style of dancing, and really could give some of the more loudly acclaimed figures in the art instructive examples in posing as well as in movement.

Rosina Casselli's midget Chihuahua dogs are much more versatile and pleasing performers than—well, than some vaudeville comedians. And the applause they get is genuine, and it rises up to them for the most part.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The greatest novelty of recent years, "Chantecler," Rostand's famous play, will be presented at the Columbia Theatre next week by Charles Frohman. The engagement is for one week only. The title-role in the drama will be played by Maude Adams, who has a larger public following than has any other woman on the American stage. The work possesses distinct literary values, its versification flows freely and with distinct charm, it is rich and clear in its symbolism, contains humor that is delightful, and carries a glorious message to the world. Miss Adams's enthusiasm over the work has been unbounded and in the rôle of the cock she has shown anew her artistic talents.

Man has no place in this fantasy of the barnyard, wherein all of the characters are birds, the fowls, and the animals of the farm. Chantecler is the typical egoist, young, ardent, inexperienced, who thinks that the world could not get along without him, that the sun would not rise if he did not get up and attend to it. Then he falls in love with a charmer, a beautiful hen pheasant, typifying the modern woman, who, by playing upon his vanity, establishes such domination over him that he is easily led to betray his most cherished secrets and expose himself to the shock of a painful disillusionment. Next he discovers that he is not the only cock in the world, that there are many variations of his famous song, and that his high courage avails little against the trained skill of the enemy. His experience shakes his faith in himself and in his work, but in the end he perceives that his chosen mission, though not so all-important as he thought it, is yet honorable and beneficent, and that, if he can not make the sun rise, he can at least arouse the sleeping world from its slumbers.

Before the opening scene is disclosed Miss Adams comes before the curtain in her own person to deliver the ingenious prelude which explains the absence of all humans from the scenes that are to follow. This prelude serves to kindle the imagination so that when the curtain goes up the audience views the scene as through a magnifying glass. The four scenes are all massive, and the costumes are novel and picturesque. Seventy people take part in the drama.

The matinees will be Wednesday and Saturday.

MLE. Fregoleska, the Roumanian Nightingale, who came to this city as the principal prima donna of the Grazi Paris Opera Company, will be heard at the Orpheum next week. Since her appearance here she has been singing on the Orpheum Circuit with great success. She is a lyric soprano, with a voice of bird-like quality, and she especially excels in coloratura numbers. In her programme for next week she will include the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" and the "Angel's Song" from "Brago."

Joseph Hart's production of "Dinkelspiel's Christmas" will be a perfect one. George V. Hobart, its author, never wrote a failure, and it is conceded to be one of his happiest efforts. An excellent company, including Bernard A. Reinold, interpret this little play.

Stuart Barnes, the favorite singing comedian, will contribute a number of most amusing comic songs. He is one of the funniest of monologists, and of him it may be truly said "His face is his fortune." It is a wonderful assistance to him in the characters he depicts.

"Fear," a dramatic story of the Southwest, will be played next week only. It is credited with being the best serious tabloid drama that has been presented on the Orpheum Circuit. There is no distortion of the time element and the events have a natural sequence. Eugene Frazier, Ralph W. Bell, H. S. Griffith, and Frank Lamb are the four good actors who take part in it.

While the Maxine Brothers, who come next week, are capable acrobats, gymnasts, and balancers, their chief attraction lies in their diminutive fox-terrier "Bobby," who is exceptionally clever and unusually well trained.

Next week will be the last of Lester, the greatest of all ventriloquists; Aida Overton Walker and her company, and the Four Holloways in the most thrilling and original wire act this city has ever seen.

The Pantages Theatre is doing a record-breaking business this week, the tabloid version of that musical comedy success, "The Soul Kiss"; Will R. Abram, Agnes Johns, and their company in "The New Partner"; Murray Bennett, the character delineator; Brooke and Harris, in their bright musical comedietta, "A Mild Flirtation"; and other clever people and acts serving to provide unusually good entertainment.

On Sunday there will be a complete change of bill and one of the features will be Arnoldo's Leopards, in what is termed "the act beautiful." The trainer has his ferocious pets educated to a nicety, and the big cats give a performance that is as unique as it is thrilling. Griff, the "English Guy," who has been seen here before and who satirizes juggling, will appear in his odd act and talk, assisted by his son George. The Dettmar troupe of four whirlwind and acrobatic dancers, making their first American tour, will introduce a number of tersichorean novelties. Bennett, Klute, and King, singers, comedians, and instrumentalists, will offer a pleasing specialty, and Joseph E. Bernard and Hazel Harrington, farceurs of renown will present their jolly little comedy playlet, "The Newly Married Man." Dave Nowlin, "the man with the flexible voice," and a great favorite here, will appear with his select company of one in his original act. An announcement that will undoubtedly be greeted with pleasure by Pantages' patrons is that of the return of Lasky's Six Hoboes, in the travesty on tramp life, "On the Road." The "Hoboes" made a great hit when they played here a few weeks ago and it has been found possible, to so arrange their bookings that they can return for a single week with their genuinely funny skit. Sunlight pictures, showing many amusing novelties, will complete an excellent programme.

Barney Bernard, one of the most popular of comedians, is coming here with the big production of "Louisiana Lou." Sophie Tucker, the far-famed coon-shouter, is also a member of the company.

Mizzi Hajos will hold a record in so far as concerns the playing of a return engagement in the large cities across the continent within one season's time. Her great success in the production of the joyous operetta, "The Spring Maid," was such when she appeared here last September that managers put in an immediate request for return dates, and in accordance, Werha and Luescher have swung the attraction around the theatrical circle for a second time within nine months.

Blanche Bates's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will close with this Saturday evening's performance of the sparkling comedy, "Nobody's Widow." There will be no Sunday night performance at the Columbia, the big force of the theatre utilizing the time in preparing for Monday night's opening of the massive production of "Chantecler."

It is said that there are very few serious moments in "The Real Thing," the comedy that Henrietta Crossman will present at the Columbia Theatre in the near future. It is a laughing show, as the average theatre-goer would say, and built solely for entertainment.

Helen Ware in George Broadhurst's dramatic triumph, "The Price," will be in San Francisco a few weeks hence with the same company and production seen with her during the run of the piece in New York. This attraction is considered one of the most important and successful of the season.

Verdi's Requiem Mass at the Greek Theatre. On March 5 the Berkeley Oratorio Society produced Verdi's Requiem Mass in the Harmon Gymnasium of the University of Cali-

fornia in a manner that put this young organization in the front rank of choral societies in this vicinity. As admittance to this notable concert was restricted to associate members of the society, the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California has arranged for a repetition of it in the Greek Theatre, on Saturday afternoon, May 11, at three o'clock, open to the public generally on payment of a small admittance fee.

On this occasion the mass will be given by a chorus of one hundred and fifty, a quartet of distinguished soloists (Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, soprano, Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto, Mr. Carl Anderson, tenor, and Mr. Charles E. Lloyd, Jr., bass), an organ, and an orchestra of sixty: the whole under the direction of the University choragus, Mr. Paul Steindorff.

That no music-lover may be debarred by expense from taking advantage of this opportunity of hearing an adequate rendering of Verdi's great work, probably the most dramatic mass ever written, the price of admission has been fixed at 50 cents, with reserved seats at 75 cents and \$1. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland; and the Students' Co-operative Store, Tupper & Reed's, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, the Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley.

Rice and Cady, the German comedians, are playing "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" at the American Theatre.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We should like to say something adequate about Signor Caruso, but unfortunately the English language was invented for ordinary purposes and it refuses to rise to the occasion. Last week we related the first part of this extraordinary story, but the sequel almost defies credulity. It will be remembered that Caruso was prosecuted by Signorina Ganelli for a breach of his promise to marry her. The verdict was in favor of Caruso, but it was a reluctant verdict. It was to the effect that the promise had actually been made, but that the lady's own virtue had saved her from the only kind of "damage" recognized by the Italian law. Not having been "damaged," of course she could not claim compensation, and so Caruso left the court with his purse intact, but with his reputation—such as it was—in a pitiable state of rags and tatters.

But no ordinary amount of ignominy can satisfy Caruso. Under such circumstances most men would call upon the earth to swallow them or upon the rocks to cover them. They would search the map for the most impenetrable of all deserts in which to hide. But not Caruso. Having escaped punishment because the virtue of his victim had lifted her beyond his reach, he now deftly fits the crown of martyrdom to his own head and prosecutes Signorina Ganelli for the value of the trousseau which he professes to have bought for her and also for moral damages for defamation of character. First he denies that he promised to marry her, and then he demands the return of the money that he spent upon her wedding dresses. Of the damage to his character we need say nothing. Signor Caruso may encounter many calamities before he finishes his earthly pilgrimage, and we hope that he will. He may encounter many enemies, and he is certain to do so, for we can hardly suppose that he has any friends. But at least he can hug this proud consolation to his breast. No one will ever injure his character. No one could. It is below the reach of human assault.

The New York Evening Post tells us of a lady orator who exhausted the resources, the large resources, of her eloquence in denunciation of her sisters who try "to dig up a genealogy, to grow a family tree, to hank on past achievement rather than on present effort." There was an amusing dénouement, but let that wait for a moment while we defend the ladies who are interested in their genealogy. Why should they not be interested, and where lies their fault? Are we not all interested in our mothers? Do we not think them to be the best women that ever lived? Surely our mothers belong to our genealogies. And if we are interested in and proud of our mothers, why not also of our grandparents and our great-grandparents, and so on all down the line, and especially if the line contains the names of some who were distinguished for crime or something equally interesting? Who would not be proud to claim descent from William the Norman, or Judas Iscariot, or Queen Elizabeth, or Fagin? Of course we are proud of our genealogies, and for the same reason that we are proud of our mothers, and if it should prove that some of our ancestors were banged for sheep-stealing it is quite easy to call it high treason and so give it an air of romantic sentiment with possible suggestions of Bonnie Prince Charlie and all kinds of delightful and wicked adventures.

But to return to the lady who scarified the sisterhood for their inclinations toward the past achievements of others rather than to their own present efforts. She herself, she assured them, had a soul above such things. Doubtless they were all of pedigreed stock and proud of it, but she would not allow herself to be deterred from pointing out the straight and narrow way with her own attitude as guide and exemplar. She had "been there," so to speak. She knew the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. She would talk to them as she talked to her aunt down in Kentucky when that admirable lady reminded her of her great-great-great-grandfather who commanded at King's Mountain, and of her great-great-uncle who was the first governor of Kentucky, and of her grandfather's family of five sons, four of them judges. When her aunt reminded her of her distinguished ancestry she was in the habit of saying then, as she said now, that such things are not among those that count. And then she swept out of the room with a sort of "duty done at all costs" expression that must have been positively painful. But one of the women remarked thoughtfully, "I am wondering if 'such things' were not actually the motive of that sermon." Probably they were.

A recently published work on the social conditions of the last century reminds us that trousers were invented by the Duke of Wellington, who was called upon to pay a heavy price for his tenacity. Men, we are told, lashed themselves into fury at a garment that reduced all legs to a common level. The states of the universities were refused admission to dining hall and chapel with the red trousers, while the Iron Duke himself was excluded from Almack's when he

presented himself wearing his pet abominations. But the conqueror of Napoleon was not to be resisted in his far greater task of conquering public opinion. There was something about the pantaloons that commended them to the so-called mind of the masses, and we have been wearing them ever since except when we go to bed. And even there we wear pajamas, some of us.

But there is much to be said for the trousers. If we had legs that were fit to show in stockings it would be another matter, but we have not. Without trousers most of us would have to pad our calves and what a nuisance that would be. Male vanity, he it noted, usually takes the form of an imitation of natural perfections. Female vanity often seeks their suppression. The woman who tries to squeeze her hips out of sight is comparable with the man who cultivates spindle legs, a wholly unthinkable being.

Talking of the Duke of Wellington, we are reminded that Jane London once wrote to him asking permission to sketch the famous Waterloo Beeches at Strathfieldsaye. She signed her letter "J. London," which is also the official signature of the Bishop of London, although why English bishops do not sign their letters so that other Christians may know who they are it is hard to say. The duke at that time was an old man and his sight was none of the best, so that the lady was somewhat surprised by the receipt of the following letter: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London. The bishop is quite at liberty to sketch the beeches which the duke wore at Waterloo if they can be found. But the duke is not aware that they differed in any way from the breeches which he generally wears."

The struggle between the impenetrable armor-plate and the irresistible projectile is as nothing compared with the homeric efforts of the Paris dressmaker to conceal the new models from the eyes of competitors. The problem is certainly a difficult one. If the costumes are to be sold it is obvious that they must be shown, and how is it possible to show them without running the risk of having them copied?

The great dressmaking firms display their best models in private rooms, but if the would-be purchaser imagines that she can saunter in and look at them she will be undeceived. Of course later on in the season they will be more or less public property, but in the early days they are shown only to well-known customers, who are invited to a private view. But there is always a risk. Even ladies of rank are sometimes impecunious, and these dressmaking firms will pay a high price for a hint. If there is any one on earth who is wholly devoid of conscience it is the impecunious lady of fashion, and so a careful watch must be kept for notebooks or sketching tablets. But even the most watchful care is sometimes set at naught. Ladies have been known to purchase gown after gown, and expensive ones, too, for no other purpose than to establish confidence and secure an invitation to the private show room. Once that has been gained a photographic memory can be trusted to do the rest, and nearly all women have photographic memories when it comes to the costumes that other women are wearing. The assistants themselves constitute another source of danger. Rival establishments will sometimes succeed in smuggling their own servants into the show rooms of their competitors, and then of course the game is easy.

From England comes a cry of distressed protest against the freak dances that have invaded the hall room and the dance hall. What is a poor hostess to do, asks one distracted lady who rushes for advice to that encyclopædia of social wisdom, the editor of a woman's newspaper. She invites a number of young people to her house, provides them with waltz, two-step and one-step music, and then to her horror finds that they are determined to caper about like freshly caught gorillas and to contort themselves into shapes and gestures whose meaning, she charitably supposes, they can have no idea of. This particular hostess says that she would be just as willing to hear indecent language from her guests as to see indecent gestures. In the former case she would know just what to do and she would do it quickly. But now she is perplexed. These abominable dances may be due to ignorance, and if so, the laws of hospitality forbid her to interfere. But she is determined that her drawing-room shall not be filled by a crowd of young men and women who are determined to imitate the behavior of thugs and of drunken harlots, and so she will give no more dances until such time as decency shall reassert itself.

The suffragettes and the antis are determined to make all the capital they can from the Titanic disaster, and in various Eastern and English newspapers the irate combatants are metaphorically shaking their tomahawks in each other's faces. Generally speaking, the suffragettes resent the idea of chivalry. The men of the Titanic, they tell us, stood upon one side in obedience to an inherited trait demanding the preservation of the race. The race is preserved by women, therefore the men stayed behind and drowned.

Well, it may be so. But somehow in the innocence of our little hearts we were under the impression that a certain amount of co-operation between the sexes was necessary for the propagation of the race. Even Mrs. Blatch admits that under certain circumstances which we should blush to name with the precision that characterizes Mrs. Blatch herself man is a physiological necessity. No doubt it would be an evil day for humanity if all the women were exterminated. But would the race be any better off if all the men were exterminated. It may be that the suffragettes are prepared with some alternative scheme for the consideration of nature, but if so we have not heard of it.

And as for the inherited impulse theory, it seems about as weak as any theory can be. We may be guided by inherited instincts in trivial and unimportant things just as a dog turns round three times before lying down. But men do not choose death in preference to life in obedience to inherited instincts. If we must talk about inherited instincts at all, then what about self-preservation, that is not only a law nature, but the first law of nature?

One irate lady even finds a distinct grievance in the fact that women were not allowed to sacrifice themselves on the Titanic. She asks quite plaintively when equal rights will be accorded to the sexes, so that if a woman wishes to be drowned instead of a man she will be allowed to have her way. The rights of women, she says, were violated on the Titanic, or they would have been violated if they had expressed them. Brutal and tyrannical men ordered the women to get into the boats, and if they hesitated they were thrown in. It seems too bad, but it is a way that men have. There ought to be a law against it.

The London Daily Chronicle reminds us that one of the rare humorous sayings recorded of Queen Victoria was delivered over drinking songs. A piece of very modern music had been played in the queen's presence, manifestly not to her approval. "What is that?" she asked. "It's a drinking song by Rubinstein, ma'am," was the reply. "Nonsense," said the queen; "no such thing. Why you could not drink a cup of tea to that!"

For at least six centuries the Japanese, with their inherent artistic temperament, have been finishing the woodwork in their homes and odd pieces of furniture by the "Sugi" process, and samples imported have been held in high esteem as rare curiosities. The "Sugi" process of finishing is extremely simple, and the result is wonderfully beautiful. It is simply the charring of the surface of the boards to be used and the rubbing out of all charred particles until the surface is clean. In Japan this charring is done by ordinary fire, and the rubbing is done with rice straw, but a more approved method, which will get quicker and much more satisfactory results, is the use of an ordinary gasoline blow torch such as is used by painters and plumbers, the rubbing to be done with a wire brush. When the wood is finally cleaned and is dusted out with a cloth it can, according to taste, be rubbed with the smallest possible quantity of ordinary floor wax. The result is a soft brown tone showing in embossed effect every slight variation of the grain of the wood.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man applied for a job in a nursery. "Do you know anything about grafting?" he was asked. "Well, I'll admit that I know something about it," said he. "I was county commissioner the year we let so many contracts for bridges."

A tramp applied to a Manhattan woman the other day for something to eat. "Poor man," she said, "have you a wife or family?" "Madam," he indignantly replied, "do you suppose that I would depend upon total strangers for something to eat if I had a wife?"

The city nephew was showing his country uncle the town from a seat in the open-air street-car. "You don't often get a chance to ride on a street-car, uncle," said nephew. "No," said uncle; "I don't believe I've rid on a street-car since we got our new automobile."

A man wished to have something original on his wife's headstone and hit upon, "Lord she was Thine." He had his own ideas of the size of the letters and the space between words, and gave instructions to the stone-mason. The latter carried them out all right, except he could not get in the "e" in Thine.

A. E. Thomas, the playwright, was dining with a party of men. Suddenly he rose from the table and walked over to another table occupied by a solitary person of dignified mien. In the course of time, he came back. "Apologies are due the company," he said, "but what would you? The person at the other table is a dramatic critic. One must live."

Two motorists were crawling up a highway where lately a friend (then riding with one of them) knew they had formerly gone at top speed. The friend asked why the car was run so slowly. "Why," explained the driver of the car, with perfect naïveté, "everybody's carrying home garden tools now, and you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."

At Belfast a football match was played between Ireland and Scotland. One of the home supporters, who was getting excited, kept shouting out: "Sit on 'em, Ireland!" An old Scotchman in the crowd, unable to stand it any longer, cried out: "Ye might be able to sit on the leek, mon, an' mebbe on the rose, but I tell ye, mon, ye canna sit on the thistle."

A man who is constantly traveling over the same railroad has become well acquainted with the porters of the sleeping-cars. On a recent trip he hailed his porter exuberantly, and said: "Hello, Matthew! I have some good news for you. We've had a birth in our family since I saw you—twins." Matthew grinned. "Well, sah," he said, "I wouldn't call dat no birth, sah. Dat am a section, sah."

A certain father, whose son is an undergraduate of one of the larger colleges, has frequent occasion to remonstrate with the boy on his extravagance. In a recent letter he sent a check for \$50, but accompanied it with admonitions to lead a more economical life. "My son," he wrote, "your studies are costing me a great deal." To which his son replied cheerfully: "I know it, father, and I don't study very hard, either."

Overheard in the Palace Hotel café: "Well, now," said the man from Humboldt, in the wide-brimmed hat, "doesn't George's flop surprise you?" "It jarred me, all right," replied the man from Sacramento. "Why," continued the Humboldt man, "I've knowed George, man and hoy, for more'n fifty years, and I would 'a swore he was the real stuff; but I reckon if George had been on the *Titanic* somebody would have forced him into a boat."

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale, was discussing, at a dinner in New Haven, the significance of words. "Some words," he said, "have a history, and a knowledge of their history gives them a richer meaning. Take, for example, the word 'laconic.' Philip of Macedon was threatening the Laconians. 'If I enter your city,' he said, 'I will level it to the dust!' 'If I' was the Laconians' reply. And the pointed brevity of that reply is imbedded in our word 'laconic' like a fly in amber."

At a concert for charity in a country town Miss Carter obliged by reciting "The Village Blacksmith." At the conclusion of her recital the rural audience cheered. "Ancower!" they cried. "Ancower!" Miss Carter was about to grant the request when a burly fellow very much out of breath tapped her on the shoulder. "I've just come round from in front," whispered the man excitedly. "I want yer to do me a favor." "Well, what is it?" queried Miss Carter. "It's this," whispered the intruder. "I happen ter be the feller you've been talkin' about, and I want yer to put in

a verse this time sayin' as how I let out bicycles."

William M. Chase, at the recent sale of his pictures in New York, said to a reporter: "Yes, these are all good things—things collected with great care. You can't comment on them as the teacher once commented on the pupil's drawing. 'I draw what I see,' the pupil said complacently. 'Well, the shock will come,' the teacher answered, 'when you see what you have drawn.'"

A story is told of a certain mayor of Cork, who headed a deputation to the Emperor of the French, and commenced an oration to his majesty in what he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience; "English I know fairly well; hut, I regret to say, I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language!"

Jones was taking a walk in the country just outside Warrington when he was surprised to find a man perched on the top of a sign post which bore this inscription: "This will take you to Liverpool." Jones was quite unable to make out why the man sat there, so he called out, "What are you up there for?" "Begorra," the man replied, "I've been sittin' here for two hours, and I'm wondering what time it starts."

Robert Louis Stevenson once went to hear Charles Halle play the piano at the Queen's Hall. After the performance Stevenson, in his black shirt, walked in silence out Regent Street to Oxford Circus. He stopped at Oxford Circus and, in a slow, meditative voice, pronounced this excellent criticism on the English musician he had heard: "The manner of the elderly statesman at the piano was somewhat austere and chilling."

A certain company promoter once built a castle on a mountain peak. As he showed the gray, medieval-looking pile to a friend, he said: "I don't know what to call it. What name do you advise?" "It looks like those Scotch castles in the Highlands," said the friend. "Why not call it Dunrohin?" "Dunrohin? Dunrohin? Yes, that would be a good name," said the millionaire; "only, you see, I have no intention of retiring yet."

An heiress married a foreigner who was, she understood, a count; but it turned out that he was only a waiter. When she discovered his true station, she reproached the man bitterly. "I knew I wasn't getting wealth with you," she said, "but I thought I was getting family." "So you are getting family, my dear," her husband replied, and, with a nasty laugh, he opened a door and revealed six little children. "See, all these are ours. I forgot to tell you I was a widower."

Two Germans were walking one cold day on the banks of a large pond, when one of them fell in. He could not swim and screamed for aid. The other, who was an officer, did not feel inclined to take so cold a plunge, and calmly watched the struggles of the sinking man. All at once the man in the water began to sing a verse of the "Marseillaise," and the officer jumped in forthwith, for his strict orders were to arrest any person whom he heard sing that famous song. The unfortunate citizen was imprisoned for eight months, but that was better than drowning.

An Irishman just landed got work on the New York Central as flagman at Tarrytown. His first day on the job he waved the red danger signal before the Empire State Express. The brakes screeched down, the train stopped and the crew ran up. "What's the matter? Why did you stop this train?" the conductor demanded. "Well—" began the flagman. "Don't you know it's a state's prison offense to stop a train without cause?" the conductor exclaimed. "Why, we're twenty minutes late now." "That's just it," was the answer. "Where have yee been the last twenty minutes?"

At a little dinner the other night the assertion was made that the negro race had longer memories than white folk. Ex-Governor Bunn of Pennsylvania, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following: "Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him whether he was in the boat when George Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied: 'Lor, massa, I steered dat boat.' 'Well,' said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?' He looked worried a minute, and then, with a beautiful smile, said: 'Why, suah, massa; I dun drove dat hack myself.'"

Sir Edward Harland was the founder of the great Belfast firm of shipbuilders, who have built all the White Star liners from the beginning. His lynx-eyed vigilance was a legend at the works. It was said that he used to survey the workmen through a telescope from the windows of his residence, Ormiston. All the men felt that his eye was on them. A

riveter who has a spite against a fellow-worker on a ship can let a riveting hammer fall, apparently by accident, upon his victim. It was gravely alleged that Harland once caught a riveter in this act, and, as soon as he arrived at the works, walked up to the man and sacked him.

Colonel Faulkner of Texas was walking along the road one spring morning when he met an old darkey proceeding slowly on his way to the village, whither he was bound to secure his stock of tobacco for the coming week. "Well! Uncle Primus! How are you?" asked the colonel. "Yas suh, yas suh, thank you suh, Marse Faulkner, yas suh. Ah is feelin' good dis spring, Ah suttinly is feelin' fine. Ah doan remember as Ah evah felt no bettah in mah life, but sum way ruther Ah seem to be gittin' tu de tahn of life w'en Ah's lookin' fer de low spots in de fence."



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Constance McLaren, to Mr. Millen Griffith of Ross. Miss McLaren is a sister of the Messrs. Loyal and Jack McLaren and a niece of Mrs. Harold Sewall of Bath, Maine, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, and the Messrs. R. Porter, Gaston, Sidney, and the late William Ashe. Mr. Griffith is the son of Mr. Edward Griffith of Ross, and a grandson of the late Captain Millen Griffith. He is related to the Messrs. Griffith of this city, Miss Coppée, Mr. James Jenkins, and Mr. Wharton Thurston of Marin County.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Frances Newhall, to Mr. Frederick N. Woods. Miss Newhall is a sister of Miss Virginia Newhall and the Messrs. Almer and Edwin Newhall, Jr., and a niece of the Messrs. William Mayo and George Almer Newhall. Mr. Woods is the son of Mrs. Frederick N. Woods and a brother of the Messrs. Maud, Lottie, and Dorothy Woods, and the Messrs. Herbert and Frank Woods. The wedding will take place June 1 at St. John's Church. Miss Virginia Newhall will be her sister's maid of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Bessie Ashton, Marie Brewer, Clara Allen, Martha Foster, and Dorothy Woods. Mr. Woods will be attended by Mr. Melville Bowman.

Miss Marjorie Stafford has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Newell Fitch of Berkeley. Miss Stafford is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stafford and a niece of Mr. John I. Housman of San Anselmo and Mrs. George Searle of Alameda. Mr. Fitch is the son of Mrs. Emma Fitch of Berkeley, and graduated with the class of '09 from the University of California.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Meares and Lieutenant William Kirk Scammell of the revenue cutter service. Miss Meares is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Meares and a niece of the late Mrs. Roger Galt. Lieutenant Scammell is attached to the *Thetis*, now stationed in Honolulu.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethel Pippy and Dr. Clifton Maupin Farris of Sacramento. Miss Pippy is the daughter of Colonel George H. Pippy and Mrs. Pippy of San Mateo.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Brigham and Mr. Horace Burns Rector will take place May 28 at the family home in Los Gatos. Miss Brigham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham, a sister of Mrs. Eugene Cooper Johnson and Mr. Oaks Brigham of Los Angeles, and a granddaughter of Mrs. O. Alexander. After a wedding trip through the East, Mr. Rector and his bride will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Antoinette Keyston and Mr. Otto Grau will take place June 6 at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Keyston.

Miss Ernestine McNear gave a house party over the week-end at her home in Piedmont and entertained her guests at a dance Saturday evening at the Claremont Country Club and a picnic Sunday.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner complimentary to Baron Ludwig Heyl and Baron Heinz von Boettinger of Germany, who are visitors in this city.

Paymaster Frederick K. Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Yerba Buena in honor of Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove. Captain Gove is the newly appointed commandant at the Yerba Buena Training Station.

Mr. Harold Havens has issued invitations to a dance May 17 at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Scott Hendricks has issued invitations to a luncheon May 17 at her home on Locust Street.

Miss Helen St. Goar was hostess at a dance Saturday evening at her home on California Street.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a tea Friday at her home on California Street in honor of Mrs. Frank Montague of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor entertained at a dinner last week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Harold Casey was hostess last week at a bridge-tee.

The Messrs. Grace and Violet Buckley entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. M. S. Koshland was hostess at a tea Monday.

Mrs. Cesar V. Meyerstein was hostess at a dinner at her home on Octavia Street.

Mrs. Horace Morgan gave a luncheon and bridge party Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a dinner-dance at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. J. Cheever Cowden.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker entertained a number of friends at their home in Woodside in

honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermer-Hesketh of London.

Mrs. W. S. Porter was hostess at a tea complimentary to Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Miss Alice Owen was hostess at a luncheon Monday at her home in Mill Valley in honor of Mrs. Fannie McCreary.

Mr. Frederick von Schrader, Jr., was host Wednesday evening at a dinner preceding the hop at the Presidio.

Mrs. Anna Bradley Wallace was hostess at a tea Tuesday, complimentary to Mrs. Washington Dodge.

Miss Dorothy Fries entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Sallie Maynard was hostess at a tea Tuesday, when Mrs. Darius Orena of Los Angeles and Miss Blanche Bates were the guests of honor.

Miss Helen Nicol gave a dinner recently at her home in Berkeley.

The members of the Marin County Country Club gave a dance Friday evening and entertained a large number of guests.

The opening of the Menlo Park Country Club took place Friday evening and was attended by the members, who entertained at dinner preceding an informal dance.

Mrs. Darius Orena of Los Angeles was the honored guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. J. T. Rucker and a theatre party at which Mrs. George Hermann was hostess. Mrs. J. C. Cantwell also entertained in honor of Mrs. Orena.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Jennie Crocker left Tuesday for New York to spend a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe (formerly Miss Emily Johnson) arrived Tuesday from their home, Raymond, Washington, and sailed the following day for Honolulu, where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick arrived yesterday from Bakersfield and are the guests of Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg sailed Wednesday for home after a four months' visit in Europe.

The Messrs. Gertrude Thomas and Marian Crocker, Dr. George Hayes Willcutt, and Mr. Herbert Schmidt will be the guests over Sunday of Miss Elva De Pue at the De Pue ranch in Yolo County.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gill of Redlands will spend the summer in this city, having rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, who are going to Europe to join Mrs. Tobin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer and their children have returned to their home in Seattle after a visit of several weeks with Dr. C. N. Ellinwood and Mrs. Ellinwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle are motoring through Italy and will be joined in July by their sons, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Monteagle, who will spend their summer vacations abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan sailed Wednesday from New York for Paris, where they will occupy their apartment in the Place des États-Unis.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee of Ross will spend four months in Menlo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer.

Miss Margaret Mee is en route to Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Colonel Samuel Parker of Honolulu is in town for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young (formerly Miss Margaret Bender) have recently been the guests of Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe at her country home near Hollister.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy is recovering from a severe illness which has confined her to her home for the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent are established for the summer in their country home, which has recently been built in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham have closed their town house on Pacific Avenue and are occupying their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and her niece, Miss Effie Brown, have returned from Southern California and are visiting Dr. Reginald Knight-Smith and Mrs. Knight-Smith.

Mrs. G. E. Pennoyer of Los Angeles is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Baker, who arrived recently from the Orient, have bought a home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, Jr., are established in their new home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Donald Murray and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken sailed last week for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have opened their home in Belvedere for the season. Miss Sydney

Davis will join them later in the summer. She is at present in Santa Barbara, where she will make an extended visit.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding is rapidly recovering from her recent serious illness, and will soon be able to return to her home in Belvedere.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Hellman have closed their house on Gough Street and have moved to Belvedere for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy T. Cleghorn have arrived from Honolulu and will spend several weeks with relatives. Mrs. Cleghorn was formerly Miss Helen Hough of Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver spent the week-end in San Rafael as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean has returned from the East, where she has been spending the winter, and has joined Mr. McBean at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shafter have given up their apartment on Pacific Avenue and are settled in Los Altos for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers will move shortly into their new home in Menlo Park.

Miss Sadie Murray will go East to be one of the bridal attendants at the wedding in Detroit of Miss Carol Newberry and Captain Wentworth Allyn, an English officer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann left for the East on May 1. They will go direct to Washington to attend the International Red Cross Convention.

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen and Miss Bertha Boye, after spending ten days in Paris, are now enjoying their stay in Florence, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have moved from the Fairmont Hotel to the El Drisco on Pacific Avenue, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwab have returned to New York after a brief visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beckley have arrived from Honolulu and will spend a month at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Beckley was formerly Miss Beatrice Campbell of Honolulu.

Mrs. Robert McMillan has arrived from New York to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Foss are expected in San Francisco about the last of May on a visit to Mrs. Foss's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman. They are planning to remain a month or six weeks in the city. Since their honeymoon in England, last fall, Mr. and Mrs. Foss have been living in Jamaica Plain, Boston, Massachusetts, near the home of Governor Foss.

Major B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham have returned to this city and are en route to the Philippines. They have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Denman.

Mrs. John Cheney and her daughter, Miss Emily Cheney, will spend the summer in Connecticut.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Mrs. William Hinchley Taylor returned to town Monday from Bakersfield, where they spent a week at the Tevis ranch, Stockdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick have recently purchased the Kellogg home on Pacific Avenue and Pierce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough will spend the summer in Belvedere, where they have rented a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have gone to Honolulu to join Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, who are occupying their island home at Waikiki. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will be away about three weeks.

Miss Ethel Shorb and her aunt, Miss Anna Wilson, sailed last week for Europe.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark left with Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin for New York en route to Europe and will make brief visits to her sisters, Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, in Paris, and Miss Agnes Tobin, in London. Mrs. Clark was joined this week by Mr. Clark and her brother, Mr. Edward Tobin, who will accompany her abroad.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., are established in their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall will spend the summer in Palo Alto, where they have rented a house. They will be joined by his summer vacation with his family.

Mrs. John Ellicott, left last week with her daughter, Miss Priscilla Ellicott, for San Diego, to meet Captain Ellicott, commander of the U. S. S. *Maryland*.

Ensign Kirkwood Donavin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donavin have gone East to spend two months with relatives. Mr. Donavin will return to Coronado in July and Mrs. Donavin will remain in the East until September.

"Now, there are some people who go too far; who claim that the art of the theatre in the future need only depend on the creative stage manager." (This from an article by Montrose J. Moses, in the *Book News Monthly*.) "When he comes into being, then there will no longer be the necessity for the written play. Everything will be a matter of suggestion. A London paper, caricaturing the art theory of Gordon Craig, claimed that he was now at work on a new scheme: a wordless play, acted in the dark—the plot being suggested by perfumes. This suggestion of decadence is what must be guarded against. I do not claim that such a creative stage manager should transcend the possible experience of the average imagination; but he must refine what there is of popular imagination. I do not claim that he must give us Japanese art when Shakespeare's imagination was of another kind; when the atmosphere in most of his plays was of a definite period. The creative stage manager must bring stage technique to its highest perfection through consistency."

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## Columbia Park Boys' Club Benefit.

A delightful out-door fête, "A Night in Munich," faithfully representing a German summer garden, with a hand of fifty pieces playing a programme of German music, German student corps, German Turners, German tableaux, German refreshments, is to be given on the evenings of Thursday, May 9, Friday, May 10, Saturday, May 11, in the new courtyard of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, 458 Guerrero Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets. Admission, 50 cents. Tables may be reserved by phone—Market 608.

The highest honor in the gift of musical London is the veteran Philharmonic Society's Beethoven medal, struck in 1870 in commemoration of the centenary of Beethoven's birth. The latest recipient, chosen for this, the society's centenary year, is Pablo Casals, the Spanish 'cellist. The instrumentalists who have been thus honored heretofore have been Joachim, Kreisler, Kuhlke, Arabella Goddard, Paderewski, Rubinstein, Sauer, and Ysaye. Hans von Bulow was one of the first to whom it was awarded, likewise Brahms was one of the earlier recipients.

That interest in Robert Louis Stevenson has by no means waned was shown by the sale in London the other day of one of his letters for \$250. It was written from Davos to his cousin, R. A. Stevenson, and refers to his amateur printing and wood engraving. The manuscript of two of his poems, "My Body Which My Dungeon Is" and "The Sick Child," brought \$225 each.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Secretary of State Philander C. Knox was welcomed to San Francisco Tuesday, May 7, with ceremony, a reception and banquet in the evening at the Palace Hotel concluding a day of sightseeing and handshaking. Mrs. Knox was the honored guest at a banquet tendered her by the Women's Board of the Exposition on the same evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

A new ferry-boat for the Northwestern Pacific, named *Marin City*, was given its first trial Tuesday, preparatory to being placed on a regular run from the city to Sausalito.

The state Supreme Court has denied the motion of John D. and Adolph Spreckels that appeals from a lower court be dismissed, and has ordered that the will of the late Claus Spreckels go into effect on May 10. By this order three of the heirs, Claus A., Rudolph, and Emma, will share in the \$5,000,000 residue of the estate.

Francis L. Whitney, a pioneer California woolen mill operator, died at his home on Valencia Street, Saturday, May 4, aged seventy-five. Mr. Whitney came to the state in 1855 and for twenty-five years was owner of the mills on Townsend Street. He was the father of Robert and George Whitney, the former tennis champions, and a brother of J. Parker Whitney, the capitalist.

Gripmao Will Fisher and Conductor James McLeao closed thirty-two years of service on the line when the Geary Street cable railway ended its existence last Sunday night. They had been on the road since it was first opened for business.

Twenty-seven parlors of the Native Daughters of the Golden West joined in memorial services at B'nai B'rith Hall Sunday. Miss Anna F. Lacy, grand president of the order, presided at the meeting.

Charles Paluche, a graduate of the State University in 1891, has been made professor of mineralogy at Harvard, advancing from an assistant professorship.

Memorial services for eight members of the Association of Pioneer Women of California were held by the organization last Friday in Pioneer Hall. Miss Ellen R. Dolliver, president of the association, delivered the address.

An orchestra of eighty volunteer players participated in the benefit concert given at the Orpheum last Friday at eleven o'clock, for the benefit of the eight handsmen who went down with the *Titanic*, bravely playing their instruments to the last. Hugo Mansfeldt played a piano solo, Mrs. Grace Northrup and M. Gustarello Affre sang, and Henry Hadley, Paul Steindorff, and Herman Perlet conducted the orchestra in different selections. A large audience heard the music.

Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., president of the Orpheum Theatre and Realty Company, returned last week from New York and confirmed the telegraphic news of the purchase of the P. G. Williams vaudeville circuit for \$5,000,000, one of the largest theatrical deals ever consummated. The Williams circuit included eight high-class vaudeville theatres in New York City, and the Orpheum circuit now has interests in the metropolis that it had not been able to obtain before. B. F. Keith, the Eastern manager, and Mrs. C. E. Kohl and M. C. Anderson of Chicago, are associated with the Orpheum Company in the transaction.

It has been decided by the members of the Cosmos Club to build a new clubhouse on Sutter Street below Jones, to be ready for occupancy by the first of next year.

On charges that they had issued a saloon license illegally, brought by a Market Street merchant, Mayor Rolph on Tuesday suspended Police Commissioners I. H. Sprio and A. L. O'Grady. The trial of the accused officials was set for Saturday of this week.

A competitive examination for the appointment of teachers in the city schools will be held at the Commercial School on Grove Street near Larkin beginning Saturday morning, June 8.

Michael J. Conboy, the policeman convicted of manslaughter after several trials, has finally decided to submit to the sentence of the court, and will serve his term of three years in San Quentin.

Lawrence Haynes, an American tenor, who has been studying in Paris for two years, will make his debut this month before the royal family at Buckingham Palace. Haynes is a native of Jacksonville, Florida. The efforts of the King of Greece to obtain for the young American a hearing are responsible for the royal favor.

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An Active Theatre.

Whatever may be thought of the theatre in this city, statistics of the season now drawing to a close show that its activity is not exceeded anywhere in Europe (says the *New York Sun*, editorially). There are of course other standards by which to judge the dramatic art of a country than the enterprise and persistence of managers.

It has been estimated by a statistician in a dramatic paper that since the present season began there were until the middle of last month one hundred and twenty dramatic productions, of which ninety-nine were altogether new. Others were revivals and the continuance of plays previously given. This number does not include dramas in German, French, Russian, or Italian. Nor are circus or music-hall productions included, or stock companies which change their programmes weekly.

This number must assuredly be larger than that in any other capital. Yet it has been exceeded here in other seasons. The diminution noticed in this list is to be attributed to the fact that twenty-three of the plays acted ran for more than one hundred performances. While the enterprise of managers impelled them to put forward many plays, there were a certain number so successful as to make it possible to experiment with liberality. Probably without the twenty-three positive successes there would have been more new plays tried.

In spite of the fatigue of the "tired business man" the most important successes of the past season were dramas. There were musical plays that met with favor, and there were comedies that had more or less prosperous careers, but it was in the kind of play described as "drama" that the most striking successes were won. Of the seven plays that had more than two hundred performances only one was a musical comedy. So the "tired business man," however he may influence taste in the American playhouses, is by no means the deciding factor.

Of course it would be better for the theatrical art in the United States if it were possible to say that every one of the one hundred and twenty productions was a real triumph of the dramatist, the actor, and the stage manager. As a matter of fact the majority were hurriedly thrown on the stage with little effort to realize every possibility of the play as well as of the medium in which it was presented. But those that remained were of the highest quality that any stage could exhibit. There is more consolation in that circumstance than in the evidence of enterprise which the large number shows.

Bram Stoker, who died a few days ago in London, was known both as manager and confidential secretary of Sir Henry Irving until Irving's death in 1905, and as the author of a number of sensational novels chiefly characterized by a strange, not to say ghoulish, imagination. Stoker, whose real name was Abraham, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1858, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took honors in mathematics and athletics. In 1878 he was first associated with Irving, who in that year became lessee and manager of the Lyceum Theatre in London. In 1906 he published his "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." After Irving's death he served on the literary staff of the *London Daily Telegraph* and managed David Bispham's light opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Among his novels were "Dracula," "The Mystery of the Sea," and "The Lady of the Shroud." He had done much writing in dramatic criticism and was a member of the English bar.

Harry B. Smith, librettist, and Reginald de Koven, composer, of "Robin Hood," which was revived at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York on May 6, ordered a large monastic loving cup for presentation to George B. Frothingham, the original Friar Tuck, at the reunion of the surviving members of the original Bostonian cast on the opening night. Mr. Frothingham, who has played the jolly friar 4250 times, will have his old rôle in the revival.

Chapman & Hall, the English publishers of Charles Dickens's novels, report that the order of popularity of these stories, as indicated by their sales, is as follows: "Tale of Two Cities," "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Martin Chuzzlewit." The firm sold 750,000 copies of the novels in 1911. On one of them, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the publishers still retain a copyright.

New Orleans has had its own opera for nearly a century, presented for the last half-century in a theatre which was built for the purpose and opened in 1859 with Rossini's "William Tell."

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Miss Kate Curry 104 Years Old

One of the oldest women in New England is Miss Kate Curry, a resident of Lowell, Massachusetts. She will be 104 years old in August, and her friends are planning to give her a party which will delight her heart.

Miss Curry says the food that has been the means of keeping her hearty and well is cocoa. She is very fond of this beverage and drinks it three times a day or oftener whenever she feels the need of something warm and nourishing. She says she could live on cocoa alone if necessary and does not believe she would be able to live long without it, certainly not in comfort.

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

He—Shall we bunny? She—No; let's just  
 sit down and hug.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Hobb—He was killed by an infernal ma-  
 chine. Nobb—Did they arrest the cbauffeur?  
 —*Town Topics.*

"Going to make a garden this spring?"  
 "No; I'm busy superintending that of my  
 next-door neighbor."—*Washington Herald.*

"Phwat's thot noise, Mrs. Reilly?" "Sure  
 an' Norah's phracticisin' the scales!" "Be-  
 gorry, she must weigh a ton!"—*Musical*  
*Events.*

Little Clarence (who has an inquiring mind)  
 —Papa, the Forty Thieves— Mr. Callipers  
 —Now, my son, you are too young to talk  
 politics.—*Puck.*

"What's the matter, my dear?" "Ob, I'm  
 trying to tell that Gotrox person how per-  
 fectly beautiful we think her horrid old wed-  
 ding present is."—*Life.*

"Who says there are no women humorists?"  
 "I don't know. Why?" "My typewriter  
 spells as funny as Job Billings in his palmist  
 days."—*Washington Herald.*

"We've got a brand-new mahogany piano."  
 said Mr. Cumrox. "But nobody in your  
 family can play it." "Yes, that's the best  
 thing about it."—*Washington Star.*

Edith—Why do you dismiss Mr. Good-  
 heart? Blanch—Oh, be got so be'd rather  
 sit at home and bold my band than take me  
 to the theatre.—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Knicker—Did you tell your husband  
 you needed furs? Mrs. Bocker—Yes; he said  
 he couldn't afford anything but the skin of  
 a Welsh rabbit.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"If madam will pardon me, this suit does  
 not match her complexion as well as the  
 other." "The suit is all right. I want it to  
 match a bull pup."—*Washington Herald.*

Visiting Chaplain—Ah, my brother, this  
 world is full of trials. Prisoner—Oh, dry up,  
 guv'nor! Tblink I dunno that? It aint the  
 trials I minds; it's the verdicts.—*Sketch.*

Father—What! another new dress? Daugh-  
 ter—You needn't be cross. I bought it with  
 my own money. Father—Where did you get  
 it? Daughter—I sold your fur coat.—*Illus-*  
*trated Bits.*

Curate—How did you like the vicar's ser-  
 mon yesterday morning, Miss Briggs? Miss  
 Briggs—Oh, Mr. Smiley, I liked yours in the  
 evening much better. The dear vicar is so in-  
 tellectual!—*London Opinion.*

"Do you love me, Charles?" inquired the  
 beautiful girl. "Of course I do." "Do you  
 think only of me, by day and night?" "Well,  
 I'll be frank with you. Now and then I  
 think of baseball."—*Washington Herald.*

Maud—When you broke the engagement,  
 of course you returned the diamond ring he  
 gave you. Ethel—Certainly not! I don't  
 care for Jack any more, but my feelings have  
 not changed towards the ring.—*Boston Tran-*  
*script.*

Posser-By—What's the fuss in the school-  
 yard, boy? The Boy—Why, the doctor has  
 just been around examin' us an' one of the  
 deficient boys is knockin' th' everlastin'  
 stuffin's out of a perfect kid.—*Cleveland Plain*  
*Dealer.*

"Were you not scared when the masked  
 highwayman came through the sleeping-car  
 and demanded your money at the point of  
 a revolver?" "Scared? No, I thought it was  
 a mighty good joke on the porter."—*Buffalo*  
*Express.*

"There is nothing that women can not do  
 as well as men." "Of course," assented Mr.  
 Meekton earnestly. "But, Henrietta, I do  
 hope that none of you will insist on pitching  
 for the home team in a close game."—*Chi-*  
*cago Tribune.*

"I see somebody has suggested the possi-  
 bility of erecting a statue to the inventor  
 of rubber tires," said Whittleberry. "Good!"  
 said Gummiton. "I suppose from the gen-  
 eral behavior of the tires it'll be a bust."—  
*Harper's Weekly.*

"Prisoner at the bar, I find you have been  
 sentenced to prison twice before. What have  
 you to say why I should not send you there  
 again?" "I urge, your honor, the generally  
 accepted feeling against a third term."—*Bol-*  
*timore American.*

"I hate to see any one change his mind or  
 sacrifice his first ideals," said the uncompromis-  
 ing person. "And yet," replied Senator  
 Sorghum, "if none of us had changed our  
 minds or sacrificed our first ideals, most of  
 us would be circus clowns."—*Washington*  
*Herald.*

"Hello! Sit down. I believe you have  
 come to ask me—" "You have been mis-  
 informed; I haven't come to ask you any-  
 thing." "Why, I understood you—" "I  
 came merely because I wished to be first to  
 tell you a bit of good news. I am going  
 to marry your daughter."—*Houston Post.*

"What do you think of this idea of the  
 recall?" "It wouldn't work," replied the base-

ball fan. "If you undertook to put an um-  
 pire out every time the crowd bished him the  
 game couldn't go on."—*Washington Star.*

"Do you think Miss Chatters is an en-  
 tertaining talker?" "Oh, my, yes. She can  
 entertain herself for hours at a time."—*Bos-*  
*ton Transcript.*

"Ever surrounded by wolves?" "No; but  
 I know the sensation. I used to open the  
 dining-room doors at a summer hotel."—  
*Washington Herald.*

"What this town needs is a good active  
 and aggressive dog catcher." "You got some  
 one you want appointed?" "No, but my  
 wife's got a poodle."—*Houston Post.*

Landlord—You owe me now for four  
 months' rent, and the first three months you  
 paid so promptly. Tenant—Yes, I know; I  
 shouldn't have done it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"England owns the Kohinoor, the finest  
 diamond in the world." "Owns the finest  
 diamond in the world, eh? That seems a  
 shame when she doesn't play baseball."—  
*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I have got to perform a very distasteful  
 operation this morning," remarked the emi-  
 nent surgeon. "What is that?" "One of my  
 rich patients wants me to cut a little some-  
 thing off his bill."—*Washington Herald.*

"I used to think I would know just how  
 to manage my wife when I got her." "Has  
 your system proved to be a failure?" "No;  
 the system may be all right, as far as I know.  
 She has never let me try it."—*Chicago*  
*Record-Herald.*

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

**Mirth Unending.**

Oh, wherefore should a mortal sigh  
 And vow that life is full of care?  
 Each moment that goes swiftly by  
 Is sure to bring a laugh somewhere;  
 And the supply is ever new  
 And louder grows the note of cheer;  
 The clothes that Fashion brings to view  
 Are getting funnier every year.

These hats and shoes and all the rest  
 Of the attire that meets our gaze  
 We'll greet with wild hilarious zest  
 As now we jest of other days.  
 The present price tag may exert  
 A certain influence severe;  
 But look ahead for laughs alert;  
 Our clothes get funnier every year.  
 —*Washington Star.*

**Electric Signifitis.**

'Twas Farmer Brown, of Punkintown,  
 Who strolled the Great White Way.  
 The signs of light in letters bright  
 Gleamed out in wild display.  
 At ten o'clock he ceased his walk  
 And went to his hotel.  
 He found his waiting spouse in bed.  
 "Well, what's the latest news?" she said.  
 He thought, then answered: "Well—  
 'Accordin' to th' electric signs  
 I seen along the street,  
 You'd oughter to drink McCusker's Ink.  
 It's Easy On the Feet.  
 Caruso Sings on Rubber Springs,  
 Crush Oats are Best of Wines."  
 The farmer's wife rose up in bed.  
 The farmer smiled. "At least," he said,  
 "It says so on the signs!"

"I also noted as I strolled  
 That Near-Silk Soups are Strongest,  
 And Run-Fast Tires Put Out the Fires,  
 And Bilkins' Beer Wears Longest.  
 They say John Drew takes Huggins' Glue,  
 And Dinghat's Lamps Reflect."  
 "The signs said that?" cried Mrs. Brown.  
 "They did," he answered, glancing down,  
 "Or words to that effect!"

He slumbered deep; yet in his sleep  
 He rambled all the night:  
 "Eat Sawdust Food. Smith's Shoes Are Good  
 To Whet the Appetite.  
 Take Pinkly Pills for Climbing Hills,  
 Drink Our Two-Dollar Hat;  
 Wear Simpson's Bottled Underwear;  
 Puff's Cigars for Falling Hair,"  
 And crazy things like that.

Next day they took poor Farmer Brown  
 Back home, a gibbering wreck,  
 His mind a daze, his eyes a glaze,  
 A had twist in his neck.  
 And now he sits, his brow he knits,  
 And all day long repines,  
 The while he tries with feverish doubt  
 To twist and turn and straighten out  
 The meaning of the signs!  
 —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Wright Brothers and the Law.

That America is far behind some other parts of the world in aviation, and especially in its manufacturing side, is an incontestable fact, and now comes M. Bleriot to give us the reason. M. Bleriot has just visited New York in connection with the unveiling of the Rodin statue, and naturally he has been interviewed on the subject of aviation, which is so much more interesting than statuary. M. Bleriot says that the manufacture of aeroplanes in America is practically prohibited by the Wright brothers and that no capitalist will provide the necessary funds without a guaranty of immunity from legal action on the ground of the infringement of some patent. The validity of such actions is of course a secondary matter. Valid or not, they are a costly nuisance, and one from which the investor naturally shrinks. M. Bleriot adds that but for this threat his own machines would be manufactured in America upon a large scale, as large a scale presumably as in France, where he has already made 800 aeroplanes and can find ready purchasers for all that his factory can

produce. Other makers are in the same quandary. They are practically excluded from the country by a threat of legal proceedings if they adopt a device that is considered to be essential to safety. This same complaint against the Wright brothers has been heard before, and there is no reason to believe that M. Bleriot is exaggerating when he says that they are "strangling aviation" in America. Now the patent laws were made for no such purpose as this. They were intended to promote invention and manufacture, and not to discourage them, and even if it can be shown that the Wright brothers are strictly within their rights then it furnishes an additional proof that the patent laws need overhauling.

### The Presidential Outlook.

While admitting that "the discovery of the South Pole" is a "gra-and thing for sci'nce," Mr. Dooley disavows surprise. "I have," he says, "knowd where it was for fifty years." Very like this is the position of this newspaper with respect to the presidential primary election in California. For something more than fifty years we have known that the number of persons in California, or in any community, politically intelligent and seriously impressed with a sense of political responsibility is relatively small. Therefore there is never cause for surprise in an incident which exhibits public indifference to political obligations, lack of understanding of the true significance of things, a propensity to be charmed by noisy demagoguery, and generally speaking, a disposition on the part of the multitude to act upon the impulses of carelessness, prejudice, and emotionalism.

To the causes above defined may fairly be attributed the fact that in a primary election of really large importance only half of the duly registered voters took the pains to go to the polls at all; that more than one-half of those who did vote showed no real comprehension of what they were voting about; that bluster and pretense pitifully cloaked scored a victory—all working together to bring about a result illustrative of "carelessness, prejudice, and emotionalism."

The twenty-six votes of California in a grand total of 1076 apportioned to the Chicago convention will cut small figure numerically considered. Yet it means much in its relationship to men and things that they are to be given for Theodore Roosevelt and against William H. Taft. For behind these twenty-six votes there is the prestige, political and other, of the State of California. True, the primary vote for Roosevelt is only a fraction of the real voting population, and roughly speaking less than a third of the registered poll; but these significant facts, however important they may be as related to the election next November, hardly serve now to cloud an event which makes for the approval of demoralizing and destructive ideas, and which aims at the exaltation of a reckless and dangerous figure in the national life.

That Mr. Roosevelt will profit directly by this result is in the present posture of affairs inconceivable. He is still so slenderly supported at the point of assured delegates that his nomination is hardly a possibility. But every new voice in his behalf augments his power to work the mischief he has in view—nothing less than the demoralization and destruction of the Republican party. Primarily his desire is to defeat one whom he now regards as his private enemy; but we think we are not going too far in declaring the judgment that his ultimate hope is to create a situation out of which he may rise to be the undisputed master of the destinies of his country. Mr. Roosevelt has no doubt observed the historic lustre reflected upon those figures who have established autocratic authority upon the ruins of more or less democratic systems, and in the insane egotism of his ambition he aims to enroll himself in this brilliant galaxy. We have been slow to believe that Mr. Roosevelt's aspirations would carry

him so far, but no other interpretation of his course now seems reasonable. The moral enthusiasms which he professed and probably felt earlier in his career and under which he entered public life, and by simulation of which he still contrives to charm the elements of ignorance and credulity, have now been superseded by motives plainly founded in overweening conceit, in overweening ambition, in contemptuous disregard of every suggestion and obligation of dignity, truth, respect, and honor.

Whether or not, in view of the events of the campaign, Mr. Taft is a practicable or possible nominee remains, we think, to be determined by his own State of Ohio in a preferential primary election to be held on Tuesday next. If Mr. Taft shall win in that election he will upon the face of things have delegates enough to command the nomination. Yet it is to be borne in mind that a considerable element of his presumed strength, including eighty-and-odd delegates from New York, is uninstructed and therefore free to go any course it may please under considerations of policy. It is further to be remembered that another considerable element of his support is made up of Southern delegates, many of them professional scalawags, and practically all soldiers of political fortune. These forces undoubtedly would be strong for Taft if his fortunes were in the ascendant. That they will stay with him in the face of conditions implying a question as to his ultimate success is a matter of doubt. But if Mr. Taft should lose Ohio, his own state, it would, we think, practically if not actually eliminate him as a candidate. And, speaking with entire frankness we should regard it as doubtful policy to place at the head of the Republican ticket a man who, unable to command the cordial approval of such leading states as Illinois and Pennsylvania, should lose the support of another important state, even his own.

If Mr. Taft shall win Ohio next Tuesday by a decisive vote his candidacy will probably be sustained up to the meeting of the Chicago convention a month from now with some chance of success. But if there shall be failure in Ohio, the inevitable effect will be to turn the minds of men to alternative candidates, and we think with especial attention to Judge Hughes, to Senator Cummins, or perhaps to some modern Lochinvar out of the West, like Borah of Idaho.

Turning to the Democratic side of the situation, the result in California contributes a positive element to the hopes of Champ Clark. Taking the situation altogether, Mr. Clark has now become the foremost figure of the immediate situation. Two facts, however, are to be remembered in estimating the possibilities at Baltimore. One is that Professor Wilson is a fairly close second to Mr. Clark in favors already assigned; the other is that under Democratic practice it takes a two-thirds vote to nominate. In situations similar to that likely to present itself when the Baltimore convention meets the common experience is that the two leading figures cancel each other, giving the nomination to some compromise man. And, speaking of compromise men, there in full view stands William Jennings Bryan.

### Zapata and His Cause.

While there is no doubt that General Orozco has been worsted by the Mexican federal troops, it would be well to delay judgment as to the extent of the victory. Experience has shown that President Madero has only one formula for the communication of military news. All his opponents are brigands, every engagement is a federal triumph, and the movement against him is always on the verge of final collapse. We have heard these stories so often and they have so often been falsified by the facts that more than the usual amount of caution is needed in the present case. That five thousand men were engaged upon each side in the last fight and that Madero is now making strenuous efforts to raise an army of 300,000 men and is



conscripted are not reassuring signs. Guerrilla fighters without any particular centre or base are notoriously hard to suppress, as witness our own adventures in the Philippines and the plight of Great Britain in South Africa.

The fact that nearly all news emanates from Madero himself makes it hard to understand the actual cause of the revolt against him. To ascribe it to brigandage as we understand that term seems a little absurd. Brigands do not submit themselves to such discipline as that of Zapata and Orozco nor are they usually willing to be shot down by hundreds as in the recent battle 300 miles south of the frontier. The rebels may be ignorant and fanatical men, but they did not become brigands merely because they ceased to fight against Diaz and began their struggle against Madero. And they are the very same men. Zapata was one of Madero's most trusted lieutenants when Madero himself was a rebel and a "brigand." The hurling of epithets may carry with it a certain personal satisfaction, but as a political argument it leaves much to be desired. If it comes to that, all kinds of war are very much like brigandage.

Zapata and Orozco are fighting first of all because they love fighting, and secondly because they resent the "betrayal" of their cause by Madero. Their initial struggle against Diaz was not against the dictator personally, but against the land system and the system of foreign concessions devised by him for the development of the country. They believed that if they could get rid of Diaz they could get rid also of the foreigner, his concessions, reservations, and fences, and that the country would revert once more to the sort of communal land proprietorship under which everything belonged to every one. Madero fostered this idea for purposes of his own. He allowed his followers to believe that his success would mean the reversion of the land to the people and that the foreign corporations that had secured concessions from Diaz would promptly be sent from Mexico bag and baggage. Madero himself must have known the impossibility of such a programme, but he allowed his adherents to believe that it would be carried out. They supposed that they were fighting for that programme and no other.

Zapata must have had his doubts about Madero from an early date, for when general disarmament orders were issued he alone disobeyed them. He kept his ragged forces together on one pretext or another, and as Madero became pressing Zapata became menacing. A man of great personal courage, he not only defied Madero to his face, but actually extorted a large sum of money from him for the support of his little army. And as soon as it became evident that Madero had discarded his whole cargo of land nationalization theories Zapata began to fight again and for the same cause as before, and he has been fighting ever since.

Of course Zapata is a visionary and with all the fanaticism of dense ignorance. He is crying for the moon, but at least he is consistent. He began his fight against Diaz for the restoration of the primitive land system of Mexico and he is still fighting for the same cause. To say that he fights barbarously is only to say that he is a Mexican, to whom a stab in the back is more prudent and therefore more commendable than a blow in front. But to call him a brigand, except on the general principle that all Mexican revolutionists are brigands, is ridiculous.

The American problem is therefore much complicated by a recognition of the facts. The struggle in Mexico, now more formidable than ever, is not one between rival gladiators, nor is it comparable with the usual South American imbroglios and faction fights. If the present rebels are successful it will mean a campaign of confiscation against the concession holders. It will mean a notice to quit for all foreigners who hold land. Madero is evidently a weakling, like most "intellectuals" who suppose that the art of human government can be learned from universities and text-books, but in this instance and in this particular quarrel he is on the side of civilization, contracts, and commercial order. His defeat would be their defeat.

#### Life-Saving Regulations.

Evidently we are not in a position to throw stones at the White Star Line for its failure to provide sufficient boat accommodation for its passengers. Over twenty Pacific steamers have been found to be similarly deficient and are under orders to carry fewer passengers for more boats. Even the United States transatlantic ship *Sherman*, carrying 1600 passengers, had boats for 100 of them and is now at sea in that ill-equipped

state, the authorities having no power to compel the War Department to obey the law. As a matter of fact our own life-saving regulations were nearly as stupid as those of the British Board of Trade. Until about a week ago our ships were required to furnish lifeboats not in proportion to the number of lives that they carried, but in proportion to the number of tons of freight, presumably because the official mind has some special affinity with tonnage. No doubt the new brooms will sweep clean for a time.

#### Two Social Dilemmas.

"Society" on both sides of the Atlantic is mightily occupied these days discussing issues which, if they bear small relation to the fate of nations, are nevertheless not without interest to that vast world which loves to busy itself with private affairs both within and without its own spheres. The first of these interests is as to which of the two wives of the late John Jacob Astor is to be the Mrs. Astor. In the organized fashionable life of New York there are tremendous potentialities in the name—Mrs. Astor. It has stood now for nearly a century as the top notch of social prestige. Borne in succession by two or three women of dignity and character, and backed by a long family history as well as by unlimited financial means, it has acquired an almost pontifical exaltation in a sphere where competition is eager, not to say fierce.

The first wife of the late John Jacob Astor, Miss Ava Willing of Philadelphia, came into the society leadership of the metropolis under various sanctions. She came of a family long distinguished, one indeed which took pains to let it be known that in its own estimation it gained nothing by alliance with the New York Astors, for be it remembered Philadelphia has her own standards and her own valuations as related to matters social. Upon the death of Mrs. William Astor, the charming and aristocratic wife of John Jacob Astor was by common consent accepted as the successor of one who in the phrase of the newspapers had long been styled "the queen of New York society." Mrs. Astor's position was never disputed during her married career, and renunciation of this premiership was one of the elements of sacrifice involved in the family breach of some four years ago. Following her divorce, she went to England and established herself there in a fairly conspicuous social career under the name of Mrs. Ava Willing Astor.

In a strict sense the "reigning Mrs. Astor"—if we may again borrow a phrase from the society reporter—is the second wife of John Jacob Astor, now left a widow at twenty years of age. But it is evident that Mrs. Ava Willing Astor intends to reclaim her lost rank and leadership if the trick may be turned. Already she has dropped the name assumed after her divorce, now styling herself "Mrs. John Astor." She has taken a fine house in New York and will set up as the original Mrs. Astor, undertaking to reassume the position which she once abandoned. The general opinion is that she will "put it over" the young widow—her half sister in bereavement, so to speak. She has the advantage of familiar acquaintance with the New York social world, in which she has personally always been fairly well liked. Her background of Philadelphia breeding and relationship is distinctly better than that of the younger woman, whose people have not been particularly well known or well approved in the social sphere.

The issue is dependent undoubtedly upon young Vincent Astor, who, gossip has it, is all but sentimentally devoted to his young step-mother. If this young man, now the head of the family, should smile upon his mother's ambitions and back them with the family millions, the outcome may easily be guessed. But if, through sympathy with the young widow and in deference to his late father's feelings, he shall sustain the cause of the younger woman, there will be from the standpoint of the gossips a most interesting situation. In any event the victory, whichever of these matrons may win it, is not likely to be a sustained one. If young Vincent shall chance to marry a woman of strong character plus ambition for social leadership, she will quickly make it plain who is the Mrs. Astor. In the meantime this little tempest in a teapot is not without its amusing aspects.

The immediate interest in the world of English society is the status of Mrs. George Keppel. Mrs. Keppel, as all the world understands, stood for many years in an immediate relationship with the late King Edward. The only reason why the king's friendship for Mrs. Keppel did not become a public scandal was be-

cause of a certain consideration which doth hedge a king, even in the whimsicalities of his conduct. For many years Mrs. Keppel was included in every invitation extended to the king, and by his direct order. If perchance there was criticism upon this state of affairs, the wrath of the king was instantly and sharply administered upon the offender. And while everybody knew all about the affairs of Edward and Mrs. Keppel, everybody pretended not to know anything about them. For years Mrs. Keppel "went everywhere" and in return "everybody" accepted Mrs. Keppel's invitations. Apparently she was the most popular and most sought after woman in the aristocratic life of England, even superseding Queen Alexandra herself in the actual as distinguished from the nominal leadership of court society.

It was reported that when King Edward was on his deathbed he exacted from Mrs. Keppel a promise to stay away from England for a period of two years. She went immediately following the funeral, and, to universal scandal, in the blackest of mourning. In the intervening period gossip has entertained itself vastly in speculation with respect to the ultimate status of Mrs. Keppel. Whatever privately may be thought of her, nearly every aristocratic or fashionable house in England had received her, and in return had been received by her.

Mrs. Keppel, who whatever else she may be is a woman of resolution, undertook last week to find out for herself where she stood. On Friday, the 10th instant—the second anniversary of King Edward's death—she gave a dinner and ball in the beautiful Grosvenor Street house given her by the late king, to celebrate a double event—her own home-coming and the debut of her daughter, a young girl of eighteen. "Everybody" was there, even several persons officially associated with the present royal household. Evidently it has been determined by King George that nothing shall happen with respect to Mrs. Keppel tending to discredit the fiction that her friendship with the late King Edward was casual and innocent. Gossip has it that Miss Violet Keppel is very shortly to be presented at court, and "society" is wondering, first, if Mrs. Keppel's assurance will sustain her in an appearance at Buckingham Palace, second, if Queen Mary will find grace to go through her part of the ceremony without some betrayal of her very natural feeling in the matter.

Again let it be remarked that these matters, while not directly connected with the fate of nations, are still not without interest as illustrating certain conditions of contemporary society.

#### The "Titanic" Inquiry.

The British Board of Trade has begun its inquiry into the *Titanic* disaster, and it has begun it in such a way as to leave no doubt that it will be thorough and conclusive. Lord Mersey, as head of the court, has had wide experience as wreck commissioner, while at his side are five assessors, deeply versed in the technicalities of maritime affairs, whose aid will be constantly at the service of the inquiry. The government will be represented by the attorney-general, Sir Rufus Isaacs, and the White Star Line by Sir Robert Finlay. Specially appointed counsel, over one hundred in number, will appear for all the other interests involved, while as an aid to a practical comprehension of the problem the court has furnished itself with a model of the *Titanic* twenty feet in length. The attorney-general announced that the inquiry would be confined to twenty-six definite questions covering the whole ground of the disaster and including the wireless warnings, the precautions that were taken and that should have been taken, the construction and the equipment of the ship, and the existing laws that govern such matters. The ultimate findings of the court will not only place the blame where it should be placed, but will be used as a basis for legislation. All this seems highly satisfactory. With such an array of counsel there can be no injustice to any one, nor is it possible for the smallest relevant fact to evade attention.

There will be no disposition to draw unfair comparisons between the machinery of the British inquiry and that of our own. Great Britain has a special court of judicial experts to try maritime cases and we have not. The British authorities had a certain amount of leisure to prepare for the case, while our own inquiry was of the emergency order and necessarily informal. But when all has been said that can be said, it remains patently true that the proceedings carried out under Senator Smith were indecorous and grotesque and—what is worse—flagrantly unfair. Those proceedings



were practically in the nature of a trial, with the position of judge and prosecutor in the hands of one man, wholly incompetent for such a duty, and apparently with an eye for the yellow newspaper rather than for the end of justice. Some of the questions put by Senator Smith are almost incredible for their sensationalism, banality, and ignorance. "What is an iceberg composed of?" "Did any of the passengers or crew take refuge in the water-tight compartments?" "Describe the screams." "Does not an iceberg radiate light like the sun and planets?" Such are some of the questions reported as having been put at a solemn investigation such as this, and by a United States senator especially selected for the purpose. When we further remember the hectoring manner that Senator Smith thought it proper to adopt, his offensive demeanor toward some of the witnesses, and his consistent play to the gallery the spectacle as a whole becomes humiliating and disgusting.

It would be interesting to know why the choice fell upon Senator Smith of Michigan. Was there no senator possessing at least some rudimentary knowledge of the main facts of maritime affairs? It would be hard to find a schoolboy even in Michigan who does not know that icebergs are made of ice and that water-tight compartments are not available for refuge purposes. And it is hard to imagine any one higher in the scale of creation than a cub reporter on a Hearst newspaper demanding of some shivering and horror-haunted survivor that he "describe the screams."

Let us hope that there will never again be a need for such an inquiry. But if there should be such a need let us hope that the duty will not be intrusted to any one so incompetent as Senator Smith or to any other who can so far misapprehend his duty as to turn an occasion that should be marked by an access of duty into one for vulgar demagogic display.

#### Mind Poisons.

From Krishna down a hortative line illustrated by the great names of Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, with those of ten thousand lesser prophets, including Joe Smith and Mother Eddy, we have the assurance that as a man thinketh, so is he. And since Spenser declared that "mind maketh good or ill, wretch or happy, rich or poor," all the poets have reëchoed this sentiment. As applied to the realm of social and political life, philosophers, educators, and statesmen have stood in line, assuring us in unbroken chorus that whatever tends to corrupt the mind tends to debase the individual and to weaken society.

Now with this principle firmly in mind, let us glance for a moment at certain obtrusive phases of the immediate life about us: We see our country largely distempered either under the possession of or the desire for wealth. We see extravagance, the spirit of competition, rivalry in display, on every side. We see much of the best intellect of the day in bondage to a gross materialism. We see the old standards of political judgment fading out, the old standards of political action degenerate. That faith in the general integrity of things which has sustained us as a people seems lost. Once we heeded the voice of character and wisdom and followed the leadership of responsibility, honor, and integrity; now the multitude, void of faith, eager for novelty, harkens to the loudest demagogue, and substitutes emotion for reason. In the domestic sphere we find conditions hardly more wholesome. We see manhood less regardful of certain responsibilities than in other days; we see womanhood resentful of old-time duties and limitations, even openly regardless of them. Childhood has lost its simplicity. It clamors not for natural but for artificial pleasures, having caught something of the distempers of the time.

Still bearing in mind the principle embodied in the opening paragraph of this writing, we venture to ask if many of the evils of the day are not the direct result of that species of mental infection which comes through an unclean press and its invariable accompaniments. Is it reasonable to expect honor, the power of self-control, the spirit of dignity, in an average man bred up under the conditions prevailing in recent years? Has there in the public life of San Francisco or any other considerable community these past twenty years been anything tending to seriousness of mind, with devotion to high standards? Has not everything, on the contrary, tended to disrespect, to distrust, to triviality? Has there been anything in "society," organized or unorganized, to promote what we may call the feminine virtues? Has the food which we have

administered to the minds of our youth been wholesome, or has it been corrupting? Look for one moment at the type of man we honor with public office. Reflect upon the plays on the public boards; upon the books put into the hands of youth. And above all reflect for one serious moment upon the quality of mental food supplied by the daily newspaper, with which the minds of young and old are continuously fed. In consideration of these things, is there any justification for surprise that politics is in confusion, that private morals tend to degeneracy, that men and women of character tend to become rarer, that youth and childhood are in too many cases void of promise?

We find that what started out to be a more or less trivial reflection upon a current event has grown into a perhaps over-solemn sermon. But perhaps the sermon is as well worth while as what was intended.

#### Editorial Notes.

The humor of Mr. Spreckels's resentment against the Johnsonian régime remains fresh and interesting even under repetition. Indeed it is a question if Mr. Spreckels in the vocative is not even funnier than Mr. Spreckels in the imperative—it is at least more rare. But however tastes may vary as regards the charm of Mr. Spreckels's moods, there is no doubt as to the pertinence of his charge that the boss system in politics was never in California practiced in severer or more arbitrary forms than at this time. Governor Johnson's flop from La Follette to Roosevelt three months ago, followed within twenty-four hours by the flop of everybody connected with the state administration, easily stands as the most melodramatic incident in California's politics in times present or past. But while more showy than some other things, it bears no more positive testimony to the effectiveness of the Johnsonian system than a thousand other circumstances and events. These circumstances and events, beginning with the assault upon Alden Anderson and continuing down to last week's assessment of the employees in the state printing office, tend, if we may confess it, to arouse a certain species of admiration for Mr. Johnson. It has called for no mean skill in sleight-of-hand to establish a hard-and-fast system of open boss domination upon such pretensions as Governor Johnson has made and continues to make. One whose battle cry is "rule of the people," and who wins under this standard, shows a creditable degree of versatility in substituting the yoke of personal authority for the collar of organization. He is indeed a success as a drillmaster who out of a bold champion of principle such as Chester Rowell used to be makes a cringing and subservient tool of an arbitrary and autocratic system. We wonder if after all the resentment of Mr. Spreckels is not due to the fact that he has been so badly beaten at his own game.

It is amusing and at the same time saddening to read the daily reports from St. Paul of the sessions of the General Methodist Conference. It seems that the burning question of the day is whether young people shall be allowed to dance and to play cards. Apparently there is no objection to checkers or to blind man's buff, although if we remember correctly the days of our youth the latter of these two hilarious pursuits is particularly undermining to the character, and notably so in the matter of penalties for being caught. And then there is the evil practice of hanging the mistletoe at Christmas time. How many innocent young souls have been hurried into perdition by this insidious plant. Small wonder that the Methodist Conference should be perturbed in spirit as it notes the victorious advance of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But is the conference sure that it can do anything in the matter? Our own conviction is that Methodist young people dance and play cards just like the unregenerate, and that whatever ordinances are passed will be observed only by those who have reached that point in life where the pomps and vanities of this wicked world have already lost some of their earlier charm.

The treatment meted out to the San Francisco *Examiner* is one more nail in the coffin of modern unionism and its methods. The *Examiner* has no quarrel with the pressmen or their organization. On the contrary it has fawned upon unionism and licked the boots of its leaders. But there has been trouble between the Hearst newspapers of Chicago and the labor organization there, and because of their quarrel, thousands of miles away, the pressmen in San Francisco have been ordered to leave their jobs. Being serfs they have

obeyed, while their colleagues in Los Angeles, resentful of brand and collar, have disobeyed and remain at work. With such an object lesson in terrorism we may well wonder how long the blight will be allowed to remain and what will be the next industry to be scorched by the long range fire of labor dictators. At the same time this particular incident has its compensations. Nothing so well becomes the *Examiner* as a diminution in size. It never appears to such advantage as when fading gently into invisibility. If only the process might be continued to the point of extinction by some orderly and lawful means!

United States District Judge Cornelius J. Hanford of Seattle found a way last week to show one long-haired and leather-lunged socialistic disturber that while this may be a land of freedom it is not a land of unlimited license. Oleson had obtained citizenship under an oath of devotion to the Constitution of the United States and he was arraigned before Judge Hanford by the district attorney charged with having taken an active part in social disturbances, including the utterance of treasonable sentiments. Judge Hanford ordered the cancellation of Oleson's naturalization papers. In his decision the judge said:

He (Oleson) claimed to have a clear understanding of the Constitution of the United States and knew that by one of its articles deprivation of life, liberty, or property without due process of law is forbidden, and yet the evidence introduced in his behalf proved that the party with which he is affiliated has for its main object the complete elimination of property rights in this country.

The notion that citizens of this country may absolve themselves from allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, otherwise than by expatriation, is a dangerous heresy. The nation generously and cordially admits to its citizenship aliens having the qualifications prescribed by law, but recognizing the principles of natural law, called the law of self-preservation, it restricts the privilege of becoming naturalized to those whose sentiments are compatible with genuine allegiance to the existing government as defined by the oath which they are required to take. Those who believe in and propagate crude theories hostile to the constitution are harred.

The evidence in the case does not have to be analyzed to determine his attitude. He has no recognition for the Constitution of the United States, no intention to support and defend it against its enemies and he is not well disposed toward the peace and tranquility of the people. His propaganda is to create turmoil and to end in chaos.

There is one cause for congratulation in the general result of last Tuesday's primary election. It is in the fact that the itch for some kind of an office—anything, oh Lord!—so long and so pitifully sustained by poor old Dr. Pardee has at last found a salve. True, to go to Chicago in midsummer at one's own charge to carry a perfunctory vote for a sure loser is not just the kind of office that soaring ambition would select. But it is not now so much soaring ambition (that particular distemper having run its course) that animates our one-time poor-time governor as a sore heart. Now, having at last gotten an "office," a perfunctory and temporary one though it be, we trust his ex-excellency will abate something of the grouch so long cherished—and while we are wishing, let us hope that he will remain in Chicago permanently, unless perchance it may suit him to go somewhere farther on. We know of nothing that would tend more to sweeten the atmosphere of California than for Pardee to permanently vacate it.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond suggests that a memorial arch be erected by the women of America in honor of the men of the *Titanic* who died in response to the highest impulses of the race, who gave up their lives without hesitation or fear in order that the women might be saved. There are no words that can be effectively used in support of such an idea. Its accomplishment should be as instinctive and as spontaneous as the sublime action that it would commemorate. It is not within human power to reward the men who immortalized themselves by their instant choice of death rather than life and who so triumphantly proved that duty and not self-preservation is the greatest and strongest of all laws. It is not to them but to ourselves that we owe the debt of such a memorial as has been suggested by Mrs. Hammond, and that it should be paid at the hands of women is tenderly appropriate. This was one of those great achievements of human nature that we can not afford to forget. Indeed we are not likely to forget it. But it is well that we should have some permanent and material reminder of the divinity in human nature that can so easily triumph over the lesser motives of daily life and that can meet a sudden and a violent death as the best and truest of benefits.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Why is it that human sympathies are so powerfully aroused by one kind of disaster, while they are left unaffected by others, far more terrible? Compared with the famine in Russia, the tragedy of the *Titanic* was a mere insignificant happening. But we know little and care less about the former, while the latter wrenches unbearably upon our nerves, and at once takes its place as the supreme event of the day. Less than two thousand persons met a nearly painless death in the Atlantic. Prince Kropotkin tells us that nearly twenty million Russians are actually starving to death in the Far East of Europe, that their misery is intensified by scurvy and typhus, and that unnumbered parents are committing suicide because they can not hear the sight of their hunger-tortured children. The disparity in public sympathy shows, of course, neither an excessive sensitiveness on the one hand, nor apathy upon the other. Our sympathies are aroused only by such events as might conceivably happen to ourselves. All others are beyond the scope of the realization essential to active pity. Nowadays the whole world goes down to the sea in ships. There are very few who can not place themselves in imagination upon the deck of a sinking steamer. But we can not realize starvation. Still less can we realize scurvy and typhus. We are willing enough to believe that these particular sufferings are hard to hear, but they appeal to us as theories rather than as facts because they do not relate themselves to our own experience.

It is announced from China that all government officials must henceforth be addressed as "Mr." and that all titles such as "Excellency" will be discarded. Whether the new rule will apply to army and navy officers is not stated, but there seems to be no reason why they should be exempt. There is no essential difference between one title and another, and no good reason why military rank should be indicated by the prefix "general" or "lieutenant" while civic rank is debarred from its corresponding titles.

London still contains two buildings that witnessed the performance of Shakespeare's plays during Shakespeare's life. Whether these occasions were graced by the presence of the author himself we have no means of knowing, but they may have been. He may have been present in the hall of Gray's Inn when "A Comedy of Errors" was performed in 1594, and he may have witnessed "Twelfth Night" in the Middle Temple Hall in 1602. The first of these plays seems to have been popular or there was some other cause that attracted an unusual crowd to Gray's Inn, for we read that the visitors were so numerous that there was no room for the players, and so a portion of the audience had to withdraw. It would be interesting to know what the spectators thought of the production and how many of those present would have been surprised to learn that "A Comedy of Errors" would possess the same drawing powers three centuries later.

Collectors of the antique would do well to read a recently published book by M. Paul Eudel. It is entitled "Trucs et Truquero" and it contains some curious revelations of human gullibility. One of them is concerned with the window of the old French chateau on which Henri IV once scratched the pious prayer: "Dieu garde de mal ma mie. Ce 22 de Septembre 1589.—Henri." When M. Eudel first saw this inscription it was in two lines of clumsy letters. Two years later he saw it again, but now it was in three lines, and it was evident that the royal handwriting had somewhat improved in the interval—no doubt the result of modern education. Then M. Eudel made inquiries, and he soon solved the mystery. The guide and the owner of the chateau were in collusion. When the guide detected the light of covetousness in the eyes of the visitor he discreetly turned his back, so as to facilitate the removal of the pane, lightly placed in position for the purpose. But he turned around again in time to catch the thief in the act, when a handsome sum of hush money would naturally result. Two-thirds of the amount went to the owner of the chateau, while a third was retained by the guide. The scheme was as simple as it was remunerative, and so we are told that at this moment there are hundreds of panes of glass scattered throughout the world, all of them bearing the inscription of Henri IV of France.

Switzerland has just undertaken a complete revision of her laws relating to married women, marriage, divorce, illegitimacy, wills, and inheritances. Henceforth the Swiss woman is to be regarded as a human being, but she must still wait awhile before she is allowed to vote. The earnings of a married woman will now be her own property. If she is a widow she will be the sole guardian of her children, and she can take her choice between three systems of marriage settlement. The age of marriage has been raised from sixteen to eighteen for women and from eighteen to twenty for men, but no one under the age of twenty-one may be married without the consent of parents or guardians. The divorce rules have been much liberalized in favor of women, that is to say the same causes for divorce are allowed to both sexes. On the other hand the penalties for illegitimacy are more severe for the father than for the mother. Unmarried mothers will have the right to require that the paternity of the child shall be fixed within one year of its birth, and the father must contribute to the support of the child until it is eighteen years of age, and upon a scale commensurate with his social position.

Sir William Ramsay has something interesting to say about the transmutation of metals and the philosopher's stone. He tells us that the impossibility of transmutation became a dogma in the eighteenth century, but that since the alchemists have come over the spirit of the scientific dream, Mendeleef discovered a certain law of periodicity in

the atomic weights of the elements, and from this discovery came the hypothesis that all the elements had a common source for which the term protyle was invented. Now a common source implied at least a theoretical possibility of transmutation and while Sir William thinks that transmutation is improbable he admits that there seems to be no insuperable barrier to it. It appears to him that "we shall conceivably be able to note affinities between certain elements and even to transform one into another," but it is not likely that the first success will be with gold. Indeed he hopes that it will not be, for what greater economic calamity could befall us than the manufacture of gold in a laboratory. But the other minor transmutations, says Sir William Ramsay, might be scientific benefits without becoming the basis of too profitable exploitations. For the present we must be content to make gold in the various innocent ways current throughout civilization.

The destruction of the automobile bandits in Paris was fully recorded by the moving-picture apparatus, and now some of our newspapers are full of enthusiasm for the operators who continued calmly at their work while the building was blown up by dynamite and the criminals shot to death in the presence of ten thousand spectators. But after paying all due honor to personal bravery wherever it is found, there is still room for regret at a public taste that demands this sort of amusement. If it is permissible to make a public show of criminals who are killed in the streets by police and soldiers, why not also of criminals who are hanged, guillotined, or electrocuted? Why draw the line anywhere, if indeed it is drawn anywhere? Why not have moving pictures of surgical operations, of deathbed convulsions, of the struggles of delirium? Why let an old-fashioned squeamishness stand in the way of public pleasure?

Sometimes, but very rarely, the treasure-hunters actually find the treasure. In novels they always find it, but not in real life. Among the gratifying exceptions to the rule of disappointment is the effort to recover the \$5,000,000 in gold that was sunk in the British frigate *Lutine* off the coast of Holland over a hundred years ago. Captain Gardiner, who is in charge of the operations, believes that he is about to reach the treasure and that the only remaining obstacle is a great pile of cannon balls cemented by age into a solid mass. So far the divers have sent up about three-quarters of a hucket of coins, and they have lately found a piece of incrustation the exact models of a bar of gold and with some grains of gold attached to it. There are 1800 of these bars on the ship and 401 bars of silver. Each gold bar weighs 144 ounces and the silver bars fifty pounds each. Captain Gardiner believes that he will reach the main treasure in July and he seems to have good reasons for his faith.

George Bernard Shaw has something to say, and in his usual winning style, against vaccination. He writes as follows to an English newspaper: "Ireland is still full of superstitions. The priests have trouble in fighting, not Protestantism, but a belief in fairies, witches, leprechauns, and so forth. All that is needed to make this Hoodoo frankly African is a rite of child sacrifice; and this is exactly what vaccination provides. . . . Vaccination ought to have been made a criminal offense immediately after the great smallpox epidemic of 1871, and it has been maintained since then because doctors can not afford to tell the truth about it."

The obduracy of the English public to the demand of the suffragettes may be due to something beside conservatism. The women of England are in a large majority, and inasmuch as there is no constitution to place a definite limitation or even a check upon the exercise of executive power the vote in the hands of women might easily mean a complete male abrogation of authority. And it is not only the problems of domestic national life that have to be considered. If women vote in parliamentary elections they may also become members of Parliament, and if members of Parliament, why not also prime ministers, and secretaries of state for India and foreign affairs, and controllers of the army and navy? Perhaps the women themselves would say that this is not a very alarming prospect, but when reduced to personalities the vision changes somewhat. The prospect of Mrs. Pankhurst in charge of the foreign affairs of Great Britain with their incalculable issues is not one that the average elector is prepared to view with equanimity. Perhaps he ought to view it with equanimity, but he does not.

SINNEY G. P. CORYN.

Paris has bade farewell to its last horse car, or, to be exact, horse omnibus. Appropriate ceremonies, such as only the French capital can provide, marked the occasion. The driver was decked out in crape and mournfully refrained from beating his steeds. Inside the bus was a party of newspaper men to render their impressions of the solemn journey with the inimitable touch of the French reporter. Perched on top was an "artist," as the cables have it, attended by four ladies, who perhaps supplied the tears. When the antiquated conveyance reached the "Boule Miche" a crowd of American students greeted it with song and dance. So the last horse bus, on a service that had persisted for sixty years, lumbered its way from the Pantheon to Courcelles. Now motor buses and electric trams hold undisputed sway on Parisian surface routes.

"The Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which Pindar gives to the narrow isthmus which separates the Gulf of Corinth from the Aegean Sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is the isthmus of all the world; for from its Greek name *Isthmus* every other isthmus has been named.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Helene Hathaway Britton, of St. Louis, is probably the only woman owner of a baseball team in the world. She owns the St. Louis National League team, and was recently offered \$500,000 for it.

Miss Charlotte S. Baker of New York is the only millionaire school-teacher in this country. She recently received a check for \$1,890,000, bequeathed to her from the estate of the late John S. Kennedy, a banker, but she has no intention of giving up her school, being intensely interested in the work of education.

Joseph Meyer, a veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, at the age of 101 years, has started from St. Louis to walk to Chicago, where he hopes to enter an institution of charity. Practically all of his fortune was lost in the Galveston disaster, in which two sons and four daughters were killed. Last month the veteran was left destitute by the Mississippi flood which swept over his little ranch.

John F. Weyler, who has just resigned as warden of the Maryland penitentiary after twenty-four years' service, leaves, it is claimed, the best conducted and best equipped state prison in the United States. When he was appointed there was need for a competent warden. Under his long administration the prison became so noted as a state institution that visitors in penology came from foreign lands to study Weyler's methods.

To a club woman, Mrs. Henry Hulme Sevier, Texas is indebted for the preservation of the Alamo as a state memorial. Mrs. Sevier, then Miss Clara Driscoll, finding that the old mission was about to be purchased for commercial uses by a New York corporation, bought the Alamo outright for \$75,000, thereby winning for herself the title of "the Daughter of the Alamo," and presented it to her native state. Mrs. Sevier now lives in New York.

Sui Sin Far, a clever story-writer, who is bringing out her first book in Boston, is the daughter of an English father and a Chinese mother. She has led an interesting life, having traveled much and engaged in many vocations. By turns she has been a typesetter, stenographer, newspaper reporter, picture peddler, subscription solicitor, and teacher in a Chinese mission school. Miss Far is a native of England, having first seen the light of day in the county of Cheshire.

Mrs. Ruth Glade, who has been unusually honored by Explorer Amundsen, he having named the most beautiful mountain peak near the south pole after her, is a New York woman, the wife of an architect. Mount Ruth Glade is in the south polar range named by the explorer for Queen Maud of Norway. When Amundsen was last in this country he was a guest for a time at the Glade home. Mr. and Mrs. Glade expect to visit Norway this spring and meet Amundsen.

James Knox Taylor, who designs all the government buildings built outside of Washington, gained the position he now holds by the high rating obtained in a civil service examination, in which something like two score candidates took part. He was then senior draftsman in the office of the chief architect. The government pays out \$40,000 daily for the construction of new buildings passed on by Mr. Taylor. He is a native of Illinois, aged fifty-four years. Much of his education was gained at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mrs. Minnie Ward Patterson of Colorado Springs is, perhaps, the only woman in the history of this country who has succeeded her son as pastor of a church. Following the departure for New York of her son, the Rev. George Leo Patterson, of the Congregational Church of Colorado Springs, she preached such a forceful sermon that the church unanimously elected her as pastor. She is an elderly woman, a graduate of Hillsdale College, Michigan, with the degree of master of arts. She has written much for newspapers and magazines, is a clever artist, and has a wide knowledge of Greek and modern languages.

United States Senator Joseph F. Johnston of Alabama, who has just passed his sixty-ninth milestone, left school at the age of eighteen to join the Confederate army. He served during the war, was wounded four times, and rose to the rank of captain. After the war he entered upon the practice of the law, continuing in the profession seventeen years. Then he spent ten years in the banking business. He was elected Governor of Alabama in 1896 and served a second term. On the death of Senator Pettus he was unanimously elected to fill the unexpired term, ending March 3, 1909. His present term ends in March, 1915.

The Hon. Charles W. Mullen, who will be nominated by the Democrats of the Fourth Congressional District of Maine next month to oppose Representative Frank A. Guernsey, has been in politics only since 1911, but has been making a record during that period. Last spring he was elected mayor of Bangor. Shortly after that he was chosen to fill the vacancy created by the death of his brother, a state senator. He was born on a rocky Maine farm, worked hard to obtain an education, and became a successful civil engineer. Through his efforts the great Millinocket paper mills were built, costing the company a million dollars before the first carload of paper was shipped. He invested in valuable timber lands, and his contracts for years past have been very profitable.



## A THREE-MILE MARCH OF SUFFRAGISTS.

Fifth Avenue Sees Its Second Parade of Women Who Want the Ballot.

New York City seems inclined to revive the parading habit, which it was thought it had almost outgrown. The great parade of suffragists last Saturday evening was the biggest show of the kind we have had since the Hudson-Fulton celebration, and it is perhaps as well to admit in the beginning that the marching column of women—mostly—was much better managed than either of the processions which distinguished that gala week. For instance, it started on time, to the very tick, and it went through with fewer halts and less confusion, even though Inspector McClusky's policemen, horse and motor-cycle mounted and on foot, were neither numerous enough nor sufficiently strenuous to keep back traffic interruptions and persistently obtrusive onlookers. There were between nine and ten thousand in the parade, and all but seven hundred of these were women. Of the men, 619 marched in one section, and the others were mixed in among the several divisions.

Five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon may have been considered the most auspicious hour for such a demonstration, but it had its disadvantages. It was late for those who had home duties or engagements, and before the march and following meeting were over, the time when healthy human beings, suffragists or otherwise, like to gather about well-spread tables had passed. For those participating who had come from some regular occupation it was better suited, but these were not a majority in the gathering. However, the event was a grand success, from every point of view, and especially from that of the observers who had come more inclined to scoff than to praise. It was more than serious, it was impressive. A year ago the parade in this cause was less than one-fourth as large, and the crowd that saw it go by was occasional, and moved more often to derisive comment than to sympathy. This year the crowd was purposeful and interested. It filled the sidewalks and pressed forward in solid masses until the way of the marchers was obstructed. Every stairway, railing, or open space was preempted by sightseers long before the line began to move, and held with grim determination until it had passed. This not only below Twenty-Third Street but all along the course to Fifty-Seventh, where the current turned westward to Carnegie Hall. And it was in the main a respectful, encouraging host of onlookers. There was much more of cheers and applause than of satirical laughter and would-be humorous sallies.

Washington Square was the starting-point, and as early as three o'clock the place took on an unaccustomed air, though the first arrivals were undoubtedly sympathizers who preferred to remain in their motor-cars rather than walk with the militant host. Miss Josephine Beiderhase, grand marshal of the parade, was early on the ground but did not mount her big bay steed until the time to start was near. Mrs. Charles E. Knoblauch marshaled fifty of her suffragist sisters on horseback, and all proved to be good riders, some astride and others in sidesaddles. One in this division, which led the procession, following close behind the hand, was Miss Phyllis Muhler, only fourteen years old, but as dignified as any veteran in the ranks. Next in order came the executive board of the Woman's Political Union, led by Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, and her marching companions were Mrs. Nora Blatch de Forest, Mrs. Rose Perkins Hale, Mrs. Marcia Townsend, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth Cook, Miss Caroline Lexow, Miss Alice J. G. Perkins, Miss Florence Kelley, Mrs. Eunice Dana Brannan, and Mrs. Elizabeth Selden Rogers. There were half a hundred young women following close, carrying green wooden boxes, and for a little while these were objects of curious interest, but very soon their purpose was manifested. At strategic points along the line of march these women one by one stepped out of the ranks, planted their portable rostrums on the pavement, and from their top gave brief but forcible arguments. All were speakers of experience, and even in the press and confusion soon gained a hearing. Mrs. Mary Austin and Miss Rheta Child Dorr were prominent among them.

In a carriage driven by Mrs. Cyrus W. Field was the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, a militant suffragist since 1848, and smiling bravely under a weight of eighty-seven years, which seemed to burden her no more than the lilacs which ornamented her chariot. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw came a little further along in the parade, under a hammer which said, "Trying to Catch Up with China." Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in white marched at the head of her "Belmont Cohorts." This column is too short to contain all the well-known names that were set down by those who scanned the line closely, notebook in hand, or even to mention the various divisions. The most picturesque section was perhaps that of general sympathizers, which contained delegates not only from states where women vote, but from other countries, such as Sweden and Finland, and the costumes were colorful and striking. As much could be said for the occupation groups—nurses, students, teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, laundresses, clerks, factory workers. Variety was the rule in costume, rather than uniforms, though some of the organized political divisions were as distinctly marked in parading colors as any marching clubs of men. White dresses were numerous and the thirty-seven-cent straw hats, but the yellow sashes and pennants were

the dominant notes in color and form. The Socialist group was made up of men and women marching side by side, and nearly all of these carried small red flags.

While the courageous band of men marchers drew their full share of attention, there were few jeers shouted at them from the sidewalks. They had expected more, remembering the experiences of last year. But the division was formidable enough in members this time to stir something deeper than idle humor. Among those who marched were Professor Dewey, Rabbi Wise, Mr. Hamilton Holt, the poets Richard Le Gallienne and Witter Bynner, Montague Glass, William M. Ivins, Professor Spingarn. There was no lack of character and determination in the showing. Many times there were good-natured cries of recognition and encouragement directed at some one of the marchers from a friend in the crowd, but there were no offensive epithets, except from the ubiquitous and irrepressible boys of the street.

At Carnegie Hall the marchers filed in and found seats, places being reserved for the leaders on the platform. Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch greeted the assemblage when every inch of room in the hall had been filled, and her first words were followed by enthusiastic cheers. They sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer and the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw made addresses, and Miss Caroline Lexow read the long list of those who pledged money to the cause. The meeting was no less successful as a fund-raising occasion than the march as a builder of sentiment and sympathy, and none of the participants have cause to remember the day as other than a triumph.

NEW YORK, May 8, 1912.

FLANEUR.

## THE RETURN OF THE "BOATER."

A Chapter in the Annals of London Fashion.

Now the "boater" is a hat, a straw hat, a low-crowned straw hat, a ribbon-banded low-crowned straw hat, a natural-color ribbon-banded low-crowned straw hat. This definition is necessary because even the Century Dictionary has not found space in all its eight volumes to explain what a "boater" is.

And yet the "boater" is not of yesteryear. Hogarth, it is true, knew nothing about it. Such is the wealth of detail in his pictures of London life in the eighteenth century that he could not have missed the "boater" had it been in existence. It is a kind of headgear which the Industrious Apprentice would have worn in the summer time, which the Rake would have sported at some stage of his Progress, which would have figured in Beer Street or Gin Lane, which would have straw haloed many a male head in Vauxhall Gardens. But you may examine his crowded drawings with a microscope and at the end be as ignorant as at the beginning as to what a "boater" is. And, for the matter of that, Hogarth was also ignorant of the bowler and the top-hat. His was a more picturesque London. Those were the days of the flowing wig, the curly peruke, the shapely three-cornered hat.

At no stage of his history has the cockney emulated those hat-wearers who have modeled their headgear from their houses. Sartorial theorists tell us that the Hawaiian islanders fashioned their hats in the likeness of their huts, that the Siamese head-dress was a replica of a temple spire, that the turban of the Jewish priest bore a striking resemblance to the dome of a mosque, and that the Normandy "hennin" was a miniature Gothic steeple. That imitative fashion might be followed by the Londoner with advantage. Anything would be an improvement on his summer fashion. He has plenty of models in daily evidence, including the dome of St. Paul's, the crested knob of the Monument, the turrets of the Tower, or the imposing urns of the Bank of England.

Whatever model he elected to follow the result could not be more painful than his annual return to the "boater." Not that that headgear is inherently impossible; there are men and cities who carry it with grace; but they must be men different from the average cockney and cities more native to sunshine than John Bull's capital. For the sum of the matter is this—the average Londoner is so meagre in physique and so insignificant in visage that he is never so much an object of laughter as when he dons his beloved "boater."

And, unhappily, he rescues it from its hiding-place on the earliest possible excuse. He has done it already in this present year of grace. An April devoid of its usual showers and more plentiful in sunshine than the normal has already ripened a large harvest of last year's "boaters." None of them have that fresh light golden color which is the mark of the new crop; they are of that muddy yellow which is certain proof that they are the "come-backs" of a year ago. For the "boater" is not in the same class with the luxurious panama; on the contrary, it is the cheapest and nastiest of the straw-hat tribe, an ephemera of two seasons at the utmost, priced in the London market at three shillings and sixpence and needing to be renewed as often as the wheat crop is reaped. It looks as cheap as it is, and its average wearer makes it look cheaper than that.

Will Sir Sidney Lee, in the life he has just completed for the new supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography, rise to the occasion and remind the world that King Edward never wore a "boater"? Most likely not, but the fact ought to go on record. All other types of headgear he affected at one time or another, the plumed adornment of a field marshal, the shiny top-

hat of the city magnate, the brown bowler of the race-course, the soft hilly-cock of the sportsman, the pliant panama of the aristocrat, but never the "boater" of cockney mediocrity. His avoidance of that commonplace headgear might be cited as another proof of his wonderful tact, for it is difficult to see how even he could have looked kingly in such an article. Why, even the sculptor has fought shy of the "boater." What that means can be appreciated only by those who have made a comparative study of London statues. Those statues perpetuate all the abortions of London male fashion from baggy trousers to frock coats, and they have not boggled at the "topper" and the umbrella. Many a British statue depicts its hero top-hat in hand, greatly to the delight of street urchins who compete with each other in attempts to fill the receptacle with stones and orange-peel; but the "boater" has not yet been immortalized in marble or bronze.

Even at St. Stephen's that nondescript headgear makes but a rare appearance, which is all the more surprising in view of the fact that the advent of the labor M. P.'s has wrought a revolution in the sartorial aspect of the House of Commons. Aristocratic legislators have grown accustomed to the plebeian cloth cap of Keir Hardie and other representatives of horny-handed toil, but their nerves would be sadly tortured if the "boater" invaded their precincts. Probably, too, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George would share the horror of their Tory opponents, for the Liberal leaders are as wedded to the top-hat traditions of the house as the supposedly more conventional Conservatives. If the members of the cabinet adopt an undress headgear they fall into line with King George, who favors the bowler for the race-course and his rides in the Row.

Coincident with the return of the "boater" the streets of London are dotted in these days with blobs of black ecclesiastical headgear of fearsome shapes and sizes. For although April is not dead the "May meetings" have begun, those annual orgies of all the denominations which make London the Mecca of rural deans and nonconformist village pastors. Shovel-hats, then, and black wide-awakes—the latter the sure hallmark of "Spurgeon's men"—are varying the monotony of the "boater" and are being worn in fearless defiance of the canons which stipulate a given hat for a given suit. The jumble of hat and suit, indeed, is growing more ludicrous every year. The top-hat is divorced from the frock coat to form an unholy alliance with the lounge jacket, and the bowler has parted company with the lounge suit to keep company with the flowing frock coat. The future can hold no surprises or horrors. When the "boater" is worn as the capstone of the dress suit the wheel will have come full circle.

And yet the "boater" has one virtue. Notwithstanding the indifference of the editor of the Court Circular, its appearance is a sign more or less certain of the advent of another season. The wealthy owners of four-in-hands may labor under the delusion that their meets in Hyde Park really set the ball a-rolling, and even King George may be under the impression that the season begins when he takes up his residence at Buckingham Palace; but the fact is that it is the cockney clerk and shop assistant who herald another round of fashionable life by rescuing their "boaters" from winter oblivion. When that headgear bobs along the street and breaks the line of bowlers and top-hats in tube or railway carriages the football enthusiast knows that he is deposed and the cricket devotee begins to save up sixpences for his days out at the Oval or Lords. In a few days, too, the doors of the Royal Academy will be thrown open once more, the summer exhibitions be in full swing, and the hotel-keepers on the alert for American guests. But that the London season of 1912 will be notable for festivity and entertaining seems unthinkable; the gloom of the *Titanic* disaster broods over the city, for never in my memory can I recall a catastrophe the horror of which has for so long depressed all classes of the community.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, April 30, 1912.

The presentation of the bust of "La France" by the sculptor Auguste Rodin as a gift from the French people to the citizens of the United States was made at a banquet, given in New York May 1, in honor of the French delegation headed by Gabriel Hanotaux, former foreign minister of France, by the Lake Champlain Association and the tercentenary commission of New York and Vermont. Addresses were delivered by Attorney-General Wickersham, Ambassador Jusserand, Gabriel Hanotaux, Louis Bartheau, former French minister of public works, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Acting Governor Conway of New York, Governor Mead of Vermont, and Mayor Gaynor of New York.

A movement has been started in Frankfort, Kentucky, to preserve the "little red brick" building on the old State House Square on account of its historic interest. The building now standing is ninety-eight years old, and Daniel Boone, on the occasion of visits to Frankfort after it was erected, visited the offices on business. In two years the building will be a hundred years old, if left standing, and is the oldest state building in existence.

The Yale Club in New York City proposes to sell its present home in West Forty-Fourth Street and move east along the same street to the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue, where it will put up a two-story building to cost about a million dollars. It will be the largest club building in the city.



## A GAINFUL OCCUPATION.

The Time When There Came a Division of the Broker's Profits.

The fat-visaged, pimply young man with the sore eyelids gazed bitterly down over the shabby, roll-top desk. "You'd swipe the pennies off a dead man's eyes," he growled sulkily.

At this ancient sarcasm the dissipated face of the employment agent underwent a lightning change. It stiffened coldly, and a sneer twisted the good-natured mouth. Wells stared insolently up at his visitor.

"What's the matter with you, Hanson?" he queried sharply. "You registered only two weeks ago. You must think that office positions are as thick as flies."

Hanson shuffled his feet indefinitely.

"When a fellow pays you good money, he ought to get some consideration—seems that way to me," he said.

Wells jammed some papers into a pigeonhole. Then he tipped his revolving chair backward at a sharp angle, putting one knee against the edge of the desk.

"You're getting all the consideration that is coming to you," he said with finality. "You paid a fee for the privilege of filing your application with me. It was distinctly understood that there were to be no strings to your measly little old two dollars. I told you at the time, the chances for a man with no experience were far and few, but you were crazy to get aboard—then. I suppose that you've run across a good job driving a dray, or something of that sort, and think you could use two dollars—eh? I don't see it that way. If I hear of any vacancy that you match up to, I'll let you know."

Hanson glowered. "You're a hell of a business man, ain't you?" he remarked heavily, with near-irony.

"That's what I am," came the curt rejoinder. "Anyhow, I'm not easily worked. Can I do anything more for you today?" he queried in polite conclusion. "My time is quite taken up, but of course—"

After Hanson had shambled out and down the hall, after the door of the descending elevator had slithered open and clashed shut, the intelligence broker still sat motionless, staring at the wall. And the wall was not far away, for Wells had cramped quarters; a mere, three-angled nick in the very corner of a many-storied building. The outer side was set with three windows—in fact, three windows might be said to form the outer side. Through them floated the traffic grind from one of the busiest streets in town. The broker's desk was close to the door so that he could look over it at whoever entered. This was a convenient arrangement. A lift of the eyebrows and a practiced shake of the head was sufficient to send many of his less insistent clients stolidly down the hall again. In the front angle of the office was a typewriter desk. Whether this was occupied by a stenographer depended not so much on the amount of correspondence as on the condition of the treasury. Employment agents are accustomed to precarious existences.

Wells had a hundred romantic stories filed away behind his eyes, and half forgotten. He did not deal in servant maids, nor yet in railroad hoboes. To him came the eager youngsters with their little mockery of knowledge acquired at one of the hundred business colleges, cheerfully pouring their attainments into his cynic ears; modestly requesting secretaryships to heads of corporations. To him came deserted wives, fearfully eager to take up the bitter task of earning their daily bread; pitifully sure that their worldly knowledge—salvage of a day gone by—would stand them in good stead. To him men with hair of silver gray, proud beggars who were stumbling down that long ladder to the stars, taunted and laughed at by climbing youth.

Every one came. A steady stream of something that was once crystal with hope but was now muddied with a tributary despair trickled into the room with its one door. It might have been a confessional. And yet, he was young, was Wells. That is, he was young in these things—he was slender and his brown hair had no streaks of gray; and his skin was smooth as a boy's. But his eyes spoke eloquently of the thousands of troubled years that had been left with him by his petitioners—victims—what you will.

Just now he sat tilted back in a rare solitude and gave himself over to those pitiless ones—the blue devils.

"That fellow was right," he groaned, "I'm exactly what he said I was. Tag along, year after year, listening to tales of woe from Tom, Dick, and Priscilla, and never lay up the price of a drink. Sit here like a cheerful little cricket, chirp at whoever comes in and change their luck. And then hear them say that I'm nary cricket, but a bloodthirsty spider, merely because I ask them for a frugal slice of their first month's salary. It's 'Oh, Mr. Wells, kind Mr. Wells, dear Mr. Wells, if you will get me that be-yew-ti-ful position I will be eternally in your debt!' And confound it, when I do—why then they are eternally in my debt."

Arising, he went over to the farthest window and stared mournfully into the street from his second-story vantage place, standing with one foot on the low sill. Wells was distinctly shabby. He never seemed to have time, money, or inclination to attire himself like a Heimer model. A trifle down at the heel, a trifle baggy at the knee, and a trifle of a leaning toward last season's style so far as any style at all was distinguishable. The vast Wells. Some people said that he had been disappointed in love; some inferred that it was a terrible first. Neither supposition was absolutely correct. It was just Wells.

There was a tentative fumbling of the door knob by some one in the hall without. The meditating one straightened up to the limit of his lazily stooped shoulders, yawned once at the September afternoon in general, once at himself in particular, and forthwith took the two steps necessary to steal the base of the chair behind the desk. This action seemed to be automatic. So, too, was the rapid rush of his fountain pen across a sheet of paper. The latter must certainly have been automatic. What he wrote was this:

"I'm a dub. I'm a gyastacutus. It's about time I was being good to myself for a while."

Having written this very important paragraph three times, Mr. Wells blotted it, placed it in a pigeonhole, and then glanced up with the trite, "What can I do for you?"

It was a girl who came doubtfully, hesitantly, around the corner of the desk and, at his inviting nod, sank wearily into the chair near him. She was a demure, graceful thing, nineteen perhaps—fragile and slender. Her silky brown hair showed smoothly combed, and she wore an unworldly frock of simple white stuff with infinitesimal flowers scattered here and there in its pattern—a dress which would have charmed birds or bees, or country lads, maybe, in some old-fashioned garden. But birds and bees and gardens were hopelessly far away, and the delicate face was tinged with a pallor that should not have been there.

"Mr. Wells?" she inquired faintly.

"Yes."

"I—I—" she hesitated. "I would like a position, if you please."

Wells considered soberly. "Will you take it with you?" he queried at last with a twinkle.

The girl surprised him. She smiled straight back into his eyes and nodded as though understanding the bit of humor.

"I don't suppose that was the way to say it," she returned quietly; "but you must make due allowance. I'm not used to this—to getting a place."

The listener suppressed a sigh. There were so many girls who resembled her in that one particular. She apparently divined his thoughts.

"I do need a position very, very badly," she added earnestly. "Anything at all—oh, anything at all that I can do!" This last came out with frantic eagerness. And then the cough—a tearing, strangling struggle with disease that tinged her cheeks a flaming red, and left little crimson flecks upon her handkerchief.

Wells steeled himself with an armor of professional apathy. It was one of the pitifully impossible cases.

"Out here for your health, I suppose?" he questioned in perfunctory fashion after she had struggled into a panting silence.

The girl nodded without speaking, her lovely gray eyes fastened upon his. He picked up a steel paper-cutter and made angry jabs with it at the desk blotter. Among other things he thought of a trapped bird.

"Ever do any office work?" he asked helplessly, following the old routine.

"No," she replied softly, "I have never worked—at anything." She stopped, then went on as if a further explanation was necessary. "My home is in Canada—in a country town named Hawthorn. I got this awful cough two years ago. And last winter it was so much worse the doctor said it was my only chance—to come to a climate like this—" She faltered into a momentary, piteous silence. Wells had heard so many variations to the theme that he made no direct comment. Instead he sought to relieve the tension of the narrative.

"Father Irish?" he asked quizzically.

The girl looked at him, startled for one second, then smiled relievedly at his friendly regard.

"You mean my eyes," she said simply. "Yes, he was Irish. My name is Kathleen Desmond. But my mother is French," she added with quaint frankness. The shadow stole over her face again.

"We didn't have much money," she continued. "Mother and I lived alone in a tiny cottage"—there was a caress in the slow words—"and now, after all, the doctor here says that it's no use; that I must go farther south." Miss Desmond hesitated, regarding the man with gravity. "I can not ask my mother for money," she resumed; "she has no way of getting more than just enough to pay my board here. And I thought of finding something to do, so that I could save enough to get a place where I can be truly well. I hope that I haven't taken up too much of your time," she concluded with sweet courtesy.

"Oh, no! I suppose you can write legibly?"

"I think so. I might show you." She looked at him doubtfully.

"Better fill out one of those applications—over on the table—there. Answer the printed questions. I can get an idea from that of your penmanship."

Without a word she seated herself at the table he indicated and commenced on one of the lengthy blanks. The man followed the movement of the slim fingers for a second. Then his eyes roved to a box of envelopes on the floor by the typewriter desk. Those five hundred envelopes had to be addressed before morning. It was one of the odd lots of work Wells hated, but that were often thrust upon him by overburdened chief clerks. They seemed to think that he kept a row of office girls all ready on a long shelf. H'm! This one might as well have the work. Mayer paid 10 cents a hundred. Fifty cents. Perhaps it would discourage her so that she would go away and not bother him any more. Heaven knew she ought to be in bed—

somewhere in a hospital. He took the paper which she held timidly out to him and looked at it absently.

"Yes, very good," he said. "Now, Miss—er—Miss Desmond, I happen to have a little work on hand that can be done right here in the office this afternoon. Would you like to try it? It's two o'clock now, and you could work as long as you liked."

"I'd be so glad!" exclaimed the girl assentingly. "I don't suppose you can imagine what it means to me to—"

"Yes, just so," interpolated Wells hastily. "It is some addressing I want you to do. Here is the card index with the addresses. There are about five hundred—more or less. Take them in turn. I'll put the envelopes up here on the table in front of you—so. Get the idea?"

"I—I think so," she replied slowly. "This is the way, is it not?" She copied the contents of the first card on an envelope in a dainty, cramped hand.

"Sure! That's it exactly!" said Wells carelessly. "And say—I'm going to be out on the street for the greater part of the afternoon. If any one drops in to see me, tell them to come again at five. Same for the 'phone."

Miss Desmond propounded a question full of quiet eagerness as he turned to leave the room. "How much—could you tell me how much I'll get for this?"

He hesitated, hand upon the open door. After all, such sums were terribly inadequate.

"Why—er—Mayer, the man who is having them done, pays 10 cents. Of course I understand it isn't much. But I thought it would give you a start in the right direction."

"Oh, I think it's fine!" she exclaimed happily. "I'm thankful to you for giving me the chance."

It was somewhat after five that he came in again and found the girl still bending over the unaccustomed task. He busied himself at the telephone for a time, and then leaned back and looked over at the frail toiler.

"Better not keep at it too long," he advised easily; "if you don't get them quite all done you can come down in the morning bright and nearly—nine or so—and finish them up. When you leave tonight pull the door shut, if you will please," he added by way of farewell. "It's a spring lock. Good-night!"

It was one morning almost a week afterwards that Miss Desmond came into the office again. Wells was alone. It was early and the procession of applicants had not formed as yet. He was feeling badly that morning. There were three or four vacant positions in view which would easily net him a hundred dollars in commissions—and no one to fill them. Moreover, Wells had dined on the previous evening in long drawn out fashion, with many strange drinks to punctuate the record of the dining. And he had breakfasted on black coffee and the memory of a Turkish bath. So the effect of an otherwise cordial greeting was somewhat spoiled by the luridness of his eyes.

"I suppose you are cross with me," she began, "for quitting that night before the work was done and not coming back. I felt badly about it, Mr. Wells, I did indeed! You see I—"

"It didn't matter," he interjected; "really it didn't. There were only a dozen or so of the blamed envelopes left and I did them myself next morning. That was all right."

"I simply had to leave them undone," she went on wearily. "I had a bad time with my cough. I—I could scarcely get to the street-car and out to my room. I've been sick ever since."

"Too bad! Too bad!" sympathized Wells. "I suppose that kind of work is a bit too strenuous at present—eh?"

"Perhaps," assented the girl; "but I hope to get something easier at Santa Fé. It's there I'm going. And to think—I really owe it to you! If you had not given me that opportunity I can't say what would have become of me. For I couldn't have gone; the fare alone is eighteen dollars. Thanks to you I will have nearly fifty."

Wells stared blankly. The girl coughed for a long, agonizing minute and, when the spasm was over, sat with her face hidden in her hands. The man at the desk stirred uneasily.

"Let me see," he queried; "how much were you to receive for that bunch of addressing?"

"Ten cents, you said," replied the girl simply. "I did four hundred and sixty-three. That would make forty-six dollars and thirty cents. Do you know, Mr. Wells, that is the first—the very first money I ever earned myself. I can hardly believe that it is really true." The girl's eyes shone like misty stars. "And I am so happy to think that the money will be the means of making me well."

There was an interval of silence, if you misname silence something which was really a medley of morning noises from the clashing street.

"Uh-huh!" vouchsafed Mr. Wells at last, somewhat jerkily. He gulped down a sigh and reached into a corner for his checkbook. "I'd better pay you the amount right now," he said, "before I forget it. And I hope you find the Mexican air advertised."

A little later he inspected himself carefully in the depths of a certain spacious mirror downstairs.

"I reckon you might mix me a nerve-builder, Jas." This to the white-coated one. "I've had a shock. Also I've had inserted in my understanding the fact that I'm a helluva business n. W. EDSON SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, 11, 1912.



## AN ARTIST'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Mr. Thaddeus Tells Us of People and Events Encountered in His Artistic Career.

There is no better companion than a volume of reminiscences by an artist. If the artist is a great one—and only such write their reminiscences—his sitters are usually from the ranks of the distinguished. The relations between a painter and his sitters being generally more or less intimate, the resulting reminiscences are correspondingly interesting, and thus the problem is solved. The present volume of recollections by H. Jones Thaddeus is certainly no exception to the rule. It sparkles with indiscretions, it radiates its exuberance, and its humor is contagious and unforced. We may suspect that the author has sometimes adorned a tale, but what of it?

The author tells us that at the age of seventeen he entered Heatherly's studio in London and began seriously to paint. But enlivening incidents dogged his steps even at that early age:

Every Monday morning there was a new model for the week in the life-class, then studying the nude; and it was customary for the students to arrive early on that morning in order to set their palettes and prepare for the new study. The setting of a palette varies with the temperament of the artist; but amongst students it usually means the disposing of an enormous mass of colors around the palette, in addition to the old paint already there.

This important ceremony concluded, the palettes are carefully placed on the chairs of their respective owners, who then await the posing of the model.

On the memorable morning of Heatherly's discomfiture the students were requested, as usual, to leave the studio for the adjoining room; whilst, in their absence, the model undressed in her alcove, and Heatherly arranged the pose and drapery forming the background. She was a new model, new to her profession, and the ways of students. Having given the last touches to her hair, the only costume or adornment she had, the young woman appeared to take up her position. The old man was still engaged arranging the drapery, disposing this fold, and changing that, apparently not satisfied with the effect produced.

She waited some time patiently, watching him, and then sat down on the nearest chair to rest; at last Heatherly finished his task, and beckoned her to take her place.

She arose, and a palette, laden with color, accompanied her upward movement.

Unaccustomed to such an attachment, she bent round and removed the palette, the colors on which, so carefully arranged previously, were now an indescribable squash.

Heatherly stood aghast at the sight presented to his watery eyes. The students, outside the closed doors, were getting impatient; requesting him, through the keyhole, to wake up, sarcastically informing him that it was not yet bedtime.

The poor, bewildered old man was at his wits' end. The model also was distracted, and made desperate efforts to remove the paint, but only succeeded in spreading it more completely. There was no convenience for her in privacy to perform any ablutions; and, meantime, the students were clamoring every moment more loudly for admittance.

Something had to be done, and quickly. Heatherly seized some turpentine and a palette knife, and, requesting the unhappy girl to take such a position as would facilitate his task, he sank on his knees, scraped the thick color off with a palette knife, and proceeded to apply turpentine with a rag to remove the remaining paint.

It was at this moment that the students, unable to restrain their impatience any longer, broke through the rules and entered *en masse*. The sight they beheld arrested them for an instant; but when they realized the situation, the studio rang with shouts of hysterical laughter. Poor Heatherly terminated the cleansing operation as rapidly as possible, but very imperfectly, and put the model in position, carefully arranging the pose, so that the stains still remaining were not observed.

At the age of twenty-two Mr. Thaddeus went to Florence, where he says that his warmest welcome was from the mosquitos. Recalling the names of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Vespucci, and Galileo, he says rightly that no other city in the world can produce from the past so imposing a procession of intellectual giants:

Before I leave the abode of the gods I must repeat the story, not often told, of Michel Angelo and Pope Paul II. As with Pope Julius, Michel Angelo had frequent quarrels with His Holiness, and at the period of the story their relations were somewhat strained. He was then painting "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. One day a certain Biagio di Casena, favorite of the Pope's, made some impertinent remarks on the work which offended Michel Angelo. In revenge for the insult he painted the portrait of Biagio on one of the damned souls resting in hell. Furious with rage, when he heard of this proceeding, Biagio hurried to His Holiness, to whom he related his wrongs, at the same time imploring the Pontiff to punish the offender.

"Where did you say he had placed you?" asked Pope Paul, when the aggrieved courtier made his complaint.

"In hell," replied Biagio.

"I am sorry to hear it," said His Holiness gravely; "if it had been in purgatory something might be done, but in hell I have no jurisdiction."

On his return to London the author presented certain letters of introduction that he had received from Princess Mary of Teck to the Duchess of Cambridge, at that time very aged and infirm:

When H. R. H. had concluded her inquiries regarding her royal daughter and grandchildren in Florence, she referred to the burning question of the moment, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill, a subject which seemed to interest her greatly. To my surprise, the venerable duchess spoke most admiringly of Mr. Gladstone, being therefore, to my knowledge, the only member of the royal family who did not positively hate that statesman; neither did H. R. H. share the alarm with which the bill was regarded by the royal family and the Conservative party; on the contrary, she deplored their bitter opposition to the measure.

"Home Rule must come some day," said the duchess with emphasis, "and I would rather see it given today with a good grace than grudgingly tomorrow."

Upon his return to Florence Mr. Thaddeus met Mr. Gladstone and suggested that he be allowed to paint his portrait. He consented "in the most charming manner," but it was found that only one sitting could be arranged:

He came at ten o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone,

who whispered to me as she entered, "Above all things, my dear, agree with him in everything he says."

I was aware that Mr. Gladstone had an irascible temper, easily aroused by those who differed with him, and gratefully accepted the advice.

Mr. Gladstone consoled me somewhat for the want of further sittings by saying that he would remain that day until two. I had already prepared my canvas with a rough presentment, having decided the pose of the head from my studies; consequently the color was wet and the proportion more or less correct when I commenced operations. By twelve o'clock the head was practically finished, and the next difficulty was the hands, which could not possibly be painted in the time still at my disposal. I asked Mr. Gladstone to take a natural attitude, one customary to him when addressing the House.

After thinking a moment he placed his right hand in the breast of his frock-coat, only the wrist being visible; and then, to my supreme joy, put his left hand behind his back, thus solving my difficulty entirely.

Mr. Gladstone had a keen eye for a pretty face, and I really think he forgot the fatigue of standing, in his rapt contemplation of the head of a very beautiful woman which I judiciously hung on the wall in his line of vision, and which he never ceased admiring. Although I painted him several times afterwards, this was perhaps my best presentment of Mr. Gladstone.

While staying at Cannes, Mr. Thaddeus met the Grand Duchess Elene of Russia, who gave him an account of the recent attempt upon the life of the Czar. The Czar was a few minutes late in his arrival in the dining-room, and for this reason the explosion was premature. After describing the event, the grand duchess told Mr. Thaddeus:

"When the echoes of the explosion died away, a dead silence succeeded, which, united with the darkness prevailing, so dense as almost to be felt, conduced to render our helplessness position still more painful and unendurable."

"We dared not move. There was no escape from the peril which surrounded us."

"Presently out of the darkness came the clear, calm voice of the Czar."

"My children, let us pray!"

"The sound of his voice, whilst reassuring us as to his safety so far, relieved the awful strain on our nerves, and brought comfort to our hearts."

"We sank to our knees, sobbing."

"How long we remained so, I really do not know. It seemed an eternity of anguish before the guards appeared with candles, little expecting to find us alive."

"Some of us were nearly demented when the welcome relief arrived, and our feelings were not calmed as we then contemplated the awful nature of the destruction we had escaped."

"A few feet in front of the Czar was a black chasm, where so short a time before had been the brilliantly lit dining-room filled with servants."

"Not a trace of it or of them remained!"

The author tells some interesting stories of Leo XIII, whose portrait he painted. The Pope was then seventy-five years of age, and he told Mr. Thaddeus the astonishing fact that he knew no French when he was appointed to the nunciature at Brussels and that when he reached his post he spoke it so well that King Leopold said, "I forget Pecci is an Italian!"

I had never worked at any portrait with so much interest as I did at this of the venerable Pontiff. When it was completed, His Holiness looked at it for some time, and then, turning to me, said:

"The face I see is that of an old man."

I murmured that my principal object had been to represent the intellectual qualities, etc., which distinguished him, thus avoiding the delicate question of age.

"Yes," he replied, "that's all very well, but you apparently forget *que les Papes n'ont pas d'age*."

The author's first interview with Whistler is one not to be forgotten. Mr. Thaddeus was so indiscreet as to say that if Velasquez had a weakness it was to be found in his horses and dogs, and he uttered this peculiar wickedness against Velasquez "in the actual presence of his representative on earth":

A thrill ran around the table. The smile of serene beatitude froze on Menpes's face, and Whistler drew his chair away from me as from a thing accursed. Mounting his celestial pedestal, from that lofty height he withered me with a look of profound contempt, and, in cutting tones, demanded:

"Might I ask you, sir, the name of the animal painter you honor with your approbation, as I wish to treasure it in my memory?"

I braced up my courage with another glass of champagne before replying, whilst Whistler fixed his eyeglass more firmly in his eye, preparatory to my annihilation by his rays.

Menpes's emotion was so great, his mind so bewildered by the turn matters had taken, that, when with misty eyes he saw my empty glass, he said resignedly, "Have another drink, old man," and passed me the pickles instead of the champagne.

"I am waiting, sir," interjected Whistler, "for an answer."

"Don't you think," I responded deprecatingly, "that Landseer was a great animal painter?—better in that respect than—" I never finished the sentence. Whistler arose in his wrath, and addressing the horror-stricken "disciples," exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you have all heard what this eminent person has said. He has the audacity, the audacity . . . Gentlemen . . . to my face . . . to say . . . that Landseer . . . a cheap tea-tray performer . . . knew how to paint animals!"

He intended saying much more, but just then he gave an undulatory movement in my direction, and I, oblivious of the enormity of the act, drew him gently on to my knee. Somehow or other I had a hazy idea at the time, that, if I had not thus intercepted the downward movement, he might have sat on the floor.

At first he seemed appeased by the pleasant support so unexpectedly afforded. To render his repose there still more comfortable and sure, I placed my arm around his waist, and, in order to soothe his ruffled feelings, passed my fingers caressingly through his raven hair and the priceless lock!

I did so dreamily, my heart overflowing with good-will to all men, and towards him in particular, with only one desire, to make things pleasant all round.

He tore himself from my embrace as if a viper had stung him, hysterically screaming "Menpes! Menpes!" whilst I vaguely wondered at his sudden departure.

It seemed to me an unreasonable and incomprehensible thing for him to do.

Rushing towards the mirror in the room, supported by his alarmed host, he gave one rapid look in the glass, and collapsed into the divan at its foot with a groan.

*The White Lock had disappeared!*

Here is an amusing story of Lord Powerscourt, whom the author met in Ireland:

I lunched with Lord Powerscourt next day, and went over his beautiful place, concluding with a visit to the well-known falls on his estate. A good story is told of Lord Powerscourt, "*si non e vero e ben trovato*." In his spacious hall is a very fine collection of sculpture; a beautiful nude statue of Venus occupying a prominent place.

One day Lord Powerscourt was showing some of his tenants the art treasures, and when they arrived before Venus he noticed the shock it gave to their modesty, and maliciously inquired what they thought of it. They hummed and hawed, and showed no desire to give an opinion. However he pressed the question; and at last an old man blurted out:

"Sure, yer honor, we don't know what to say; none of us ever saw her ladyship like that; but if yer honor says it is a foine work, it must be like her."

Another story, and a rather pitiful one, is told of Sir Richard Owen, formerly the director of the Natural History Museum at Kensington:

During the few years I knew him I noticed with solicitude the gradual decay of Sir Richard's mind. Before leaving for Egypt in 1889, I went to see him at Sheen. I found him in bed, very weak and feeble. He was much pleased to see me, but had completely forgotten my name. After about an hour's conversation I got up to take my leave.

"I feel I shall never see you again," he said, as I took his hand in both mine, his eyes dim with tears; "kiss me, my child, before you go."

I bent down and kissed him.

"Do me one more favor," he murmured. "I can not remember my name; tell me what it is."

I told him, and as I left the room he was still repeating it to himself, together with the letters K. C. B., etc., which generally followed it in official documents. Such was my last interview with Sir Richard Owen. This once great intellect had concluded its terrestrial task, and soon after his spirit soared aloft to that eternal radiance in which the spirits of the illustrious are absorbed.

Mr. Thaddeus eventually returned to Rome for the purpose of painting a second portrait of Leo XIII. He seems to have had some difficulty with the officialism of the Vatican, and especially with Cardinal Macchi, of whom he speaks with dislike and contempt:

Cardinal Macchi, who had something to do with the archives of the Vatican, usually stood by the Pope's side at the great ceremonies. I desired, therefore, to make a study of the cardinal's head, and his brother arranged an interview for me with him in order that the matter might be settled.

On the appointed day I called on his eminence, who, to my surprise, received me most ungraciously. Whether he expected somebody else, or was only in a bad temper, I can not tell; but from the moment I entered the room his manner was so objectionable that I omitted to make the usual genuflection, and stood upon my dignity.

He took my hand with a bad grace, and only for the purpose of trying to force me on my knees. He soon gave up the effort, however, and, without touching on the subject of my visit, I curtly took my leave.

Speaking quite dispassionately, when I saw his face at close quarters I was repulsed.

On that countenance, if Lavater's conclusions are right and my judgment correct, were imprinted cunning, deceit, and avarice. The cardinal had a most unenviable reputation in Rome, and he certainly looked the character he was rumored to be.

The impression made upon the author by the cardinal was so unpleasant that he seems almost inclined to credit the ugly stories that were circulated in Rome soon after the Pope's death:

Shortly after the Pontiff's death Rome was scandalized by a report that the valuable rings worn by the deceased had been stolen by some person present when he passed away. Rumor credited a member of his own family with the theft, and out of regard for Leo's memory it was said no action would be taken in the matter. The stigma remained until 1907, when Cardinal Macchi died. I was in California at the time, and in the paper one day read with amazement that his eminence was the alleged thief. The article (an obituary one) recounted his passion for collecting old lace, and the many devious methods he had resorted to—forgery even—in order to procure money for the gratification of this taste. It further related that Cardinal Macchi was one of the few present at Leo XIII's deathbed, unable to resist the temptation, he seized the opportunity of despoiling the lifeless fingers of those rings, together with such other jewels as he could lay hands on. Unrepenting as was Cardinal Macchi appeared to me, and unfavorable as was his reputation in Rome, the scandal is inconceivable; inconceivable that one so highly placed should descend so low!

A concluding and a very human story of Pope Pius may well be selected as a conclusion to an inadequate sketch of a charming book:

On one occasion, whilst sitting to me, the Pope was much preoccupied with his thoughts, his face graver even than usual. I made some remark which amused him, the heavy dull eyes sparkled brightly, the anxious expression relaxed, the drawn features were transformed by a smile of enjoyment at the thought expressed. It was another face, and a most pleasant one to contemplate. There was so much merriment and sense of enjoyment in the twinkle of His Holiness's gray eye that I could not resist saying:

"You have an Irish eye, Holy Father, not an Italian one."

"Allora, siamo fratelli!" (then we are brothers) promptly, like a flash, responded His Holiness.

Before I left Rome the correspondent of the New York Herald interviewed me on the subject of the portrait of Pius X, and I related this little incident. It was introduced into two columns of matter dealing with the work, and evidently to journalistic minds it was the most interesting item in the whole article. For the past five years I have been bombarded with cuttings from newspapers of every country, and in every language, serving up this story in such varied forms that at last I hardly recognize it myself. . . . Fate seems to have ordained that the Irish eyes of the Pope should follow me until the sands run out and I vanish into space!

Mr. Thaddeus enables us to know a good many celebrities more intimately than would otherwise be the case, and he does this with a delightful candor and a spontaneous frankness that give the last word of perfection to his work and that show him to be an artist with the pen as well as with the brush.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COURT PAINTER. By H. Jones Thaddeus. With seventeen illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Julia France.

We are so close to the events described in Mrs. Atherton's latest novel that we are in some doubt as to whether it can be described as a great piece of fiction or only a surprisingly complete and interesting one. The events may be said to cover the whole field of modern public activities, and as the author touches upon each of them she arouses either sympathy or opposition, according to the standpoint of the reader. The marrow of the story is, of course, the suffrage movement, and here Mrs. Atherton's voice becomes intense and even shrill. But the suffrage, although it occupies the place of honor, is the chief among many. We have the graft prosecutions in San Francisco, predictions of a reign of terror that will reduce the French Revolution to insignificance, an ecstatic eulogy of Balaism, which is to rule the spiritual world while Socialism dominates the political, a glimpse at occultism, some practical applications of mesmerism, and a general summary of life, customs, and manners in the old and the new worlds. Mrs. Atherton seems determined to cover the whole ground of woman's activities, normal and abnormal. She has done for the woman what H. G. Wells did for the man in "The New Machiavelli." And because she is so inclusive and so controversial her book is a particularly difficult one to "place." But it is more than interesting. It is glamorous.

The heroine is Julia France, born in St. Kitts, and reared by a grim mother in almost total seclusion and under the fixed conviction that planetary influences have ordained a great career for the girl. When Harold France lands from a British warship and proceeds to make love to Julia it is in obvious fulfillment of the astrological prediction, for Harold is apparent heir to a dukedom. That he is also a degenerate and a debauchee, that his habitual vices are of the kind that stink, matters not at all, and so Julia sails away to London to begin her career.

There could be no better training in rebellion. When Julia discovers her husband's real nature—and the discovery is evidently of the unprintable kind—she leaves him, but he easily forces her to return to him, and certainly the author's revelation of the legally helpless position of the British wife is a surprising one. Gradually, and almost in self-defense, Julia is drawn into the suffragette movement, for she naturally supposes that England is full of wives like herself, married to husbands like the indescribable and revolting France. We are all apt to magnify our own conditions into a social system, and this apparently is what Julia does. Then at last Harold becomes violently insane and is confined in an asylum, and so Julia is free. But she is only relatively free. There is no divorce in England upon the ground of insanity, not even of criminal insanity.

Then she begins her suffragette career in real earnest. Julia is a "militant." She fights with the police—of course in a ladylike way—storms the Houses of Parliament, and prison becomes a sort of second home for her. It is a surprising development from the young girl of St. Kitts, who is willing enough to marry any one if only he will "give me a lot of babies," presumably from some previously acquired store.

Now comes the part of the story that "gives to think." When Julia was first married she attracted the adoring attention of a California boy, Daniel Tay by name, and now at the height of her suffragette triumphs the interesting Dan puts in another appearance. By this time he is a particularly strenuous man who knows what he wants and nearly always gets it. But Julia has pledged herself to the sacred "cause," and to be married for a second time and by the Reno road would be a distinct betrayal and a loss of lofty ideals. What shall she do? Of course we know at once what she will do and what every woman would do. There is not a suffragette reader in the world who in her heart of hearts would not denounce Julia if she had refused to marry Dan. And so after all this splendid advocacy of the suffragette movement the author allows us to understand that no "cause" in the world has the weight of a feather in the mind of a real woman against love and marriage. We do not know if Mrs. Atherton would wish us to add *quod erat demonstrandum* or whether she is voicing her own perplexity at nature's reprehensible habit of enforcing her own laws to the discomfiture of human combinations, organizations, and "movements." But Julia succumbs, and we are glad she succumbs. She abandons the cause in England, of course not without a pang. Appearances must be preserved and the decencies maintained. But she does abandon it, and as France dies at a most convenient time she is able to do so without even going to Reno. The curtain falls at the right moment, but we have given to understand that Julia and her husband will start at once for California in order finally to throttle the monster of misgovernment in San Francisco. Apparently they have not yet arrived.

Atherton will add to her reputation as a reliable book. It will hardly give her rank among American novelists, but she has already heads the list, but she has given fresh evidence of an enviable

vigor of mind and of a comprehensiveness of vision as gratifying as they are rare.

JULIA FRANCE AND HER TIMES. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company: \$1.25 net.

## Books of Power.

Those who know Mr. George Hamlin Fitch only through his earlier work, "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," will yet know enough of him to recognize his capacities as a literary guide. To follow Mr. Fitch's advice is to become one well read in all the essentials of good English literature, and at the same time to be free from oddities, eccentricities, and prejudices. Mr. Fitch is always sound, wholesome, and reliable.

The present volume concerns itself with the great men who wrote great books, for no great book was ever written by a small man. We must look, says Mr. Fitch, for the spiritual qualities that an author takes from his own nature and puts into his work, remembering always that the author is greater than the best thing that he ever wrote. And so we have a survey of some sixteen writers and of their books, and if there are some names that we should like to see included in such an honor roll there are no names now there that we would willingly see removed. For example, we should like to see Swinburne in the list, but we hardly like to ask Browning to surrender his seat. We should like to find a place for Robert Burns, but there is no one whom we can dispossess.

Mr. Fitch's little book is eminently readable. He knows how to combine biography and criticism in just measure, so that they illuminate each other. And his judgment is always safe and sane.

MODERN ENGLISH BOOKS OF POWER. By George Hamlin Fitch. With portrait illustrations. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

## My Actor-Husband.

In the foreword to this autobiography of an actress the unnamed author insists not only that it is accurate, but that it is also typical. The dramatic profession, she says, is not only inconsistent with but wholly hostile to the institution of marriage.

If her story is indeed typical then she has, of course, proved her point. Married to a popular actor, she finds him unable to withstand the flattery and adulation of admiring women, while she herself has not only to defend her virtue, but is considered almost eccentric for wishing to "do so." That there are many such stories no one can doubt, but a little attention to our divorce courts makes it hard to believe that the evil is attached much more to one profession than to another. Marital infidelity is a general, not a sectional disease, and while the over-stimulated atmosphere of the stage conduces to laxity it is open to question if "those players" who go through life with but one, even two marriages to their credit are the great exception to the rule. But the book is undoubtedly one to be read by the stage-struck girl who is over inclined to roseeat dreams of a tempting career.

MY ACTOR HUSBAND. New York: John Lane Company: \$1.30 net.

## Eve Triumphant.

Pierre de Coulevain sets herself a task of no ordinary difficulty in her effort to interpret the international marriage and the effect upon the American woman of an introduction to European society. Herself a European, she is able to bring to her work a continental sympathy not usually found in such novels, while her admiration for the American woman acts as a valuable factor in an impartial judgment.

The author seems to think that the main difference between the American and the European marriage is usually one of passion. The American woman finds that there is something in the European marriage that she has missed in her own, and her curiosity is aroused. Her transatlantic sister has no such independence or freedom, no such immunity from the duties of life, but she is wooed and loved with an intensity and a fire almost unknown in America. George Cabot Lodge in his recently published correspondence says something of the same kind when he blames the American man for being so "sexually inapt" and "so driving in every way except as a money getter" that his wife refuses to bear him children or to lead the domestic life. Pierre de Coulevain shows us two women, one married and the other unmarried, Mrs. Ronald, who believes that she is a happy wife, leaves her husband in New York when she visits Europe, but she takes her niece, Dora Carroll, who is engaged to a young banker. When the Count Sant' Anna makes fast and furious love to Mrs. Ronald, even entering her bedroom by a subterfuge, she is naturally resentful, but at the same time she feels that she has met a force hitherto unknown to her, and we all know how often curiosity precedes love. When the count is repulsed he turns his attentions to Dora, at first through pique and then through attraction, and at last persuades her to discard her young banker in New York and to marry him instead. And the author is clever enough to show how a moral revolution may be effected in even such an exceptionally useless girl as Dora by her marriage to an Italian

nobleman of loose morals. For now Dora has social and political duties. She must steer her way cautiously between the Vatican and the "Whites." She must attend to a thousand immemorial and exacting observances, and she must have babies, lots of them. She has been reformed by the incessant clamor of duties that must be done at the cost of mere pleasure. Of Mrs. Ronald we think much less. Tortured by her discovery of what she has missed in marriage, she takes the usual course of mental science, "Swami" philosophy, and at last becomes a Catholic. And yet Mrs. Ronald is typical of the woman who is maritally disappointed and whose education and training preclude her from the vigorous self-discipline that a stronger nature might apply.

The story may shock a certain section of national self-esteem, but it will be welcomed by those who wish to understand the psychology of the international marriage and who are willing to believe that it may be caused by motives neither unworthy or dishonorable. Such a plea will never find an advocate more brilliant or more graceful than Pierre de Coulevain. Her novel is a *tour de force*, a fine compound of realism and romance.

EVE TRIUMPHANT. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain by Alys Hallard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: \$1.25.

## Honey-Bee.

While it is true that almost any one can, and does, write books for grown people, it takes literary genius to write acceptably for children. Curiously enough, the duty of writing for children has been relegated almost entirely to childish people who are, of all others, the least competent to do it. There is, of course, a difference between childish people and childlike people. Genius is often childlike, just as children are nearly always geniuses, because genius is the power to overcome the limitations of the senses and to enter the only true world of reality, which is the imagination.

For such reasons Anatole France is peculiarly well qualified to write a fairy story. He did not invent the "Honey-Bee." He merely relates a series of incidents of the kind so well known to be true by children and geniuses and in which fairy princesses reign over fairy dwarfs and do a number of other fascinating things so familiar to those who really know. M. France writes in a way suggestive of low-toned confidences over the firelight, when the elders are talking of the things that do not matter, as elders have a way of doing. Mrs. John Lane has done a great service by translating all this delightful talk into English and Florence Lundburg by illustrating it with such fine colored pictures.

HONEY-BEE. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company: \$1.50 net.

## The American Government.

Mr. Haskin has performed the difficult task of explaining the departmental workings of the American government without trespassing upon contentious ground or upon the domain of political theory. In other words he explains how the country is governed, and not how it ought to be governed. To this end he devotes his thirty-one chapters to the various branches of administration and to a description of the machinery that is actually in motion. Beginning with the President and ending with a review of national political campaigns, he includes the Army, Navy, Postoffice, Patent Office, Weather Bureau, Census Bureau, House of Representatives, Senate, Panama Canal, Civil Service, Courts of Law, and all other activities too numerous to mention. It seems impossible successfully to challenge Mr. Haskin on any of the matters of fact with which he deals, and certainly he says nothing to arouse the ire of the party politician. His book is an invaluable one to those who would understand something more of the machinery of government than is to be found in current knowledge. The illustrations are novel and relevant.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By Frederic J. Haskin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company: \$1 net.

## The Age of Dryden.

Dr. Ward and Mr. Waller are making haste slowly to bring the Cambridge History of English Literature to a conclusion. The first volume is dated 1907, and we have now reached Volume VIII, appropriately entitled "The Age of Dryden," without any diminution of scholarly style, historical research, and critical insight. Dryden was a large figure in English literature, but Dr. Ward points out how little he did to illuminate his day with new ideas or even to enrich poetry with a novelty of style or garb.

Samuel Butler is handled by Mr. W. F. Smith, who describes his erratic and satiric genius, and his learning. Mr. C. W. Previté-Orton sums up a whole crowd of the lesser literary luminaries of the day, while to Professor Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania is assigned the Restoration Drama. Mr. Whibley contributes a section devoted to Congreve, Jeremy Collier, and Colley Cibber and some others, while Mr. Bass Mullinger is to be congratulated on a particularly good criticism of the Cambridge Platonists. The volume in all contains sixteen chapters and

concludes with bibliographies, table of principal dates, and an index.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. Volume VIII, "The Age of Dryden." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## An Ancient Evil.

It need hardly be said that the "ancient evil" is the white slave traffic, a topic productive of more sensationalism and more imaginative writing than any other of today. But no such charge can be brought against Miss Addams. Whatever she says "goes," after making some small deductions for the passionate sympathy that sometimes warps judgment. Her protest is not against human passion, but against the commercialization of human passion, against the cold and sordid minting of vice and misery. That her cause has anything to gain from "the great democratic movement" now in our midst we may well doubt, since the white slave traffic is supposed to be far less rampant in aristocratic than in democratic countries. It is ethical and not political reform that is needed to end the traffic, and it is hard to see that the present democratic movement has any ethical inspiration, or indeed any other inspiration than a desire for the transfer of property and power. But to know the facts about an iniquity is half the battle against it, and Miss Addams has done a brave work by this sober and unsensational presentation.

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company: \$1 net.

## Plain Towns of Italy.

When Mr. Egerton R. Williams, Jr., wrote "Hill Towns of Italy" he proved that he was no mere holiday traveler perfunctorily "making" a book by adroit compilations. He showed himself a sympathetic student working with a large background of knowledge about fine and worthy things in history, art, and literature. Now he gives us a second volume along similar lines. He descends from the hills into the plains, and talks about Padua, Vicenza, Bassano, Castelfranco, Treviso, Verona, Brescia, Rovigo, and Acqua. His book is not of the kind that the tourist carries with finger in page. It is to be read before the journey is begun, and especially by those who must travel only in imagination. Mr. Williams has a delicate touch, and there could be no safer guide for those whose interest is with the things that endure. The illustrations are unusually good.

PLAIN TOWNS OF ITALY. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company: \$4 net.

## Alys-All-Along.

Those in search of a gift-book for a child would do well to look at this delicately written story by Una Macdonald. The mind of the child has seldom been better portrayed than in this sketch of little Alys, who is "all alone" and who develops some of those traits not uncommon with solitary children.

ALYS-ALL-ALONE. By Una Macdonald. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.: \$1.50.

## Briefier Reviews.

The Dave Porter series of books for boys has been enlarged by the addition of "Dave Porter on Cave Island," by Edward Stratemeyer. The story is otherwise described as "a schoolboy's mysterious mission." It is published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company and the price is \$1.25.

Under the title of "Paris à la Carte" the John Lane Company has published a delightful little guide-book to the restaurants of Paris, by Julian Street. The descriptions and the restaurants are alike unconventional, but the author makes everything right with the proprieties by his advice to American women to patronize only the more conventional establishments for luncheon.

"Everblooming Roses," by Georgia Torrey Drennan (Duffield & Co.: \$1.50 net), is intended for the amateur who is the proud possessor of an outdoor garden. It describes many kinds of roses, their culture, habits, care, nativity, and parentage, with authentic guides to the selection of ever-blooming varieties. A most useful book for the rose lover, printed in large type and with admirable illustrations.

The popularity of "Taken from the Enemy," by Henry Newbolt, is further evidenced by the fact that the J. B. Lippincott Company has produced a new edition. Stories of Napoleon are always welcome, and this one especially so, as it deals with the emperor in captivity and with one of the efforts for his release. "Taken from the Enemy" deserves its success, past and to come. The price of the new issue is \$1.25.

Duffield & Co. are to be congratulated upon the uniform series of simple dramatic works now in course of publication. The latest addition to the series is "Picture Plays," by Marguerite Merington, who selects a number of celebrated pictures and weaves a play around each of them. Among these pictures are the "Mona Lisa," Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," and "The Angelus," by Millet. The plays are in practical form and with stage directions.



## THE SECRET OF THE PACIFIC.

"The Secret of the Pacific," by C. Reginald Enock, F. R. G. S., is an interesting importation of the month. Mr. Enock asks and answers the inevitable question in his first page or two and thereby shows the temper and manner of his writing:

"What do we mean by the Secret of the Pacific?"

"Set between the world's mightiest oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, lies that greatest of all islands—the twin-continent of America. A great mystery still shrouds these twin-continent, a riddle still unread, for whose solution the world may be said to have waited four hundred years. What is this mystery?"

"History would have us believe that, until the end of the fifteenth century, these great seas had roared defiant, uncrossed by man—with the exception, grudgingly admitted, of some shadowy Northmen from Europe—and that these great continents have been unvisited ever since the world began. Yet, scattered for thousands of miles throughout the forests and deserts of these twin-continent are the remains of civilized empires which once flourished there: the ruined temples, palaces, pyramids, and habitations of peoples and nations who arose, fell, and rose again, ages before the caravels of the Vikings and the Conquistadores turned their prows toward the setting sun.

"What I have ventured to term the Secret of the Pacific is the mystery surrounding the ancient civilization of the three Americas, the homes of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, the Mayas, the Incas, and their predecessors. What was their origin? What was their connection with each other? Had they any link with the old world? Did they, in olden times, draw inspiration and knowledge from Asia, Egypt, Babylon? If not, and they sprang unaided from their own soil, and created their own culture, what are or were the conditions of their independent development?"

"It has been my lot to traverse, at least in part, those great regions of North and South America forming the Western world which we have erroneously termed 'New'—the ancient world of America before Columbus. My travels have taken me upon the trails of Cortes and Pizarro, trails which in some cases are almost as remote and difficult today as they were when first traversed by the white man from Europe, and the horse first ascended the Andes.

"But to these journeyings we must add other incursions through space and time, both real and conjectural, which will take us from Mexico to Egypt, from Peru to Babylon, from the American shores to the strange islands of Polynesia. From those broad regions where the Toltec, the Aztec, and the Inca flourished we must seek to gather up those threads which some have conjectured lead to Asia.

"What are the monuments left by these ancient peoples, and what are the evidences of their civilizations? For four thousand miles or more they lie upon the Western American littoral and Cordilleras and seem to extend in isolated patches across the Pacific Ocean in a northwest path to Asia, like vast stepping-stones between the Old World and the New. In the rock ravines and scorching mesas of Arizona and California, wildernesses whose trails were first mapped out by the bones of hardy explorers, are the abandoned habitations of the Cliff Dwellers. On the high slopes and table-lands of Mexico are strange pyramids and mysterious courts and quadrangles, with carved stone halls about them, a puzzle to the beholder. In the dense, tropic forests of Yucatan are the sculptured façades of palaces and pyramid-temples of exceeding beauty and ingenuity, ruined and abandoned, or surrounded here and there by the wattle huts of half-savage Indians. In Central America sculptured stela of great beauty and peculiarity protrude strangely from the jungle, whilst far away below the equator, along the scorching coast-line of Peru and amid the bleak table-lands and snow-crowned ranges of the Andes, are cunningly wrought temples and impregnable fortresses, which could only have been fashioned under the mandates of ruthless, new-world Pharaohs or devout American Solomons. In the Mexican deserts and by the waters of the mysterious Lake Titicaca of the Incas, the Sun God and the Moon God held sway, and from centuries ago unnumbered ancient worshippers raised great temples to the 'Unknown God.' Deepening the mystery still, there arise, strange and grim upon solitary, sea-girt Pacific islands in the track of the setting sun, colossal images and fortresses, whose origin no man can conjecture. Here, in brief, are the chapters, written in stone, of some great and perhaps universal history—a history which, so far, we have not been able to inscribe in the general plan of human record.

"This, then, is the Secret of the Pacific."

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Edith Macvane, whose "Her Word of Honor" is on the list of spring novels, is the daughter of Silas M. Macvane, who has been professor of history at Harvard since 1887 and who is the author of several important books. Miss Macvane is thoroughly at home in Paris and Rome society, where she and her sisters are great favorites.

speaks French and Italian and is an expert yachtswoman and horsewoman.

One of the most admired of modern French artists, "Pierre Auguste Renoir," is the subject of an appreciative article by Walter Pach in the May number of *Scribner's Magazine*. In it he quotes from several interviews with the artist in which he gave his opinions of painting and of some of the old masters. The article is illustrated with a number of Renoir's pictures.

Edmund Gosse, in the *Contemporary Review*, has expressed joy and surprise over the discovery of a living French novelist whose works might be recommended "without the possibility of a blush." This novelist was René Bazin, who is now visiting America. Critics say that for this reason M. Bazin should be welcomed and acclaimed as a veritable benefactor by the sorely embarrassed teachers of French in our American schools, who are constantly getting into hot water through the very natural tendency of their pupils to supplement the scrupulously chosen books admitted to the classroom by other books by the same authors—to follow up a "L'Abbe Constantin," for example, by a "Mon-sieur et Madame Cardinal."

It is reported that Arthur Ransome's new book on Oscar Wilde has been withdrawn from the list of its London publisher on account of a prospective libel suit, to be brought by Lord Alfred Douglas.

The publication of "Woman in Modern Society," by Earl Barnes, formerly professor of European history in the University of Indiana and later professor of education in Stanford University, has been postponed so as to permit the *Atlantic Monthly* to use three chapters in June, July, and August respectively. The book, which will contain eleven chapters, will be published in August by B. W. Huebsch.

There has just been issued by Houghton Mifflin Company the fifth book in the widely used series of dramatic readers known as "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form." The author is Miss Augusta Stevenson, formerly a successful primary teacher in the Indianapolis public schools, and now a dramatic critic and writer in New York City.

A literary shrine more characteristically American perhaps than any that will follow it is the house at Hannibal, Missouri, in which Mark Twain was born and which was presented to the city of Hannibal May 7 by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan, both of whom are natives of Missouri. A bas-relief portrait and tablet were unveiled at the same time, with fitting ceremony in which the school children and prominent people took part.

Since the publication of that remarkable autobiography, "The Promised Land," written by Mary Antin, a Russian Jewess who came to America with her parents while she was still a child, the author has been the topic of many paragraphs and extended studies in the newspapers. In a recent interview she said: "I want to make the point, since I have an opportunity, that in Russia emancipation through a liberal attitude in religion is impossible for the Jew. On my recent visit to Polotzk I saw signs of the struggle of the younger generation to put aside all that separates them from the world around them in order to be merged with their neighbors, but it is all in vain. The young men shave, the young wives refuse the wig, they all speak Russian, they join an occasional Gentile friend at a table that is not kosher—they seek to bridge their separation in every possible way, even at the cost of their parents' broken hearts. But what good does it do them? The schools are closed against them as jealously as ever, they are hounded and crippled as mercilessly as before; they have lost the firm anchor of their old faith and have gained no compensating haven. A reformed Jew is still a Jew. The Russian government does not want the Jew in any guise. No degree of conformity will save the Jew in Russia. Not until a successful political revolution has uprooted all the blind sins of the Russian autocracy will there be any hope of emancipation for the slaves of the Pale."

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

THE MAINSPRING. By Charles Agnew Maclean. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE MISSION OF VICTORIA WILHELMINA. By Jeanne Bartholow Magoun. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1 net. A story of a country girl in New York.

THE FAVOR OF KINGS. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

WIDE COURSES. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net. A sea story.

THE SENTENCE OF SILENCE. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel dealing with the so-called sex problem.

THE BLIND ROAD. By Hugh Gordon. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.20 net. A novel of married life.

THE SNAKE. By F. Inglis Powell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

HER WORD OF HONOR. By Edith Macvane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel by the author of "The Black Flier."

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, 1847-1903. By Caro Lloyd. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5.

A biography, with an introduction by Charles Edward Russell.

THE WAR OF THE 'SIXTIES. Compiled by Captain E. R. Hutchins. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$3 net.

"Being echoes from both sides."

FIFTY YEARS IN OREGON. By Governor T. T. Geer. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$3 net.

A volume of reminiscences.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER AND THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE. By John Witherspoon Du Bose. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$3 net.

An historical survey.

LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A pioneer in the path of empire, 1822-1903.

THE ABOLITION CRUSADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Hilary A. Herbert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Four periods of American history.

A GREAT RUSSIAN REALIST (FEODOR DOSTOIEFFSKY). By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

The biography of a great writer.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. By Captain Danrit. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A French officer's experience in the submerged Dragon Fly.

HOW TO VISIT THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. By Esther Singleton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net.

A book for the tourist.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REGULATION OF MUNICIPAL UTILITIES. Edited by Clyde Lyndon King. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Covering the whole subject of municipal franchises.

OLD AGE DEPENDENCY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Lee Welling Squier. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A complete survey of the pension movement.

SHAKESPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." Edited by William W. Lawrence, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

WOMENKIND. By Wilfrid Wilson Gihson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A drama.

THE CARE OF THE SKIN AND HAIR. By William Allen Pusey, A. M., M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A book of hygiene.

THE CASKET SONGS AND OTHER POEMS. By E. B. Sargent. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A volume of verse.

SOUTH AMERICAN PROBLEMS. By Robert E. Speer. New York: Volunteer Movement.

A survey of educational and religious problems.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Student Volunteer Movement; 75 cents net.

An aid to the study of outstanding causes and their operation.

A YOSEMITE FLORA. By Harvey Monroe Hall and Carlotta Case Hall. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A descriptive account of the ferns and flowering plants of the Yosemite with simple keys for their identification.

POEMS. By William Sharp. New York: Duffield & Co.

Uniform edition. Volume I. Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp.

TRUTH, TATTLE, AND TOYLAND. By Felton B. Elkins. New York: Duffield & Co.

A little book of aphorisms.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE. By Grace Duffield Goodwin. New York: Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net.

"Ten good reasons."

SPORTING FIREARMS. By Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents.

A consideration of some of the tools of sport.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE. By William Adams Brown, Ph. D., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

A study in the doctrine of immortality.

THE SOURCES OF RELIGIOUS INSIGHT. By Josiah Royce, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Lectures delivered before Lake Forest College on the foundation of the late William Bross.

THE RELIGIONS OF MODERN SYRIA AND PALESTINE. By Frederick Jones Bliss, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Lectures delivered before Lake Forest College on the foundation of the late William Bross.

THE BOOK OF ISRAEL. By George Buchanan Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

Issued in the International Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

THE CANDLE AND THE FLAME. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A volume of verse.

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## "CHANTECLER" AND MAUDE ADAMS.

When all the culture classes, quite a time ago now, rushed into the psychology of Rostand's latest—and least—and a wave of devout Chanteclerism swept over the land, the devotees little realized that when Rostand composed his barnyard idyl he was "out for the stuff"; if I may be pardoned for dropping into the vernacular.

Rostand is, of course, a poet, but he is a very commercial-minded one, with a particularly keen eye out for the main chance. I do not think that Rostand's muse supplies him with many draughts from fountains of inspiration; his poetry is the kind that can become a vogue, but never makes for itself a lasting, fragrant work in the memory.

And so the poetry of "Chantecler" is the least element in the interest of the play. It was planned and written because the author had a shrewd idea that it was good business, and that he could catch the Parisian public with it. "Chantecler" is a humorous fantasy. We are amused and entertained, until the cock becomes serious; then he is a little tedious. The conspiring owls are bores. The love-making of Chantecler and the Hen Pheasant is not in the least degree appealing to beauty, or sentiment, or one's poetic feelings.

The right attitude toward "Chantecler" as a play is to regard it as an interesting historic freak; entertaining, diverting, spectacular. There are enough comedians to keep us amused, the occasional gleams of satire are well put, the poetic investiture occasionally catches and pleases our wandering mind, which finds many spectacular novelties and amusing hits to distract it from the literary aspects of the play, and altogether the dull moments are few, yet, when they come, let us be perfectly frank and admit to each other that such occasions are when the author becomes serious.

Fortunately, our keen-sighted poet does not relapse too often. His barnyard conception is extremely clever; yes, we are forced to apply that adjective to the sacred Rostand. One admires the wit, so to speak, of the conception. As each member of the barnyard community minces, or waddles, or struts into view we are kept progressively amused and pleased, finding ourselves somewhat in the attitude of children listening to a fairy story.

The wisest of the wise,  
Listen to pretty lies,  
And love to hear them told.

So we did, when Rostand told them. For cocks are stupid, and they do not mate with pheasants. But all the same we maintained an attitude of pleased attention, keeping an interested lookout for each fresh novelty, and here and there enjoying a note of music in the poetry of the piece somewhat crippled by the translation.

Rostand knows his public. He knows that it likes novelty, spectacle, comedy, satire, and sentiment. Where he fell down is in the matter of sentiment.

It is rather difficult to cause audiences to enter into the soul sorrows of a cock. Chantecler, the hero of the play, is really a poet. As the Hen Pheasant discovers, he is a creature of soul. He has faith, optimism, idealism, and poetry enough sizzling under his fire-colored comb to fill a volume. But the cock of the barnyard walk is a shallow, brainless, greedy despot. We do not recognize any kin between the real thing and Rostand's plummy, poetized bird. True, there are poetical associations wreathed around his morning cry, provided—oh, luxurious humans!—it be not too prosaically and disturbingly near.

The hreezy call of incense breathing morn,  
The swallows twittering neath the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn

are all blended together into a sort of dreamy morning orchestra that, if the mingled sounds are softened by distance, become as a pleasant murmur from the enchanted fields of childhood.

If you wake in the morning, listening to "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds," and can hear, far off, softened and poetized by distance, "the cock's shrill clarion," awakening a succession of faint and far-off responses, memory begins her magic, the heart becomes softened, and the glow and glory of youthful feeling is curiously and dreamily revived.

I feel convinced that Rostand's first thought in writing the cock into the hero of a barnyard romance came when he lay awake some

dim summer dawn, and, listening to the chantecler's call, found that it awakened strange stirrings in the heart and the memory. So he made the cock a poet, with a tremendous faith in the importance of his mission, and gave all the barnyard populace their contributory place in his destiny.

"Oh Chantecler, my boy, distrust the heart of hens," says one of his friends. It seems like a sly slap at all womankind.

There are quite a number of neatly satirical stabs in the play, the point where satire has the keenest edge being when the Guinean gives her "five o'clock," and the feathered populace all assemble in emulous rivalry of strength, or beauty, or importance, and unite in discrediting their late hero. It is quite amusing, entirely unique; the cackle of the various kinds of hens, the haughty rivalry of the splendid cocks, and the final battle, afford us all the action and the element of story and plot that we can reasonably ask in a play of the kind.

More, indeed, than I dared to hope for. I was sure that there would be stretches of dullness, but these were few. As I intimated, some paragraphs back, the cock and hen sentiment doesn't go down. Even if the rôle of Chantecler were assumed by a male there is nothing to please, or soften, or idealize, in the loves of Chantecler and the Hen Pheasant.

Maude Adams, as we all knew before she came, is not suitably cast in the rôle of Chantecler. The casting of her for this rôle was purely a matter of business. Maude Adams is a splendid business investment. "Chantecler," while its novelty lasts, is another. Join the two, and you have a sure thing. The rôle of the Hen Pheasant is not enough for the popular star; besides, there was something boldly spectacular in casting her for the part of Chantecler. So it was done, and the Columbia Theatre is playing to capacity houses.

But to see the dear little woman expanding her charming chest, raising her femininely small, femininely pretty height to its greatest, and trying to be big-voiced, and dominating and lordly, one is irresistibly reminded of the aspiring frog who tried to give objective illustration of the size of an ox.

Miss Adams looked little and feminine and dainty and "cute" when she stood before the curtain speaking the prologue. We were glad we saw her first as a woman. And of course an actress of her experience made a lot of good points, and, of course again, she did her work very much better than a lot of men could do it. But all the same, we have not seen the cock that Rostand created, but a nice, gentle, pretty-mannered, rather sad-hearted, feminine version of it; something like a gentle suffragist trying manfully to be a sergeant-at-arms.

I wonder, by the way, why Maude Adams is clothing her nice, womanly personality by affectations. Why does she say "Yez, yez, yez," and "at least," and "my zong of yezter-day"? Why does she play with her voice so much in the prologue, which was prettily and humorously delivered, if only it had been more simply uttered?

Where the actress shone particularly in assuming the responsibilities of the rôle of Chantecler was in giving voice to the cock's morning call. For such a little woman, she has a very surprising amount of voice, and produced a "Co-co-o-o-rice!" that really reached up to the exactions of the scene at the dawn. And, besides, it was far more musical than a man's would have been.

It was a very picturesque and well-composed scene, by the way, as was that, also, in the Hen Pheasant's native forest.

The production is a notably handsome and costly one, and the feathered costumes of the players are well worth inspection. A good company has been selected to support the star, and, although the personalities are, in part at least, extinguished under the heavy plumage and the unwieldy shapes, the humor reaches out very pervasively.

The chief comedian, I should say, is the dog, Paton, played extremely well by George Henry Trader, who seemed to be a miniature being with a tremendous voice. His barkings, growls, and vocal interpellations were really works of art. Paton is in line with the usual canine characteristics of devotion and fidelity, while Blackbird represents the spirit of mockery. William Lewers very happily expressed the neat, perky elegance of Blackbird, the quick inquisitive, bird-like movements of his slender, black-plumaged shape. The cock of the saucy tail, the tilt of the inquiring head, and the crisp, didactic utterance were all factors in a well-conceived and neatly executed portrayal.

Josephine Victor's Hen Pheasant was adequate in representing feminine charms and wiles, but rose to no special merit, but the Peacock and the Woodpecker of Lionel Hogarth, the Gamecock of Bertram Marburgh—who made the militant bird a very ugly looking customer to meddle with—the Turkey-cock of Peyton Carter, the Pointer of Allen Fawcett, the Cat of E. W. Morrison, and the Guinean of Marion Abbott, not to further particularize a whole flock of feathered inhabitants of the barnyard, did a big part in making the general performance curious, amusing, and interesting.

Not the least part of the diversion offered us were the various barnyard noises, and the

dialogue, as a general thing, is crisp, concise, and witty.

I can easily imagine that, in the hands of a less idolized player than Maude Adams, Chantecler would be regarded as having a tendency to monopolize the conversation, but always, when Maude Adams is on the stage, she is the centre of admiring and affectionate interest.

The mothers, by the way, should take their children to see "Chantecler." It would fill the youngsters with ecstasy and supply them with a life-long memory. It is a great pity that such a successful engagement should be so unfortunately curtailed.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### Music.

I love the murmur that begins  
Among the reeds and cellos,  
When all the varied violins  
Tune up among their fellows.  
I love the little pause—for then  
What joy the short suspense is;  
But oh, the leaping pulses when  
The overture commences.

I love each heart-beat of the drum,  
Each breath when flutes are dying,  
The world, I feel, is overcome  
When clarinets are sighing—  
I love the grandiose sweep of strings  
That tears me with its passion—  
(Save one) there are no nobler things  
For God or man to fashion.

And this would be my dearest choice—  
I would give Music's splendor  
To watch her sing—to hear her voice  
In some old song and tender;  
I would give every trumpet-call  
To hear one halld ring  
From her who can not sing at all  
And does not care for singing.

—From "First Love," by Louis Untermeyer.

### Gladness.

Unto my Gladness then I cried:  
"I will not be denied!  
Answer me now; and tell me why  
Thou dost not fall, as a broken star  
Out of the Dark where such things are,  
And where such bright things die.  
How canst thou, with thy fountain dance  
Shatter clear sight with radiance?  
How canst thou reach and soar, and fling,  
Over my heart's dark shuddering,  
Uncertainly lights on everything?  
What dost thou see? What dost thou know?"  
My Gladness said to me, howed low,  
"Gladness I am: created so."

"And dare'st thou, in my mortal veins  
Sing, with the Spring's descending rains?  
While in this hour, and momentarily,  
Forth of myself I look, and see  
Torn treasure of my heart's Desire;  
And human glories in the mire,  
That should make glad some paradise!—  
The childhood strewn in foulest place,  
The girlhood, plundered of its grace;  
The eyelids shut upon spent eyes  
That never looked upon thy face!  
Answer me, thou, if answer be!"

My Gladness said to me:  
"Weep if thou wilt; yea, weep, and doubt.  
I may not let the Sun go out."

Then to my Gladness still I cried:  
"And how canst thou abide?  
Here, where my listening heart must hark  
These sorrows rising from the Dark  
Where still they starve, and strive and die,  
Who bear each heaviest penalty  
Of humanhood;—nor grasp, nor guess,  
The garment's hem of happiness!—  
The spear-wound throbbing in my song,  
It throbs more bitterly than wrong.—  
It burns more wildly than despair,  
The will to share,  
The will to share!  
Little I knew,—the blind-fold I,—  
Joy would become like agony,—  
Like arrows of the Sun in me!"

I hold thee here. I have thee, now,—  
And I am human. But what art thou!"

My Gladness answered me:  
"Wayfarer, wilt thou understand?  
Follow me on. And keep my hand."  
—From "The Singing Man," by Josephine Preston Peabody.

### The Path We Never Took.

When tender spring returns in waves her misty  
green to fling  
I mind me one who used to love  
The earthly spring.

One day I found a sweet new path through  
thickets by a brook—  
Clematis vines, wild apple trees,  
And then, our nook!

Her eyes shone blue with great delight; wood  
ways she loved to know.

"Let's take that little path," she cried,  
"Next time we go."

But now where are her eager feet, her childlike  
eyes that shone?

And I have not the heart at all  
To go alone.

How lavishly we let it drift, wealth that we  
counted not,  
Dear times together, days and places  
One has forgot.

If one had known—how could one know? the  
end so soon to be!

O, words unsaid, why must you haunt  
My memory?

When tender spring returns in waves her misty  
green to fling  
I mind me one who used to love  
The earthly spring.

—Florence Wilkinson, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

## Twelve Months—\$5,000,000

\$5,000,000 in a single year.

A single corporation in San Francisco—the United Railroads—has that staggering amount down in its books as total operating cost for the year 1911.

Of this amount \$2,880,000 was paid in salaries and wages to the employees of the corporation. Over \$400,000 was paid in taxes, and it cost approximately \$1,000,000 for power to operate the cars, which transported a grand total of 223,911,685 passengers during the twelve months.

Of these millions of passengers, how many have ever given the slightest thought to the cost of operating this big street railway system? How many have ever thought of the care with which the slightest detail is worked out by the most skilled men? How many, in any walk of life, have any practical idea of the material which such a concern purchases in the course of a year, and how varied may be its nature?

As a great home industry, dealing at home as far as possible, the corporation last year, it is interesting to learn in delving into statistics, purchased among many other things the following supplies:

Hardware . . . . .	\$33,500
Redwood ties . . . . .	25,000
Electric motor parts . . . . .	60,000
Rail and special work . . . . .	45,000
Car wheels . . . . .	40,000
Miscellaneous street railway supplies . . . . .	25,000
Street railway cables . . . . .	23,000
Paints and varnishes . . . . .	23,000
Cement . . . . .	20,000
Bitumen . . . . .	20,000
Paving blocks and paving bricks . . . . .	24,000
Babbitt for bearings . . . . .	10,000
Copper wire . . . . .	19,000
Brake shoes . . . . .	16,000
Hay and feed . . . . .	9,500
Lumber . . . . .	9,000
Stationery . . . . .	8,500
Plumbing supplies . . . . .	5,000

In addition many other articles, such as incandescent lamps, crushed rock, and miscellaneous supplies, were required, amounting to a large sum in the aggregate.

It will be seen at a glance that all this means many departments, and that each department must be a perfect unit in the one great corporation structure, insuring perfect harmony and a thorough understanding of the work at hand, whether it be that of buying half a million dollars' worth of new cars or directing a gang of workmen laying a new section of track.

Getting back to the subject of industries, it will interest and please the public to know what part the United Railroads play in the matter of giving employment to San Franciscans. Handling 90 per cent of the total street railway business of the city, the corporation is, with the exception of the Southern Pacific Company, the largest single industry in this part of the state. Though it has been stated before, it is worth saying again that the United Railroads have on their payroll here 3400 employees, and as the city grows and the corporation's business expands, it is evident that the list will be increased accordingly.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

On Sunday night "The Spring Maid" returns to the Columbia Theatre after a wide tour that has brought its dainty beauty of melody and humor unanimous praise. Contrary to usual custom, it is to return quite as good as when it was heard here before, and it has even the added advantage of returning with a new and famous player in the quaint rôle of the strolling tragedian who plays so large a part in the merit of the work. This is Charles McNaughton, an English actor of reputation for fun-making.

Heading the organization sent by Werba & Luescher is Frauline Mizzi Hajos, the little Hungarian player who created the title-rôle at its Viennese beginnings, and who has been praised as giving the stage character of a mischievous princess a foreign quality of piquant witchery that has fascinated her hearers. Reports from all over America this season make it evident that music-loving people have been charmed to the same degree that San Francisco's audiences made apparent.

Its great chorus is now thought to rival any of the famous choruses of the theatrical past. Its long cast still includes George Leon Moore as the flirtatious princeling; Dorothy Maynard as the flitting Annamiri and the sprightly Rabbit; Jack Raffael and Tillie Salinger, well known to San Francisco audiences; Louis Miller, Ralph Newman, Dorothy Le Mar, Orpha Hewes, the premiere danseuse, H. A. Barrows, and others.

Its great orchestra is again to be heard, and the general beauty of the production has been increased by a complete new costuming, copied from the elaborate designs that were worn in the London presentation of "The Spring Maid."

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinees will be given at special prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50.

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain among its novelties two headliners, Theodore Roberts and Ray Cox. Mr. Roberts, whose genius as a character actor is fully recognized in this city, is taking a brief spell in vaudeville and will be seen in the name part in a Western idyl entitled "The Sheriff of Shasta," which is proving one of the best vehicles he has ever had for the demonstration of his talent. Jack Prescott, Averell Harris, Arthur Maitland, and Florence Smythe are associated with him in the cast, so that he is sure of excellent support.

Miss Cox will introduce her quaint offering, styled "Character and Song." Since 1906 she has been one of the most successful headline artists in American vaudeville. Her songs, most of which are written by herself, are clever and characteristic and delivered in an artistic manner. She concludes her performance with a recitation entitled "The American Girl's Comment on a Baseball Game."

The Six Kirksmith Sisters, who will make their first appearance in this city, are renowned as instrumentalists and vocalists. Their programme consists of the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore," a quartet rendition of the beautiful lullaby, "Slumber Boat"; violin solo, "The Hungarian Dance," by Haesche; a soprano solo, a dainty love song, and a grand ensemble number led by Miss Agnes Kirksmith from the orchestra.

An exciting basketball match on bicycles will be played by the Paulhan Team. The four contestants, two on a side, strive with all their skill for supremacy. To make the game more difficult the rules prevent the ball being touched by the hand. Each player carries a short baton and must place the ball by its use.

Next week will be the last of Dinkelspiel's Christmas; Stuart Barnes, and Maxine Brothers and their wonderful fox-terrier Bobby. It will also be the farewell one of the Roumanian Nightingale, Mademoiselle Fregoleska, who is repeating in vaudeville the triumph she made in grand opera. Her programme for next week will be entirely new, and will include "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto" and an aria from "Madama Butterfly."

The current programme at the Pantages Theatre is proving most pleasing to patrons of the popular vaudeville house, Lasky's Six Hoboes, in their extravagantly funny travesty on tramp life, the Paris Grand Opera Trio in selections from "Faust," Griff, the clever English comedian, in his satire on juggling, and Princess Hurd and her pony circus being some of the very attractive acts offered.

On Sunday there will be another complete change of bill, the headline act being Van's Scotch Minstrel Maids, augmented by Lew Pistel and O. H. Cushing, mirth-provoking end men, long connected with the big black-face organizations, and William Howard Langford, interlocutor. They will present an entire minstrel first part, abounding in songs, dances, and minstrel stories, and they promise a distinct novelty. Klein, Ott, and Nicholson, breezy musical comedians who are great favorites here, come back with new selections on their chosen instruments, the cornet, saxophone, trombone, clarinet, and xylophone, and they promise fifteen minutes of good mirth and melody. The Vanoss troupe of four European equilibrists, one of whom is a woman, will give a graceful and daring exhibition, full of athletic surprises, and Ralph Con-

nors, a ventriloquist of renown, will have a verbal battle with his wooden chum, Alexander. Elsie Murphy, a pretty girl with a big voice, and one of the best coon-song singers before the public, will be heard in the latest popular ragtime ditties, and those well-known players, Charles King and Virginia Thornton, assisted by Pietro Sasso, will present their gripping one-act playlet, "When Love Is Young." Bowen and Robinson, eccentric singing and dancing comedians, who are original and up to date, and sunlight pictures, showing some amusing novelties, will complete a varied and interesting programme.

Cohan & Harris's great success, "Officer 666," is to be sent on a tour of the Pacific Coast early in the fall season.

Following "The Spring Maid" at the Columbia Theatre will be seen Henrietta Crossman in what is said to be the greatest and most brilliant comedy success of her career, "The Real Thing," which was written for her by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Miss Crossman is said to have a part which fits her like a glove, and all the dainty little mannerisms and laughter-evoking ways of this popular actress are to be seen to fine advantage.

"Louisiana Lou," one of the biggest musical hits of the season in Chicago, will open at the Columbia Theatre on the Fourth of July, coming here direct from the windy city after the close of the long run at the La Salle Theatre.

Helen Ware in the intensely dramatic play, "The Price," is to be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre. It will be the first visit here of this American star.

Reviewing the expiring theatrical season in New York, a statistician of the *Dramatic Mirror* says: "Excluding productions in French, German, and Russian; excluding repertory productions which were not expected to have long runs, and excluding the Hippodrome and the Winter Garden, which are in a class by themselves, there were 120 productions up to the middle of April, ninety-nine of them brand new, and the other twenty-one either revivals or bold-overs. The fact that ninety-nine is a rather low number in comparison with former years is more than accounted for by the consideration that twenty-three of them have had over a hundred performances. Nearly half of the productions—forty-three—were dramas of one kind or another; twenty-seven were musical attractions, and twenty-six comedies. Besides this were two satires and one pantomime. As usual, the preponderance of drama has been marked, both in productions and in successes. Of the seven that passed two hundred performances, only one was a musical comedy, and only one a comedy. The others were an historical character study, a spiritualistic drama, a political melodrama, a spectacular drama, and a composite emotional and comic drama. The sixteen reaching between one hundred and two hundred performances included seven dramas, four comedies, and five musical comedies."

At fifty-four, after a life's struggle against poverty and adverse circumstances, a music copyist of Paris, named Fanelli, has been discovered by Gabriel Pierre, conductor of the Colonne Sunday concerts in Paris. He brought to Pierre a score as a specimen of his skill in copying. It bore the name Fanelli. Upon identifying the copyist as the composer, Pierre looked through page after page with growing admiration. It was called "Tableaux Symphoniques," which the unknown writer explained he had composed thirty years ago as incidental music to Theophile Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy," and in which he seems to have foreshadowed the style of Wagner, even of Debussy. The work was played March 18 by Pierre at the Colonne concert and aroused great enthusiasm, although opinions differed as to its intrinsic worth. Fanelli had eked out a living playing triangle and bass drum at the Opera Comique and in playing the piano at a night restaurant in Paris.

Macready the famous actor, left a full private journal hitherto but slightly drawn upon. His heirs have finally come to the conclusion that the entire journal may now be published without hurting anybody's feelings. Accordingly it is being edited for appearance this autumn in two large volumes. It will contain an endless amount of gossip and anecdotes of early Victorian times.

Mr. Belasco is rehearsing "The Governor's Lady," which will be tried on the road for two weeks and then put aside until September. In front of his Republic Theatre in New York he boldly announces that the house will be reopened September 17 with "The Governor's Lady," which will run until January 14. On January 17 Mr. Belasco will present a new American comedy.

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Sabotage in a Play.

There was played a little while ago in Paris, at the Grand Guignol, that theatre devoted to the presentation of the terrible, a play called "Sabotage" (says the *Bookman*). The scene the room of a Paris skilled workman, an employee of the electric light company. In the foreground the workman and his wife. In the background the bed in which their child is sleeping. The child is ill, and the mother tells the father that the physician has said that the crisis will come in two or three days. After a time the husband leaves to go to a meeting of his union. He does not wish to go, but the call is imperative. He will not be absent long, and in the meanwhile their friend, Mme. So and So, will keep the wife company. The two women talk, the visitor telling of the illnesses of her own children. The mother goes to look at the child and screams. The child is strangling. The friend goes for the doctor, who comes at once and looks at the patient. He turns to the mother. "Please leave the room," he says, "you will only suffer, and you will disturb me. This simply means that the crisis has come earlier than was to be expected. It is much better so. It is merely the matter of a slight operation. I give you my word of honor—my professional word of honor—that all will be well. Go." Swinging the electric light over the child's bed the physician takes out and sterilizes his instruments. The woman visitor standing ready to give him any needed help. He makes an incision with a knife, then another and another. Suddenly—complete darkness. "My God! Woman! Why did you turn out the light?" "I didn't turn out the light!" "Then turn it on!" "But I can't turn it on!" The physician vainly tugs at the switching, the mother rushes in, and finally a candle is found and lighted. Too late! The child is dead! Then there is a noise, growing louder and louder. The street below echoes with the tramp of a thousand feet, and there rise the strains of the "Marseillaise." The door of the room opens and the husband stands on the threshold. "Victory!" he cries. "We've won! There's not an electric light burning in Paris tonight!"

Less of the Theatrical Triangle.

All things come to him who kicks while he waits (says Louis Sherwin, dramatic critic of the *New York Globe*). For years writers of the stage and plays have been urging dramatists and managers that there are far more other interesting issues in life than the eternal triangle—two women for one man or two men for one woman; that the range of human suffering does not begin and end with a betrayed husband or a wronged wife. In a word, that the triangle is not the only instrument in the orchestra of human passions. Comes at last a manager who declares, broadcast, that "the triangle of husband, wife, and lover is dead; the public doesn't want them." This was one of Charles Frohman's first utterances on recently reaching England. "Some great, new motive will have to be found," Mr. Frohman declares. As a matter of fact, it has been pretty generally found already. For example, the new Henry Kistemaekers play "The Spy," which Mr. Frohman is to do in this country next season, has as its motive love of country. Henry Bernstein's new play, now running at the Gymnase, turns upon the motive of love of honor and of truth. In fact, if a single characteristic were to be named of the plays most successful upon the European stage today, that characteristic would be—the utter absence of the time-worn triangle of the husband, the wife, and the lover.

"Robin Hood" Revised and Sung.

"Robin Hood," the old favorite De Koven comic opera, was revived May 6 at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, and the house was crowded on the opening night. The *Musical Courier* says of the event: "The De Koven Opera Company, Daniel V. Arthur, manager, made a wise move when it secured a picked chorus, and several disengaged grand opera artists, to sing 'Robin Hood.' Yes, it really was sung. Sung by Bella Alten, a pretty and dashing Maid Marian, who dictioned her dialogue clearly and vivaciously, and sang with infectious spirit and a measure of taste and finish which set a new standard for comic opera prima donnas. Sung by Walter Hyde, a tenor with grand opera surety and authority in acting, and gifted with a voice of rare lyric charm, which he used with

infinite tonal variety and invested with true romantic fervor. Sung by Basil Ruysdael, a Will Scarlet of heroic build and rollicking temperament, whose 'Tailor' song and 'Armorer' chant were magnificent in quality and delivery. Sung by Carl Gantvoort, who won encore after encore with his manly rendering of the justly famous 'Brown October Ale.' Sung by Florence Wickham, a superb appearance in her three suits of tights, and a vocalist of charm in 'Oh, Promise Me' and the 'Legend of the Chimes.' Sung by Ann Swinburne, who looks as pretty as Geraldine Farrar, and has a voice not unlike hers. Sung even by Edwin Stevens, the old-time comic opera comedian, who in his entrance number showed himself worthy of the association of his distinguished colleagues by phrasing with care and emitting several surprisingly well-rounded tones. In his fun-making he was refined and irresistibly droll. And sung by all, in the duets, trios, and ensemble numbers, with lovely shading and subtle nuances that revealed the presence of the composer at all the rehearsals. He had the assistance, too, of a particularly sympathetic and accurate conductor, in the person of Frank Tours."

Heinrich Rheinhardt, composer of the score of "The Spring Maid," is a composer, not through necessity, but by choice. He possesses a large inherited fortune and writes music as a pastime only. Besides this he fills the position of musical director in the Opera House, Berlin.

Augustus Thomas's new comedy, "When It Comes Home," will be produced in the Lyceum Theatre in New York in September. It has been subjected to a series of trial performances in Chicago, which are said to have proved entirely satisfactory.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is so much the fashion to sneer at whatever is said or done by the German emperor that his latest pronouncement in support of dueling will hardly escape the usual censure. It seems that two army doctors said nasty things about each other, and said them in such a nasty way that Dr. Schumm sent a challenge to Dr. Sambeth. But Dr. Sambeth refused to fight. He said that dueling was against the laws of God and man, that it was unhygienic and quite likely to result in some one getting hurt. So a court of honor was convened and it was decided that Dr. Sambeth should be dismissed from the army. This recommendation was sent to the emperor for approval, and in his capacity as commander-in-chief he replied: "The refusal to fight a duel based on religious convictions is not a subject for examination by a court of honor, although a medical officer who in this respect holds opinions contrary to those of his fellow-officers can not be allowed to remain in the service."

That, of course, was a subterfuge. The emperor could hardly condemn an officer for refusing to disobey a positive and precise order of the church and one so fully sustained by public opinion. At the same time he had no toleration for an officer who refused to fight. So he bases the dismissal of the unlucky Sambeth upon a failure to agree with his brother officers, but it will now be clearly understood throughout the army that to refuse a challenge means official decapitation.

Much might be said in defense of the duel, and we are not at all sure that we shall not go home and write a book about it. The objection to the duel arises from the materialism of the age which allows one man to injure another to any conceivable extent so long as he leaves his body uninjured. We may lie about one another, ruin each other commercially, steal each other's wives, and generally torment and plague each other without in any way offending the canons of civilization. But the moment we settle a quarrel by a personal conflict lasting only a few minutes and probably resulting in nothing worse than a sword prick we become barbarians, and modern opinion holds up its hands in horror. A modern opinion that regards with entire placidity the existence of many million men whose mission in life it is to kill, and that is yet profoundly shocked when two of those men tinkle each other with a pair of dueling swords is no more than a whitened sepulchre. The German emperor knows well that the readiest, the quickest, and the most effective way to settle an army quarrel is by one of these nearly harmless duels, and he is to be commended for saying so in the most direct way open to him.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman wants to know why women are more beautiful than men. At least, she says she wants to know, but we may suppose that this is one of the questions that are put for the purpose of giving information, not of receiving it. So Mrs. Gilman states her problem and then, without pausing noticeably for a reply, she proceeds to answer it.

Women, she tells us in effect, must be beautiful because they are economically dependent upon men. They must pursue the elusive and despondent male because in him they live, move, and have their being. It is for his dear sake that they don those appalling hats, change their geographical landscape with the fleeting seasons, put their hips away in a drawer and resume them at will, and alternate between costumes that permit of underclothing and those other costumes that do not. Woman, says Mrs. Gilman, is the only female animal that makes herself beautiful for the sake of the male. In all other kingdoms of nature the process is reversed, and it is the male that makes himself beautiful for the female. But then in all other kingdoms of nature the female gets her own living. She is economically independent. Take, for example, that dear creature, the domestic hen, the feathered one. She need not get married for a living. The worm and the grub will disclose themselves as readily for the spinster hen as for her married sister. When she does elect to get married it is because she is momentarily charmed by the gorgeous plumage of her mate. But for that plumage she would feel in no way tempted to enter the thorny paths of matrimony. Woman, says Mrs. Gilman, was not intended to decorate herself. Her beauty unadorned should be adorned the most. But men have reduced her to economic dependence, and so she must court instead of he courted. Men no longer trouble to make themselves beautiful, because they have gained the whip hand in other ways. Why should they appeal to feminine admiration when they can appeal so much more easily to feminine necessities? But we are about to change all that. Mrs. Gilman says so.

Now it is true that men no longer wear festive array or charm the feminine eye by exterior got coyness. But perhaps they are just as anxious to please as ever they were, only in a different way. Instead of fine raiment they are now attracted to the female of the species by their intellect and spiritual grace and by those

choice gifts of head and heart for which they are now so distinguished. If women are inappreciative, if they wrongly suppose that the burden of pursuit rests upon them alone they have only themselves to blame. Personally we are inclined to think that they dress to please themselves alone, and not because of their economic dependence. Surely they can not seriously suppose that men are attracted by their outrageous absurdities of costume, nor do those women who have achieved an economic independence show any lessening of the mating instinct, which they would certainly do if Mrs. Gilman's theory were correct. The theory that the majority of women marry as a means of support is a popular one just at the moment, but it will hardly hold water. Women marry for the same reasons that men do, not in order to gain some specific end, but because it is their instinct to do so. And the instinct will not disappear this week or next.

The London *Standard* prints the following verses in praise of the Countess of Rothes, who took charge of one of the lifeboats of the *Titanic*, no one else on board knowing how to row or to manage a boat:

It is rather more a jingle than a rhyme:  
The metre may be wrong,  
For the meaning of the song  
Is somehow much more precious than the time,  
Being all about the lady  
At the tiller of the boat—  
The boat the little lady  
Kept afloat.

All aboard the boat were fearful—of the cold:  
Their voices seemed so weak  
When they did their best to speak  
That, soon, they only did as they were told  
By the clear-voiced little lady  
At the tiller of the boat—  
The boat the gentle lady  
Kept afloat.

The women had to pull the boat in turn:  
The cold was felt no more  
As each struggled with an oar,  
And all who could not row were made to learn  
By the quiet little lady  
At the tiller of the boat—  
The boat the noble lady  
Kept afloat.

She worked a living miracle on board:  
She tempted them to sing,  
Just a snatch of anything,  
Till they lifted up their hearts unto the Lord,  
With the gallant little lady  
At the tiller of the boat—  
The boat the loyal lady  
Kept afloat.

Any time at all will do to shout  
In honor of her name:  
For her light is steady flame,  
And many could not bear to do without  
The splendid little lady,  
The good angel of the boat;  
Through her, who knows how many  
Keep afloat?

Here is a problem in feminine psychology for the benefit of those who proudly boast that they "understand women." A young man in Geneva, Switzerland, has been prosecuted for a breach of promise to marry, which is a misfortune that may happen to any of us if we don't watch out, and especially in these days of fierce competition. When the case was called it was found that not one young woman only, but seventeen young women, were on hand, all in the same position, all the victims of blighted affections. The judge was sufficiently interested to take the testimony of all of them, and he found to his amazement that every mother's daughter of them was still ready and anxious to marry the gay young Lothario who had deceived them.

Now how will you explain that? Filthy lucre could have had nothing to do with it, for the defendant was a working plumber and by no means rich in worldly goods. He is described as handsome, but even good looks hardly explain the willingness of seventeen young women to marry a man who had been quite so wholesale in his declarations of undying love. The report says nothing about the looks of the young women themselves, and perhaps a glance would explain much. At the same time it may be said that this fascinating young plumber was unwilling to leave the courtroom except under the protection of two policemen. To face seventeen young women whom he had promised to marry and who had just declared themselves as still willing to marry him was an ordeal that he could not face. And he might have been hurt.

The proudly democratic souls of the ladies of Washington have been moved to revolt by a sort of unofficial order to the effect that they must not sit while Mrs. Taft is standing. Their annoyance is deepened by the fact that this order seems to have emanated from, or through, Mrs. Wickersham, and so the irate dames are tossing their heads and saying, "Mrs. Wickersham, indeed," in that scornful way that ladies have.

Now there is a rule at the White House that no one shall sit in the presence of the President's wife. But the rule was not made by Mrs. Taft. It was made by Martha Washington, but it was allowed to sink into disuse until it was revived by Mr. Roosevelt. There is a story that Mrs. Bate, wife of the late Senator Bate of Tennessee, was asked to rise from a chair upon which she had mo-

mentarily seated herself, and as a result she left the White House in tears. Mrs. Bate was old and lame, and she seated herself because it was physically necessary for her to do so, but that made no difference to the dictator, who was determined that every one coming within the shadow of the throne should express a becoming humility in a becoming way.

But the rule is a reasonable one if it is applied in a reasonable way. Unfortunately it is the bores that compel the application of a rule to all, and good manners are no more universal at the White House than elsewhere. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says: "The Blue Room list is made up of the cream of official society; yet some guests have been observed to remain sitting as the President and his wife and members of the Cabinet entered the room to take their places. There have been Cabinet members who, with their wives, have sat unconcernedly while the President and Mrs. Taft stood to receive, and there are young women and men who have remained seated on a long colonial sofa during a reception, although this is the exception."

The London *Daily Chronicle* reminds us that asparagus was a great dish with Dean Swift. Dining with him one day George Faulkener, the Dublin publisher, asked for a second helping of his favorite vegetable, but Swift pointed to the stalks on his guest's plate and said: "Sir, first finish what is before you." "What!" exclaimed Faulkener, "eat my stalks?" "Aye, sir," hellowed the imperious Dean; "eat your stalks, or you will get no more. King William III always ate his stalks." Asked once, when he was telling the story, whether he really did eat his stalks, Faulkener replied, "Yes, certainly; and if you had dined with Dean Swift you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too."

A feature of May Day in London was the unveiling of a statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, the work of Sir George Frampton, the sculptor, and the gift of J. M. Barrie. The unveiling was a mysterious ceremony, in keeping with Peter's character. There was no formal inauguration; when the children arrived the statue stood revealed, with all its gay company of fairies, mice, and squirrels.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A novelist whose sales do not correspond with the lofty nature of the reviews his books usually get was walking on Broadway when there glided past the motor-car of a publisher who had brought out, at a heavy loss, one of the author's books. Stopping his car, the publisher said: "There's a big manuscript nearly falling out of your overcoat. You might have had your pocket picked—if you were not so well known."

At a ball in the Balkans a guest complained to the host, a divine, that another guest, a judge, had stolen his watch. "Which judge was it?" the divine asked, frowning. The guest pointed out a distinguished-looking jurist with gray hair, and, an hour or so later, the divine returned his watch to him. Thrusting it back into his pocket with a contented sigh, the guest asked: "And what did the judge have to say for himself?" "Shh!" said the divine. "He doesn't know I've got it back yet."

In the big Weherfelds dressing-room Joe Weber and George Beban sat tense over a game of checkers. "I'm working him up to his part," murmured Mr. Weber, in a kind voice. "He must go on the stage in a tantrum in a few minutes. Every night I heat him a game of checkers in here before his entrance. It has just the right effect on him." "Every night you don't beat me!" cried his opponent. "I owe you \$1.90 in twelve weeks. Is that much?" "Not so much, but I'd be glad to get it," suggested the sweet-voiced Weber.

In a certain town of Nebraska lives a man who has been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who were buried side by side. For a long time the economical Nebraskan deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him. Finally a happy solution of the difficulty presented itself. He had the Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Matilda"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and under each hand the words: "For epitaph see large stone."

The physicians in Mankato had agreed that during their Chautauqua assembly they would employ a call boy, and each was to pay his share of the expense. This boy was to call any doctor who was wanted, without disturbing the speaker, as it was embarrassing to him and looked as if they were doing it to advertise without expense. So it all went well until the afternoon when Strickland W. Gilliland spoke. As he was talking away a certain doctor had a call from the platform, and he walked out rather ostentatiously. Some of the people who knew of the arrangement laughed or snickered, and the speaker got it. He said: "Don't laugh, folks. That is the way my brother got his start." And everybody roared.

Louis Hill and a party of officials were taking a peek at the station agents somewhere along the line in Minnesota. At a station we may call Oscarville, an agent, perhaps forewarned, was observed frantically moving trucks and "cleaning up." "There's a hustler for you," said one of the party. "Humph," said Hill. At another station the agent met them smilingly, smoking a good cigar, and clad in his best clothes. He was frankly idling, yet nothing was asked. "Well, what do you think of that?" commented one of Hill's friends, "there's an agent who has time to loaf." "Humph," said Hill. A month later the "loafer" was promoted. "If a man can get the work done without doing it himself, he's the man for me," was the explanation of the railroad president.

A rather turgid orator, noted for his verbosity and heaviness, was once assigned to do some campaigning in a mining camp in the mountains. There were about fifty miners present when he began. But when, at the end of a couple of hours, he gave no sign of finishing, his listeners dropped away. Some went back to work, but the majority sought places to quench their thirst, which had been aggravated by the dryness of the discourse. Finally there was only one auditor left, a dilapidated, weary looking old fellow. Fixing his gaze on him, the orator pulled out a large six-shooter and laid it on the table. The old fellow rose slowly and drawled out: "Be you goin' to shoot if I go?" "You bet I am," replied the speaker. "I'm bound to finish my speech, even if I have to shoot to keep an audience." The old fellow sighed in a tired manner and edged slowly away, saying as he did so: "Well, shoot if you want to. I may jest as well be shot as talked to death."

When Robert H. Davis was young and loose in the feet he once wandered into a little Mississippi town. It was a bright day in the early spring, and he walked down the one street. By and by he came to the county jail

—a two-storied affair, standing flush with the sidewalk. "There was a negro pressing his face against the barred window on the second floor," said Mr. Davis, "holding on to the bars and yawning. By and by an old negro came limping along the street, totting a white-wash bucket. 'Hello, Uncle Eph'm,' says the one in the window. 'Howdy,' says Ephraim, limping on. 'Wait a minute, uncle,' says this lonesome negro in the window. 'What time is it, uncle?' Uncle Ephraim limped right on. He hardly looked up. 'What diffidence does it make to you, niggeh?' he asked. 'You aint goin' nowhere.'"

ADONAI'S AND CAESAR.

A Too Rash Liburnian Bird Succumbs to Plymouth Rock.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: My antipathy to the courts dates from 1910, when I became the sanguine owner of a Leghorn rooster whose pedigree trailed back into the misty dawn of time. He was a proud bird and showed it in every strut. He was calmly indifferent to everything around him, like a hotel clerk in the presence of the way-worn traveler, and his "nerve" was unexcelled. Because he was all gall and possessed a conqueror's mien I named him Caesar, which implies a delicate association of ideas that will appeal only to the literati.

My neighbor owned a rooster of Plymouth Rock strain, upon which he had conferred the effeminate and altogether misleading name of Adonais. Adonais was of humble origin, but that fact did not seem to sadden his days or blight his growth. All through life his neck was slightly awry, but he carried it with a pride which scarcely concealed the buoyant hope that some day some one would speak to him about it. I don't know why it was reserved for Caesar to do this. Every one had observed what a peculiar neck Adonais had, but whenever anybody met him the conversation always flowed along in other channels. That is, until Caesar appeared upon the scene.

The first and last time that Caesar ever set eyes on Adonais the robins were chirping blithely in the orchard and the green was covered with dandelions. It was a fair June morning, peaceful and serene. Caesar in looking over the world caught the casual eye of Adonais, who was examining a sprouting onion bed in his usual critical manner. Caesar had never before seen such a neck, and to this day I can scarcely blame him for giving vent to his merriment, although as a bird of exceptional breeding it would have been more considerate in him to have concealed his mirth. Also it would have been wiser. When Adonais realized what was going on he seemed to forget in the twinkling of an eye the daily round of routine care. With a fierce joy that did credit to his low and barbarous ancestry he catapulted toward Caesar, whose sides were shaking with laughter. I retired from the window where I had been watching the performance and dressed hurriedly, for I feared the worst. No man should fail to give proper value to a sense of humor, but in a fight to a finish to determine whether one is to remain a while longer in this vale of tears or become forthwith a wanderer in the green fields of kingdom come a sense of humor seems a vain and hollow thing.

When I reached the battlefield the peace of death was upon it. Caesar had crossed the Rubicon never to return, and Adonais had retired to a safe distance from which he eyed me insolently. Then and there I determined to have revenge. I went about it furtively. I did my best to entice Adonais across the boundary line into my garden, where death awaited him in many forms. But Adonais did not seem enamoured of death. He appeared quite content to lead the simple life far from the madding crowd. At last patience ceased to be a virtue, and one day after dusk, while Adonais fed behind the shelter of a wagon tongue, I stole upon him and smote him with a large hickory limb I had especially prepared for the purpose, and he fell to rise no more. I repaired to my woodshed gayly. The world seemed a better place to live in. Joy filled my heart. I hummed blithely: "Oh, weep for Adonais, he is dead." I was extremely affable at dinner and my wife commented hopefully upon the fact.

The next day I was served with a summons commanding me to appear before Henry Plum, Esq., justice of the peace, on a certain day named, to answer a complaint made against me by the owner of the late Adonais. This was a rude awakening, but I welcomed it. At that time I knew very little concerning courts and their procedure, but I was soon to learn a great deal that the average citizen knows nothing of. I have since ascertained that Hi Plum was and still is a representative of "the interests." His grandfather was a slave-owner in Alabama before the war, and Plum himself owns two houses and a shirt factory.

We tried that lawsuit bitterly, and to my utter amazement the jury brought in a verdict against me. I shall always remember with the utmost contempt the brazen pettifogger who represented the plaintiff. He was a gaunt man

straggly bearded and his broad expanse of shirt front. He spoke in a high, rasping voice and pointed at me with his finger in a most irritating manner, as if I were the perpetrator of high crimes and misdemeanors. In his speech to the jury he heaped unceasing abuse upon me, which I bore with an affectation of amused indifference until he commenced to comment on the hickory stick that had laid Adonais low. He called attention to the fact that the stick was as large around as his wrist, whereas, under the common law of England, the stick with which a man had a right to beat his wife could not be thicker than a man's thumb. This, he said, proved conclusively that I had acted with deliberate premeditation, as he had shown I had gone out and procured a brand new and exceptionally large stick instead of using the one I always kept ready in the house.

At this point I arose and addressed a few intimate remarks to the attorney for the plaintiff, speaking in a tense voice and touching lightly on his personal appearance, his morals and his intellect, all of which I stated were mottled with decay. The court thumped the table with a paper weight and ordered me

to take my seat. He then told the plaintiff's attorney that he must confine himself strictly to the facts in the case and avoid any allusion whatever to the defendant's domestic affairs.

Do you wonder that I feel strongly on the question of the recall of judges? I would not only recall judges, I would recall juries. I would recall the whole judicial system, with its insufferable red tape and alleged constitutional guaranties. I would give every man justice in a direct and enlightened way, the details of which I have not fully thought out. I would recognize man's rights as being paramount to property rights. I would place man's rights above the rights of a crowing cock. In other words, I would place the man above the dollar.

In taking this position I well know I am spurning the mile posts that mark the pathway of the dead and mouldering past. But I care not. I prefer to join the procession of progress, and if my advanced views place me at the head of the procession I shall lead the movement with that calm and equable temper that has distinguished every action of my life.

SIMON CREEL.  
—New York Sun.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Florence Grau to Mr. Frank Howard Reynolds has been announced in Sacramento. Miss Grau is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Grau and a sister of Mrs. Frank Kiesling and Mr. Otto Grau of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Welsh have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Agnes Welsh, to Mr. Maurice Harrison. Miss Welsh is the sister of Miss Ruth Welsh. Mr. Harrison is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harrison and a brother of Mrs. Melvin Pfaff, Miss Theresa Harrison, and Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr.

Mrs. Catherine Wood of San Rafael has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mildred Wood, to Mr. Melville Erskine. Miss Wood is a sister of Mr. Parker Wood. Mr. Erskine is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Erskine of Berkeley and a brother of Mr. Herbert Erskine. The wedding will take place in San Rafael in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Frances Newhall, and Mr. Frederick N. Woods, who will be married June 1 at St. John's Presbyterian Church.

The wedding of Miss Marion Marvin and Mr. Otis Johnson will take place June 5 at St. Luke's Episcopal Church on Van Ness Avenue. A reception will be given at the home of Miss Marvin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin. Mrs. Roy Somers will be her sister's matron of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Doris Wilshire, Lillian Van Vorst, Marion Stone, and Josephine Johnson. Mr. Johnson will be attended by Mr. Harold Plummer, and the ushers will be the Messrs. Daniel Volkman, Dean Whittier, Carlton Curtiss, of this city, and S. Stevens of Fort Bragg.

The wedding of Miss Amy Bowles and Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., will take place May 29 at the home in Piedmont of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles. Miss Gladys Wilson will be Miss Bowles's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be the Misses Ernestine McNear, Harriet Stone, Marian Miller, and Miss Anne Peters of Stockton. Mr. Johnson will be attended by his brother, Mr. Archibald Johnson.

The wedding of Miss Edith Lowe and Mr. Hans Wollman will take place July 2 in Sausalito at the home of Miss Lowe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lowe.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a dinner at her home on Franklin and Jackson Streets, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Montague of Boston.

Mrs. Dodge entertained a number of friends at a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Antoine Borel. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Avery Campbell gave an informal dance at their home on Baker Street.

Mrs. James Carolan was hostess at a tea at her home on Jackson Street, complimentary to Mrs. George M. Pullman of Chicago.

Miss Antoinette Keyston entertained a number of friends Wednesday morning at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Suzanne Miller, who has come from Boston to be Miss Keyston's maid of honor June 6, when she will be married to Mr. Otto Grau.

Mrs. George Kelham was hostess yesterday at a tea in honor of Mrs. Thomas Ferner-Hesketh. Mr. and Mrs. Otis entertained a number of friends at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Ferner-Hesketh.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood gave a dinner at their home, Linden Towers, in Menlo, Thursday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ferner-Hesketh were the guests of honor.

Mrs. George W. Pinckard was hostess at a tea at her home in San Rafael, given as a benefit for St. Paul's Parish Aid Society.

Mrs. Frederick J. McWilliams entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon last Thursday at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Vincent Neale gave a tea Thursday at her home in Ross in honor of Miss Constance Russell, whose engagement to Mr. Thomas Menzies has recently been announced, and Miss Victoria Waltham, fiancée of Mr. Kenneth Menzies.

Miss Laura Peakes will be hostess at a tea today in honor of Miss Elizabeth Stetson, whose engagement to Mr. Paul Charles Butte of Seattle has recently been announced.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner recently in honor of Major Henry T. Ferguson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster entertained at a dinner at their home, Fair Hills, in San Rafael, complimentary to Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs and the Hon. Ralph D. Cole.

Mrs. Lawson Adams has issued invitations to a reception and musicale, May 23, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner was hostess recently at a tea at her home in Los Angeles. The

guest of honor was Mrs. Alfred Sutro of this city, who has been visiting Mrs. Miner.

Dean J. Wilmer Gresham was host at a luncheon at the Hotel Stewart in honor of Mr. W. H. Holt.

Mrs. M. C. Sloss was hostess at a luncheon at her country home in Ross, Thursday, when she entertained the members of the Browning Club.

Mrs. Herman Rees gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Arthur Murray.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter entertained a large number of friends at a dance at Angel Island.

An army and navy dance was given at Mare Island Thursday evening.

Mr. Frederick von Schrader was host at a dinner at his home in the Presidio Wednesday evening preceding the hop.

Mrs. Douglas McCaskey, wife of Captain McCaskey, U. S. A., was hostess at a bridge-tennis at her home in the Presidio.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicken and Miss Anna Olney have returned from a two months' visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve, are established for the summer at the Peninsula Hotel. They will not go to Santa Barbara, as they had originally planned.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin and Mrs. George Cameron left last week for Europe to join Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton will leave Monday for Hartford, Connecticut, to spend the summer with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley.

Captain William Holmes McKittick and Mrs. McKittick are at present the guests of Miss Houghton at her home on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels arrived in Paris yesterday.

Judge Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and their daughter, Miss Ethel Cooper, sail from New York next Thursday for London.

Mrs. William Leeds, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Lord Falconer, will arrive the first week in June from the Orient. Mrs. Leeds and her party are making a cruise of the world on the yacht *Semiramis*.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her home in Chico from Washington, D. C. Mrs. Bidwell was accompanied West by her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomson H. Alexander, who will spend the summer in California.

Mr. Andrew Welch is expected home May 26 from the Philippines, where he has been for the past two months.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and her niece, Miss Bessie Zane, are traveling in Italy with Mrs. Allen Lewis (formerly Miss Fannie Loughborough).

Mr. Henry Clay Ide, American Minister to Spain, and his daughter, Miss Marjorie Ide, are expected to arrive in New York tomorrow. Miss Ide is returning to America to be married to Mr. Shane Leslie, son of Colonel John Leslie and Mrs. Leslie.

Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, and Mr. Alfred Oyster went down to Palo Alto today to spend the summer in their country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone and their daughters, the Misses Harriet and Marion Stone, will leave shortly for their home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Malcolm Eaton will spend the summer in Sausalito, where they will occupy the Rixford cottage.

Captain Ode C. Nichols, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nichols have returned to the Presidio after an outing on the Feather River.

Mrs. John Murphy, wife of the late Captain Murphy, U. S. A., has arrived from West Point and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones in San Rafael.

Lieutenant D. C. Emmons, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from the school of musketry in Monterey.

Lieutenant R. Alfred Theobald, U. S. N., and Mrs. Theobald have arrived from the East and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Theobald at their home on California Street.

Mr. James Bishop has recovered sufficiently from his recent accident to be moved from a sanatorium to his home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. John D. Tallant has arrived from Goldfield, where she has been visiting her son, Mr. John D. Tallant, Jr., and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright.

Mrs. William C. Lyon (formerly Miss Rose Hooper Plotner) has returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Bullard have gone East to visit their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Sellar Bullard.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller have closed their town house on Pacific Avenue and are established

for the summer in their country home at Fair Oaks.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods returned Monday from Europe, where she has been spending the past eight months.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs and her daughter, Miss Emily Tubbs, will leave next month for the East to attend the graduation at Yale of Mr. Chapin Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have moved into their new home in San Rafael, where they will remain during the season.

Miss Marie Brewer has returned from Mill Valley, where she was the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Jr., will spend the summer in Los Gatos, where they have recently rented a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belshaw have opened their country home in Antioch for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green (formerly Miss Marie Louise Foster) have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their apartment on Sacramento and Buchanan Streets. They have recently been the guests of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroder at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, accompanied by Miss R. S. Robinson and Mr. John Sanger, arrived last week from Honolulu and left Friday evening for Chicago.

Mrs. Charles W. Slack and her daughters, the Misses Edith and Ruth Slack, are en route to Europe, where they will spend six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel have closed their town house and are established for the summer in their country home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Philip King Brown has returned from a week's visit in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman and their son, Mr. Edmonds Lyman, will leave June 1 for Santa Barbara, where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and their daughter, Miss Josephine Redding, left Monday for New York, after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Redding and Miss Redding will return to Paris.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn, after spending the winter on the French Riviera and Easter in Rome, are now at Bellagio, on the Lake of Como.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and their sons, the Messrs. George H. Howard, Jr., and Henry Howard, will spend several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Cowden of New York have been recent visitors at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahl and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sahl, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark have arrived in Paris.

The Rev. David Evans and Mrs. Evans are visiting relatives in England.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins have returned from Europe and have taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have returned from their wedding trip and are established in Ross, where their new home is in the course of construction.

Miss Isabel Sprague has arrived from the East and has joined her mother, Mrs. Richard Sprague, at their country home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter have rented the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mrs. Maynie McNutt Potter and her little daughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter, have gone to Colorado Springs to open their cottage for the summer. They will be joined shortly by Miss Grace Potter of New York.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., at their bungalow in Monterey.

Mr. Marcel Cerf is in New York for a brief stay.

Miss Avis Sherwood is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood, in Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson left today for Stag's Leap, Napa County, where they will spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, and Mrs. Thomas Breeze left Wednesday for Santa Barbara, where they will remain several weeks.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett has gone East for a brief visit.

Mme. Rosa Nieto y Viosco, the Misses Rosita and Josephine de Nieto, and Baroness Rosenwieg have gone to Santa Cruz to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag and their daughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, will spend a part of the summer in Southern California.

Mr. John Parrott, Jr., has returned from Yosemite, where he went with the First Cavalry, which will be stationed in the valley during the summer. Mr. Parrott was the guest of Captain Arthur Poillon, U. S. A.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne are expected home next week from Cleveland, Ohio, where they are visiting Mrs. Paul Foster and Miss Martha Calhoun. Miss Calhoun will accompany Mrs. Hammond and Miss Langhorne on their homeward trip and will spend two months with friends in this city.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, left Thursday for Miramar, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson moved to San Mateo Wednesday and is occupying the home of the Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnigan. Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader will go down to San Mateo today to spend a month with Mrs. Wilson.

## Subsidized Opera in Rome.

The Communal Council of Rome recently voted, by a large majority, a subsidy of 80,000 lire per year to the Costanzi Theatre there, for the purpose of assisting the directors of that establishment in carrying out their operative programme. Councillor Podrecca proposed—and his proposition was carried—that the directors of the Costanzi should guarantee to present during the season a new

opera by an Italian composer, the work to be selected by a technical committee to be appointed by the Giunta or Communal Council of Rome. Signor Podrecca made a speech at this meeting, in which he insisted on the necessity of fostering the lyric art in Rome, which had been rather backward in this respect, while other cities, such as Naples, Milan, Turin, and Bologna, have been more generous in dealing with musical institutions.

The home in Fort Bliss of Captain Max Garber, U. S. A., and Mrs. Garber has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Garber was formerly Miss Etelka Williar, daughter of Mr. Harry R. Williar of this city.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Instead of the 80,000 expected, but 58,584 ballots were cast in San Francisco at the presidential preference primary. Roosevelt received 19,825; Taft, 16,518; La Follette, 8498; Clark, 6778; Wilson, 2936. The votes for delegates in each case exceeded those for the party candidates. Taft carried but one congressional district in the city—the Fourth, which gave him a plurality of 154 over Roosevelt.

The sixtieth annual meeting of California Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., opened on Tuesday with Grand Master George F. Hudson of Stockton presiding.

Officers of four Knight Templar commanderies, California No. 1, Oakland No. 11, Mission No. 41, and Berkeley No. 42, were installed Tuesday night at Golden Gate Commandery Hall by Grand Commander W. B. Melish.

Nearly all the churches held special services Sunday in observance of "Mothers' Day."

More than ten thousand people participated Sunday in the dedication of the big new Twin Peaks reservoir for salt water in connection with the auxiliary water supply. The breaking of ground for an observatory to be built between the peaks by the order of Native Daughters was also done with appropriate ceremonies. Members of the Native Daughters and Native Sons orders marched to the site, Miss Edna Fennell unfurled the Bear flag, and Edward R. McAuliff spoke on the significance of the emblem. The programme for the occasion included music, the firing of a salute, athletic contests, and dancing on the floor of the reservoir.

Dr. Washington Dodge related his personal experiences on the fatal voyage of the *Titanic* before the Commonwealth Club and its invited guests Saturday afternoon. It was a recital that brought the scenes of that last night vividly before his hearers.

The twenty-second anniversary banquet of the California Grays was held at the Hotel Sutter Friday night of last week with a large attendance.

The frigate *Pensacola*, once famous as a ship of line in Admiral Farragut's fleet in Mobile Bay, but which for twelve years has lain at Goat Island for use as a training ship, was burned off Hunter's Point last Friday morning. It was not an accidental fire that destroyed the old vessel, but the carrying out of the plan of her purchaser, who decided that this was the easiest way to get out the valuable metal in her hull. The *Pensacola* was built in 1858, in the town in Florida for which she was named. She was brought to this coast twenty-four years ago, and for many years was flagship on the China station.

Three hundred pensioners of the Southern Pacific Company met at a banquet at the Palace Hotel Friday afternoon of last week, the third annual meeting of the veterans. A. H. MacDonald, one of the oldest employees of the company, presided, and Vice-President E. O. McCormick made the principal address. The afternoon was passed with reminiscences and song after the luncheon had been disposed of.

At the forty-ninth annual commencement exercises of the University of California, held at the Greek Theatre Wednesday, 678 students received their degrees. This is the largest class in the history of the university.

The long and prosperous run of "The Garden of Allah" in New York closes this week. The claim of the Liebler Company that their spectacular production of the dramatic version of Mr. Hichens's famous novel has beaten all records for attendance in a single playhouse scarcely admits dispute. The Century Theatre, formerly the New Theatre, is one of the largest in the country. Yet its seating capacity had to be increased to accommodate the crowds that witnessed the play in the early part of its run. The \$100,000 mark was reached at the thirty-first performance. For the entire run of 248 performances an average business of over \$2000 a performance was maintained, as the half-million-dollar mark will be passed early this week. This means that approximately 375,000 will have seen the play this season. The elements that entered into the success of the play were many. The book had a tremendous vogue. Over \$75,000 was spent before the rise of the first curtain.

Many æsthetic arguments have been offered on the subject of eating to a musical obligato, but Mr. Sterry, manager of the Plaza in New York, says frankly that it is a question not of æsthetics, but of business—the "spenders" follow the band. There are places in New York where one may eat in peace, and the managers have hard work to fill them. Noise and glitter are needed to make people feel that they are getting the worth of their money. The Zeitgeist nowadays moves to the music of the band.

Programme at Miss Hamlin's School.

The graduating exercises of Miss Hamlin's School will be held Thursday evening, May 23, at 8:30 o'clock, at Scottish Rite Temple, corner Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue:

Processional.  
(a) Adagio, E flat. . . . . Louis Spohr  
(b) Caprice Viennois. . . . . Fritz Kreisler  
Mr. Hiother Wismer, accompanied by Mrs. Edith J. Batchelder.  
The Lord's Prayer, chanted.  
Grand Polonaise, E major. . . . . Liszt  
Miss Frieda Wansner.  
Concerto for flute. . . . . Chamade  
Mr. Walter Osterreicher, accompanied by Miss Lucy Hannibal.

Address.  
Prof. H. Morse-Stevens, University of California.  
Nocturne for flute, violin, cello and piano. . . . . Doppler, Op. 91  
Messrs. Osterreicher, Wismer, Mertox, and McCoy.  
Songs. . . . . H. M. J. McCoy  
(a) When love passed by.  
(b) In the shadow of your eyes.  
(c) A Viking's Song.

Mr. L. A. Larsen, accompanied by the composer.  
Presentation of the diplomas.  
Miss Hamlin.

Recessional.  
Reception by the graduates.

Nobody but Daniel Frohman knows what Daniel Frohman's feelings were when he first gave his proudly cherished Lyceum Theatre over to moving pictures (says Louis Sherwin in the *New York Globe*). But if those feelings were unpleasant then it is a safe wager that they are soothed by the audiences that now crowd it. For the motion pictures of Paul J. Rainey's African bunt have made a profit of about \$2000 every week. In fact they are the first profitable attraction the Lyceum has had all the season. Mr. Frohman has treasured the virgin reputation of his theatre for a long time. Not even the profane foot of musical comedy has sullied its boards. However small the subsequent audiences, those present at Lyceum first nights were always large and well dressed—carriage audiences, in fact. It is one of the few theatres in New York of which that can truthfully be said. But during the past season it has housed a succession of dramatic failures, ranging from Pinero to Elmer B. Harris. To the surprise of the employees, however, the audiences for the moving pictures of the African man hunt are not only larger, but they contain an even greater proportion of obviously wealthy people—"carriage folk." On the opening night the line of motors was longer than it had been at any premiere during the entire season. Moreover, when the same pictures were first given at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia the place looked like the Metropolitan Opera House on a Monday night.

The censorship in England, says Charles Hawtrey, the English comedian, will not be abolished. "It may surprise you to hear that the entire body of actor-managers, not to mention other managers, is in favor of it. Without censorship the actor-manager might produce a play he considered harmless and clean and at the same time find himself at the mercy of any one who saw fit to make a complaint before a magistrate. This, of course, would make a lot of trouble for him. That's the way matters stand in England today. The opposition to censorship is centred in a group of authors who write advanced plays. As for the theatre-goers, I don't think they care a straw about the censor. Their interest lies entirely in seeing what they call a clever play. Neither do they care who writes the pieces they like. This was especially noticeable when I revived 'Dear Old Charlie,' which is by the present censor, Mr. Brookfield."

A church bell hung on a walnut tree at Therfield, England, which for forty years had summoned the villagers to divine service, has been taken down and now forms part of a peal in the newly erected tower of the church. When the present church was erected a tower could not be built owing to lack of funds and a bell from the old church was hung on the walnut tree, which is near the church.

An English laboring man took a mezzotint into Christie's art rooms in London the other day and was astonished to be told that it was worth \$1785. It was the "Children Bathing" of J. Ward, a famous eighteenth-century engraver and painter.

At Jena some musicians have reestablished the old Collegium Musicum, which, after a century's existence, came to an end in 1772, and, following the tradition of the old college, will organize concerts of ancient music.

Lina Cavalieri, the prima donna, now in Paris, is said to be considering an American offer to appear in comic opera.

Christine Nielsen has a small but effective rôle in the revival of "Patience" in New York.

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Miss Kate Curry 104 Years Old

One of the oldest women in New England is Miss Kate Curry, a resident of Lowell, Massachusetts. She will be 104 years old in August, and her friends are planning to give her a party which will delight her heart.

Miss Curry says the food that has been the means of keeping her hearty and well is cocoa. She is very fond of this beverage and drinks it three times a day or oftener whenever she feels the need of something warm and nourishing. She says she could live on cocoa alone if necessary and does not believe she would be able to live long without it, certainly not in comfort.

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Argonaut..... 4.15

**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**  
*Employer*—Are you a married man? *Appli-  
cant*—No, sir; I've been bald since childhood.  
—*Satire.*  
"How long did it take you to do Rome?"  
"About twice as long as it took Rome to do  
us."—*Life.*  
"That fellow Binks is a mighty good lis-  
tenser. He hardly ever says a word. Why is  
it? Modesty?" "No. Matrimony."—*Laugh-  
ter.*  
*Scott*—Hobbs is a terribly quarrelsome fel-  
low. He'd rather fight than eat. *Mott*—So  
would I. if I had his dyspepsia.—*Boston Tran-  
script.*  
"Did that young man kiss you last night?"  
"Mother, do you suppose that he came all  
the way up here just to hear me sing?"—  
*Cornell Widow.*  
*She*—What was it the choir just sang? *He*  
—From the appearance of the congregation I  
think it must have been some kind of a lul-  
lahy.—*Laughter.*  
*Clinton*—Did you get in without your wife  
hearing you last night? *Chubleigh*—No; and  
I didn't get in without my hearing her, either.  
—*Boston Transcript.*  
*Enthusiastic Golfer*—Mon, that's the best  
game o' gowf I've ever played. *Sarcastic and  
Overburdened Caddy*—Dinna let that discour-  
age ye.—*World of Golf.*  
*Mr. Calley*—I thought both your girls  
played the piano? *Pa Hyley*—Mamie does,  
but Carrie never could stand to make others  
unhappy.—*New York Globe.*  
*Old Jones*—Can you give my daughter the  
luxuries to which she has been accustomed?  
*Cholly (engaged)*—Not much longer. That's  
why I want to get married.—*Chicago News.*  
*Mrs. Justwad*—My husband lets me have my  
own way in everything. *Mrs. Hasbin*—I don't  
think that's at all nice. You've no one to  
blame when things go wrong.—*Washington  
Star.*  
*Chauffeur*—Is there an ordinance limiting  
the speed of autos in this town? *Native*—  
Gawsh, no! You fellers can't git through  
Squashville any too quick for us.—*Boston  
Transcript.*  
*Mrs. A*—I hear that it broke Mrs. Giltrex's  
heart to have to get a divorce from her hus-  
band. *Mrs. B*—Then why did she do it?  
*Mrs. C*—Because her ncw cook didn't like  
him.—*Satire.*  
"Have you a spare cigar about you, old  
chap?" "Certainly! But I thought you were  
going to stop smoking?" "So I am, but not  
too abruptly. I've already quit smoking my  
own cigars."—*Boston Transcript.*  
"Here's a doctor who says hundreds of  
appendices have been removed needlessly."  
"Of course, he's wrong. The removal wasn't  
needless as long as the doctors needed the  
money."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*  
"When I was a young man I worked twelve  
hours a day," said the sire. "I admire your  
youthful energy," replied the son, "but I ad-  
mire still more the mature wisdom which led  
you to stop it."—*Washington Star.*  
*Subbubs*—I believe Swamphurst is un-  
healthy. Since we have lived out there my  
wife can scarcely speak above a whisper.  
*Heupcke*—Do you suppose I could find a  
house there?—*Philadelphia Record.*  
"Madam, I am just out of the hospital,  
and—" "Don't tell me any such story as  
that! You are the same man I gave a piece  
of pie to not two weeks ago." "Yes'm, dat  
was just 'fore I went to de hospital."—*Hous-  
ton Post.*  
"Does your son realize the responsibilities  
of great wealth?" "I fear not," sighed the  
eminent magnate. "He can't seem to learn  
auction bridge, and he shows no signs of  
wanting to marry a chorus girl."—*Louisville  
Courier-Journal.*  
"What is your idea of classical music?"  
"Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I don't pro-  
fess to know much about it. But it always  
seems to me that when a man writes classical  
music he simply takes a tune and sees how  
much he can muss it up."—*Washington Star.*  
"I'm not afraid of woman suffrage," said  
Little Binks. "My wife is a militant suf-  
frage, but up to date I am Julius Caesar in  
my house." "I guess you are, Binks. I guess  
you are," said Wiggles. "There aint many  
deader ones than Julius Caesar in this world."  
—*Harper's Weekly.*  
*Lawyer*—Your honor, I ask the dismissal  
of my client on the ground that the warrant  
fails to state that he hit Bill Jones with ma-  
licious intent. *Rural Judge*—This court aint  
a graduate of none of your technical schools.  
I don't care what he hit him with. The pint  
is, did he hit him? Percecd.—*Minneapolis  
Journal.*  
"Could you sing a ragtime song?" asked  
Mr. Lowbrow. "Why, sir!" spluttered the  
musician who takes himself seriously. "C-c-  
confound your b-b-boneheaded impudence!"  
"That's a good start," was the complacent re-

joinder. "You have a fine idea of the words.  
Now see if you can put a melody to them."—  
*Washington Star.*  
*Opera Manager (to patron)*—Can you sug-  
gest any other improvements in my house be-  
sides sinking the orchestra? *Patron*—Yes;  
sink the stage also.—*Gnackasten.*  
**THE MERRY MUSE.**  
**After Moving-Day.**  
I stood on a chair at midnight.  
But the clocks didn't strike the hour;  
They were packed in the barrel with the china.  
Or perhaps in the bin with the flour.  
—*Chicago Tribune.*  
**At the Last Green.**  
A green little boy in a green little way,  
A green little apple devoured one day.  
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little apple boy's green little  
grave.  
—*Medical Journal.*  
**The Grand Panjandrum.**  
I'm a dervish of the ninety-ninth degree,  
Watch me whirl!  
See me twirl!  
I'm a monkey on the referendum tree,  
See me prance!  
Watch me dance!  
While I'm hanging upside downward by my toes  
I can balance broken pledges on my nose;  
I'm a dervish of the ninety-ninth degree!  
I'm a statesman of the old Abe Lincoln strain!  
See me write!  
Hear me cite!  
All the knowledge of the wise men in my brain!  
Hear me preach!  
Hear me screech!  
I'm the only book of knowledge on the shelf,  
I have overruled all others but myself,  
I'm a statesman of the old Abe Lincoln strain!  
Oh, I got a patent first on honesty,  
Don't you see,  
But for me,  
Not a soul would have discovered decency?  
Hear me squeal  
"The square deal!"  
I'm a Moses with the modern decalogue.  
I'm the only man who never slipped a cog;  
Oh, I got a patent first on honesty.  
I'm the only Presidential Hercules!  
See me work!  
Every quirk!  
That the discontented element will please;  
See me hump!  
Watch me jump!  
I'm Prometheus with the real celestial fire,  
Every villain who disputes me is a liar,  
I'm the only Presidential Hercules!  
All the sages of the ages rolled in one.  
Hear me bawl  
"The Recall!"  
Never dreamed of all the things that I have done.  
Hear me talk!  
Hear me squawk!  
I'm the Oracle of Delphi (not the Sphinx)  
And Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick, Captain Jinks,  
All the sages of the ages rolled in one!  
—*New York Sun.*

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.  
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**The Schools and the Initiative.**

It is well to be watchful of the various changes in our educational system that are about to seek legal sanction through constitutional amendments and the initiative. One such change seems to be particularly mischievous. A body called "The Teachers' Council," hitherto unknown to fame, intends to invoke the initiative for the purpose of allowing local school boards to select the text-books for use in their own districts. Why such a preposterous idea should be entertained it is hard to say. Perhaps the prospect of dealing directly with the various school-book publishing houses is an attractive one from the financial point of view. Such things have been heard of. It may be that certain religious associations would welcome the opportunity to censor the school course through its text-books. That also has been heard of. But however enticing such projects may seem to those who would profit by them they will hardly appeal to the general public as sufficiently weighty to justify a departure from the uniformity that now prevails. It can hardly be contended

that the children of Los Angeles need a different sort of geography from those in San Francisco or that the arithmetic books suited to the children of Sacramento are of no value to those of San Jose. In fact the proposal is a ridiculous one. At the best it is a mark of those peculiar vagaries that obsess the pedagogical mind and at the worst it signifies a craving for some sinister advantage that will not bear the light.

**Ohio—What It Signifies.**

The defeat of Mr. Taft in his home state of Ohio comes as an emphatic culmination of a series of reverses which began with the primary election in Illinois more than a month ago. Although favored by the highest intelligence of his party, Mr. Taft it is now manifest lacks the popular backing essential to a strong candidacy for the presidential office. As the score stands he has in one form or another a nominal support greater than that of any other candidate. It is possible that there will be in the Chicago convention a sufficient number of delegates friendly to him to enforce his nomination. This we say is possible, yet in candor we must add that it is doubtful.

The causes which have cooperated to embarrass Mr. Taft's candidacy are in plain view. Most effective, perhaps, is an unfortunate inability to adjudge the character and quality of men. His Cabinet organization was ineffective from the start, and it has not improved under process of time. The President has gained nothing through the talents, the prestige, or the energies of his official family. Then there was the blunder of the Winona speech, in which, under mistaken notions of loyalty to party, Mr. Taft attempted to justify a distinct breach of trust—to make look right a thing that was not right—furthermore to take upon himself a responsibility which belonged to another branch of the government. Mr. Taft's opportunity to impress himself upon the country as a strong man—his duty, too, if he could but have read it aright—came in connection with the tariff legislation two years ago. Instead of approving the Payne-Aldrich bill, he ought to have vetoed it; instead of taking upon himself the onus of that dereliction, he ought in moral resentment to have flung it back where it belonged upon a cowardly and shirking Congress. At times in his presidential career Mr. Taft has indeed risen to the heights of moral and political courage; but unhappily his inspirations have commonly come too late to impress the country. Instead of leading public sentiment, he has followed it. His temperament and his habit have combined to make him temporize at times when he should have been prompt and positive, therefore to rob his enthusiasms and his resentments alike of popular moral effect. His inveterate tendency to deal not with things in process, but with things as modified by events—and after the event—has proved fatal to his standing with the country. This is not to say that Mr. Taft lacks popular respect, but that he lacks the kind of consideration which men in the mass bestow upon those who know the art of striking the iron when it is hot.

Mr. Taft's achievements in the presidency have been notable, even distinguished. Where his predecessor howled and yowled, he plugged steadily forward. The record exhibits him as a far more efficient doer of things than Mr. Roosevelt. But Mr. Taft has not known how to make the record speak for him. Even when under the animus of a personal contention he was assaulted with an unexampled fury and vulgarity he had not the art to make the most of his resources. When he got down from the pedestal of his high office into the "ring" wherein his opponent had established himself he lacked skill to force the fighting. Instead of ramming down the throat of Theodore Roosevelt his own falsehoods and slanders, instead of placing one aggressive blow upon another, he stood upon the defensive. A man qualified for the sort of conflict upon which he entered, armed with the weapons at his com-

mand, would not have put his own back to the wall. He would have forced Roosevelt to the wall, and holding him there would have exhibited to the country the moral nakedness of his character, the grossness of his pretensions, the fury of his ambitions and his hatreds. All this is not to discredit Mr. Taft in the view of men of moderation, of dignity, of respect. The qualities which win in the prize-ring are by no means the highest or most worthy. But not having these qualities, being in his own nature and character unsuited to rough-and-tumble forms of conflict, Mr. Taft ought not to have accepted Mr. Roosevelt's challenge. Better far it would have been when Roosevelt abandoned the restraints of a decent propriety if Taft had declined to meet him on the low ground of personal controversy.

Mr. Taft's nomination by the Chicago convention, as we have already said, is still a possibility, for his nominal strength is greater than that of any other candidate. Yet we are forced to the conclusion that his nomination is improbable, and that upon considerations of expediency it would be unwise. The time is a critical one. It calls for a candidate upon whom all the party elements can combine. That they can be brought to combine on Mr. Taft is, we think, improbable or impossible. In the past few weeks the fighting has been too embittered, passion has run too high. Plainly under the first rule of political expediency the situation calls for a man who can enter the contest to come free from the resentments which the pre-convention campaign has developed. We say this regretfully, because, while not blind to the practical deficiencies of Mr. Taft's temperament, we sustain for him personally and in his official character a profound respect. It has been his misfortune to fall upon hard conditions and to encounter a vicious and malevolent antagonism. The exigencies of his career in its purely political aspects have so shaped themselves as to call for qualities in which he is lacking. That he is far better qualified for the serious duties of the presidency, that he is a sounder man, a saner man, a safer man, and in all ways a better man than the unspeakable demagogue who has wrought his undoing needs no demonstration. But that as a matter of party policy his nomination would be wise in the present posture of affairs we can not believe, much as we would like to do so.

**"I Am It."**

Mr. Roosevelt's declaration at Dennison, Ohio, on Monday that "the compromise candidate is me" was hardly needed to give warning that he intends either to rule or to ruin the Republican party. Mr. Roosevelt has indeed reached such a degree of rage and infatuation that in his pretensions and schemes he stands upon the self-same ground held in another day by an even more famous compound of vanity, arrogance, and insolence. "I am the State," said Louis Fourteenth—"I am It," says Theodore Roosevelt.

There can be but one interpretation of certain phases of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for the presidential nomination. If he does not get what he is after, having staked private respect and historic fame upon the issue, he will if he can do it drag down to ruin the party which declines to do his bidding. Many utterances and some facts of unmistakable meaning attest this purpose. Among other things there may be noted as especially significant the extravagant "claims" advanced with respect to delegations plainly elected and positively committed to another candidate. Nobody knows better than Mr. Roosevelt that these claims are futile and absurd, that in most cases they will not stand two minutes' scrutiny. But trumped up and futile though they be, they may still be made to serve a purpose founded in inordinate vanity and ambition and determined to stop short at nothing to gain its ends or at least to wreak its revenges. Mr. Roosevelt's comment on conditions in the State of Washington tells very



There was in Washington a fair and square victory for Taft. The record is straight and clear. "But," says Roosevelt, "we beat them two to one where they were strong, and we beat them eight to one where they were weak. What they could not earn they have stolen." On its face this appears a mere outburst of disappointment and petulance. But we are convinced that behind it there is a shrewd calculation. It is nothing less than an intent to represent every Taft victory as a theft, and the ultimate triumph of Mr. Taft, if it shall come about, as a usurpation under stolen powers. Such is the conceit of Theodore Roosevelt, such is his confidence in the supine credulity of his supporters, that he has it plainly in view under contingencies likely to arise to declare himself a martyr, and denying the authority of the Chicago convention, to place himself at the head of a movement in revolt.

Multitudinous circumstances demonstrate that behind the Roosevelt campaign there is abundant money. We pass by extravagant partisan stories of specific vote-buying in large blocks. It is not believable that this kind of game has been played by anybody in this campaign, but it is unquestionably true that prodigious sums have been spent in the Roosevelt cause in some of the closely contested states. Newspaper advertising alone has cost thousands upon thousands of dollars, and many other thousands have been spent in preparing and distributing campaign literature. For two months or more one whole floor of a New York skyscraper has been busy as a boiler factory in the work of printing, directing, and posting political documents. A million dollars is a conservative estimate of the total expense thus far, with the game still going on, so we are informed to the tune of approximately eight thousand dollars per day. It would be pertinent to inquire who supplies this money; but it is not this phase of the matter that we now have in view. The point we wish to make is that there is money in abundance back of Roosevelt, and that if he should elect to lead a movement in revolt against the result of the Chicago convention, whatever that result may be, he is not without the sinews of war.

Unless the whole political world is deceived the active agent of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign finances is George W. Perkins, for many years associated with J. P. Morgan & Co., a prominent figure in the Steel Trust, and generally speaking a large factor in "big business." Whether it be due to Mr. Perkins's connection with the movement for Roosevelt or to other evidence, we know not, but it is a fact that many men of shrewd observation and judgment believe that the resources of "big business" are behind Roosevelt. The theory as we hear it set forth is not without its subtleties. "Big business," it is explained, is incensed at Taft and has sought in Roosevelt an agent for his destruction; and Roosevelt himself being an impossibility, the election will be thrown to the Democrats. A weak point in this theory is the probable elimination of both Taft and Roosevelt with the selection by the Chicago convention of Judge Hughes or some other strong man of the reforming type. That Roosevelt may kill Taft is not more probable than that Taft may kill Roosevelt. Indeed there are signs that this result has already been achieved.

### The Immigration Problem.

The Dillingham bill for the regulation of immigration has called forth so many protests from so many different kinds of people that its defeat is almost a certainty. And yet every one knows that immigration ought to be regulated and that great numbers of people are landing in America whose room would be far preferable to their company. The difference between a desirable and an undesirable immigrant is one of character, and the problem is to find some external indication of internal disposition. All attempts to do this have so far been failures or only partial successes.

The tests proposed by the Dillingham bill are certainly not very promising. The suggested exclusion of illiterates seems to show a poor estimate of human values, seeing that education often makes a bad man much worse, or at least more dangerous, than he was before, while a lack of education leaves the natural human virtues unimpaired. The great need of the country is still for strong muscles and physical powers in general, and we have yet to learn that a man can dig a better ditch, or plow a straighter furrow because he is able also to read the *Appeal to Reason*.

The second main proposal in the Dillingham bill is also questionable. To exclude every one who "confers with others for the violent overthrow of a

foreign government" would certainly keep out a good many foreign patriots who are neither useful nor ornamental, but at the same time it seems to conflict with some good old traditions of American sanctuary. We are not living in heroic times, but we should hardly like to make a law that would exclude from our shores such men as Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, Mirabeau, Garibaldi, Lafayette, Tom Paine, and Victor Hugo, all of whom conspired against foreign governments. It is true that the modern conspirator is usually a wretchedly unsavory specimen of humanity who would never be missed if he should break his journey in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, but we do not want to make laws that might prove an embarrassment. The solution of the immigration problem will probably be found one day in some system of consular certificates. The one necessity is to separate the good from the bad and this can only be done by some one in a position to ascertain the reputation and record of the intending immigrant—that is to say through the consular service.

### On with the Dance!

In other days—in the era of the municipal simple life largely influenced by Deacon Fitch of blessed memory—San Francisco's municipal chest was kept fairly supplied within the "dollar limit." There were those who thought the principle of the dollar limit illogical, and illustrative of an old-fogy spirit. Nevertheless it became a slogan and in time an inspiration. San Francisco thrived and grew under it. Social order was maintained; fire service was a model of efficiency; schools were built; Golden Gate and other parks were acquired and developed. The theory of Deacon Fitch and those who stood with him—and there were usually enough of them to control the municipal policy and to keep decent men at the head of the administration—was that unlimited license to tax meant unlimited extravagance in spending. And so for a long period the municipality was conducted upon a basis of low taxation, under a moderate scheme of expense and, be it said to the everlasting credit of the system, under tolerable practices of prudence, with some real honesty. And when that particular era came to its close, the city of San Francisco owed not one dollar to anybody.

Then the hand of the good Deacon relaxed. The journal which had been the handmaiden of his wholesome "fogyism" fell from virtue to debauchery, sank to the pavement, then rolled to the gutter, a mark of the scorn and contempt of decency. Then came an era of cheap men and "liberal ideas"—an era which yet we grieve to say seems far to go. The dollar limit with the wholesome restraints involved in it was forgotten, and San Francisco branched out under the policy of "liberal ideas" upon broad schemes of municipal expansion. The city government gave itself airs, all of which cost money. Year by year the "limit" advanced. A little while ago it was a dollar-fifty; then it grew to a dollar-sixty. Expenses advanced, and the taxpayers groaned when a year ago it touched the two-dollar mark. Last year it was a glib two-dollars-five; and this year, according to the budget just presented, it slides upward to a new record—two-dollars-ten. Two-dollars-ten annual tax for municipal purposes upon every hundred dollars of taxable property is a smart figure, and it comes to the neat total of \$12,887,626—not to mention some odd cents. Nearly thirteen millions of dollars for housekeeping expenses for the city of San Francisco. We wonder if the good old Deacon rests in his grave!

When the *Argonaut* has protested against bond issues for this, bond issues for that; when it has protested against schemes of extravagance, including increases in officialism with general advances of pay, when it has cried out against wholesale grabs and small speculation; when it has protested against the municipalization of "utilities" and the unionization of service, it has been styled a reactionary. When men of moderation and sense have coöperated with it to protest extravagant proposals and so hold down the annual budget and hold up the standards of prudence and honesty they have been sneered at and jeered at as narrow-minded, selfish, besotted. And this by that element whose only relation to the scheme of taxation is to dodge the poll-tax agent.

Men and brethren, "liberal ideas" are carrying us far, very far, from the simple municipal life of an earlier time, very far from the standards of modesty and honesty. It makes a fine show when it comes to holiday oratory. It shouts loud in the budget, but it goes deep into the pocket. We have now got a municipal system where—indeed matched no-

where where prudence governs—at the point of cost. We have in hand projects truly dazzling. But we are spending a vast amount of money, we are under a system of tremendous extravagance, we are under a free license to tax, developing ideas still more extravagant. We are taxing property to its marrow and industry to its bone. In the meantime we are getting deep and deeper into debt.

But it's a gay picture—drawings of the civic centre in every newspaper and Jimmie today, like the monkey in the story, clambering up a ship's side to do the grand, and tomorrow loaded down with roses and violets greeting some nobody at the city's gates. Municipal tax rate two-ten—but who cares? Deacon Fitch and the spirit of fogyness are dead. Let us have more bonds—and still more as long as credulity and hope rule the money market. On with the dance!

### The San Diego Troubles.

It comes easy to sympathize with the popular resentment at San Diego. A hustling, thriving, law-abiding, and more or less God-fearing community, diligently pursuing its legitimate affairs, has the right to be indignant upon finding itself subjected to the screechings, the insults and the evil smells, moral and physical, proceeding from an invading host of unwashed Wandering Willies masquerading as champions of industry. But this is far from saying that in dealing with this invasion the San Diegans are right in disregarding the law which guarantees to every man certain fixed rights, assuming as we do from published reports that they have disregarded such rights. The provocation, we admit, has been great; but it should have been borne in mind that a resort to vigilante methods inevitably leaves behind it a heritage of evils which it takes years and years to live down. It is the history of every such outburst that it reacts upon the community involved in many forms of social weakness. A spirit of arrogance, contempt of authority, paralysis in greater or less degree of the moral forces of organized life, certain forms of social degeneracy—these inevitably make up the harvest from seeds sown in the frenzy even of a very natural and human resentment against outrage and insult. It is always better, even though it may test to the limits of endurance the powers of community self-restraint, to wait upon the law; for if there be force to work out desired results outside the law, the same force will as surely achieve reforms within the law. If it be urged that this is a counsel of submission to intolerable abuses, we reply that it is something vastly higher and better—that it is a counsel of civilization. And what is more, there is no other way of sustaining civilization. If a community in its impatience even for worthy ends assumes privileges of conduct outside and beyond the law, individual members of that community will catch the distemper of lawlessness and justify themselves in courses inconsistent with the integrity of society. The rule has been proved ten thousand times; its working is as certain as that of any principle fixed in the science of government among men.

Every community ought to have in its system of domestic regulations a certain amount of "slack" under which grievances like that at San Diego may be dealt with. A common method is that of ordinances relating to vagrancy. Forces of police should be so organized as to employ these ordinances when and where they may be needful under reasonably free powers of discretion. Under such a scheme of things it would be possible to deal with every person within the jurisdiction of the community according to his deserts, even to the extent of compelling him to move on in case he makes himself a public nuisance. In other words, there should be an easy way under the law either to rid a community—San Diego or any other—of flagrant social disturbers. If San Diego has no such provision in her scheme of community government, then she ought to go about getting it as speedily as possible.

If the tramps and scalawags who have made such a hideous din at San Diego had been confronted by an adequate police charged with the enforcement of adequate regulations, there would have been no serious difficulty. Every tramp of them could have been made either to conduct himself decently or take his turn on the rock-pile. This course would have been justifiable from every point of view, within reason and within the law. And it is no slander upon the marvelous climate of San Diego to say that in relation to the sensibilities of the army of invading scalawags it would have reduced the temperature to sub-normal. Nobody has ever yet invented a swifter or surer cure for the evil of



untimely and disturbing social agitation than the rock-pile, under the eyes of an efficient police with the adventitious accompaniment of a low diet. That it would have served the need of San Diego these last few weeks there can be no reasonable manner of doubt.

It needs always to be remembered that nothing so tends to discourage extravagant ideas as a reasonable license of speech. Your political, social, academic, religious, or self-glorifying crank can unfailingly be depended upon to dissipate his own heat and to dishearten his sympathizers if given a polite leave to mount the nearest stump and have at it. But undertake to smother the spirit even of the most obvious enthusiast or fraud, and you make a condition which somehow always contrives to command human sympathy. Go further, bring on tar barrel and feathers, and if the offense be not one against womanhood or childhood, you inevitably make a "martyr." And martyrs good or bad quickly become social pests. San Diego would have done well to have given her frowzy invaders opportunity to vent their minds under all the listening stars, in the meantime requiring that they walk a straight line at the point of individual conduct. A few days of this sort of thing would have reduced the "invasion" to innocuous desuetude. True the *Argonaut* was not on the ground and with respect to this whole affair knows only what has been printed within and without San Diego. But it lies under the conviction that the San Diegans are of a piece with the rest of the world, and therefore subject to rules of universal application.

#### The Lessons of a Strike.

When President Berry of the Printing Pressmen's Union ordered a strike of the men employed on the Chicago *American* he sent telegraphic orders for a sympathetic strike on the part of all the other Hearst printing plants throughout the country. The precise nature of the dispute in Chicago is not clear, nor indeed does it much matter, since right and wrong, justice and injustice, have nothing to do with these quarrels. The fact remains that the Chicago *American* refused to obey some order from the local union and steps were therefore taken by means of a strike to bludgeon it out of existence or into submission. And in order that the attack might be more complete the pressmen on the Hearst newspapers elsewhere were ordered to cease work, although their relations with their employers were amicable and harmonious.

Last week the *Argonaut* commented upon the fact that these outrageous orders were instantly obeyed by the San Francisco pressmen and, as instantly, repudiated by the Hearst staff in Los Angeles. Now comes a message from Boston to the effect that there will be no sympathetic strike on Hearst's Boston *American*, the order from President Berry having been rejected by a vote of 158 to 5. A few days earlier the New York newspaper pressroom refused to strike, and now the magazine men have followed suit and declined to obey President Berry's orders. Evidently the printing trades unions are not entirely at the mercy of one hectoring individual in Chicago who thus recklessly issues telegraphic commands that involve not only great interests, but the livelihood of hundreds of persons.

But at the moment we are more particularly concerned with San Francisco. It will be noted that these abominable orders for sympathetic strikes were repudiated everywhere except here. The San Francisco pressmen were the only ones throughout the country who allowed themselves to be used for the intimidation of another newspaper thousands of miles away and with whose quarrels they had no concern. The San Francisco pressmen were the only ones who showed themselves wholly insensible to the ordinary obligations of business life and indifferent to the interests intrusted to them. The only duty they recognized was one of unreasoning obedience to a hully and a despot in Chicago.

Now he must indeed be dense who fails to see the application of this incident to the general commercial welfare of San Francisco. Indeed it is not so much an incident as a disease, and it is a disease that must be checked or that will kill. The fact that great industries have been exterminated in San Francisco by this same disease, that the city is already immeasurably the poorer for it, is a matter of history. But is the blight to continue? Is San Francisco to be the one city in the United States to shake this bludgeon of labor unionism in the face of every industry and of every interest that seeks its hospitality? The disease will not cure itself. It is not one of those maladies

that disappear with time. It will never disappear except in response to indignant effort.

For what is the prospect offered to any one who wishes to undertake a manufacturing or commercial venture in San Francisco? He can adopt no policy and no plan that will guarantee him against destruction. However servile he may be to the local unions—and no one could be more servile than Mr. Hearst—however liberal his wage scale, however benevolent his regulations, he may be struck at any moment by the bolt of the sympathetic strike and ruined irretrievably in a week. He must gamble not only with the ordinary chances of business life, which we must all do, but with the spites and passions and rancors of some far-off petty tyrant of whom he never heard, and who holds him absolutely at his mercy.

Let us not suppose that such an incident as this is lost upon the business sense of the country or that it fails of its effect as indicating San Francisco as one of the few places, almost the only place, in which it is not safe to engage in any business involving the employment of labor. And the pity of it is that this plague could be brought to an end in one week by the coöperation of those who are menaced by it. Perhaps that coöperation will come when a few more victims have passed under the harrow.

#### Socialism in Germany.

The makers of statistics have been busily at work on the returns of the last general election in Germany and we are now furnished with precise figures, comparative statements, and with all sorts of conclusions as to the trend of public thought and the portents for the future. In 1881 there were 312,000 Socialist voters in Germany. In 1912 there were 4,250,919, or over one-third of the total electorate. Therefore the proverbial schoolboy can easily calculate how long it will be before the Socialists capture the government and establish the millennium.

Such figures are certainly disquieting to those who do not appreciate the actual situation in Germany and who suppose that every "red" ballot represents some voter who has accepted the economic theories of Marx and Engels. But nothing could be further from the facts. There are about as many intellectual Socialists in Germany as in other countries and their number is everywhere too few to have much economic weight. But Germany contains great numbers of the politically discontented who can show their discontent in no other way than by voting for Socialists. But they themselves are not Socialists. Elsewhere they would be called liberals or radicals.

The German Socialists are actually fighting, not for economic changes, but for parliamentary institutions. In Germany there are no parliamentary institutions such as are to be found elsewhere. It is true that every man has a vote, but the vote itself has hardly any value. All the high government officials are appointed by the emperor and they owe no responsibility to parliament. Nearly all the chief executive functions are exercised by them and they are answerable to the emperor only. When the chancellor, for example, explains his policies to the parliament it is simply an act of grace upon his part and because it may be easier to conciliate than to coerce. The representatives of the people have no real power over him or his acts and they can easily be compelled to give such assent as may be legally necessary.

Parliament can, of course, refuse to vote supplies, and it has occasionally done so. But the emperor has a remedy that is always effective. He can dissolve the parliament, raise some great patriotic issue such as "the country in danger," and make fairly sure of a response in the form of a majority. Germany makes a great showing of democratic institutions, but as a matter of fact the popular vote is a weapon without an edge. The status of the representative in the eyes of the executive power is shown by the fact that he receives a salary of \$750 a year, that he has to sign an attendance book like an office clerk, and that he is fined \$5 whenever he misses a division.

Therefore the great mass of German Socialists are so only in name. They represent the hunger for self-government and for representative institutions. They represent a national protest, not against capitalism or the economic system, but against autocratic government operating through swarms of officials who are independent of public control. And finally they represent a demand for a redistribution of parliamentary seats that shall give to the cities the legislative weight that their population deserves. There has been no such

redistribution since the federation of the empire and as a result a country district of 10,000 voters has sometimes as much political power as a city containing 200,000 voters.

#### Editorial Notes.

When an ex-President of the United States joins in the congenial work of harrying and browbeating the courts of law it is inevitable that a new note of subservience to popular prejudice should be apparent from the bench itself. Of this we have an example from Chief Justice Russell of the New York Court of Special Sessions, who asks the public to advise him as to the proper punishment to be administered to a man convicted of cruelty to a child. This appeal was naturally fruitful of suggestions from a large number of thoughtless and hysterical persons who were unacquainted with the facts and who were therefore all the more ready to participate in judicial functions of the gravest kind. It seems necessary to remind Justice Russell that he is paid a large salary for the performance of duties for which, by his own confession, he is incompetent. He was placed on the bench to administer the law, and if he does not know the law in such cases as this he had better relinquish his seat to some one who does. No doubt Justice Russell supposed that he was in full harmony with the spirit of the times in thus inflicting punishments by popular vote. What he has actually done is to make himself and his court ridiculous.

The disposition in Congress to amend the national constitution by substituting a six-year presidential term, with ineligibility to reelection, for the present rule is made obvious by the first action upon a movement to that end. We believe the country will gladly second the motion; and that, should the contemplated amendment be submitted to the states, it will be approved. The six-year term, with future ineligibility, was proposed in the constitutional convention of 1787, where it had strong advocates, and the failure to adopt this principle made one of the practical difficulties which delayed acceptance of the constitution in several of the states.

It is easy to understand why the foreign offices of Europe should be gravely perturbed by the course of events between Italy and Turkey. Italy is spending an incalculable treasure in Tripoli and she has nothing to show for it except a long line of soldiers who can not retreat any further without getting their feet wet. She can go neither backwards nor forwards. Eager as she was that the powers should declare their neutrality she is now moving heaven and earth to force them to intervene in order that she may save her face by submitting to irresistible force. And as the powers do not wish to intervene Italy is determined to compel them to do so by attacking the Dardanelles and so shaking the house of cards that is called the balance of power. Italy is now close to the point where she can carry the war no further. She can not sue for peace, and yet she must have peace if she has to get it by threatening a European war. If the Turkish army should become involved nothing could prevent an outbreak in the Balkans. In fact any sort of disturbance in Europe would be a spark in the powder magazine, and Italy seems determined to throw the spark.

Dublin is one of the finest cities in the empire, and its public buildings are second to none. Two very different men have united in its praise. Goldwin Smith said that Phoenix Park was the most beautiful of all the parks he had seen, and Greville, even more enthusiastic, wrote: "I am greatly struck by the fineness of the town of Dublin and of its public buildings especially; Dublin is for its size a finer city than London, and I think they beat us hollow in their public buildings. We have no such square as Merrion Square, nor such a street as Sackville Street." The prospect that Dublin may become once again a capital city, even on a limited scale, is reviving interest in its attractions. Sala in a "Bells of Shandon" vein reviewed all the great streets he had promenade from the Nevski Prospect to Piccadilly. Of them all he says by far the finest is Sackville Street, Dublin, as it stretches from the River Liffey to the Rotunda and its gardens.

Thumb prints were used in China hundreds of years ago, merchants making the impressions in lieu of signatures. To this day in the interior of China the thumb print is used on legal documents, especially wills, in place of the written name. The use of finger prints was transferred from China to India, where the British adopted the system as a means of identifying the native troops.

It has been proposed in France that married men should receive a franc a day more pay than those who are unmarried.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The memoirs of the late Señor Crispi, at one time premier of Italy, have just been published in English, and they show that the Italian occupation of Tripoli was decided on over twenty years ago. In the year 1890 Crispi wrote to Lord Salisbury, then British foreign minister, that if France was allowed to take Tunis it would be necessary for Italy to take Tripoli, as otherwise the Mediterranean would become a French lake. If France might take Tunis she might just as easily take Tripoli, and would undoubtedly do so unless Italy forestalled her. Lord Salisbury in conversation with the Italian ambassador seems to have given his assent to this move, but he doubted if the time was a favorable one and advised Italy to wait awhile. The Italian statesman makes it clear enough that he counted upon the friendship of the Arabs, who at that time would have welcomed Italian control in preference to that of the Turks. But time has changed the Arab view. Twenty years ago Mohammedanism had not awakened to the fact that it must conquer Christianity or be conquered by Christianity. Twenty years ago Mohammedanism had not realized that the spread of European government would infallibly mean the coercion of the conscience of Islam and that the insidious claim of the missionary would always be sustained by the power of the gunboat. The Moslem revival was still to be born.

A curious tale of buried cities has been disclosed by some recent excavations in Paternoster Row, London. It was necessary to take down some old houses that were built about the year 1640 and in the foundation ruins were found many relics of that day, including clay pipes of a rude form such as were smoked by the men of that mediæval time. But under those foundations the ruins of another house were discovered, and it must have been of some importance, for it had a large courtyard and was apparently regarded as some sort of boundary mark. Antiquarians suggest that it may have belonged to some high official or dignitary of the church, for that whole neighborhood was once a great religious centre and the names of many of the adjacent streets, such as Paternoster Row itself, still have a religious significance. But a still more interesting discovery awaited the excavators. Twenty feet below the street level were found the remains of a Roman house, and the soil was rich with Roman coins, Venetian glass wine vessels, and pieces of Roman pavement. The secretary of the British Archaeological Society has placed all these relics, and many others, on exhibition, and he tells us that the ancient London of the Romans lies everywhere about twenty feet below the surface with succeeding eras represented by the upper strata.

But in point of antiquity these London discoveries are far surpassed by the interesting finds reported from Laussel, in the Dordogne, France. An explorer has unearthed three statuettes, or has-reliefs, that must have been the work of men living 30,000 years before Christ. These statuettes represent a man apparently in the act of throwing a lance and some women. The figures of the women are somewhat obscured and the features are obliterated, but the hair is neatly arranged and falls over the neck in long, heavy curls. The figure of the man is a prepossessing one, thin, strong, and supple, and all of these statuettes are strongly suggestive of civilization. Close at hand was discovered a frieze of much artistic merit representing animals, including the horse and the lion. If the France of 30,000 years ago was actually inhabited by a people possessing any degree of civilization the fact seems to argue against a good many of our theories of evolution. If any of these long past ages possessed a civilization approximating to our own which was subsequently overwhelmed by barbarism and perhaps by natural cataclysms we may one day discover traces of a civilization surpassing our own, and what a shock that would be to our complacency.

The Queensland general elections have resulted in a victory for the Liberals over the Labor party, and this, we are told, is to be interpreted as a rebuff to Syndicalism, which first came to the front in connection with the Brisbane tramway strike. The leaders of that strike were not content to advance their own immediate claims, but they loudly announced the whole doctrine of syndicalism and the project of the general strike as a means to the overthrow of the present governmental system. Evidently the electors have taken fright. Strikes were had enough even when they were based upon some definite grievance, but it is quite another horse when they are engineered for the express purpose of destroying a system. Queensland is willing enough to reform abuses where they are realized to exist, as is shown by her election of Liberals, but if the basic principles of government are to be changed it must be done in some orderly way, and not by the terrorism and violence of the general strike.

It seems delightfully easy to invent a new religion. There is hardly one among us who does not feel himself competent for such a task as that, even though he may be quite unable to earn a living for his family. But Mr. Izawa, Japanese vice-minister of education and an imperial nominee to the House of Peers, has not only invented a new religion, but has secured the approval of the emperor and of various princes, college professors, and priests. Under such auspices the new faith should have no difficulty in securing a place upon earth, whatever may be thought of it in heaven. But the imperial approval ceases to surprise us after a glance at what we may call the preamble of the bill. This is to the effect that the emperor for himself is divine and that he is the only ruler upon earth, which must be very nice for Mr. Izawa. He is, it seems, the direct descendant of Amaterasu, the sun-goddess, and he is worshiped in other countries under such

names as Buddha and God, his actual lineal descendants are to be found only in Japan and in the royal family. All worshippers of God are therefore worshippers of the Emperor of Japan, even though they are not aware of that fact, since the Emperor of Japan is the only representative of God upon earth. All of which seems quite clear and is doubtless convincing to the Emperor of Japan.

The Chinese Assembly has not yet granted the full suffrage to women, but it is sure to do so if the lady celestials go on as they have begun. Their leader is Miss Tang Ch'uen-Yin, who may be described as a militant, seeing that she placed herself at the head of a dozen of the sisterhood and stormed the House after that august assembly had rejected the suffrage bill. The door was guarded by policemen, but what are policemen when opposing the evolving forces of Cosmos. One of these puny officials did indeed interfere, but he was flogged by a "kick," says the report. Among these Amazons were the two daughters of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. They attended unwillingly, but their presence gave a sort of unofficial sanction to the proceedings, and under such formidable pressure the assembly agreed to reconsider the matter. But it is hard to see what these competent ladies want to vote for. It could hardly add to their power. It is like offering a popgun to a man who already has a revolver. If twelve Chinese ladies can kick a policeman into submission and then issue their orders to the National Assembly they seem to have already reached the summit of human power. It would be well for them to remember that they can not have the double right to vote and to kick. And the latter is by far the better weapon of the two.

The death of Tolstoy's sister, the Countess Maria Nikolaevna Tolstoy, is an example of the opposing extremes to which the same sentiment may impel us. Tolstoy and his sister were both saturated with the idea of renunciation, but while this brought the brother into sharp conflict with the church it drove the sister into a convent. It was to the Countess Maria that Tolstoy hurried just before his death, and probably she was the only one of the family whose sympathy and affection for him never wavered. In her youth the Countess Maria belonged to the most brilliant society in Russia and her musical ability brought her into contact with the best artistic and literary circles. Joining heartily in philanthropic work, she soon found that this was merely a self-advertising pose among fashionable people, as it is everywhere. Becoming a nun in order to devote her whole time to charity, she submitted to all the rigors of the religious life, nowhere more severe than in Russia. Occasionally she visited her brother at Yasnaya Polyana, and there was always a welcome for the old nun in the black habit unrelieved by any touch of white.

A French statistician professes to be surprised by the discovery that exceptional mental powers are conducive to long life. The average life of members of the French Academy during two centuries was seventy-eight years and ten months. The average for members of the Institute is over seventy-one years, while the average for members of the Academies of the Fine Arts and Sciences is about the same. But why be surprised? It is precisely the results that one would expect. Great mental activity never yet killed, or even injured, any one. Nothing could be more conducive to health than a concentration of thought upon the things that do not concern the body. It is worry, apprehension, and fear that kill.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post makes a contribution to the vivisection discussion by telling us the opinions of the poet Browning, and these were certainly extreme. Browning, it seems, said that he would rather submit to the worst of deaths, so far as pain goes, than have a single dog or cat tortured on the pretense of sparing him a pang or two. He also said that if he had an only son and that son's life could only be saved by some agonizing experiment upon an animal, he would rather that his son should die than that he should take upon his soul the awful cowardly crime of allowing a perfectly innocent animal to go through that pain for him. But the strength of these views may be somewhat diluted by a recollection of the fact that Browning had no son.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Built over a series of ridges and valleys, it would be impossible to imagine anything more grandly arrogant than Edinburgh. Originally, the place consisted only of the huge fortress on the castle rock, built there by Edwin of Northumbria, and hence known as Edwin's Burgh. But gradually there grew up a long, straggling town, a mile or so in length, that wended along the rocky saddle-backed ridge which was the only approach to the castle entrance. In the twelfth century, Holyrood Palace was built at the foot of this long street, which has been variously known in history as "The Royal Mile" or "The Cockpit of Scotland." In the vernacular of the town during the Middle Ages, though, it was always referred to as "The Causeway." Traditions of Mary, the ill-fated Queen; of Rizzio, whose blood, legend says, still stains the wooden floor of the tiny chamber in Holyrood where he sank beneath the daggers of his assassins; of the stern, proud Douglasses, whose ambition led them to hope to usurp the Scottish crown; of iron John Knox, and Jenny Geddes, who threw her stool at Dean Hanna—one is sure Jenny would be a suffragette today, and a militant, at that; of the great Montrose, of Bonnie Prince Charley, and of all the other principal figures in Scotch history, rise before the visitor.

An electric elevator in a New York office building reaches a height of 585 feet on each trip is being made a record.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Swords of Grant and Lee.

(Fame Hath Crowned with Laurel the Swords of Grant and Lee.)

Methinks tonight I catch a gleam of steel among the pines,  
And yonder by the lilled stream repose the foemen's lines;  
The ghostly guards who pace the ground a moment stop to see  
If all is safe and still around the tents of Grant and Lee.

'Tis hut a dream; no armies camp where once their bayonets  
shone;  
And Hesper's calm and lovely lamp shines on the dead alone;  
A cricket chirps on yonder rise beneath a cedar tree,  
Where glistened 'neath the Summer skies the swords of Grant  
and Lee.

Forever sheathed those famous blades that led the eager van!  
They shine no more among the glades that fringe the Rapidan;  
Today their battle work is done, go draw them forth and see  
That not a stain appears upon the swords of Grant and Lee.

The gallant men who saw them flash in comradeship today  
Recall the wild, impetuous dash of val'rous blue and gray;  
And 'neath the flag that proudly waves above a Nation free  
They oft recall the missing braves who fought with Grant and Lee.

They sleep among the tender grass, they slumber 'neath the  
pines,  
They're camping in the mountain pass where crouched the ser-  
ried lines;  
They rest where loud the tempests blow, destructive in their  
glee—  
The men who followed long ago the swords of Grant and  
Lee.

Their graves are lying side by side, where once they met as  
foes,  
And where they in the wildwood died springs up a blood-red  
rose;  
O'er them the bee on golden wing doth flit, and in yon tree  
A gentle robin seems to sing to them of Grant and Lee.

Today no strife of sections rise; today no shadows fall  
Upon our land, and 'neath the skies one flag waves over all;  
The Blue and Gray as comrades stand, as comrades bend the  
knee,  
And ask God's blessing on the land that gave us Grant and  
Lee.

As long as Southward, wide and clear, Potomac's river runs,  
Their deeds will live, because they were Columbia's hero sons;  
As long as bend the Northern pines and blooms the orange  
tree,  
The swords will shine that led the lines of valiant Grant and  
Lee.

Methinks I hear a hughle blow, methinks I hear a drum,  
And there, with martial step and slow two ghostly armies  
come;  
They are the men that met as foes, for 'tis the dead I see,  
And side by side, in peace, repose the swords of Grant and  
Lee.

Above them let Old Glory wave, and let each deathless star  
Forever shine upon the brave who led the ranks of war;  
Their fame resounds from coast to coast, from mountain top  
to sea;  
No other land hut ours can boast the swords of Grant and  
Lee.  
—Anonymous.

## The Memorial Meeting in Honor of Isidor and Ida Straus.

Mayor Gaynor, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor of the University of the South, Jacob H. Schiff, Andrew Carnegie, and others participated in the great memorial meeting at Carnegie Hall in New York, Sunday, May 12, in honor of Isidor Straus and his wife, Mrs. Ida Straus. The audience was completely representative of America's best citizens and all barriers of race, nationality, and religion were swept away. Every profession, the law, medicine, the ministry, journalism, finance, were represented. The children of the two whose death was being mourned were present. They are Jesse, Percy, and Herbert, and Mrs. Hess and Mrs. Weil. Oscar Straus and his family had a box and all the members of the Nathan Straus family who are in this country were present. Miss Julia Richman, an intimate friend of Mrs. Straus, made many weep as she told of innumerable little incidents of that noble woman's active life, how kindness was always her watchword and how she seemed never to have a moment to herself in her exceeding solicitude for the welfare of others. Mayor Gaynor said there was just a tinge of regret that the body of Mr. Straus had been recovered while that of his beloved wife lies in its eternal sleep in the great deep. It was pathetic after her heroic sacrifice, he said, that even this separation had come about, but it had been so ordered by fate, and all would be content. He said that never lived there a more just man, one with more good in his heart, one who did more in a common-sense way for the advancement of the human race, an advancement always slow but certain. Mr. Carnegie said that the memory of these two heroic figures refusing to be parted in death will remain for future generations as a most precious legacy to make men proud of the human race. Bishop Gailor said: "With his arms about the wife of his youth, faithful to the ideals that made death preferable to dishonor, with high courage and pure manhood, and a clear conscience Mr. Straus faced God and went calmly down into the deep. Eternal glory to him, imperishable is his renown, epic is the story of his glorious death."

Japan is not yet disposed to follow in the footsteps of China in enfranchising women. Japanese women are prohibited from joining political associations and attending political meetings, and a proposal to lift the prohibition has been voted down in Parliament.

Marconi messages can now be sent from any telegraph office in the United Kingdom to those in the United States and Canada. A wireless word can be transmitted over 3000 miles for ten cents.



## MAY DAY IN LONDON.

## The Changing Manners of Flora's Festival.

Tennyson could not have wished a more ideal day for the apotheosis of his May Queen. It was such a day as poets have sung; "so cool, so calm, so bright." And its very perfection emphasized how the old order has given place to the new.

For the change which has come over the aspect of London within a generation is not merely topographical; manners and customs have been transformed as completely as buildings and streets. And thus it came to pass that my quest after the sights and shows of the May Day of thirty years ago ended in failure. Not that I expected to discover milkmaids in procession, dancing merrily before and after that pyramidal garland glittering with silver plate which once gave color and joy to the streets of London; all the milkmaids have become milkmen pushing little hand-barrows laden with prosaic cans and adorned with legends about "purity, quality, cleanliness," and the like. Nor was I so foolish as to imagine that the May Pole which the Puritans abolished from the Strand would be reared once more as a kind of rival to Nelson's column; such a "remnant of vile heathenism" can no more return to the streets of London than the chief of the Roundheads. But I did expect to meet here and there a stray survival of the glorious Jack-in-the-Green of boyhood's days.

What a thrilling spectacle that was! To the juvenile mind of a generation ago, too, it was as mysterious as resplendent. The secret of its construction was darkly hidden, for none save the chimney sweeps who built it knew that it was a mere conical framework of hoops deftly covered with ivy and holly and that its motive power was a man concealed within its leafy recesses. To the uninitiated it was an inexplicable hillock of evergreens, as though nature had created a new type of flora for May Day and endued it with an uncanny animation. And then there were the attendants—grimy-faced sweeps bedizened in gilt paper jackets and feather-fringed cocked hats, a saturnalia of sooty acolytes abandoned to the revelry of the goddess of flowers. Of course the festival had a utilitarian purpose; one member of the band carried a collecting box inscribed with "the smallest donations thankfully received"; but to the children in the crowd who were not expected to contribute Jack-in-the-Green's procession was a yearly gift of the gods. And now it has disappeared, never to return.

Only in one squalid London district was any attempt made to perpetuate the festival of Flora. At the Browning Settlement in Walworth, which makes a brave effort to brighten life in the name of the poet who was born in the neighborhood, a May Queen was crowned and escorted in procession as for several years past, but even that picturesque ceremony suffered from the practical spirit of the twentieth century. That is to say, as the stern educational officials declined to grant a holiday for the occasion, the crowning and procession had to take place at seven o'clock in the morning that the day's school lessons might not suffer.

But the champions of labor admit no allegiance to authority in any form. And so it has come to pass that in modern London it is the exponents of labor who claim May Day for leisure! Thus has the festival of Flora been lost to poetry and gained for politics; it is no longer the day of lovers, but the day of laborers; a day for stopping work to talk about work. Such a programme commended itself to some five thousand cockneys, men, women, and children, who formed up on the Victoria Embankment, and, with five bands and forty banners, processioned to that corner of Hyde Park near the Marble Arch which has long been consecrated as the stump-oratory safety valve of the British capital. The legends flaunted on the banners were as eloquent as the speeches: "Anarchy is order," "No first, second, and third class," "Equal rights, equal work, and equal leisure for all classes." And the resolution which was put from the seven platforms demanded "emancipation from wagedom," "free maintenance for all children," and "a six hours' working day." All these sentiments were duly applauded and unanimously endorsed by the motley crowd, most of whom had the appearance of men who carry out on all the other days of the year that devotion to leisure which makes May Day the holiday of labor.

While the demagogues of labor were thus keeping their May Day in oratorical relaxation another and quite different festival was taking place in a sheltered dale of Kensington Gardens. To put it in few words, Peter Pan was holding his first reception. Of course countless thousands of children have expected to find him any day near the Round Pond or by the shores of the Serpentine or under the lime trees, but they must have been mad-doggish or Mary-Annish, for they never were successful. Perhaps, however, it was partly Peter's fault; as he was not grown up and never intended to be he may have thought the children would be nasty to him, and so he never left his island in the daytime. But Peter's guardian has long been sorry for the disappointed children of Kensington Gardens; how sorry was plain enough on May Day morning, when Peter himself was discovered in a little bay by the Serpentine beckoning to the birds with one hand and holding his pipe in the other. And he was not alone; in a cleft of the tree-trunk on which he was perched stood old Solomon Caw, while all around scrambled countless winged fairies and rabbits and mice and birds.

This was Mr. Barrie's May Day surprise for Peter-Panites; quietly on the night before he had had the curtains taken away and when the morning light dawned it glinted on the bronze of the statue which he has given to the children of London in gratitude for their love of his boy who would not grow up. And so while the labor orators burdened the May Day air with their turgid periods Peter Pan piped to the child spirit "dit-ties of no tone" and looked as though he might jump down from his tree-trunk and gambol with the mice and rabbits.

But that was not the only contrast London offered on May Day to the "no first, second, and third class" speeches of Hyde Park. From Hatchett's on Piccadilly—otherwise the White Horse Cellar whence Mr. Pickwick started for Bath—and from the Hotel Victoria on Northumberland Avenue the first four-in-hands of the season took the road for Brighton. Alfred Vanderbilt and Lord Leconfield had each completed his team in preparation for the opening of the coaching season, the former relying upon American-bred trotters and the latter upon chestnuts, bays, and browns recruited from the four corners of the British isles. And that they are not alone in their devotion to the old-time pastime is proved by the fact that this year the ranks of coaching enthusiasts will be augmented by more recruits than have been forthcoming for many seasons. The marvel is that the Hyde Park orators did not seize upon the coincidence between Labor Day and Coaching Day to wax eloquent over the crimes of those "idle rich" who drive four-in-hands. Perhaps, however, the aforesaid orators may have a lurking sense of humor and are conscious that it is no idle day's employ to handle the reins of four spirited horses for a fifty miles' spin. They may have experienced how exacting a task it is to drive even one stubborn "moke" to 'appy 'ampstead. The man in the street, who is not deeply concerned with the idleness of labor, regards the matter from another standpoint; for him the enterprise of Mr. Vanderbilt and Lord Leconfield resolves itself into an addition to the spectacular delights of the town. If he is reminiscent he remembers that early stage-coach which started on its journey with its "tromperer" blawynge, verey joyfull to behold and see," and is grateful that some one is altruistic enough to temper the drab present with a reminder of the picturesque past. But the coaching opportunities of the modern Londoner are not entirely sentimental; the seats on Mr. Vanderbilt's "Venture" or Lord Leconfield's "Old Times" have their price on the market and are available for all who can afford the not exorbitant fare. The fact that the patrons of both consist almost entirely of visitors from the United States seems to indicate that in this, as in so many other things, the new world will redress the balance of the old. Perhaps, then, the future will prove that it is not alone religion which stands tip-toe to pass into other lands. Even Jack-in-the-Green may yet celebrate May Day across the Atlantic.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, May 7, 1912.

The western quarter of England has a set of literary associations second to no other district, not even the far-famed lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The "Quiller-Couch country," which is Cornwall, the "Blackmore country," which is North Devon, the "Kingsley country," which is all Devonshire, the "Hardy country," which is Dorset, will be found underrated rather than overrated in beauty and interest, which are greatly increased by their associations with "Lorna Doone" or "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." The two great Devonshire towns, Exmoor and Dartmoor, are particularly beautiful, and offer a happy hunting ground to the artist. It seems strange that spaces of such wildness exist within the restrained and highly cultivated boundaries of southern England; the casual visitor would find it difficult to believe that on these splendid rolling slopes, purple with heather in August, people go astray and die of starvation every winter. No visitor can afford to miss a visit to Devonshire, which in May is one of the most beautiful bits of country in Europe.

The memorial service at St. Paul's Cathedral in London in commemoration of those who went down with the *Titanic* was for a little while the focus of the world's greatest city. The great down-town cathedral between Fleet Street and Cheapside has been the scene of many a tremendous gathering. It stands like a huge rock fair amid the seas of traffic that wash up Ludgate Hill from the Strand and on the east to the Bank of England; different from the Abbey which stands remote at Westminster. St. Paul's was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the great fire of 1666. It is 516 feet long and 219 feet wide; took twenty-two years to build until the time of opening, and thirteen years more for completion. St. Paul's is the tomb of many great men. Over the north door is the inscription, "Lector si monumentum requiris, circumspice." "Reader, if you seek his monument, look about you."

In Denmark, as in other countries, they are troubled with men born tired, men who are "snow-shovelers in summer and haymakers in winter." Denmark takes them firmly but kindly and puts them to bed. In bed it keeps them as long as may be necessary. Four days are, as a rule, sufficient for the most obdurate cases. At the end of that time the idler is found to be feverish for work.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mayor Gaynor of New York, at one time mentioned in certain quarters as a presidential possibility, is an enthusiastic devotee of country life. He owns a fine farm at St. James, Long Island, where he spends his time whenever he can get away from his official duties. He is a practical farmer, and takes a hand in the active work on the place during his visits.

Dr. William Sedgwick, who combats the theory that the fly is the common carrier of typhoid fever germs, asserting that much of the typhoid of today is a heritage handed down from the Civil War, is professor of biology and public health at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Unsanitary conditions during war times, he claims, spread the germs among thousands of soldiers, who returned home with the germs hidden in their systems, and that the disease has been propagated down through the years since 1865.

Miss G. Elma Gamble, a Northwestern University co-ed, who has been awarded a scholarship by the University of Paris, will sail for the French capital early in August. The Paris institution awards each year three scholarships to English and American girls, and Miss Gamble was one of those chosen out of many applicants. She entered the Northwestern from Muncie, Indiana, and will graduate soon from the college of liberal arts. Miss Gamble expects, on the completion of her course in Paris, to enter upon Y. W. C. A. work.

John Haydock Carroll of St. Louis, attorney-general for the Burlington system of railroads, and recognized as one of the ablest railroad lawyers in this country, made his own way in the world. Left an orphan at three, he was placed in a children's home in Cincinnati. After some years in that institution he was taken for service by an Ohio farmer, but managed to get as thorough an education as the country school had to offer. He prepared himself for the law by hard, unremitting study, determined to specialize, and has devoted himself to this phase of his profession.

Newell Saunders, appointed by Governor Hooper to succeed the late United States Senator "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee, is the first Republican from that state in more than thirty years to fill the high office. He managed to work his way through college by clerking at odd times in a bookstore, which he later purchased on credit, only to be wiped out in the panic of 1873. Finally he went to Chattanooga and started a plow works on a modest scale. The business developed and Sanders's fortune grew with it. He is a quiet, hard worker, and declares he has taken only one vacation in thirty-four years.

Mayor Samuel L. Shank of Indianapolis, whose action in buying produce in carload lots and selling it at fair prices to residents of his city may lead to the governor's chair, was born on a small farm near Indianapolis. He started to learn the gasfitter's trade, but gave it up to become a clerk in a furniture store, where he did everything from washing windows to selling goods. Later he went into the second-hand furniture business. It was so successful that he still retains a big interest in the concern, which has grown to large proportions. Mayor Shank is a big, hearty man, over six feet tall and built like an athlete.

Sir William Whyte, recently elected a director of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, has been connected with railroading for fifty years, and is probably the best informed and most practical man in that line of work in Canada. A native of Fifeshire, Scotland, of humble parentage, he began as a freight handler at Coburg, Ontario, for the Grand Trunk Railway. Little by little he rose to the position of general superintendent of the western division of the Canadian Pacific, having jurisdiction over 1455 miles of main line and 700 miles of branch line. King George knighted him for his important part in the maintenance of an imperial highway across Canada. Many other honors have been conferred upon him.

S. Frederick Taylor, who two years ago became president of the Borden Company, a \$30,000,000 corporation which produces more than half of the condensed milk manufactured in this country, began life as a Chicago telegraph messenger boy. A little later he went to work in the office of a tea importer, remained there until he learned bookkeeping thoroughly and invented several short cuts to efficiency. In 1885 he went to New York and got a position as salesman, in which he attracted the attention of the Borden people, for whom he went to work as first general salesman and to outline the sales campaign. Promotion followed promotion, and he learned every angle of the milk business. He is fifty-one years of age and enjoys life.

Professor Howard T. Barnes, director of the physical laboratories and the Macdonald professor of physics at McGill University, Montreal, who has just gone to England to lecture by invitation before the Royal Institution on the prevention of collision with icebergs, believes he has perfected a simple instrument which will make a repetition of the *Titanic* disaster impossible. He declares his microthermometer will infallibly detect an iceberg at a distance of not less than two miles on the windward side of it and seven miles on the leeward. Professor Barnes was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, of Canadian parents, and has lived in Montreal from early childhood. He is frail but full of nervous energy, and is conceded to be one of the world's greatest authorities on ice.



## THE FIELD OF HONOR.

When One Chose between Death and Degradation.

"It is all arranged," said Clavignac, in a loud voice, entering the café where Fougeret, surrounded by the usual group of journalists and other professional men who frequented the place, was awaiting his friend's return; "pistols at twenty paces; firing to continue until a result is reached."

"Good," said Fougeret, calmly; "and the rendez-vous?"

"Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, on the Vezinet race-course. You will go with us to Asnières. Order me a carriage for eight o'clock, and be sure to have the driver we had in the last affair. He will bring us luck."

"Agreed."

"And do not forget the doctor. Leave the pistols to me; I have a new set, and it will be an excellent opportunity to try them."

"I leave it all to you."

And, after warmly pressing Clavignac's hand, Fougeret nodded a hasty adieu to his friends and quitted the room.

"A cool hand, that Fougeret," remarked the sporting editor of a morning paper, in a knowing manner.

"Yes, very cool," came in a chorus from the little group, as if their comrade's courage in some way redounded to their own credit.

"Well, it ought to be," declared Clavignac, pouring out a glass of absinthe; "he is familiar with the situation; if I count right, this is his fourth affair."

"Indeed?" returned the journalist, respectfully; "I must put him down for my next article on the swordsmen of Paris."

In the meantime Fougeret had gained the street. On reaching the door of the café he paused for a moment to reflect, and after a decisive gesture, started along the boulevard at a rapid rate. In a few minutes he halted before the window of a large bookstore, filled with many colored volumes and placards. Prominently displayed in the first rank were a number of coquettish little volumes, neatly stamped on the backs with these three lines: "*Armand Fougeret—Contes Roses—Third Edition.*"

The young man opened the door, and passing between the long lines of books, addressed a clerk: "Is M. Lavigne in?"

"Yes; you will find him alone."

Fougeret turned to the right and tapped on the door. "Come in," cried a clear voice.

He entered.

"Ah!" smiled the publisher, a young man, with a blonde beard and lively eyes, holding out his hand to his visitor, "I am glad to see you. The '*Contes Roses*' are going well. You saw them in the window? Third edition—but what can I do for you this afternoon?"

"Can't you guess?" replied Fougeret, smiling in turn. "Money? The deuce," said the publisher, his brow clouding. "Always money. It seems to me that you have already drawn in advance."

"True, but I go out tomorrow and it is necessary—"

"A duel?" interrupted the other; "with Saint-Landry for his article on the '*Contes Roses*,' I am certain. You are right, my friend. The article was in bad taste and it has affected our sale. Now a duel, on the other hand, will be an excellent advertisement, and better still, will cost us nothing. All the morning papers will have the affair in full, and in giving the origin of the quarrel will speak of the book. An excellent idea—admirable. Will ten louis be enough?"

"Quite sufficient."

"There they are," said the publisher, ranging ten pieces of gold on his desk, while the clerk drew up a receipt.

"A thousand thanks," said Fougeret, as he gathered up the money.

"Not at all," replied the other, placing the receipt in his desk; "you know I am always ready to oblige you. I count on seeing you at the Variétés tomorrow night."

Fougeret shook the hand that was extended to him, and went out.

By this time it was five o'clock. The young man regained the street, and walked toward the Madeleine, keeping step to a lively operatic air that he whistled until he reached the swarm of public carriages which crowd the streets of that quarter. Keeping in mind his friend's recommendation touching the selection of a driver, he hunted up the carriage mascot, and instructed him to call for Clavignac at eight on the following morning. After attending to this matter, he directed his footsteps toward the Saint-Lazare station.

The preparatory details did not appear to move him; he knew them all. Every affair was the same, and as he walked along he ran over in his mind the details of the duels he had already been engaged in. The first had been seven years earlier at Savigny-sur-Orze, where he made his journalistic debut on one of the local papers. Espousing the candidacy of the celebrated banker Noirville, the young journalist found himself arrayed in fierce opposition to the Legitimist organ. The controversy wound up on the field, where he was wounded, but Noirville, elected by seven thousand majority, rewarded his follower with the assurance of his protection.

And arose in the Bourse, where he appeared in Noirville's secretary. His zealous interest in his rapid success that soon involved him in a quarrel with a jealous colleague who sought a quarrel with a sword-thrust.

The third occurred several years before the affair he was just entering on, and close on its heels came the ruin of his patron, Noirville, whose speculations terminated with a sudden crash. With the banker's fall went all his secretary's prospects, and Fougeret's little fortune disappeared in the whirlpool. The young man, at first despondent, quickly rallied from the blow, and set himself to work to recover the ground he had lost. He had others to think of beside himself—his courageous little wife, whom he had wedded in the days of smiling prosperity, and who clung to him closer than ever during his misfortune. The thought of her and his two toddling children served to stimulate his efforts and strengthen him in the struggle for existence.

Thanks to his relations with Noirville, Fougeret knew a number of journalists, and through the kindness of one of them the doors of a review were opened to the young writer, whose first series of contributions received marked approval from the literary world. His first novel, "*A Friend's Wife*," achieved a brilliant success, and the comedy which he drew from it met with an enthusiastic reception on the first performance at the Odeon. From that time his reputation was assured, and he consequently began to acquire enemies. A collection of his articles from the *Vert-Vert* into a volume entitled "*Contes Roses*" drew from the pen of the bilious Saint-Landry a critique so seathing, so bitter, and so unjust, that Fougeret, acting on the advice of his friends, had sent his seconds to the jealous writer.

And tomorrow he would be on the field as calm and careless as he had been before. What better satisfaction could be given him? Nothing could be more agreeable, thought Fougeret, as he halted before his modest little house and turned the key in the door.

"At last, Armand," said a soft voice coming from the kitchen: "I am so glad. Wait in the dining-room; dinner is ready."

He entered the room. The table was set with four plates, and the room looked so cozy and pleasant that the young man gave vent to a contented sigh. The next moment the door of the kitchen opened, revealing a dainty little woman, somewhat pale, with very blue eyes and very blonde hair, holding a smoking soup-tureen, and followed by a four-year-old baby, who solemnly brought up the rear with the ladle.

"How is this?" inquired Armand, sitting down and unrolling his napkin, after having tenderly kissed his wife and children; "you are waiting on the table? Where is Rose?"

"Rose?" replied the little woman, with a shade of embarrassment; "she has gone. I sent her away."

"Sent her away?" said Armand, surprised; "and why?"

"She was dishonest," replied Claudine; "and I could not keep her. So I paid her a week in advance and dismissed her. You owe your dinner to Georget and me."

"Yes," said Georget, gravely; "it was us. Don't you like the soup, papa?"

"Excellent," declared Armand; "I congratulate you on your skill. But," lowering his voice, "where did you get the money to pay her with?"

"I used what you gave me for the house this week. I knew that since your new book is nearly finished, you could go to your publisher tomorrow and ask an advance."

Armand trembled.

"So we can get along nicely," continued his wife; "I would rather wait until your novel was finished, but I do not think I am strong enough to go without eating until then. I have the will, but not the substance, you know."

"But you shall have the money," broke in Armand; "you must not tire yourself out. I will have it—I will take it—two hundred—three hundred francs, if you wish."

"That will be better," said Claudine, with a charming air of content, "because now I will not have to part with my piano. I wanted to keep it a secret from you, but I found it a superfluous luxury, and they were coming tomorrow to take it away. With the three hundred francs, we can get a nurse for the little one and so many other things."

"I see," said Armand, with a sad smile, "that the money will not last very long."

"But in three weeks your novel will be finished and then we shall be rich again. Then I shall have a new dress. Look, I have made this one over so many times that there is scarcely anything left to hold the threads together."

"Yes," replied Armand, gazing at the poor little threadbare gown, "I know—I know."

"And you must have new new clothes, too, my dear. And a new dress for Georget. Why, we will spend at least fifteen hundred francs."

"Fifteen hundred francs," repeated Armand, thoughtfully.

"Yes. It is a large sum for us to spend now, dear. But your novel will bring us at least three thousand, and to think that it will be finished in twenty days."

"In twenty days," said Armand, repeating the words in a mechanical manner.

"Ah, how happy we will be," said the little woman, her eyes sparkling at the prospect of the good fortune which she beheld in prospect; "we can pass the summer at the seaside. Georget shall have a pretty red cap, and we will enjoy ourselves as we did four years ago when we were rich. Do you remember how we used to go crabbing, and that big ferocious crab that frightened me so? It all comes back to me again, and with

it all the other pleasures I owe you. Kiss me, my dear," and the affectionate wife threw her arms about the neck of her husband, who embraced her tenderly.

"But," said Claudine, when she had disentangled herself from Armand's arms, "it is nine o'clock already. I must put baby to bed and see that the house is safely locked. But first let me see you to your table."

And taking the lamp, Claudine preceded her husband into his little studio adjoining their bed-chamber.

"There," she said, drawing near for a parting kiss, "until we meet again. Work quickly. Think that our happiness depends on those pages."

Claudine went out. Armand seized his pen, but in spite of his efforts he found it impossible to write a single line. Other thoughts, which refused to be banished, occupied his mind. Leaning his head on his hand and staring vacantly into space he remained in one position during two long hours. He was thinking. A light tap sounded on the door.

"Armand," said a soft voice, "I am going to bed. Baby is asleep, and I have locked everything up safe and sure. Do not work too late—you must not tire yourself, dear."

The words recalled him from his reverie. He cast his eyes on the paper before him; it was blank.

"Come," he muttered, "I must get to work," and seizing a pen, he wrote with feverish haste, filling five or six pages without raising his head. Suddenly he stopped. He had just written these words, placed by him in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel: "And if you are seeking a duel, you shall have one."

"A duel!" he cried; "why, I am going to fight one myself."

And a vision of the morrow flashed before his eyes. He saw the clearing, the group of seconds, two men dressed in black facing each other, and their pistols pointed toward the grass, waiting for the signal, while the sunbeams filtered through the trees and the birds on the branches chanted joyously—

Suddenly the picture changed.

A man, pale and with closed eyes, lay stretched on a litter, while one of the carriers stood knocking at the door. The door was his own! And the woman who ran to meet the funeral cortege—the trembling creature who, with a terrible cry, threw herself on the corpse—he recognized, too. It was Claudine.

Armand rose hastily and paced rapidly up and down the room. It was true. On the morrow he was to fight. On the morrow, pistol in hand, he would be risking his own life to take another's.

His life! Great God, did it belong to him? Had he the right to dispose of it? Did he not owe it, as much as money, to those who depended upon him? Were he dead, what would be the fate of his wife and children, thrown helpless on the mercies of his terrible creditors? He had no money. There was not a hundred francs in the house. His sole fortune was in his pen, his talent, his brain. Where would they be tomorrow?

And his little wife, so fragile, so delicate, what was to store for her? The hospital? And after that? And his children—Georget, so bright, so happy, so intelligent; his little girl, his merry fairy—what would become of them?

Fougeret continued to pace nervously up and down the floor. The veins in his temples throbbed until they seemed on the point of bursting. He moistened his handkerchief and wound it about his head. The cold water helped to cool his burning brain. Now he saw it all clearer. He had exaggerated the situation; a duel was not necessarily fatal. Had he not already fought three of them, and was he not alive on the eve of the fourth? Yes; but then he was alone in the world. His life was his own; he had the right to dispose of it as he pleased. He had given no portion of his life to a wife; no children to leave behind, fatherless, penniless, and helpless. And as these thoughts again began to surge through his aching brain, he fancied he could see the shining barrel of a pistol, with the little, round, dark hole aimed directly between his eyes.

He tried in vain to change the current of his thoughts. They refused to vanish. He was responsible for the care of those he loved. They lived by him, and they would perish without him. The ball that struck him would take more than one life. There would be three other victims—three to whom he owed love, happiness, and bread. Good God, how terrible it all was!

But another idea, equally horrible, crossed his mind. His honor!

He knew his comrades and the incredulous *flancurs* of the boulevard. He heard their comments and their pitiless raillery. What word were they pronouncing? "A coward!" No, it was impossible. He surely would find some one of his companions who would defend him. Men are good at heart. Some one would be found who could understand.

"Armand," came an anxious voice from the adjoining room, "are you troubled? You have been talking to yourself for a whole hour. You are not ill?"

"No, no, my dear," he replied, going to the door, "do not worry. I—I am working."

"Ah, that is well," said Claudine with a sweet smile. Then, as she dropped her long lashes over her slumber-heavy eyes, she murmured: "Think what—would be come of us—if you were to—get sick—the little ones—and me. Baby—is asleep. Good-night—dear," and the loving wife resumed her interrupted dream.

At the other end of the room, safely tucked in his little crib, smiling and peaceful, with his little hands tightly clasped, little Georget slept.

A sudden torrent of tears burst from Armand's eyes



and wet his cheeks. He rushed into his studio, seized a sheet of paper and wrote.

The next morning at half-past ten a man, irreproachably attired in black, stood on the field at Vezinet, and with an agitated air held out a letter to another personage, equally anxious and no less solemn.

"Is it possible?" said the first.

"What, a message?" said the second.

"The unfortunate man forgets that he dishonors himself," said one.

"And that his cowardice might reflect on us," replied the other.

"But that shall not happen," said both together.

And with a grave air and measured steps the two men advanced toward a small group who were viewing the unusual proceedings with surprise.

"Gentlemen," said one of the pair, speaking composedly in the midst of a general silence, "we regret to announce that our principal and former friend, M. Armand Fougeret, will not be on the field today. He will not fight.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to add," he continued, replacing his hat on his head with a sweeping gesture, "that, as for us, we are entirely at your service."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Pierre Decourcelle by Norman Jefferies.*

## AMONG WILD ANIMALS IN AFRICA.

Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton Gives the World the Result of Long, Careful Study as Hunter and Game Warden.

Nine years spent in studying the wild animals of Africa at close range, from the careful view-point of a scientist, has eminently fitted Major Stevenson-Hamilton for the authorship of "Animal Life in Africa," a most carefully written volume. His long service as warden of the Transvaal government game preserves, an area of 14,000 square miles, gave him an exceptional opportunity to collect material for a work which will easily command a prominent position in the library, combining a splendid narrative with sufficient scientific and general data to stamp it at once as a book which will be often consulted as authoritative reference. The prospective African traveler will find the chapter on "Camp Equipment and Local Supplies" of inestimable value. In his preface the writer says the "present book . . . records such of the ways of the wild things as have from time to time been noticed by my staff (and myself) in the Transvaal game reserves and elsewhere, with here and there just sufficient description of a few less well-known types, to enable the novice to recognize them."

At the outset we are given a glimpse of the British game warden in South Africa, and it is convincing enough that a government position may not be a "snap." Few men are fitted by nature for the place. Often living in a remote, unhealthy section, the warden must bear his lonely life like a trained soldier:

He must remain to see the blazing torment of the sun relieved only by the torrential rush of the tropical rain, the crashing of the thunder, and the blue and flickering glare of the destructive lightning. He must endure through the long summer months the attacks of the myriads of stinging and biting insects by day, and the even more harassing onslaughts of mosquitoes by night. Snakes and other undesirable creatures of all kinds invade his bungalow; his clothes and his linen are continually in a state of dampness. He is often down with malarial fever, with no one but his callous and ignorant native servants to attend to his wants. Racked with headache and with every bone burning with fever, he must himself select and administer his medicines, besides giving the orders for such nutriment as he may judge necessary, and, though he treats it as a matter of course, what he suffers is often far in excess of the recognition which his services receive. However torn by illness he may be, the work of the station must go on; interminable native disputes must be settled, and settled satisfactorily. Defaulters must be given fair trial, and the floods of contradictory and generally false statements which flow from the ready lips of countless witnesses must be sifted and garnered.

Of all the big game animals the elephant is the most uncertain. He is somewhat of a paradox, being a "curious mixture of timidity and aggressiveness":

Though the slightest odor of human beings is sometimes sufficient to scare them away from the neighborhood, and cause them to travel many miles, on the other hand they will on occasion, and unlike most other animals, attack in an entirely unprovoked manner. Stories are current of the Knysna and Addo Bush elephants occasionally chasing wayfarers, scattering working parties, and so on. At Gondokoro in the Nile Province of Ugnada, exists a herd of several hundred animals, composed entirely of cows and immature animals, which have become such a terror to wayfarers that the post road from the Kit River is shunned as much as possible by native travelers. Gondokoro was, until a few years ago, a military station, and at that time the herd was continually receiving the attentions of sportsmen, until all the bulls carrying ivory of any size had been shot out. Although for some time past almost entirely left alone, they still seem to cherish the memory of former grievances, and instead of running away on the approach of human beings, usually adopt precisely the opposite course.

So much has been heard relative to the charging proclivities of the rhinoceros that it is refreshing to note that in the writer's opinion the wild rushes "frequently so disastrous to transport of various kinds" are due to the sudden alarm and natural stupidity of the ugly brute. However, this is not always the case, as transpired in the killing of a female, whose calf charged the party:

The natives took to trees, while the sportsman, finding a convenient ant-heap, proceeded to perch himself on the top thereof, hoping that shouts and the hurling of stones and pieces of earth would serve to scare away the hereabout offspring. The little beast, however, oblivious of such trifles,

continued to run to and fro between its dead mother and the ant-heap, squealing furiously and continuously, making sufficiently clear its intentions towards the occupant of the latter. He indeed felt himself in rather a predicament; apart from his desire not to injure his small assailant, he had already shot the one animal allowed under his license, and breach of regulations, however afterwards condoned, imply considerable trouble and official correspondence. At last the situation became an impossible one; the noonday sun was blazing down on the shadeless ant-heap, and the annoyance of the infant increased rather than diminished. So at last the sportsman decided to risk a solid bullet from his small bore, and taking a steady aim at a fleshy but non-vital portion of the little beast's anatomy, he fired. For a time the noise redoubled, and at first it seemed that an ascent of the ant-heap was meditated; but eventually discretion overcame valor, and at the end of a really strenuous two hours the sportsman was able to descend and stretch his cramped limbs.

But of all, the hippopotamus is undoubtedly the most obtuse in a way, for almost any kind of a stout fence will keep it out of a field. It will not attempt to step over an obstacle, and a three-strand barbed wire fence three feet high is ample barrier. The writer doubts if the animal will attack a canoe, but says:

The few hippos remaining in the pools just above Victoria Falls have become very savage and aggressive, through continuous persecution, and accidents to boats, often with fatal results to the occupants, are not at all uncommon. Hunting hippopotamuses from a boat is therefore one of the most exciting sports imaginable, just as shooting at them from the shore is one of the tamest. Some of the Nilotic tribes harpoon them with a lance to which is fastened, by a long cord, a piece of the very light ambatch wood. The latter acts as a float, and indicates the exact position of the animal. The hunters then pursue it, spearing the beast every time it rises to the surface to breathe, until at last it becomes exhausted, and sinks dying to the bottom of the river.

Probably no other animal will so deliberately seek trouble at times, and in such a moment the hippo has no sense of danger, but boldly asserts himself with daring recklessness:

A cross old bull hippo has curious dislikes at times, and one of his pet animadversions seems to be a camp-fire in his vicinity at night. Ranger Woluter was encamped in 1904 on a pool of the Ngwanitzi River. About ten p. m. a well-known old hippo bull which was always found near this particular spot began to loudly voice his objection to the fires. After making a great deal of noise in the pool, he eventually landed and began to approach, grunting all the time, and displaying every symptom of rage. A horse and a number of pack donkeys were in camp, in addition to Woluter and his native servants, and began to show signs of considerable uneasiness. A shot or two fired over the beast's head concerned him not at all, and when he had approached within less than twenty paces, as a last resort, the fires were put out. This had a magical effect, and, having apparently in his own opinion thus duly enforced his authority as guardian of the pool, the great beast turned and went slowly grumbling away, to be seen no more that night.

Catching impala or antelopes with the aid of deer net vividly recalls the method employed in the once famous jackrabbit drives of California:

We make no sign until a sufficient number of animals are between the river and the stretched net, then on a pre-arranged signal the natives suddenly spring from ambush and rush forward with shouts and gesticulations. Immediately the herd dashes straight for the hush; some recollecting, or noticing in time the intervening net, dash round one corner or the other of it, but the majority see it too late for evasion, and leap for safety. And what a sight it is! The net has a maximum height of twelve feet when drawn tight, and seldom sags down at its lowest below ten; it is held in place by stout poles, which are so firmly planted in the earth as to negative all chance of bearing down the obstacle, while it has just enough "give" in it to insure its not being easily torn or broken. An old ewe is the first to reach the dangerous spot. She dwells in her stride just the slightest shade—there is no such thing as a pause or a "prop"—then rises gracefully, and sails clean over the whole thing in a beautiful curve, alighting on the farther side light as a feather. While she is still in the air, fifteen or twenty of her companions take the fence simultaneously; close behind come others, jumping at all angles, taking off, some nearer and some farther from the net; but all displaying the most perfect grace of movement, and affording one of the most fascinating pictures it is possible to conceive.

Survival of the fittest is the law of the lion tribe. Lusty youth crowds the once proud leader aside to an unworthy fate. Unless slain by the hunter, the last days of this noble beast are pathetic indeed. The once proud, fearless leader becomes an outcast, to perish miserably:

Should his career not be prematurely cut short, the ultimate fate of the lion is rather pathetic. Having for years roamed the forest, his supremacy unchallenged by any other of its wild denizens, he at length grows old; his fangs become worn down to mere stumps, his bodily powers deteriorate, and he is no longer able to capture his ordinary prey. If a male, he has long ere this been driven away from the family party by younger and stronger rivals, and has since led a solitary and anxious existence. At length the time arrives when he finds himself compelled to exist only on such small mammals as he can pounce on and easily kill; he becomes gaunter and weaker day by day, until, unable to seek food of any kind, he lays himself down, a sad spectacle of departed glory, and a prey for the hyena, the jackal, and the vulture. Females remain longer associated with their comrades than males; but they, too, at last become unfitted for the strenuous, wandering life, and their end is the same as that of the other sex.

Not even the lion is more dangerous than a wounded leopard, which exhibits more reckless pluck, clinging to an enemy, biting and clawing to the last. Though seldom met during the day, the writer cites exceptions to the rule and urges the necessity of a loaded and ready gun at all times:

Fortune smiled on one of the staff at Sabi Bridge, when he nearly walked on to one stretched asleep across a game track; but, his rifle being unloaded, he failed to live up to his opportunity. A similarly annoying episode occurred in my own experience. I was wheeling a bicycle through a difficult bit of road in Uganda, the gun-bearer fifty yards behind with the rifle, when a fine leopard walked out of the bush within a short stone's throw, and quietly crossed the road, either not seeing or completely ignoring us. This was about eleven a. m. on a hot morning, a most unusual time for a leopard to be on the move. The moral is obvious. In the African bush no matter how unlikely the situation, never be without your

rifle in your own hands, and never let it be unloaded. The neglect of this elementary principle has been the cause of many a disappointment; but, as the experiences of others are seldom taken to heart, it is probable that in the future each novice will have to learn the lesson for himself at the price of some coveted trophy. One morning, three or four years ago, Ranger Healy and I were walking through the bush. Accompanying us was a little fox-terrier, which, at a certain spot, began to nose about, and then ran into a thicket on the right of the path. After a few moments Healy, who happened to be a little behind, saw it rush out, closely followed by a leopard. The dog dashed straight towards him, and its pursuer also came right on, until only some five or six yards from Healy. It then, perhaps seeing him for the first time, stopped abruptly, and sprang behind a bush, where it received a crippling bullet.

Death lurks in so many varied forms in Africa that the hunter can not afford to neglect the smallest precaution in guarding camp during the night. Even the hyena, useful as a scavenger, and generally a coward, becomes a terrible menace:

There is no doubt that when a man has to sleep out in the open the spotted hyena must be reckoned a very dangerous beast. Mr. R. T. Coryndon told me that once, many years ago, he and a friend found themselves obliged to spend the night fireless and tentless in an old mealie field. Mr. Coryndon was sleeping on his back, his hands behind his head, when he was suddenly seized by the wrist and dragged right out of his blankets. He shouted at the top of his voice, and the animal let go, when he found that his wrist was rather badly bitten. Having, with the assistance of his friend, dressed and tied it up, he once more lay down, this time taking the precaution to have his loaded rifle in readiness. At the end of half an hour he saw something suddenly loom up against the sky-line just in front of his feet, and immediately firing, killed a large hyena, which was doubtless on the point of resuming the attack.

Tales have been written of the ferocity of the baboon in its native forests, but the writer doubts the warlike nature of the animal, unless it be driven to bay. His personal experience bears out his belief:

I once surprised a large troop in the bush, the members of which at once scampered off, except one half-grown animal which took refuge in a tree. The tree chosen happened to be so isolated that a leap into the branches of the next one was impracticable, and so the opportunity seemed favorable for a capture. Standing sentinel myself at the foot, with one native attendant, I dispatched the other aloft, where the little animal, perched as high up as he could go, was making the woods resound with his lamentations. Presently, to my surprise, I heard the whole troop coming back, and could see them running about, harking and chattering, inside the edge of the bush, about fifty yards away. Although apparently in a state of considerable excitement, they would not leave covert, nor attempt to cross the comparatively open intervening space. The cause of the excitement having been at length captured, still screaming, I walked slowly towards his fellows, curious to see what they would do. When I had covered about half the distance they began to retreat, and, even after I had entered thick covert, would not let me get nearer than about thirty yards. Having followed a little further, I picked out and shot a big male, whereupon the whole troop at once dashed at top speed. During a good deal of experience of chasing and capturing baboons, on the part of my assistants and myself, this stands out as the only instance, so far as I know, of their having shown the least disposition to resent actively human interference.

Not without good reason does the writer declare that it is difficult for the European to begin to "understand the workings of the African mind":

One morning I was standing on the banks of the Lujenda River in Portuguese East Africa, watching, with my friend Mr. Maughan, our stores crossing. We had just come to the conclusion that what we had fancied was the protruding nose of a crocodile was, in fact, only a piece of rock, when a local native who was standing near said, "If you will come with me to the village I can show you a big crocodile." Mr. Maughan electing to stay and superintend the porters across the river, I went along with the "boy." The village in question lay but some 300 yards distant and proved to be of considerable size and full of people, who, at the moment, were in a state of pleasurable and noisy excitement over the arrival of our large caravan. "But surely there can be no crocodile here, with all that noise going on," I remarked. "Oh, yes," nonchalantly replied the guide, "he lives here, and does not mind the people." Sure enough, on reaching the bank, the first thing I saw was a huge crocodile hasking at full length, and with his mouth wide open, on a rock not more than twenty yards away. He was not in the least disturbed by the chattering of the women and children, and there was no question of stalking him. It was only necessary to sit leisurely down on the bank and put a bullet through his shoulder, when, after shutting and opening his mouth a few times, he fell off the rock and sank like a stone. The headman was quite pleased, saying that the animal took some one, usually a woman or child, at least once a month. "Why, then," I said in astonishment, having noticed that about every second man seemed to be provided with a firearm of some sort, "did you not shoot it?" "Ah well, we have very little powder, and it is very expensive, and we are poor and require all we have to kill game," was the surprising, though characteristic answer.

An unusually voluminous appendix closes the work, and is in itself of value. It discusses the terrible tsetse fly, gives the common English and Dutch nomenclature of the birds and beasts, as well as the scientific names, and quotes liberally from the game laws of the British section of the country. The book fares unusually well in the number and clearness of photographic reproductions, and in addition carries numerous maps and plates.

ANIMAL LIFE IN AFRICA. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

The Secretary of the Treasury has finally been converted to the side of the bill providing a three-cent piece and a half-cent piece. Only Canada and some South American countries, says the House committee in its report, have no coin approximating in value to the half-cent piece. Such a coin is a standing lesson in thrift, and many of our new citizens come from countries where fractions of a cent are by no means negligible (remarks the Springfield Republican). To avoid confusion it is suggested that the half-cent piece might be perforated like some Chinese coins. The could be strung like wampum till a substantial sum could accumulate.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A. Hoosier Chronicle.

It is evident that Mr. Meredith Nicholson took a large view of his mission when he composed this fine picture of Indiana life. He intended that it should cover the whole landscape and that we should know the Hoosier state not only politically, but socially and domestically. Six hundred pages is a fair allowance even for so considerable a task and that there should be no inclination to skip one of them is a tribute to the value of the work.

From the political point of view Indiana is pretty much like most other states. Bassett, the Democratic boss, may be regarded almost as a type, and if the author is inclined at first to paint him on heroic lines and to tint him with the mystery of Napoleonic powers we are soon allowed to see the feet of clay and to recognize him as a poor sort of creature. Indeed there is nothing mysterious about any political boss, nor any other power than that of constant appeal to small greeds. The real portent is not the existence of the boss, but of the popular viciousness that tolerates and sustains the boss. The political machinery of Indiana, the state convention, the rivalries and hatreds of public life, its mean diplomacies and revenges are well described, and although Mr. Nicholson gives us a reformer in the person of Dan Harwood he spares us the figure, so favored among modern political fictionists, of the young Michael who fights single-handed against the powers of darkness. Harwood is a real man, modest, intelligent, and conscientious, who finds that he has been misled in his advocacy of Bassett and so withdraws from politics and unobtrusively does what he can to right the wrong. Bassett is the hero of the story, but it is Harwood who appeals to the imagination.

So far as the romance of the story is concerned most of the plot and some of the sentiments seem a little shopworn. We have a heroine, Sylvia Garrison, who does not know who her father is. The reader will guess Sylvia's parentage without much trouble, and if he belongs to the workaday world of practical affairs he will wonder why a nebulous parentage should be regarded as a tragedy by a healthy and wholesome girl. What, after all, does it matter? He will wonder still more why Sylvia should refuse to marry an eligible man whom she loves merely because she does not happen to know who her father was. Once more, what does it matter? When Sylvia finally discovers that Bassett is her father she persuades him to give up his evil political power as an act of reparation to herself, but this seems hardly consonant with Bassett's character and to be one of those conversions that are not worth much. Sylvia herself appears to lack warm blood, and there can be little doubt that in a popularity contest the prize would not go to Sylvia, but to the little typewriter girl with her slangy, warm-hearted, exuberant loyalty. Mrs. Owen, too, is a finely drawn character and apparently a real one, since she offered the author various inducements not to put her in a book. But there she is, so the inducements were evidently insufficient.

But the thoughtful reader will see something more than plot and events in "A Hoosier Chronicle." He will see, and value, a picture of a human community, conscious of the seam that floats upon the surface of its stream and blameably hopeful of it, and yet kindly, generous, and tolerant of better things.

A HOOSIER CHRONICLE. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

## The Battle of Tsu-Shima.

Students of naval tactics may not find that Captain Semenov's narrative has added much to their knowledge, but those who appreciate a direct and unvarnished story of a sea-fight will find it here. The author does not seem to have had much to do on board the *Knyaz Suvoroff* except to watch the action, and he watched it to good account, as is proved by his recital of events. Captain Semenov was on board the *Cesarevitch* in the action of August 10, 1904, and he compares the two engagements. The conditions were different. In the second battle he says "the shells seemed to be pouring upon us incessantly. . . . It seemed as if these were mines, not shells. . . . They burst as soon as they touched anything," covering ships and men with liquid fire. A good reporter was wasted when Captain Semenov became a sailor. Without speculation or conjecture he tells us what he saw and heard.

THE BATTLE OF TSU-SHIMA. By Captain Vladimir Semenov. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## The Mountain Girl.

Whether it is possible to take an uneducated mountain girl and to make of her a great lady is a matter for conjecture, as witness the stories of King Cophetua and the Lord of Burleigh. But we like to believe that it can be done, and of course so much depends upon the girl.

Like the girl is Cassandra and she lives in the Blue Ridge of North Carolina. She is a lover in the person of a young man, an illicit whisky distiller, who is so unfortunate as to kill another

gentleman in one of those quarrels associated with mountain life. As a result he is in hiding and so the road is relatively clear for Dr. Thryng, a young English aristocrat in search of health. Cassandra is certainly a delightful girl and of the kind that the French call *spirituelle*, and of which there is no translation. Thryng falls in love with Cassandra. Any one would, and when the mountain lover suspects what has happened he tries to kill the doctor with a silver bullet. This violation of his pledge to Cassandra to cease killing people and to be good generally is sufficient justification for the breaking of her troth, and so Cassandra and Thryng become engaged and finally marry. Then Thryng goes to England to look after his inheritance, and although the author treats him gently we feel that Cassandra, left alone in the Carolina mountains, is in danger of losing her aristocratic husband. But it all comes out right in the end. Thryng is a good fellow, although a shade over-inclined to be influenced by his environment.

The story is capably told, however improbable. Cassandra can be relied upon to arouse a fluttering of sentiment in all but the most callous, while the picture of mountain life and manners strikes us as exceptionally good.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Chile and Her People.

Mr. Neven O. Winter gives us a readable account of a people upon whom we are prone to look with some disapproval. With nations as with individuals it is their misdeeds that are most visible, and therefore Mr. Winter is to be congratulated on his success in showing us that, after all, the Chileans are "just people," reflecting their history and their conditions in their character and combining good and evil in about the usual proportions. Theoretically the government of Chile is similar to that of the United States. Actually it is government by a few leading families and by the Catholic church, and while there is plenty of corruption, the country is not exceptional in that respect. Free speech and a free press run riot and perhaps stimulate a certain love of fighting for its own sake, such as we find in the Irish temperament.

American exporters would do well to read the author's criticism upon their methods. A large amount of Chilean trade goes to Europe simply because the European merchant is flexible in his methods, while the American merchant is rigid. A study of conditions, a willingness to meet the market, would result in a trade expansion highly advantageous both to Chile and to America. Mr. Winter's book may be heartily recommended to those in search of a well-written review of a country of which we should know more than we do. The illustrations are numerous and good.

CHILE AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Neven O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

## The Living Corpse.

This play by Tolstoy has been played many times in Europe and it is easy to recognize the power of its presentation. It is the story of a sensualist husband who discovers that his wife is in love with his friend and who devises a means by which he can free her without the shame of divorce proceedings, which, under the law, must be brought by himself. So he disappears with a gipsy and then causes it to be believed that he is dead. His wife marries the friend, and then comes the exposure as the result of a drunken bout. A trial ensues and the husband, with no other course open to him, kills himself in court with a revolver. If the wife had been allowed to bring the divorce she could have obtained her freedom legitimately, but the husband as the plaintiff could secure the same end only by defaming her character. It is a pitiful tragedy and redeemed only by the innate nobility of a man who seems to be no more than a debauchee until the happiness of a woman demands the sacrifice of his own life.

THE LIVING CORPSE. By Leo N. Tolstoy. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers; \$1 net.

## Our Magic.

Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Devant are possibly better known in England than they are here, although their names must carry weight all over the world wherever there is an interest in conjuring. A glance at their substantial volume almost persuades us that at last we have been told "how it is done." Indeed we are told a great deal, and perhaps it would be greedy to ask for more.

But the authors seem to be interested, and properly so, more in the art of the performer than in his mechanism. Without the art, the personal equation, we should have at best but a poor show. A skilled conjuror, we are told, would rather have an audience of conjurors than of the public, because they would be more appreciative. In other words, they would know what to appreciate. They would applaud, not the mechanism, but the skill with which the mechanism is used. Whereas the ordinary spectator supposes that the performance is a challenge to his acuteness instead of an invitation to admire skill. We all know that the actor wears a wig, but we do not try to detect the joining. We welcome the illusion.

The book is divided into three sections—the Art, the Theory, and the Practice of

Magic. All are interesting. The authors show that they are psychologists as well as magicians and that they know something of human nature.

OUR MAGIC. By Nevil Maskelyne and David Devant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

## Venice and Venetia.

Mr. Hutton's book upon Venice deserves to rank with the best historical works of the day, as well as with the best of our descriptive literature, not only for the accuracy of its facts, but for the purity of its style. Using the visible Venice for a basis, Mr. Hutton takes us back to the beginnings of things and shows us the story of the architecture, the art, the literature, and the politics of the ancient city. Venetia was already a shining centre of civilization when Rome fell, and in pointing this out the author seizes the opportunity to ask why Rome fell. Mongrelism, he says, was the first cause, and the unequal distribution of wealth was the second, and when Rome fell the world fell with it, and has never since climbed quite so high. Rome bad welded Europe into a majestic civilization and had enforced the Pax Romana for 150 years. With all our modern genius we have never been able to do anything so great as that. The Venice of history is the child of the dark anarchy that followed Rome, the child of terror and fear, born from the miseries that followed the ravaging footsteps of Attila when her lagoons offered a refuge from the pursuing vengeance of the Huns.

The reader must explore these fascinating pages for himself, and he is indeed fortunate if he can do so in front of the monuments whose story they tell. Nothing better of its kind has been written nor anything with a more contagious enthusiasm for history and for its silent witnesses of today.

VENICE AND VENETIA. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## Earth Features.

This solid and comprehensive volume by Professor William Herbert Hobbs contains in expanded form the substance of a course of illustrated lectures which has now for several years been delivered each semester at the University of Michigan. The keynote of the course, says the author, may be found in the dominant characteristics of the different earth features and the geological processes which have been betrayed in the shaping of them. In other words we have a minute description of the operation of the many forces that are constantly changing the physical features of the world.

The volume has been prepared with an admirable inclusiveness and care. It is a practical interpretation of landscape phenomena and so clearly expressed that the student can begin at once to read for himself the history of the material world and to identify the workmanship of heat and cold, rivers, oceans, and lakes, earthquakes and volcanoes. There are thirty-one chapters in all, each devoted to some physical phenomenon and addressed to the average and questioning intelligence that already knows something and that is anxious to know more. The task of elucidation is greatly aided by twenty-four good plates and nearly five hundred illustrations in the text. Nothing could be more admirable for the student of physiography or for the average reader who would learn something of the language in which nature has written her story.

EARTH FEATURES AND THEIR MEANING. By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

## Montaigne.

Considering the eminence of Michel de Montaigne we know astonishingly little of him as a man, and it is to be feared that his essays are no longer read as extensively as they deserve. But Edith Sichel has done what she can to rectify these deficiencies by means of a book that is not only competent, but brilliant. Avoiding the usually tiresome methods of the biographer, she devotes the first half of her work to a character sketch of Montaigne and the second half to an analysis of his essays, and in each case she writes with surprising success, if success may be gauged by the power to interest. We find ourselves with a new admiration for the great French essayist, indeed with an almost personal affection for him, and his essays take on a new interest and importance as a more than usually intimate mental portrait of a man who looked with a sort of clairvoyance upon the past and the future and united them in his own disposition. The average reader will find all that he needs in this volume, but for those who wish to know more a competent bibliographical note is added. There is also a good index.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE. By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## Rational Living.

President King is amply justified in his effort to construct some sort of philosophy of life from the materials furnished by modern research into psychology. We may think that the materials are poor enough both in quantity and quality, since science has not yet succeeded in fully discriminating between psychology and physiology. But at least they amount to something, and if that something have any value it must be capable of practical

application to life and conduct. A recognition of the complexity of human nature, of the dominance of hitherto unsuspected laws, and of the correlation of all laws, can not but have a significance upon ethics, and every inquiry into that significance must be fruitful.

The author's keynote seems to be the unity of nature, the interdependence of all its parts, and the necessity for a conscious individual awakening to the part that the human unit may play to his own advantage or neglect to his own detriment. He gives us twelve chapters devoted mainly to suggestions for living in such a way that capacity may be developed to its utmost extent and that no latent potencies may be allowed to degenerate into atrophy. His work is therefore moral as well as mental, and those who recognize that religion is something more than a creed will welcome it as a religious exposition. It need hardly be said that the author never deviates into the eccentricities of what is called New Thought. He is able to present new ideas in a new and helpful way, but without affront to the normal beliefs of normal people.

RATIONAL LIVING. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

## "The Bees."

The author tells a pleasantly clever story of three children who are sent to stay with their aunt while their mother is amusing herself in the various selfish ways favored by an artificial "society." Bob, Burton, and Bennie are so nice as to be almost uncanny, but while we enjoy their characters to the full the real adult interest centres in the love affairs of Auntie Bell. The author of "Helen's Babies" adopted a similar device, and it may be said that the present volume has many of the charms of that celebrated classic.

"THE BEES." By M. Ellen Thonger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

## Unclothed.

Mr. Goodman writes his story in the form of alternate contributions from his two chief characters. The man is a down-at-heel author and the woman is a publisher's reader. For some unexplained reason they are impelled to commit to paper their unpleasant longings for each other and to describe them in the way that is usually called realistic. But it is hard to see why a book should be made of it all.

"UNCLOTHED." By Daniel Carson Goodman. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.30 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

The third volume of the St. Dunstan series of books for boys is entitled "Classroom and Campus," by Warren L. Eldred (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50). It is a story of school honor and the friendship of high-minded boys and well suited to presentation purposes.

"Oceania," by Frank Fox (the Macmillan Company), contains a very pleasing account of the Pacific islands, Australia, and New Zealand, written from the human rather than the commercial standpoint, and illustrated in colors by Norman H. Hardy, Percy F. S. Spence, and F. and W. Wright.

The combination of the travel book and the romance has enjoyed a certain popularity, and perhaps deservedly so, among those with an eye to self-improvement. A late addition to this class of story is "A Tour and a Romance," by Alice E. Robbins (Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50). It describes the journey of a number of nice people through Spain and manages to combine a surprising lot of information about the country with an acceptably written love story.

"The Story of Music," by W. J. Henderson (Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1 net), has now reached its twelfth edition, a success well merited by careful and competent work. The author has carried forward the account of Italian opera to the completion of the extant works of Puccini, added a chapter on Richard Wagner and another chapter on the latest advances in the field of orchestral composition. With these changes Mr. Henderson's book easily holds the field.

Mr. Eben E. Rexford, author of "Amateur Gardening" (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net), explains that in the preparation of his book he has kept in mind that comparatively few home-owners know what to do with their gardens or how to do it and that his object is to give clear and definite instructions that will enable them to work intelligently. A glance at his pages shows that he has carried out his intentions to perfection. Nothing seems to be omitted, for all kinds of gardens and for all seasons of the year.

Dr. William Adams Brown, Ph. D., D. D., is the author of a volume on "The Christian Hope," otherwise described as a study in the doctrine of immortality. Dr. Brown's work is notable not only for its entire freedom from dogma, but for a certain broad inclusiveness that leaves no fields of inquiry uninvaded. That a writer of Dr. Brown's eminence should give a qualified approval of the theory of reincarnation is remarkable enough, nor is this the only evidence that the learned author recognizes no such things as theological fences. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 75 cents.



## THE PUBLIC AND THE NOVEL.

Why do hooks which are confessedly not literature, and authors who are not literary, appeal to the public? (The question is asked and answered by Charles D. Leslie in the *London Book Monthly*.)

The writing of fiction is so fatally easy, the public taste so apparently promiscuous, and the rewards of the popular author so enticing, that it is small wonder the crowd of would-be novelists grows yearly. They seek the recipe for popularity and they find literature and success not necessarily linked. While A writes literature and sells excellently, B, who is hopelessly unitary, sells even better.

But when we talk of the public we must remember it is a dividable whole. It can be split into many publics. And two at least are separated fundamentally by the fact that to one party the author who is literary appeals, and to the other the author who is not literary. The dividing line is there; every hook belongs to one or other of these two publics, though Mudie and the other high libraries ignore it; and the volumes, literary and unitary, lie in friendly continuity in the boxes that deliver them to their readers.

First, though, what is literature? For until we define it we can not get to close quarters with our subject. A rough definition is: a class of writing in which beauty of style is the feature. But style itself is indefinable. In a sense we all possess it; it is the individuality of the writer expressing itself in the written word. There are good, had, and indifferent styles, and only a few, comparatively speaking, of the writers whose hooks fill the libraries and the booksellers' shops have the first and write literature. A good style, hall-marked as such by reputable critics, is a gift of the gods; to some it comes naturally, some possess the germ and by dint of taking pains develop it, but many are denied it, and have to get along as best they can without it. And not a few of these do very well.

It is not indispensable to the equipment of the novelist. Many successful books are written—clever hooks, absorbing hooks, hooks of a high moral tone, which yet lack the literary touch. And the question arises, seeing that it is harder to write, taking pains as to the phrasing of the sentences, than to write anyhow, whether it pays to cultivate a style and write, or try to write, literature. Let us see.

The popular taste in novels is had; let that be granted; but it might easily be worse. There is always a reason, and generally a good reason, why a hook sells by the hundred thousand. Two famous examples of "best sellers" occur to the mind, Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli. The critics decline to recognize their books as literature, and not out of professional jealousy. Critics who are also novelists may grudge Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli their success. It is not, however, for their success and their wide circle of readers that their novels are refused recognition as literature. It is because the style is not literary, the philosophy crude, the emotional passages melodramatic. The writing lacks the dignity of tragedy, and has either novelist any sense of humor?

Yet here is success quite understandable and quite creditable to author and readers. It is the success of General Booth and Father Vaughan. The writers are perfectly sincere; they are preachers. The novel is their platform, their readers find them stimulating and uplifting.

On a lower plane are the industrious hook-men who have no message to deliver, but just a story to tell; a detective story, or a love story, or one of those wildly improbable romances of modern London, in which prime ministers and dukes and duchesses and anarchists rob, and murder, and abduct, and make love to each other, with no regard to probability. Due care is just taken to end each chapter in such a way that it is absolutely necessary for the reader's peace of mind to begin the next.

Here let me point out that to the majority of readers the story is far more important than the style. The public likes news. It always has liked news. Hence the war correspondents at the end of the cable, the "penny-a-liners"—though properly speaking the term is obsolete in newspaper offices—who get the first news of the "orrible tragedy," are the most popular authors of the moment. Homer's popularity, doubtless, rested chiefly on the fact that he brought the latest intelligence from Ilium; that he recited literature as a secondary consideration to the story of Achilles' revenge and Hector's death.

So when there is nothing in the papers, the general reader likes an exciting, innocuous detective story. There is a pattern for such romances; they have no style; everything, including the characters, is subordinated to the plot. They are written in the very simplest language, and they carry us along from incident to incident at breathless speed. Many critics despise these yarns, dismissing them with contempt, but though not literature, they are, the best of them, amazingly clever and they justify their success. The hero is always an automaton in whom individually we take not the smallest interest, but we must know who murdered the golden-haired girl whom he discovered dead at the

end of the first chapter, and how the heroine, whom he unwillingly suspected, will clear herself. We know she will. On such a plot, preposterous if analyzed, hundreds of novels are written, and written with an air of verisimilitude which many a novel, laboriously stylistic, lacks.

A class, chiefly feminine, can not read detective stories, but insist on a "strong love interest." They are amply catered for. Sentiment, not infrequently developing into sentimentality, pays in fiction. In fact what we may call "domestic fiction" is a leading line with publishers. But beyond all these there is a large public for the novels of Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Robert Hichens, and others who are literary craftsmen as well as popular novelists. And they draw their readers not only from the well-to-do, but also from the state educated. The golden age of English literature was the Elizabethan, but the bulk of the nation were then not only unitary but unlettered; never before have authors written for so large a public who can appreciate good writing. There will always be the two classes of readers, the literary and the unitary, and always, two classes of writers to minister to their wants.

There are young writers who, anxious to make money, may think the shortest cut to fortune is to write the unitary, sentimental novel. Despising it in their hearts, they long to imitate the masters of this kind of fiction. They attempt to write down to the public. And they find to their disgust that the result is unsalable. For we may lay it down as an axiom in the composition of fiction, that unless the writer can interest himself in the narrative he will not interest his readers. Successful novelists one and all take their work seriously.

The conclusion of the matter is that sincerity pays. The unitary novelist who has a good story to tell, and tells it to the best of his ability, finds his public. If the would-be novelist can write literature, so much the better; but if he can not, let him not lose heart; let him write with conviction and sincerity, and sooner or later he will win success. Doctor Johnson was a great literary craftsman, yet much that he wrote is forgotten today and will remain forgotten. But while the English language lasts, his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield will remain one of its imperishable glories. Johnson wrote it from the heart.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

William M. Reedy's *St. Louis Mirror* issued a special number on May 9, devoted to the men of its esteem and the work they have done in that great Missouri city. It is a remarkable issue in many particulars, pictorially in portraits and views of business homes, editorially in terse and graphic description and incisive comment. To one who knows the *St. Louis* of today it is an encyclopædia of achievements; to one who knew the city of the 'seventies and 'eighties it opens new and inspiring pages. The editor's article on the character of *St. Louis* and *St. Louisans* is intimate and affectionate, but concise and truthfully illuminative. A thick quarto volume in itself is this special issue of 264 pages, and its clear, artistic letter-press is a delight to the eye.

Announcement is made of the publication for private circulation only of John Muir's memorial to Edward H. Harriman, under the title of "E. H. Harriman." The hook can not be bought, but a copy will be sent free on application to the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City. The little volume will have value for its rarity, as well as its value as a tribute of one great man to another.

The origin of the editorial "we" has now been traced to John Milton. Milton, it seems, was the editor of a weekly journal nearly a year, beginning in 1651, and, although the editorial remarks were little more than introductions to the news letters received from abroad, the editor was spoken of as "we." No earlier use is known, as the *London Gazette* continued the usage after the Restoration, it is surmised that it was copied from Milton.

Any one who ever read Sudermann's grimly ironical play "Fritzen" in the collection called "Morituri," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, must have remembered it on reading the newspaper accounts of the agitation against dueling in Germany. The military code of honor is relentlessly exposed in "Fritzen."

The eminent Swedish novelist and playwright, Johan August Strindberg, died May 14 at his home in Stockholm, after a long and painful attack of cancer, at the age of sixty-three. In this country his work is as yet comparatively little known, though a number of his plays and tales have been translated, but throughout Scandinavia and in northern Europe generally he has long been recognized as one of the great literary forces of his time.

New Books Received.  
FICTION.

UNQUENCHED FIRE. By Alice Gerstenberg. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
A new novel by the author of "Routledge Rides Alone."

THE GOOLY FELLOWSHIP. By Rachel C. Schaffer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

THE TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR ARM. By Charles E. Van Loan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.  
A baseball story.

THE ROMANCE OF A STATE SECRET. By W. Trafford-Taunton. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25 net.  
A novel.

GEWITTER IM MAL. Von Ludwig Ganghofer. New York: Brentano's; 25 cents net.  
Issued in a new series of modern German novels.

ON THE TRAIL TO SUNSET. By Thomas W. and Agnes A. Willey. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.35 net.  
A novel.

THOMAS KERKHOVEN. Von Korfiz Holm. New York: Brentano's; 25 cents net.  
Issued in a new series of modern German novels.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

A WOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Charlotte Cameron. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.  
A book of travel.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LAST EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Ernest Belfort Bax. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A history of Gracchus Babeuf and the Conspiracy of the Equals.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLORED MAN. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.  
A glimpse behind the scenes of the race drama.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ATHLETIC HANDBOOK FOR THE PHILIPPINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Manila: Bureau of Printing.  
Bulletin No. 40. Bureau of Education.

PHILIPPINE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND TRADES. CATALOGUE 1911-12. Manila: Bureau of Printing.  
Bulletin No. 43. Bureau of Education.

GENERAL SCIENCE. By Bertha M. Clark, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.

For general readers and for high school pupils.  
IDAS AND MARPESSE. By Howard V. Sutherland. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.  
"An idyll of constancy."

SHADOWS AND REALITIES. By Albert Gehring. Cleveland, Ohio: Central Publishing House; 75 cents.

A new statement of old truths about light.

LIFE'S RESPONSE TO CONSCIOUSNESS. By Miriam I. Wylie. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1 net.

"A reasonable explanation for some of the problems of life."

GARDEN DESIGN. By Madeline Agar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.  
The theory and practice of gardening.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING LEAR." Edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents.  
Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE. Washington: Government Printing Office.  
For the year ending June 30, 1911.

Some years ago a publishing house was preparing to issue a new edition of the writings of Thoreau (writes Charles S. Olcott in *Art and Progress*). The head of the house and a member of his staff were in consultation about the method of illustration. It was agreed that the pictures must be true to nature; but how to get them was the problem. Artists who do hook illustrating could not be expected to go into the woods and make pictures which would in any way assist the text to reveal nature as Thoreau saw it. Photographs would be admirable, but where was the professional photographer to be found who would undertake to go into Thoreau's country in sunshine and rain, in summer and winter, to catch all the phases of nature which Thoreau recorded in his "Journal"? While the two men pondered, a caller sat in the outer office with a large portfolio under his arm. Five years before he had read Thoreau's "Journal," and had taken up his residence in Concord that he might visit the scenes there described. In all seasons and all kinds of weather he had wandered through the woods and over the fields with his camera; passionately fond of nature, he was no less devoted to art. To him, photography was a pastime—it was not his profession. For the pure love of nature and of art, and with no thought of pecuniary gain, he had accomplished the very feat which the two business men had thought so difficult, and by a curious coincidence he appeared at the office to exhibit the result of his work at the precise moment when its desirability was being discussed.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

**Robertson's**  
222 STOCKTON ST.  
Union Square San Francisco

## A Poet's First Volume

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## THE INVERTED TORCH

and Other Poems

By

Samuel John Alexander

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The Shadow Before—At New Year's.  
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The Call to Arms.  
"The Gift to Die" (To My Lady Fortune).  
The Golden Spurs of God.  
The Gift of the South to Lincoln.  
Miserere Domine (October 10, 1911).  
The Prayer of the West (Judge Thou Between Them).  
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### ■ AGAIN "THE SPRING MAID."

The bewitching and only Mizzi is back again, and every one who failed to see "The Spring Maid" before will hasten forthwith to repair the omission during this second engagement.

The company is much the same, although there are two changes in the personality of the principals. Leo Stack has disappeared from the cast and Charles McNaughton has taken his place. The present comedian necessarily plays on very much the same lines as his predecessor, but he is quite funny enough not to need to be a slavish imitator. Curiously enough, he seemed to make more of a hit than the enchanting little prima donna, on Monday night. I suppose little Mizzi had received the greeting she deserved and had earned on Sunday evening, which was the opening night.

On Monday night there was a good audience, in spite of there being two premières in other theatres, and the performance went with snap. Mizzi Hajos was, except for there being no longer the element of the unexpected in her charm, as prettily and surprisingly attractive as ever, the several comedians were enormously amusing, the chorus girls, though not raving beauties, belong to the better class of their kind, and are attractive-looking, well-formed, and beautifully costumed—everything went with *élan* except the audience. I was and am still puzzled. Perhaps its mood was atmospherically induced, for the night was warm and humid, and languor was in the air. At any rate, considering the excellence of the entertainment, the size of the audience, and the popularity of the light-operative form of entertainment, the audience did not distinguish itself.

I was told that the same thing happened at one of the matinée performances of "Madame Sherry," during its second season in San Francisco. I suppose it has something to do with the psychology of audiences, although each auditor seems to have his own special psychology. Take "Chantecler," for example. During the all too brief season of Rostand's comedy here (for curiosity to see it was general, and the demand for seats proportionate) I culled a surprising amount of diverse opinions.

But all these were very far from "The Spring Maid," which, although it has returned too soon to call for extended notice, still requires some further comment for the enlightenment of those who have not seen it. A change in the cast has been made by giving the rôle of Prince Aladar to George Leon Moore, a young man whose voice, though big, is strident, uneven, and not well controlled. But Mr. Moore is a comely and a dashing youth, and makes love rather well.

All the popular musical numbers still hold their spell. Mizzi Hajos's clear, pretty voice, with its note of gaiety and its sweetness of sentiment, is as charming as her little self in "Daydream" and the gay staccato of "Two Little Bees."

Jack Raffael's Prince Nepomuk is an excellent piece of work; but the fit he threw needed the element of surprise to make it as deliciously funny as fit the first.

The new Roland, like his predecessor, was particularly funny in the Othello scene, and shone also with comic sheen in the delightful foolishness of the "masramat" conversation with the three actor freaks. This sort of thing, when the spectator, almost feeling as if his brains were addled by the studied imbecilities of the conversation, laughs foolishly and side-stitchedly, is generally a good test of a comedian's ability to play the fool successfully and with conviction.

There are three good acts in "The Spring Maid," every one containing hits of pretty, amusing comedy to remember. The Carlsbad festival is prettily arranged and staged, and the production generally is just precisely on the same high scale of merit as when gay little Mizzi, one of the most enchanting of light opera comediennees we have seen, first came to town. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### Sir Henry Irving's Stage Prescription.

Wendell Phillips Dodge relates in the *Strand Magazine* an incident growing out of the first meeting of Robert Mantell with Sir Henry Irving back in 1882 when both were playing Romeo in London. There were reviewers who found Irving too old for the part of Romeo, and one advised that he should play for "the young fellow over the way." Irving prepared a special performance in the Lyceum, to

which all the players in London were invited. After it was over, Mantell went back of the stage, and Irving asked him how he liked the performance. "It has been like an afternoon at school with congenial lessons," replied Mantell. "How do you do it? How do you manage effects? How do you get such atmosphere, such a realization of the glory of the tragedy, with such little effort? Is there no recipe?"

"There is; indeed there is," answered Irving. "Simple, too; only three things to remember. The first is silence, and plenty of it behind the scenes, so that the actor may be at ease, with nothing to distract when striving for his shadings. The second is light, regulated as far as possible so that nature is counterfeited—and that, young man, is the recipe."

"But," protested Mantell, "you said there were three things to remember; you have mentioned but two. Is there a third?"

"Did I say a third?" asked Irving. "Um, perhaps I did, perhaps I did; but what could I have had in mind? Let me see. Ah, yes, silence, light, and—um, shall I say—actors? Remember that, my boy, actors. Silence, light, and—actors, that is the third."

### ORPHEUM COMEDY AND SONG.

Theodore Roberts in a Bret Harte idyl of California is one of the attractions at the Orpheum, and under ordinary conditions he would easily dominate the programme, but he is in fast company this week. In fact, there is as good acting to be seen just now at that theatre of variety as on any stage in the city, and better singing to be heard than forty weeks in the year bring to San Franciscans.

"The Sheriff of Shasta," in which Mr. Roberts plays the name-part, is a bit of Western romance with ugly realities fencing it round and closing it in. As a playlet it is loosely constructed, and it might well be made more tense, but it gives some good opportunities. Mr. Roberts makes the most of those which come in his way, and exhibits a comedy spirit more genial than he has often shown. The sheriff is of the plains breed, and more nearly related to the earlier and greater successes Mr. Roberts has won than some of the parts in which he was seen recently here—his Fouché in "Mme. Sans-Gêne," for instance. In voice and movement he more easily characterizes the frontier spirit than the more restrained and even-tempered vanities and villainies of the city. This one-act piece, with judicious pruning will serve him well. In Florence Smythe, as the lonely and heart-bungry heroine, he has excellent support. The actress is convincing in a rôle whose inspiration and sentiment is of the story-book kind—another girl of the Golden West with a nature strangely unspoiled by sordid surroundings.

On a previous visit "Dinkelspiel's Christmas" was well received, but it is improving that former record in this, the second week of its second engagement. George V. Hobart worked out a happy idea in dramatizing this incident. He told the little story well, and within its restricted limits did some good character drawing in broad strokes. Bernard A. Reinold as the German father, still loyal to the language and the traditions of the fatherland, carries the interest of the plot easily; but the breezy German-American son, the volatile and courteous French friend, the chorus-girl wife, are all well posed in the pictures. It is a little comedy, not a farce, and it has been given innumerable touches of homely but effective art. It would be difficult to improve the company that plays it.

Mlle. Fregoleska achieves a notable triumph with her singing. It would be a brave veteran of vaudeville who would choose that aria from "Madama Butterfly" as an introduction to her audience, but the very audacity and novelty of the venture by "the Roumanian nightingale," who is much better versed in grand opera than in her present entourage, gain her a respectful hearing. Her personality counts for a great deal, for the rich Japanese costume sets off her dainty figure and lights up her piquant face most fetchingly. Her second selection, with its echo of the flute, won the applause abundantly that came only from critical auditors before, and her concluding song, in English, firmly established her in the esteem of the audience. Mlle. Fregoleska has a charming voice, and gifts of expression that heighten its appeal.

It is a rather ambitious musical programme, too, that the six Kirksmith Sisters offer, but they go through it with skill and spirit. The two violinists also sing—as soloists, that is, for the cornetist, the saxophonist, and the trombonist, assist in the vocal selections. The instrumental work is very well done, and the girls are all such resplendent figures in their white robes and tiaras that much poorer music would win the plaudits of their impressionable hearers. And the blonde pianist, who comes down into the pit to direct the theatre orchestra in its accompaniments, is not only an accomplished and graceful leader but as well the fairest rose in the cluster.

Ray Cox is an out-of-the-ordinary entertainer with half-spoken songs and half-sung recitations. Her air-ship finish is as distinctively vaudevilian as Mlle. Fregoleska's opening solo is not.

The Maxine Brothers are clever gymnasts,

and their dog, Bobby, an invaluable comedy assistant. It is a safe bet that he gets less than is coming to him on salary day.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

### CURRENT VERSE

#### Holiday.

Take dulling sleep away,  
Too-anxious gods of labor!  
We laugh to scorn your gifts of calm repose.  
Bring rarer gifts than those—  
The garland and the tabor;  
Meadow and spring are bright with holiday!

Oh, raise the wreathed pole  
In ancient, pagan fashion;  
Summon the piper and the fiddler round  
To voice with ardent sound  
Our deepest, dumbest passion,  
Silent too long in our devoted soul.

What though our bodies bow  
Or earthward droop our glances?  
These are but servants to our hearts' desire,  
Which, catching secret fire  
From songs and May-day dances,  
The laggard limbs with eager grace endow.

Yea, every joy you give,  
Each soul-intoxication,  
Turns back the gathering tide of doubts and fears,  
Restores our jubilant years  
As by divine creation,  
And frees the rhythmic powers by which we live.  
—Horace Holley, in *Century Magazine*.

#### The Song of the Grass.

(In the soldiers' cemetery at Arlington.)

Ye are many, ye are mighty, and your feet they  
trample hard.

Ye have trod the mountains under, and the  
sea,

The sea ye, too, have conquered, but within this  
quiet yard.

It is I, the grass, am master; hark to me.

Ye have torn me in your marches, scarred me  
deep with hoof and heel,  
And my dewy sward have rolled in dust and  
blood,

When amid the cannon thunder e'en the forest  
seemed to reel,  
And your battle shook the hillside where ye  
stood.

Were ye victors? 'Twas not Carthage won by  
Trasimene's lake,  
Not the Britons 'mid the wheat at Waterloo,  
For my creeping, crowding legions from them  
both the field did take.

As I took the heights of Gettysburg from you.

But I hate the battle fury as I hate the crawling  
sea,

With its wrinkled swinging tides that can not  
cease;

Sweeter far to me the woodland where the dappled  
shadows be,  
Or the grave-yard with its lilies and its peace.

Nay, I will be done with mocking. O my masters,  
naught am I

But the clinging lowly grass about your feet,  
Growing green and cool around you, tired eyes  
to satisfy,  
And weaving, when all's done, your winding  
sueet.

Sleep you well! Men bring you roses, but they  
wither in the sun,—

Bring them in the May with music and a sound,  
As of old, of timed footsteps; but when all the  
pomp is done,  
In the stillness 'tis my roots wrap you round,

Fold you close, and so will keep you till Potomac  
shall run dry,  
And the stars go out like camp-fires in the  
skies,

Till the shivering sea shall perish, and the  
huddling mountains fly,

And the judgment bugle blowing bids you rise.  
—From "The Anteroom and Other Poems," by  
William Hervey Woods.

The late W. T. Stead was noted for his kind-heartedness, and there appears to be no end of stories about his good deeds. Lady Warwick once assisted him in giving a girl employee an unexpected holiday. Mr. Stead noticed when the girl returned from her two weeks' vacation in the summer that her cheeks were not tanned, and, though the girl evaded his questions, finally learned that she had spent the fortnight in attending to household duties at home, while her sister, who was unwelld, had been to the seashore. Soon after Lady Warwick called at Mr. Stead's office, and when she had departed Mr. Stead called the girl to him, told her that she was to start immediately upon a three weeks' holiday, and that she would spend it at Warwick Castle as the guest of Lady Warwick.

A story related in one of the Egyptian papyri of earliest times is said to be the oldest "funny story" in existence. A scribe who worked in the temple occupied lodgings between a coppersmith and a carpenter, who disturbed him all day with their hammering. He finally sought each one and bribed him to change his dwelling. They agreed to do so. The next day the scribe found that the carpenter and the coppersmith had taken possession of each other's apartments.

Leipsic is to have a new theatre on the Töpferplatz, across the street from the Old Theatre, to cost the city half a million dollars. There are three municipal theatres in the city now, but the Old Theatre may be torn down.

## Allied Interests and Progress

How much of a factor in the life of a progressive city is a street-car system?

The measure of standard can best be made on the thoroughness of the system—and this includes growth, passenger capacity per day and the manner in which it endeavors to become a part of the city itself. Good will, harmony, and keen interest in all that pertains to a city's growth—all these reflect the closely allied relations between a live municipality and an equally live corporation.

In a recent address before members of the Home Industry League of San Francisco, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Assistant to the President of the United Railroads, voiced his company's progressive attitude in this respect, saying in part:

"The United Railroads is part of San Francisco. We are not apart from you, but of you, and your interests are our interests. We are anxious and always more than willing to cooperate with the city and with the commercial interests of the city for the betterment of conditions. We have shown this in all the ways possible. We have met all bodies half way, and are half way on the road to meet all others whom we have not yet met. We expect that all others will be willing to meet us half way.

"The people of San Francisco can count on the United Railroads to do everything possible in its power to give full support and every assistance to the things that make for the advancement of San Francisco, its people, and its interest along all lines."

Now as to the transportation feature. How thoroughly the city has been covered by this great street-car system, and how wonderfully close it is allied with the vital interests of the municipality, in which the humblest worker forms an essential part, can best be illustrated by an extract taken from Manager Black's address at the same gathering:

"Every day between four and six o'clock in the afternoon we transport, approximately, 140,000 people, while during the twenty-four hours of an average day we transport approximately 600,000 people. You will note from this that almost one-quarter of the total people transported during the twenty-four hours have to be carried between the hours of four and six in the afternoon, and this fact makes the problem of city transportation a most difficult one. In the first place, the investment in rolling stock, power equipment, and practically every item which enters into the cost of a street railway system has to be sufficiently large to provide facilities for this rush-hour travel, which lasts at the outside over a period of less than two hours. Of course, during the balance of the twenty-four hours a large part of this investment lies idle."

Not only does this large part of the investment lie idle, as stated, but another situation arises—that of labor. It is necessary to have on hand a sufficient number of platform men to man the extra cars during the rush-hour period, amounting, it is carefully estimated, to 60 per cent in excess of the base schedule. Employers of labor will fully appreciate, as Mr. Black well states, "the difficulties involved in taking care of this situation."

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Spring Maid" at the Columbia Theatre.

Nearly 34,000 theatre-goers of San Francisco and its suburbs have drunk in the melodious beauty of "The Spring Maid's" music and laughed at its joyous humor during the present visit of that opera to the Columbia Theatre and during its record-making visit last fall. The opera is considered in theatrical circles to have been more often rehearsed by opera lovers from the very first day of its two years' run in New York City than any light operatic work this country has known, with the single exception of the famous old work of another decade, "Florodora."

Students of things theatrical seem to have decided that this long-lived popularity has sprung greatly from the modernness of construction in "The Spring Maid," for although the work was first presented in Vienna more than four years ago, it is the only opera of its school and time that is still sung in the great cities of the continent. Its fun, its introduction of the bewitching fairy tale from the old German classics, as well as the rehearsal of the strolling players in "Othello" which brings such roars of laughter, are features which seem to antedate all coming light musical works from foreign sources, as each of them in stepping away from so-called "musical comedy" and back towards the form of real comic opera have finally developed a new musical work of which "The Spring Maid" was the first.

Werha and Luescher, the producers, in keeping with their promise have sent back their great organization at its very best, with all the players that made themselves favorites during the former visit to the Columbia. Mizzi Hajos, the little songstress who came from Hungary to give the character of Princess Bozena the same saucy quality she invested it with at its beginnings abroad, is heard again, and George Leon Moore, Dorothy Maynard, Tillie Salinger, Ralph Newman, and Louis Miller, Jack Raffael, Orpha Howes, and H. A. Barrows have returned again in their former characters.

But "The Spring Maid" has a newness in the fun-making of Charles McNaughton, an English comedian who was considered the real star of the English presentation of the opera. He exhibits methods of rollicking humor that are said to have brought him fame in London, and in his brain "Roland, a strolling player," becomes a new personage from the one audiences knew before—he is a speaker of quips and oddities that are deserving the laughter they evoke.

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Orpheum's Big Bill.

The favorite musical comedy stars, Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a musical eccentricity entitled "Just As They Are." Both these artists have firmly established themselves in public regard with their singing and cleverness.

Camille Ober, the petite Parisian star who has just returned from a visit to her native land, will be heard in a programme of operatic, classical, and popular songs. The immense hit achieved by this phenomenal vocalist when she appeared here two seasons ago is still remembered. The four numbers in her present repertory have been selected to exhibit the full possibilities of her extraordinary voice. They are a Greek sentimental study on high notes; a Tyrolean fantasy, covering a range of three octaves; a special arrangement of "Cavalleria Rusticana" reaching the counter G on the fourth octave, and an American Hall one octave higher than it was composed.

The Sayton Trio, European contortionists, will also appear. The two men of the trio enter in a tropical scene made up as alligators. The third member is a very pretty girl, who personates the alligator hunter, and sings and dances well.

Reba and Inez Kaufman, whose clever capers in song and dance caused them to be the big American hit at the Folies Bergère, Paris, a year ago are included in the coming novelties. They are pretty and petite girls who sing sweetly and dance gracefully, and are artists in pantomime.

Next week will be the last of the Six Kirk-Smith Sisters, the Paulham Team, Miss Ray Cox, and Theodore Roberts and his company in the Western idyl, "The Sheriff of Shasta."

At the Pantages Theatre.

Large and well pleased audiences are in evidence at the Pantages Theatre these afternoons and evenings, the current bill being unusually good, including, as it does, Van's Scotch Minstrel Maids, with that very funny black-face comedian, Lew Pistol; Klein, Ott, and Nicholson, in their amusing musical act; Elsie Murphy, the coon song shouter; Ralph Connors, the original ventriloquist, and other high-class entertainers.

Next Sunday another bill full of novelties will be presented, the headline act being an elaborate production of the musical extravaganza taken from the immortal fairy tale, "Cinderella," with beautiful scenery, brilliant costumes, and novel mechanical and light effects. Edward E. Rice, known here since the

days of "Evangeline" and Henry E. Dixey, is the producer, and as his name is a guaranty in itself, "Cinderella" will undoubtedly be well worth while. Its four scenes show the enchanted forest, the baron's kitchen, the road to the hall, and the ballroom at the palace, and the musical interruptions will be many and catchy. Fields and Mathews will offer a novel comedy constructed for laughing purposes only, entitled "Lucy," in which they give a laughable hurlesque of "Virginius," and Mlle. Nadje, famed as "the perfect woman," will give an exhibition of physical culture. H. R. Fiscary promises an astonishing assortment of coin and top-hat manipulations, and Louise Gerald and her company will present a spectacular musical act, during the course of which they play upon thirty mandolins. Walton and Brandt have a distinct novelty in their skit, "Just Fans," in which basehall is satirized to the minute, and the Robison Brothers and Wilson, "those singing boys," will be heard in the latest popular songs. Sunlight pictures, showing novelties, will complete an entertaining vaudeville programme.

Henrietta Crosman Coming.

One of the notable attractions soon to arrive will be Henrietta Crosman in her latest New York comedy success, "The Real Thing," which has recently closed a very successful season at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Miss Crosman plays a widow, and the critics have been unanimous in saying it is the best comedy rôle she has essayed in years. She will be supported by the same excellent company that surrounded her during the New York engagement.

Miss Crosman comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, June 3, to fill a two weeks' engagement. During Miss Crosman's run in San Francisco matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The advance sale of seats for the first week will begin on Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

Barney Bernard has been specially engaged to accompany the production of "Louisiana Lou" to this city, opening here on the Fourth of July at the Columbia Theatre. Sophie Tucker, the famous coon-shouter, is one of the leading members of the company.

E. M. Holland, the famous actor, is now appearing in support of James K. Hackett in the much-praised play, "The Grain of Dust." Frazer Coulter, another well-known actor, is also a member of the company, which is to be seen here early in the autumn.

Helen Ware, in her play, "The Price," will be seen at the Columbia Theatre early next month. It will be the first appearance of this star, who has won for herself a splendid recognition as an actress in emotional rôles. "The Price" is from the pen of George Broadhurst.

The Wednesday matinees at the Columbia Theatre during the engagement of "The Spring Maid" are being given at special prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50.

Florence Roberts will appear at the Orpheum June 9 in "The Miracle," a fantasy in one act written for her by James H. Morton.

The celebrated Mountain Ash Male Choir of Wales, Great Britain, will be heard at the Orpheum June 16.

De Wolf Hopper has been scored unmercifully by the New York critics for his low-comedy interpolations in the rôle of Reginald Bunthorne in the revival of "Patience" in New York. Mr. Hopper is one of the comedians who think their personality is the alluring quality in their stage work. Undoubtedly it is, but it is not so alluring as they believe. The author of "Patience," it is generally considered, was quite the equal of Mr. Hopper in wit and humor.

Edith Bradford, well remembered here as a member of the old Princess Theatre comic opera company, who later made a success in the original production of "The Chocolate Soldier" in New York, is now prima donna with the Aborn English Grand Opera Company at the Broadway Theatre in the metropolis. The company sings "Hänsel and Gretel," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Tales of Hoffman," and other favorite operas of the lighter sort.

In Montenegro until quite recently no theatre of any kind existed. One was opened last year at the time of the coronation of Prince Nicholas. The dramatic literature of the country does not appear to be very rich, for up to the present only one play, "The Empress of the Balkans," has been staged at Cetinje. And this certainly would not be vetoed by the censor, if such an official existed, for the author is Prince Nicholas himself.

Your Physician

that a glass of Italian-Swiss with your meals will aid diges-

Property in Ideas.

It is not often that an author is sued for stealing his own ideas, as has just happened to a veteran American playwright (remarks the Springfield Republican). Some twenty-three years ago he sold to an actress four plays for the modest sum of \$500 for the lot, and now he is charged with having used in a new play ideas contained in one of these four early works. Without prejudice to the case it may be said that few authors are sufficiently original and versatile to write for a lifetime without repeating themselves. It is, for that matter, quite a modern notion that they ought to use their own ideas and not the ideas of others. Just when the conception of originality as a duty first appeared in the world it would not be easy to say—perhaps some budding Ph. D. is investigating it now. From the modern point of view it is natural to regard the change as simply a tardy evolution of moral sensibility, but the case is not quite so simple as that. The easiest way to understand the old attitude is to take a sheaf of photographs of pictures by the old masters, and see how one after another would take the same theme and the same ideas and by treating them in his own way make a new picture stamped with his own individuality. "Ut pictura, poesis"; like the painter, the poet took his own where he found it.

How many wits can use one idea may be seen, for example, in "The Comedy of Errors." Shakespeare took it from Plautus, Plautus took it from a lost Greek comedy. Before Shakespeare the Florentine Firenzuolo had turned it into "Lucidi," a much more literal version, though the scene is shifted to Bologna, and local flavor is given by the Tuscan idiom. In the eighteenth century Goldoni took his turn and sent the twins to Venice. At least half a dozen others re-wrote the old comedy, sometimes translating, sometimes giving the plot a new twist as Shakespeare did when he contributed the second Dromio, a complication which is not necessarily an improvement. None of them felt any obligation either to invent an original plot or to acknowledge indebtedness. Plautus refers to the Greek original in his prologue, if that is genuine, but many of the prologues were added by other hands. Firenzuolo casually mentions Plautus in an epilogue, but only to explain that he has made his heroes act in more gentlemanly fashion than the twins of the Latin comedy, and indeed that reform was needed. Shakespeare was as far as his predecessors and successors from thinking that a play ought to be wholly an original invention, or that any credit was due for borrowings. This modern conception has been ethically a gain no doubt; whether it has been equally helpful to literary art is not so sure.

Gluck, the composer, was not of the sort of men of whom courtiers are made. One day he attended at the court at Vienna a concert at which the Emperor Joseph II and one of his archdukes sang a fragment from one of Gluck's compositions. Naturally enough, the imperial artists glanced at the composer to see how he was impressed by the honor they were doing him. They were shocked to observe that he was making a series of grimaces. The emperor stopped and inquired whether he and the archduke were not singing the bit according to Gluck's idea of how it should be done. "My idea!" exclaimed Gluck. "Why, sire, I am the poorest walker in the world, but I would vastly rather take a walk of six leagues than be forced to hear a composition of my own interpreted in such a way as that." Joseph II was brave enough to take no notice of the criticism, but the court was quite convinced that if such a reproach had been addressed to the Czar Nicholas the composer would have prosecuted his musical studies from that time forth under the unfavorable surroundings of the Siberian mines.

The new tenor, named Cazenoge, formerly a poor shoemaker at St. Pee, in the Pyrenees, has signed a contract with the Paris Opera for three years. Two years ago he was discovered by Broussan, co-manager of the Opera with Messager, and it was at once arranged that he should take lessons to give his voice the finish necessary for grand opera. He will make his debut this season in Paris in "Sigurd."

For the proposed Verdi Centenary next year at Roncole, near Parma, his birthplace, it is proposed to give a series of performances of his chief operas and an exposition of the drama and music. Ettore Ximenes, a Roman sculptor, has been selected to make a bust or figure of Verdi which is to be dedicated and a concert hall is to be built as a Verdi memorial.

At the National Peace Jubilee Concert, held in Boston, June 17, 1869, the largest orchestra ever assembled in this country participated. It was composed of 1094 pieces. In this remarkable assembly there were 115 first violins and 100 second violins, in addition to the unusual number of other instruments. The concert was projected by P. S. Gilmore.

Puccini's New Opera.

Puccini, the composer, after the production in Paris of "The Girl of the Golden West" will make a tour of Andalusia in search of local color for the opera "Amina Allégria" by the Spanish poet Quinteros, the libretto of which has been adapted by Giuseppe Adami. In this opera Puccini will strike a new note, in which there will be no trace of the sombre action in his earlier works, such as in "La Tosca."

The action takes place in a chateau of the austere Marquise Mercedes, where the sunlight of laughter never penetrates until the arrival of her niece Lolita, a joyous soul, who attempts to infuse gaiety into the affairs. It is a hard struggle. The sour-faced inmates laugh at Lolita, but at a country excursion she becomes the life and soul of a wedding feast. The Marquise's son, Pedro, a doleful person, who is sent to search for her, becomes her first convert.

Finally the Marquise herself admits that joy and laughter are good things, and Lolita and Pedro become a happy couple. The curtain descends on general merrymaking.

Cyril Scott tells of a dinner he once attended at which Edwin Booth was the guest of honor. "By and by," says Mr. Scott, "Booth was called on for a speech. 'What shall I speak of?' he asked. You know he was a very quiet man and hated speechmaking. 'Oh just tell us about the stage; something about the theatre,' some one said. Booth laughed. 'If you want to know about the sea,' he said, 'ask a sailor. If you want to know about finance ask a banker. But if you want to know anything about the stage ask the barber or the hotel clerk—ask any one except an actor.'"

Pope's villa at Twickenham on the Thames has been sold to a New York man, but there is no intimation that he intended bringing it piecemeal to the United States. He would probably be prevented from doing so by the necessary but belated act which has passed through the House of Lords for the "preservation of ancient monuments." Otherwise the undertaking would not be impossible. An equally large house was moved from Marquette, Michigan, to Boston.

London is to have its first woman bootblack. A woman has just completed arrangements to set up a hoothlacking stand at one of the busiest corners in the West End. She believes herself to be the pioneer woman bootblack in England and declares that the men in the business need not fear her competition, since she intends to devote herself exclusively to polishing the footwear of women and children.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for tired, tender, smarting, moist, swollen feet. It relieves corns and bunions of all pain and prevents blisters and callous spots. Always use it to Break in New Shoes. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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Special Prices Wednesday Matinees, \$1.50 to 25c  
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Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:00 and 9:00. Sundays and Holidays, mats. at 1:30. Continuous. Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.



## VANITY FAIR.

One of the most persistent and amazing insincerities of the day is the periodic wail of surprise at the scarcity of domestic servants. At the present moment we have in front of us about a column and a half of small print from one of the New York daily newspapers. We are told therein that 100,000 domestic servants are needed in New York and that \$6 a week and board and lodging are waiting for them. And are likely to wait. And yet there are plenty of young women in New York. Upon our recent visit to the national metropolis we saw numbers of them, and real comely wenches some of them were. But they belong to the other learned professions, and not to that of domestic service. It would take the united efforts of Providence and a strong policeman to get one of those beauties into a kitchen for pay. The young woman who wants to be a servant is as rare in that crowd as a clam in the chowder, and some of them are quite affable, too. At least we found them so.

No, they prefer to be sweated in the factories where they get \$5 a week and no board or lodging. The newspaper above and before quoted says so in plain language, and then goes on to describe how surprised it is that it should be so, and that girls should prefer the factory to the good Christian homes offered to them, where the sixteen hours a day of continuous work is so amply compensated for by the privilege of attending family prayers and having their morals looked after. The article in question may have been written by a woman, in which case she probably spoke the truth when she said she was surprised. Women are like that. They are always surprised when they don't get their own way. But if that article was written by a man he lied most impudently and is a caiff. The truth is not in him. He was not at all surprised, but then men always lie when they are writing about feminine interest. They have to, or be fired.

There is no man on earth who is surprised because girls prefer to work in a sweat shop rather than in a "home," that is to say, no man who has ever observed the average housewife at short range and with unobstructed vision. The difference between the factory and domestic service is not one of dollars or of board and lodging. It is the difference between being controlled by a man and by a woman. We may be unwilling to admit that we know what that means, but we do know all the same. There are occasions, rare occasions, when the truth ought to be told and when a departure from one's habitual mendacity is not only permissible but laudable. And there is not a man among us who would not rather die than enter the domestic service of our own wives, that is to say, to any greater extent than we have already done. And in the eyes of the average young woman there is no lower depth of humiliation than to enter the domestic service of one of her own sex. That is the chilly glacial truth about the matter. The girl who works for a man in a factory knows that she will be required to deliver a definite and specific amount of work for a definite and specific amount of money, and that her relations to her employer are absolutely confined to that precise contract. There is no such knowledge in the case of domestic service. The relationship between mistress and maid is elastic, and that is precisely where the trouble comes in. The woman has yet to be horn who can accept the domestic services of another woman as a matter of definite harter and without the haunting conviction that she is entitled to some control outside the terms of that harter. Therefore there is no reason to be surprised because thousands of girls prefer the sweat shop with all its misery to domestic service and a control, however benevolent, that never rests. Of all the different kinds of control the benevolent and the well-meaning are the most unbarable. When women are ready to huy the domestic service that they need in the same way that they buy cheese—across the scales—they will get all that they need. Until then those attractive, pallid-faced young women in New York will troop into the factory.

Some time ago we had occasion to comment in the light and airy way peculiar to us upon some of the extraordinary things to be found in the woman's column of the Sunday newspaper. Special attention was drawn to the amazing articles that women advise each other to make, things that could be of no conceivable value to any one and that are just useless enough to make women long to own them. Now our attention is drawn to another peculiarity of these cozy feminine chats that give such pure delight to their male readers. It is the lack of precision in their recipes. For example, no woman's page would be complete without some advice on the removal of stains from dresses. With confidence that we shall find what we want we turn over the pages of a New York Sunday newspaper, and sure enough there it is. "It stained her serge dress—of course," she does not say what with—but she will remove the marks. Will the editor

of the woman's page tell her how to do it? The editor will. The editor was created for just such purposes. Ammonia will probably do the trick, but great care must be taken that the ammonia is not too strong or it may spoil the fabric. Therefore "take some strong ammonia, put it in a bottle, add some water," and get to work. There you have it. There's definiteness and precision for you. Not a word as to the strength of the ammonia, how much of it is to be used, the size of the bottle, or the quantity of water to be added.

Some one once tried to explain why men can make better dresses for women than women themselves can make. The reason given was that no woman dressmaker recognizes any measurement less than a quarter of an inch, while men use the sixteenths of an inch. A glance at the woman's page of the Sunday supplement seems to confirm this theory.

The news that a man has been run over by a bicycle seems quite archaic. And yet a few years ago the perilous speed of the deadly bicycle was one of the topics of the day, but that was before the era of the automobile. Legislatures were asked to pass laws to curb the fiery ambitions of the cyclist and we were gravely warned that unless the speed mania was checked the simple pedestrian would become extinguished. But now the bicycle seems to be about as dangerous as a baby carriage, and by the time the airship has had leisure to make itself at home we shall be looking back regretfully to the days of the simple life when thirty miles an hour in an automobile was considered good enough for any one.

It is a curious fact, but poets seem to have an unusually good time in Australia. Even the newspapers have adopted the habit of reserving a portion of their space for the amateur verse writer, and people actually read the stuff and prefer it to the real prose. Just now a young hush-dweller named Gibson is very much on fire with the muse, and it is as well for him that he lives beyond the pale of civilization or a deputation of militants might drop round and break his windows with their little hammers. And it would serve him right. A man who would write such poisonous sentiments as these about suffragettes would be capable of procrastination or Sabbath-breaking:

She's as wily as a weasel,  
She's as vicious as a stoat,  
And she's madder than a monkey  
'Cos she hasn't got 'a vote;  
She's as limber as a leopard,  
She's as vain as a coquette,  
And she loves a lively shindy,  
Does the saucy suffragette.

Though she isn't in our set,  
We would like one for a pet,  
But we fear our lawful missus  
Might say things one would regret.

But Mr. Gibson has a tender side to him. He is not wholly bad. Few men are. He partially redeems himself by his touching appeal to the old country for girls, more girls, always more girls:

Girls to iron, and girls to cook,  
Who haven't got time to cry,  
Who'll give us a sympathetic look  
If we can't digest their pie.  
So don't be sending us useless things,  
As change for our gold or pearls,  
But send a ton of wedding rings,  
And a hundred ton of girls.

It seems an outrage that a young woman should be fined for understating her age, but this crime has actually been committed in Switzerland. It is true that she changed the figures on a marriage certificate, but this only shows that she had the courage of her convictions. Now it seems that in Switzerland even women are forbidden to tamper with official documents, and so the lady was prosecuted in due form and fined \$6 by a judge who ought to have been recalled upon the spot. The lady's defense was a good one. The certificate stated that her age was twenty-nine, whereas she felt only twenty-six, and as we all know that a woman is no older than she feels the certificate was clearly a false and a lying one, and so she changed the figures in defense of public morals. Nothing could be clearer, more convincing, or more logical, but the judge—a mere man—refused to look at it in that way.

It is evident that the directors of the French civil service are men with a profound knowledge of human nature and well qualified to select those who will serve the nation with a maximum of devotion. An inquiring visitor at the head office has just been informed that the government prefers to employ only married men. Was this rule intended to encourage the nearly lost art of matrimony? Was it designed to combat the insidious enemy of race suicide? Not at all. It was due simply to common sense and to observation. Bachelors, explained the bureau chief, were always watching the hands of the clock in order that they might hurry away to the café at the earliest possible moment, or to the dance halls where an hour might be spent in the company of their favored ones. But with the married men, how different. They were in no hurry

to leave their desks. The great world beyond the office walls had no charms for them, and as for going home, anything was preferable to that. Moreover, the married man had acquired habits of obedience, a certain instinct of discipline, that the bachelor knew nothing of. He was accustomed to obey quickly, and with a certain meek docility admirable in a public servant and redounding to the advantage of the state. Which proves what a superior people the French are and how they have learned to profit even from ignominy and humiliation.

Burne-Jones, says the London *Daily Chronicle*, held original ideas as to the administration of justice. After a visit to the Parnell Commission, he wrote: "Legal testimony doesn't affect me at all. I want people tried for their faces, so I spent the time in court settling things all my own way. I tried the judges first, and acquitted one, so that he sits in court without a blemish on his character, and one I admitted to mercy, and of the other I postponed the trial for further

evidence. Then I tried the counsel on both sides, and one of them, I am sorry to say, will have to be hanged for his face."

Plain sturgeon roe from Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin becomes "Russian caviar" by the time it has reached its destination and is gracing a platter in a New York, London, or Paris restaurant. The deception is an innocent one, since the roe of the Mississippi sturgeon has been found to be quite equal in delicacy of flavor to that obtained from the sturgeon of the Don and Dnieper of Russia. The Mississippi product being new on the market, however, sells better under the old, familiar name. For many years Russian fishermen have made millions of dollars annually gathering and preparing caviar. The sturgeon lives in the northern stretches of the Mississippi in enormous numbers, but it was not until two years ago that fishermen, seizing the cue of their Northern Russia brethren, took up roe gathering as a side line. It is immensely profitable.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man who was much in need of sleep rolled out of bed during the night. The jar did not awake him thoroughly, and his hand wandered in exploration. It encountered the mesh of some protruding springs and a sturdy, iron corner post. "In jail at last," he murmured as he passed away.

On a recent trip to California Bert Walker says the Pullman porter acted as though he wanted something from the passengers. "What do you want?" Bert asked him. "Oh, anything you see fit to give, boss," replied the porter. "All right," said Bert. "Boys, let's give the porter three cheers." And they did.

Cardinal Gibbons was discussing Gilmore and his band. "Gilmore," continued the cardinal, "was famous for his playing of Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass.' On one occasion he played it in a North Carolina town, and next day the local paper announced that he 'rendered with great effect Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts.'"

In Checotah, Oklahoma, at the State Orphans' Home, there was a little chap whose wit was ahead of his memory. His teacher, a spinster of uncertain age, was having a time teaching him the Presidents in rotation. Finally, after repeated failures, she became disgusted at his density. "Johnny, Johnny," she admonished, "why, when I was your age I could say the Presidents' names forwards and backwards, and begin in the middle and go either way." She was much taken aback by the reply: "Yes, but when you were my age there wasn't so many Presidents."

'Twas in the good old days, when the "cat" was used freely. Scene—Quarter deck of H. M. S. *Hardship*. Pat Murphy and Jock McLean had been breaking leave and had been ordered to receive ten strokes each of the "cat." When the time came for their punishment, the captain, considering their previous good character, said that if they wished to wear anything to protect their backs a little they could do so. The Scotchman replied that he would like to have a strip of canvas on his back. The request was granted, and then Pat, on being asked what he would like, exclaimed, "Shure, sir, if it is all the same to you, I would like to have the Scotchman on my back."

Senator Bailey of Texas was so fiercely attacked by some of his opponents the last time he was a candidate for reelection that one editor indulged in a circumstantial forecast of what would happen to him in the county convention next day. "He was so specific about my finish that he reminded me of a story," said the senator. "A foremost citizen in a small town had an attack of appendicitis. The editor heard the report and hurriedly made an item on it, which he printed in this wise: 'Our esteemed fellow-citizen, James L. Brown, will go to the hospital tomorrow to be operated upon for the removal of his appendix by Dr. Jones. He will leave a wife and two children.'"

Midnight, and in the smoking-room of the club sat a young man huddled in a chair. A friend entered. "Hallo, Smith," he asked cheerily, "not going home yet?" "No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't." "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter? It's the end of everything! It means ruin, grief, and spoiled life!" The friend looked frightened. "Here, Smith, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you." Smith clenched his fists till the knuckles showed white. "No one can help me," he cried in agony; "I have come to the end of all things! At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife, and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said!"

Herman Perlet, the musical director and composer, was recruiting a philharmonic orchestra and had enlisted the services of an Italian acquaintance. Among the instrumentalists he procured was a very old man with an antiquated flute from which he was able to get a wheezy tone now and then. "Take him away!" ordered Perlet after the first rehearsal. "He can't play the flute." "What! That man can't play da flute!" gasped the sponsor. "Not in this orchestra. Take him

away!" "Maledetta!" He rolled his eyes heavenward. "Thata man can't playa da flute!" And he beat his breast in indignation. "Why, thata man he fighta with Garibaldi!"

A New Yorker had occasion to phone from one suburb to another while visiting in a Western city. Upon asking what the charge was, he was told 50 cents. "Fifty cents! For that distance? Great Scott! In New York you can call Hell up for 50 cents." "Possibly," coolly answered the operator. "It's in the city limits."

General Horace Porter was giving an illustration of every-day diplomacy after having compared it with world diplomacy. "We will say, for instance," he observed, "that our every-day wisecrack is introduced to a man from Iowa. He talks corn with him. He meets a man from Boston and talks beans. Should he happen to be thrown in the combined company of a man from Iowa and of a man from Boston he would discuss succotash."

General Nelson A. Miles became reminiscent at a dinner one evening. "There is a lot of humor, real humor, to be found on battle fields," he said. "I remember the case of a retreat which was really a rout. In this retreat the commanding general, as he galloped along like the wind, turned to an aid, who was urging his horse to the limit, and asked: 'Who are our rear guard?' The aid, without the slightest hesitation, replied: 'Those who have the worst horses, sir.'"


A New York broker was praising, apropos of his probable return to Wall Street, Charles W. Morse's ability as a money raiser. "They tell a story about Morse," he chuckled. "Morse went to a millionaire one day and said: 'Lend me three million. I must have three million for that new deal of mine.' 'Sorry, Morse,' said the millionaire, 'but I've only got two million in ready money today.' 'Is that all?' said Morse. 'Well, hand it over then—you can owe me the other million.'"

Rev. Clarence S. Coles, the ecclesiastical historian of Wheeling, said at a recent session of the Wheeling Historical Society: "There is a lot of talk about an American Pope. But those who expect ever to see a Pope here in America are as ignorant of papal affairs as Sincos. Sincos was presented to Pope Pius in Rome last year. As he bowed low before the venerable dignitary Sincos murmured: 'I am proud to meet your reverence. I knew your father, the late Pope.'"

While president of the Lake Shore Railroad, the late John Newell was so opposed to granting passes that he frequently refused to issue them to railway officials, and when he did he limited such transportation to certain trains. On one occasion he prepared a parcel of exchange passes and sent them out as usual. Across the end of the one he forwarded to President Caldwell was printed in red ink the words, "Not good on limited or fast trains." Without exasperating delay, President Caldwell's annual pass for the Nickel Plate to President Newell arrived. Across the face, in the bold handwriting of President Caldwell, were the words, in red ink, "Not good on passenger trains."

Snipper Smith, an old-time darkey in Winfield, Kansas, operated a laundry in a basement, in the rear of which the young negroes would gather and play poker or shoot craps. Snipper won a counterfeit \$10 bill one night, and not knowing the difference bought a suit of clothes with it. The bill went to the bank, was returned, and Snipper had to make good, as he had already worn the clothes. Some time after that he won a good \$5 bill, issued by a Salina national bank. The young negro said: "Oh, well, I don't care. It's counterfeit." Snipper looked at the bill and handing it back, said: "Say, nigger, you take dat money. Ah don't want nothing to do with counterfeit money. Ah used to live in Salina, and I happens to know thar aint no mint thar."

"There will be no marriage nor giving in marriage in Heaven," said Mrs. Henpeck. Mr. Henpeck drew a long, deep, sad sigh. "Why do you look so sad about it, Henry?" she asked. "We haven't any such assurance about conditions in the other place."—Pittsburgh Post.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Nora McNeil of this city to Mr. Walter Brinkman of England has recently been announced in London. Miss McNeil is a sister of Mrs. Edward Pond, with whom she has been traveling in Europe for the past two years. The wedding will take place in London in June.

The wedding of Miss Thelma Parker and Mr. Henry Gaillard Smart of Honolulu will take place July 26 at the Parker plantation, Waimea, in the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Parker is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick Knight of this city and a granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Parker of Honolulu. Mr. Smart is the son of the Rev. Mr. Smart of Boynton, Virginia.

The wedding of Miss Lois Holland of Oakland and Mr. Herbert Erskine of Berkeley took place last Wednesday evening at the home in Oakland of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Holland. Mr. Erskine is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Erskine and a brother of Mr. Melville Erskine, whose engagement to Miss Mildred Wood of San Rafael has recently been announced.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor de Fremery and Mr. Giulio Minetti will take place June 8 at the De Fremery home in Oakland. Miss de Fremery is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. B. de Fremery and a sister of the Misses Sue and Virginia de Fremery and Mr. William de Fremery.

Mr. Frederick S. Sharon was host at a dinner at the Pacific Union Club, complimentary to Mr. Thomas Fermer-Hesketh of London.

Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a tea Tuesday at her home on California Street in honor of Mrs. Fermer-Hesketh, who was again the complimented guest at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. James Otis.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin gave a tea yesterday in honor of Mrs. Fermer-Hesketh.

Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett entertained fifty young people at an informal dance in honor of Miss Lucy Hanchett.

Mrs. Vincent Whitney was hostess at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street last Friday, when she entertained a large number of friends. The affair was in honor of the Swedish artist, Bror Kronstrand, who is visiting this city.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. E. Bartlett Taylor of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Taylor was the complimented guest at a luncheon given at the Francisca Club by Mrs. Florence Cornwall Moore.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe was hostess at a tea Saturday at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Philip Young of Boston, who was formerly Miss Margaret Bender of this city.

Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Robert Alfred Theobald.

Miss Ruth Brooks gave a tea Friday at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Harold Casey entertained at a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Elizabeth Stetson.

Mrs. Bertram Yorke has issued invitations to a tea May 30 in honor of Miss Stetson.

Mrs. Scott Hendricks was hostess at a luncheon complimentary to Miss Suzanne Miller, who is visiting Miss Antoinette Keyston.

Viscountess Philippine de Tristan and Viscountess de Tristan entertained a week-end house party at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George Carr was hostess at a tea Thursday in honor of Mrs. Philip Young.

Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr., gave a bridge-tea Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Antoinette Keyston, who will be married June 6 to Mr. Otto Grau.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann entertained at a dinner complimentary to Miss Eleanor de Fremery and her fiancé, Mr. Giulio Minetti. Mrs. Harry Meek entertained fifty guests at an auction bridge-tea at her home, The Orchards, in San Leandro, in honor of Mrs. G. L. Doran of Los Angeles.

Miss Helen Carlisle gave a tea last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained at a dinner to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has been entertaining during the past week three hundred members of the Young Women's Christian Association at her home in Pleasanton. Tuesday Mrs. Hearst gave a barbecue luncheon to which she invited a large number of friends from town.

The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club gave a dance Saturday evening at the club house in Sausalito.

Mrs. Brooke was hostess yesterday at a bridge-tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Wright gave a violin recital Friday evening at the Unitarian Church in Alameda. They have recently returned from Vienna, where they have been studying under Sevcik. Mr. Wright is the son of Mr. and Mrs.

George T. Wright and the grandson of the late Judge Selden S. Wright.

Dr. E. C. Curtis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Curtis entertained a number of friends at a dinner Saturday evening at their home on Yerba Buena in honor of Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove.

Captain John Elliott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Elliott gave a dinner at Mare Island on board the *Maryland* in honor of their daughter, Miss Priscilla Elliott.

Naval Constructor Richard Duncan Gatewood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gatewood entertained fifty guests at Mare Island Sunday, when their infant son was christened Richard Duncan Gatewood. The ceremony, which took place in the chapel, was followed by a buffet luncheon at the Gatewood home.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins gave a dinner Wednesday evening preceding the dance at the Officers' Club in the Presidio.

Colonel John P. Wissner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wissner entertained at a dinner the same evening.

Major Roger Brooke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooke gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in the Presidio.

Mrs. George Laird, wife of Lieutenant Laird, U. S. N., was hostess Thursday at a tea at her home in Alameda, complimentary to Mrs. Robert Alfred Theobald, who is a visitor from the East.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott returned Monday to Burlingame after a few days' visit in Napa County with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin. Mrs. Scott will leave June 6 for England, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children left yesterday for their country home in Sonoma County.

Mr. Samuel Griggs Buckbee is recovering from his recent severe illness, which has confined him to his home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Martha Foster spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, who are in New York, will be accompanied on their homeward trip by Mrs. Sproule's mother, Mrs. Veronica Baird.

Mrs. Norman D. Rideout with her daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. William Ellery Briggs and Miss Phoebe Briggs, have gone to Europe for an indefinite stay.

Miss Reta Hunter of Alameda has recently been the guest of Mrs. J. Parker Whitney in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre have closed their house on Buchanan Street and are occupying their country home in Menlo.

Mrs. John McMullen will leave tomorrow for Europe, where she will join her daughter, Mrs. John Hays, and her grandchildren, Miss Eliza McMullen and Mr. John McMullen. Mr. John McMullen is rapidly recovering from his recent dangerous illness in Rome, and his mother, Mrs. Norris, is en route home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague are at present in Florence awaiting the arrival of their sons, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Montague, who will spend their summer vacations abroad.

Mr. Lucio Mintzer left this week for Paris, where he will join his sister, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, who has been spending the past six months at Miss White's school. Mr. Mintzer and his sister will return home immediately and with their brother, Mr. William Mintzer, Jr., will take a cottage in San Rafael for the season.

Miss Marguerite Barron has gone to the Yosemite with the Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, of Stockton, have been spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Bessie Ashton will return Monday from Pleasanton, where they have been spending the past week as the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

Miss Helen Carlisle has returned to England after having spent the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have closed their town house on Washington Street and are established for the summer in their new home in Woodside.

Miss Alice Owen is spending a few days with relatives in Visalia.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low have given up their apartments on California Street and have moved to Monterey for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels have arrived in Paris.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels has returned to town after a brief visit in New York.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, the Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis, are in town from Bakersfield.

Colonel John A. Darling, Mrs. Darling, and Miss Hastings, after a year in Torquay, England, are returning to their home in San Francisco this

summer, sailing by the *Cedric*, July 16, for Boston. They will make a short visit to Dr. Clinton H. Catherwood in Denver en route.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and her daughter, Miss Elena Robinson, are established for the summer in their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Symmes and their daughter, Miss Mabel Symmes, have gone to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop left last Wednesday for New York to spend a few days with their daughter, Miss Hermine Lathrop, who is attending an Eastern school and will spend the summer traveling in Europe with a chaperone and a party of young people from the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald and their little son will leave June 5 for Pleasanton to spend the summer with Mrs. Macdonald's parents, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. J. C. Cantwell, wife of Captain Cantwell, U. S. R. C. S., has arrived from her home in the East and will spend several weeks with relatives and friends. Mrs. Cantwell was formerly Miss Florence Godley, and is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Godley of this city.

Mrs. Henry Campbell has returned from the East and is established in her home in Sausalito. Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rideout, who have been abroad during the past year, will spend the summer as the guests of Mrs. Campbell.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick have returned to their home in Bakersfield after a visit in town with Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton, who left Monday for Hartford, Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge will leave within a few weeks for Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones arrived from Santa Barbara Wednesday and have gone to Portland for a few weeks' visit.

The Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan, with their aunt, Miss M. E. Williams, have been spending the past two weeks in the Yosemite Valley, where they will remain until June 1, when they will occupy a cottage at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilmarth Bartlett Taylor, recent visitors from Haverhill, Massachusetts, have returned East after a visit in this city.

Mr. John London Meares of Seattle is visiting relatives in town and in Palo Alto. Mr. Meares is a brother of Miss Mary Meares, whose engagement to Lieutenant William Kirk Scammell, U. S. N., has recently been announced.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown have returned from a few days' visit at Lake Tahoe, where their bungalow is in the course of construction. They will leave in July with their four children to spend the season on the lake.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt will return from New York at the end of next week. They have engaged apartments at the Tahoe Tavern for June 1.

Mr. Frederick Hope Beaver has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to return from the hospital to his home on Webster Street.

Miss Marie Brewer spent the week-end in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Helen Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney will spend the summer in Monterey, where they have rented a cottage.

Mrs. Emmet Rixford will spend the summer in Mountain View during the absence of her husband, Dr. Rixford, who will travel in Europe.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale has gone to Colorado Springs to visit Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown en route East, where she will spend the summer with her sisters, Mrs. George Pillsbury and Mrs. George Hood.

Mrs. Frank Findlay will arrive shortly from her home in Boston and will spend the month of June in Sausalito as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller.

Mrs. George H. Hellman and her daughter, Miss Mary Hellman, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright at their home in Brookdale.

Mrs. St. George Holden has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Pope.

Mrs. B. Chandler Howard is returning to her home in Yokohama, sailing on the *Siberia* Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Ballard have returned to their home in Seattle after a visit with Mrs. Ballard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch will spend the summer in San Anselmo, where he has rented a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have moved to San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. Helen Hecht left last week for a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, who went abroad several weeks ago, are at present in Paris.

Mr. J. Bryant-Grimwood and his sister, Miss Emma Grimwood, have returned from Santa Barbara.

Captain Guy H. Burrage, U. S. N., and Mrs. Burrage, who have been spending the past year in Sausalito, will reside indefinitely in the East. Captain Burrage, who has been commander of the *Albatross*, has been ordered to the Naval War College in Newport and will later go to the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

Lieutenant Henry A. Meyer, U. S. A., has gone to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, for duty. He will be succeeded by Lieutenant H. C. Tatum, U. S. A., who is ordered from Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

The Shelter Society Benefit.

What promises to be an important theatrical event will be the musical extravaganza and spectacular production of "In Fairyland," that is to be given at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon and night, June 2, for the benefit of The Shelter Society, in which over one hundred children will participate. The indications are that capacity houses will rule for both performances, as there is already a splendid demand in advance for tickets. There are many well-known professional children who will participate in the action of the play, who have practiced and rehearsed their parts until now they are letter perfect. "In Fairyland" has real merit, and the musical numbers are catchy and of wide variation. Pretty stage pictures, fine costumes,

effective lighting, graceful dancing, including solo ballet and toe dancing for girls ranging from a three-and-one-half-year old to young misses, singing of all of the up-to-date songs, and various terpsichorean and spectacular transformation features will contribute to the production, since special preparations are being made to this end.

Among the novelties will be an electric aeroplane, the flying fairy, a fairy ballet, and electric swings. Popular prices will prevail for both performances, and the sale of seats will begin on Monday morning, May 27, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store. The proceeds are to be devoted to the objects of The Shelter Society, which is to help destitute strangers by providing them with meals and lodgings, and to prevent them from temporarily begging and becoming a public charge until able to place their case before the board of relief and to get employment.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Chief of Police White will form a squad of patrolmen on motorcycles whose duty it will be to pursue and overtake automobile drivers who break the speed law.

On Saturday, May 18, Judge Dunne dismissed eighty-eight indictments held on the reserve calendar against Abraham Ruef, also indictments against Porter Ashe, Luther Brown, James Coffroth, Edward Graney, Eugene E. Schmitz, Theodore Halsey, and J. F. Dinan. The dismissal was ordered, according to the statement of the court, "on the ground that the evidence is insufficient to warrant conviction." This action ends all the so-called graft cases except ten indictments against Louis Glass and twenty-four indictments against former mayor Schmitz, now pending in the Superior Court.

Amandus Repsold, wine merchant and senior partner in the firm of A. Repsold & Co., died suddenly in the ferry building Sunday evening, falling from his seat in the waiting-room without warning.

Mrs. T. Ihmark of Alameda made an attempt Sunday to swim across the bay from Oakland, but failed, the ebb tide carrying her to Alcatraz Island.

The grand jury of 1911-12 made its final report on Wednesday and was discharged. Among its recommendations was one for increasing the salary of the chief of police to \$6000 a year.

Mr. Tiernan Brian Berry, known to a large number of sincere friends as "Brin" Berry, died suddenly Tuesday, May 21, of pneumonia, aged fifty-two. Mr. Berry was a genial, energetic, public-spirited citizen whose efforts were always at the command of movements for the good of the city, and his willing and unselfish labor for municipal housecleaning, for the symphony orchestra, and a hundred other San Francisco projects was wisely directed and effective. Mr. Berry is survived by three brothers, Washington, William F., and Thomas C. Berry.

The finance committee has reported to the board of supervisors the budget for the coming fiscal year, establishing the total tax rate for the city at \$2.10 per \$100, of which 5 per cent is for the state exposition bonds. The total rate is 5 per cent more than the rate of last year. A total assessment roll of \$500,000,000 is figured upon in making up the budget and the budget total is \$12,887,626. An increase of almost \$1,000,000 is recommended over the budget total of last year, which was \$11,938,750.

Final decision to build a new home for the exhibits of the California Academy of Sciences has been reached by the board of directors in favor of a site in Golden Gate Park near the music-stand. The decision came as the result of the adoption of a report of the building committee, which was averse to locating the building in the vicinity of the Civic Centre. One wing of the building will be constructed this year at a cost of about \$120,000. The entire structure, when completed, will cost about \$500,000. The academy has been steadily gathering exhibits since the fire in 1906, when the former building and its contents were a total loss.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows elected the following officers: Grand master, Charles L. Snyder; deputy grand master, Thomas H. Selva; grand warden, A. P. Johnson; grand secretary, H. D. Richardson; grand treasurer, James W. Harris; grand representatives, W. W. Phelps (two years) and George F. Hudson (one year); grand trustees, E. H. Black, John Glasson, and Joseph Foster; trustee Odd Fellows' Home, John Thompson (five years). By a decisive vote the Grand Lodge ordered the property at Thermolito sold and the inmates removed to the new home at Los Gatos as soon as that building is ready for occupancy. Los Angeles was selected as the place of the next session of the Grand Lodge in 1913.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick was re-elected president of the Pacific Aero Club, and the following other officers have been named: First vice-president, Guy T. Slaughter; second vice-president, J. C. Irvine; third vice-president, Cleve T. Shaffer; treasurer, J. B. Masten; secretary, Charles F. Craig; consulting engineer, A. Kneeling; directors, William J. Drew, B. C. Scott, J. A. Ettler, Weldon B. Cook, and Ovar Meyerhoffer.

Benefit of Ibsen-Grieg Memorial.

The Golden Gate Park Sons of Norway Monument Committee was organized to secure funds to erect monuments of Henrik Ibsen and Edvard Grieg in Golden Gate Park before 1915. Adolf M. Mosheim is president of the organization; Ulrik Ferem, recording secretary; A. Bjolstad, financial secretary; John Robertson, treasurer. The vice-presidents and honorary directors include Gerh. Pedersen, Edv. Hegvold, Gudm. Olsen, Consul Henry Lund, Jafet Lindeberg, Chaplain Magnus M. Londahl, and Magnus Kjeldsberg.

Its object is a laudable one, and it will enlist the aid of all lovers of literature in the community.

A literary and musical entertainment will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Saturday evening, June 1, at 8:15, as a benefit for the fund which the committee is endeavoring to accumulate, and the programme below is evidence that an event of interest and worth has been prepared. Professor Gayley's lecture will offer a comprehensive and sympathetic study of one of the most distinguished of dramatists, and the singers and instrumentalists will interpret the music of the great composer with understanding and in characteristic spirit.

PROGRAMME.

- Introduction.  
Chaplain Marinus M. Londahl.  
"Den store hvide flok" (The great white flock).....Edv. Grieg  
The Norwegian Singing Society.  
Baritone solo by L. A. Larsen.  
Lecture on Henrik Ibsen.  
Prof. C. M. Gayley of the University of California.  
(a) Saterjentens Sondag (The Mountain Girl's Sunday).....Ole Bull  
(b) Allegretto quasi andantino F. Op. 8.....Edv. Grieg  
Violin, Hother Wismer; Piano, Fred Maurer.  
From Moser's Pinceto (soprano solo).....Edv. Grieg  
Miss Ingeborg Resch Pettersen.  
Piano accompanist, Fred Maurer.  
(a) Sonata in C Minor, Op. 45 (for violin and piano).....Edv. Grieg  
(b) Allegretto molto ed. appassionata—Allegretto espressivo alla Romance—Allegro animato.....Edv. Grieg  
Messrs. Hother Wismer and Fred Maurer.  
(a) En Svane (A Swan).....Words by Ibsen, music by Grieg  
(b) Et haab (A Hope).....Words by Ibsen, music by Grieg  
Miss Ingeborg Resch Pettersen.  
Landkjending (Sighting Land).....Edv. Grieg  
Norwegian Singing Society.  
Baritone solo by L. A. Larsen.

Reserved seat tickets, \$1 and 75 cents, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store from Wednesday, May 29.

Passing of Martin's, formerly Delmonico's.

Yet another of New York's old landmarks is about to give way to a skyscraper (says *Town Topics* of New York). On Saturday night the Café Martin, at Twenty-Sixth Street and Broadway, which for twenty-one years after it was built here an international as well as a national fame under the name of Delmonico's, will close its doors. A twenty-five-story building will be raised on its site. Last Monday evening the friends of Jean B. Martin, proprietor of the café, gave a dinner in his honor and presented him with a silver dinner service. It is possible that Mr. Martin will open another café farther uptown, but he will be in no hurry to do so; it all depends upon whether a favorable site offers itself.

The passing away of the old building recalls a New York very different from the New York of today; when Delmonico's was the spot where the social heart of the city throbbed day and night; when fashion dwelt in North Madison Square and the Brunswick was the smartest hotel in the city. When the brothers Delmonico, Lorenzo, Ciro, and Charles, in 1876, moved from Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue to the building at Twenty-Sixth Street and Broadway, on the Montgomery estate, New York was practically an "overgrown village." My recollection of it is that it was much more charming than it is now; there was much less rush. Society was far more dignified and a great deal more exclusive. Many of the names one reads in connection with important social events today were not known then. Every one, of course, knew Commodore Vanderbilt by name, but society knew not the Vanderbilt family, and only opened its doors to them after Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, then Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, had pushed her way through by means of a fancy ball and the assistance of Lady Mande-ville.

It is rather amusing to read the contemporary accounts of the opening of old Delmonico's, the "rendezvous of gastronomes" as one reporter calls it. He appears to have been much struck by the "almost Saracenic splendor" of the café, which in the Delmonico days was never invaded by women. It was a severe looking room, though handsome enough, and was a great meeting place from 5 to 6:30 every evening for business men and the young men about town. The cuisine was considered to have no rival, and the most fashionable subscription dances, such as the Patriarchs, were held there. From the opening the place was a success and continued so until it closed in 1897 and moved up to Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fourth Street. Lorenzo and Ciro Delmonico died in 1881 and 1882 respectively, and in 1884 Charles wandered away while his mind was clouded and ten days later his body was found in the Orange Mountains, under snow and ice. Charles Crist, a nephew who had taken the name of Delmonico, then became proprietor and died a few years ago. For some time the building was unoccupied, but ten years ago Jean B. Martin, proprietor of the noted café in University Place, reopened it under the name of the Café Martin, remodeled the place and changed its old-fashioned policy.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Knicker*—So Jones has a great invention?  
*Bocker*—Yes; an umbrella handle that retains  
 the fingerprint.—*New York Sun*.

*Scotch Sergeant (drilling recruits)*—When  
 I say "Right tur-r-rn!" at last syllable o' the  
 word "tur-r-rn" you tur-r-rn.—*Punch*.

"I understand that his wife is of rather  
 diminutive stature?" "Diminutive? Say,  
 she's so short she can't wear a low-necked  
 gown."—*Houston Post*.

*Her Ladyship*—Isn't that my gardener's  
 daughter, Giles? *Giles*—Yes, yer ladyship;  
 quite a mistake, touching my 'at to 'er. Why,  
 she's as poor as I be.—*Punch*.

*Phrenologist*—Bless my soul, sir; your  
 bump of destructiveness is most abnormally  
 large. You must be a soldier. *Subject*—Oh,  
 dear no; I'm a chauffeur.—*Sketch*.

"Do you own your own home?" "Yes.  
 That is I now own the right to pay the taxes,  
 the repair bills, and the monthly installments  
 on the principal."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Teacher*—What is the stuff heroes are made  
 of, Tommie? *Tommie*—You'll have to excuse  
 me, teacher, but I'm not booming any particu-  
 lar breakfast food!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

*Mrs. Dashaway*—How long had you known  
 your husband before you were married?  
*Mrs. Gnaggs*—I didn't know him at all. I  
 only thought I did.—*Philadelphia Record*.

*Murphy*—So Casey has quit drinking. Did  
 he discover that the booze wasn't good for  
 him? *Maloney*—No. The bartenders dis-  
 covered that Casey wasn't good for the booze.  
 —*Puck*.

"My dear Mrs. Comeup, did your lunch  
 here suit you? Have you had *quantum*  
*sufficit*?" "Oh, you couldn't get anything like  
 that in this town. It's local option."—*Balti-  
 more American*.

"Why did you give your parrot away? The  
 poor bird meant nothing by its profanity."  
 "I could stand its profanity, but it was learn-  
 ing to imitate my neighbor's rusty lawn-  
 mower."—*Washington Herald*.

"So you want to be a congressman?"  
 "Might as well be as anybody." "Have you  
 any idea as to a congressman's duties?"  
 "Sure! To wrap up garden seeds and mail  
 them."—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

"Is your son any help to you in your  
 business?" "Help! I should say so! When  
 I returned from a trip West last week, he  
 had prepared everything for bankruptcy, and  
 we were \$78,000 to the good."—*Satire*.

"Do you have any trouble in keeping your  
 boys on the farm?" "No," replied Farmer  
 Cornstossel. "They're willin' to stay. The  
 only difficulty is that they all want to act  
 like summer boarders."—*Washington Star*.

*Father*—Glad we met you. Our boy Stan-  
 ley insists on marrying that chorus girl. I  
 shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell  
 him so. *Family Lawyer*—I know a better  
 plan than that. I'll tell the girl.—*London  
 Opinion*.

*Small Boy*—Please, I want the doctor to  
 come and see mother. *Servant*—Doctor's out.  
 Where do you come from? *Small Boy*—  
 What! Don't you know me? Why, we deal  
 with you. We had a baby from here only last  
 week!—*Tit-Bits*.

"Now that your son is through college,  
 what are you going to make of him?" "Can't  
 tell for a couple of years. He went to a co-ed  
 institution, and he's booked up for two years  
 solid to act as an usher at weddings."—*Louis-  
 ville Courier-Journal*.

*New Arrival*—Oi was towld this was a free  
 country. *Friend*—Well, isn't it? *New Ar-  
 rival*—Indade it is not. Oi had to shat at  
 Sandy Hook foive days an' then be fumy-  
 gated befor Oi cu'd get on tb' police foorce.  
 —*New York Weekly*.

"I saw that man gazing into your eyes,"  
 said Maud. "Yes," replied Mamie. "I felt  
 complimented until I learned that he is study-  
 ing to be an oculist. I had the same disap-  
 pointing experience with a young dentist who  
 was always anxious to make me smile."—  
*Washington Star*.

"I think," said young Trotter, "I'll draw  
 that money Uncle John left to me. I'm think-  
 ing of a trip abroad." "But," protested his  
 mother, "you were to save that for a rainy  
 day." "Well, I'm going to London. I'll be  
 sure to find a rainy day there."—*Catholic  
 Standard and Times*.

"I married a suffragette," said Mr. Chol-  
 mondey Ripplingate of Hyde Park, "and for  
 five years have found unspeakable happiness."  
 "I'm glad to hear it," said the suffragette  
 leader. "Yes," said Ripplingate, "Mrs. Rip-  
 pingate has been in jail four years and three  
 months altogether."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the con-  
 juror, pointing to his magic cabinet, "I beg  
 to call your attention to the great illusion  
 of the evening. I will ask any lady in the  
 audience to enter the cabinet. I will then  
 close the door; when I open it again the

lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."  
 In the second row of the audience a puny,  
 undersized man, with a haunted, harassed ex-  
 pression, turned, with a strange gleam of  
 hope in his dull, mild eyes, to an enormous  
 female who sat next to him. She had a  
 strong, stern face, with black beetling brows,  
 and a chin like the ram of a first-class battle-  
 ship. "Maria, dear," he said eagerly, "won't  
 you oblige the gentleman?"—*Ideas*.

### THE MERRY MUSE.

Jim Brown—Pessimist.

Jim Brown says, says he to me:  
 Life aint what it used to be,  
 Everybody's money mad,  
 Things are goin' to the had,  
 Politics is shameful now,  
 Preachers aint as good somehow  
 As they were when we was young,  
 Even gospel hymns aint sung  
 As they ought to be, says Jim—  
 Least that's how it seems to him.

Jim Brown says, says he, that men  
 All were honest back then;  
 Merchants all were kinder, too,  
 Trusted more than what they do;  
 Women didn't nag the way  
 Most of 'em take on today.  
 Children, he can recollect,  
 Paid their parents more respect,  
 Everything is worse, says he,  
 Than it was in 'eighty-three.

Jim hangs round th' corner store,  
 Hasn't worked for months an' more;  
 From the last job where he hired  
 Out to work he soon was fired.  
 Mrs. Jim, though, sews an' sews,  
 Just to keep her kids in clo'es;  
 It's 'bout all that she can do  
 T' huy shoes an' feed 'em, too;  
 Since Jim spends his time in fretting  
 'Bout how bad the world is getting.  
 —*Detroit Free Press*.

### Modern Maud.

Maud Muller, on a summer night,  
 Turned down the only parlor light.

The judge, beside her, whispered things  
 Of wedding bells and diamond rings.

He spoke his love in burning phrase,  
 And acted foolish forty ways.

When he had gone Maud gave a laugh  
 And then turned off the dictagraph.  
 —*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

### The World and the Egoist.

Sometimes a man of lofty pose  
 Adopts a wise, assertive tone,  
 Which nearly everybody knows  
 Fate never meant to be his own.  
 And yet the world, with face quite straight,  
 Insists on letting him orate.

He never lets a chance go by  
 To offer all his wisdom free;  
 And when he isn't saying "I"  
 He's generally saying "Me."  
 And yet the world says: "Bring him out,  
 It cheers me up to hear him shout."

"For jokes are scarce and laughs are few.  
 Of all the jests upon the list,  
 The best arise, 'twixt me and you,  
 From the unconscious humorist.  
 Thanks to this man I oft relieve  
 Dull care by laughing in my sleeve."  
 —*Washington Star*.

### The Tale of Nine Tailors.

Nine tailors worked with all their might,  
 And here their story we recite.  
 One made a very handy coat  
 Which could be turned to win a vote.

One made a mantle which he swore  
 Was just like that which Lincoln wore.  
 A uniform was made by one  
 To fit the build of Washington.

Another made a greatcoat warm  
 To hold Napoleon's fateful form.  
 One made a cape, a duplicate  
 Of his who said: "I am the State."

One made a mantle which he said  
 McKinley dropped when life was sped.  
 One made a tunic quite the same  
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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The War in Mexico.

There seems to be no doubt that General Huerta's federal troops have achieved a considerable success over the Mexican rebels under Orozco. The rebels are now withdrawing to the north, burning the bridges and destroying the roads as they go. Whether they will make another stand remains to be seen, but in the meantime it will be well to take the federal reports with a grain of salt. These stories never lose in the telling, especially with the Mexican Falstaffs, whose supply of men in buckram is inexhaustible. Zapata's force is still intact to the south, and we have also to remember that Huerta himself is likely to become a danger in proportion to his success. There is at least one inheritance that the Latin races have received unbroken from their ancient Roman progenitors. The victorious general is just a shade more dangerous to the state than the foe against whom he is sent. Zapata himself

was one of the most successful of the fighters against Diaz, but no sooner was Diaz overthrown than Zapata turned his arms with equal enthusiasm against Madero. General Huerta is still an unknown quantity, but if he wins a few more victories he will probably succumb to the usual intoxication of success and imagine that the victorious general can show himself to no greater advantage than as the head of the nation.

### New Jersey and the Election.

The precise figures of the New Jersey presidential primary are still uncertain at the moment of writing, but the substantial result is not open to doubt. The large majority of New Jersey's twenty-eight delegates will go to Mr. Roosevelt, and perhaps all of them. The most sanguine of Mr. Taft's supporters do not hope for more than four or five out of the total. It would be futile to minimize the importance of this accession of strength to the revolutionary column. It not only brings Mr. Roosevelt perilously near to the winning point at Chicago so far as numbers are concerned, but it will further inspire him and his followers to whatever irregular and violent policies they may have in mind. At least one of these is in full view in the shape of the attack upon Mr. Root as temporary chairman of the convention. This is a matter entirely in the hands of the national committee, as it has always been. But Mr. Roosevelt, in the full-flavored temper of the political boss, announces that he himself will usurp this selective function, and that no man distasteful to himself shall fill the position. As a spectacle of dictatorial arrogance we should have to search far in the annals of bossism to find a parallel to this. And we may see something still worse.

But if the import of the New Jersey primary should not be minimized neither should it be exaggerated, and it is as easy to fall into the one error as the other. Nothing is so remarkable as the disparity between the numbers of votes cast at these presidential primaries and those cast at the last national election. That there should be such a disparity speaks little for the enthusiasm that the new methods have evoked, an enthusiasm that is so slight as to call out hardly more than half of the potential strength of the parties. We do not yet know how many votes were cast in New Jersey on Tuesday, and so no comparison can be made for that state, but there are plenty of other primary contests that will serve the purpose. The presidential primary in Maryland, for example, called forth 48,246 Republican votes as against 116,531 cast at the national election. In Nebraska the figures were 57,000 for the primary and 126,997 for the previous election, and in Illinois the disparity was nearly as great, being 366,216 for the presidential primary and 629,929 for the election of 1908. Taking the Republican totals for ten states holding presidential primaries, we have 1,388,887 votes cast at the primaries, as against 2,305,505 at the national election. This means that only a little over half of the electors—perhaps less than half if we take into account the increase of population—found it worth their while to avail themselves of a presidential primary that was hailed as a new Magna Charta of popular rights.

Apart from the apathy toward a reform disclosed by these figures there is another significance that is just as obvious. It is apparent that there is a vast mass of electoral strength of whose tendencies we know nothing, that for every voter who went to the primaries there was another voter who stayed at home, and that the issue of the actual election lies with the voters who did not vote rather than with those who did vote.

The prevailing tendency among these citizens of undeclared opinions is a matter of conjecture, but not wholly so. We all know that the beating of big drums, the clamor of denunciation, and the atmosphere and terminology of the prize-ring have an extraordinarily eductive effect upon the unthinking, just as a complete census of small boys can always be taken at the

tail of a circus parade. It may not be very creditable to conservative opinion, but it remains a fact that the radical is more likely to be found at the primary polls than his opponent. How far what may be called the defensive elements of our social system refrained from the primary polls remains to be seen, but it is at least worth noting that these primary elections have left us still in the dark as to the opinions of nearly half, perhaps quite half, of the total number of voters who will cast their ballots in November.

### Labor Leaders and Liberty.

The attitude of the labor unions towards the Industrial Workers of the World may be described as one of smug and cowardly hypocrisy. Never venturing themselves to pursue a policy of violence except under protection of a political machine, a corrupted press, and a cowed public, they hasten to disavow any sympathy with a propaganda of anarchy that is just now under the retaliatory lash of public opinion, while "raising their voices on behalf of free speech." Free speech, forsooth! Since when have the labor unions been in favor of any kind of freedom except a freedom for themselves to commit organized illegalities and brutalities? Were they in favor of a freedom to work on a Geary Street road at a time when thousands of their own class were out of work and hungrily tramping the streets? Not only did they refuse to allow these men to work on the ground that they were not members of the union, but they refused to admit them to the union. They told them practically that they might starve to death before they should be allowed to sell their services to those who needed their services. So gross was the attitude of these champions of liberty that even Mr. Casey advised them to "go easy," and to mitigate a virtual sentence of death passed upon these poor fellows for their audacity in wishing to work. And these are the men who raise their impudent voices "in defense of free speech."

And while upon this topic there is a word in season that may be said with advantage. How comes it that the majority of the press of this state, and no inconsiderable portion of the public, is so hot in denunciation of the I. W. W. while content to fawn and grovel before the labor unions? Let it be granted that the I. W. W. deserves all that is said of it, that it is an anarchist organization, intent upon the defiance of the Constitution of the United States and the destruction of the government of the United States. These things are patently true, shamefully true, and they ought to be, and will be, suppressed. But is it any less true that the labor unions are actually and practically doing all those things that the I. W. W. is threatening to do? Is there anything in the I. W. W. programme more unconstitutional, more destructive of popular liberties and of free government, than the boycott enforced by dynamite, the rifle, and the bludgeon? If so we have yet to hear of it. If there is anything more treasonable than the whole aim and intent of unionism in its policy toward unorganized labor then it has yet to be shown. If orderly government has any worse enemy than the restriction of apprentices—to select one from a thousand such iniquities—it is not apparent. And yet the very newspapers that whistle up their ready writers to the denunciation of a few tatterdemalions of the I. W. W. have not one word to say when a whole city is terrorized and paralyzed by labor unionists whose only arguments are bullets, bludgeons, and dynamite. And yet it is hardly correct to assert that they have not a word to say. They have. When the whole nation is bewildered by the arrest of labor-union leaders charged with tracing a path of murderous crime from the Atlantic to the Pacific these same newspapers seize the opportunity to double their adulations and their fawnings before the organization that made these crimes possible. But when the labor unions themselves stand out as the champions of liberty then indeed the gorge rises.



The I. W. W. is the creation of the treason of the labor unions. We may as well face that fact first as last. But for the success of the unions in their defiance of the government and their affront to the constitution there would be no I. W. W. today. The community that tolerates the picket, the boycott, and the closed shop, that allows itself to be bullied into acquiescent silence of these abominations can hardly be surprised to find that avowed anarchy is anchored in its midst.

#### The Democratic Convention.

Such has been the turmoil and trampling of the Republican contest that the lesser rivalries of the Democratic party have hardly received the attention that they deserve. The Democratic convention at Baltimore meets one week after the Republican gathering at Chicago, and it is merely a truism to say that the Democratic choice will be influenced largely by the events that will then be history. None the less there are certain indications and tendencies already visible that justify some sort of tentative forecast.

So far as the presidential primaries have any significance—and their significance is far less than is commonly supposed—the tide of Democratic tendencies has set somewhat strongly in the direction of Champ Clark. His personality appeals to a certain order of mind over-apt to suppose that a bluff and homely exterior is the proof, instead of the merely casual accompaniment, of rugged honesty and sturdy capacity. Mr. Clark has always known how to adopt the pose of the ideal popular tribune, the man of the people, and the champion of the masses, and the pose has served him in good stead. Then again Mr. Clark has had the advantage, such as it is, of Mr. Hearst's advocacy. It would be a mistake to understate that advantage. Its strength comes from a pastmastership in all the arts of denunciation and special pleading directed toward the masses of illiteracy and social discontent.

But we may suppose that the Democratic convention will have a certain sense of immediate responsibility not shared by many an average voter. The convention will have a collective desire to win and some special insight into the means for winning. Its leaders will be aware that the primary vote for Mr. Clark represents only a small part of the Democratic electorate and probably that part that weighs least in character and intelligence. There is not a thoughtful voter in the country who does not know that Mr. Clark's success at the polls will mean that the power behind the throne will be Mr. Hearst. It might even mean—probably it would mean—that Mr. Hearst becomes Secretary of State. Democratic conventions are not famed for their political wisdom, but such an appalling spectre as this will certainly have its weight. Mr. Hearst's influence, so strong at the primaries, may have a diametrically opposite effect at the convention. And yet it is hard to believe that the convention will reject Mr. Clark in order to throw the glove either to Dr. Wilson or to Governor Harmon. The former is making a respectable showing, but he was desperately wounded earlier in the fight, while Governor Harmon is supposed to be too conservative to conciliate the hot heads. The present indications are distinctly unfavorable to both, and especially in view of the two-thirds rule. Mr. Underwood can hardly be considered as a possibility, and it is therefore quite upon the cards that the convention will seek some man who has not been exposed to sectional crossfires and whose standing and reputation might commend him to all shades of Democratic opinion. Such a man has indeed come very near the front within the last few days in the person of ex-Governor Douglas of Massachusetts. His standing in the party and his record as governor are alike irreproachable, and it would be by no means strange if the choice of the convention should fall upon a man who has provoked no animosities and whose dignity and reputation might go far to conciliate the rivalries that now exist.

But it would be absurd to dismiss Mr. Bryan from the list of Democratic possibilities. He is, indeed, already a possibility and he bids fair to become a probability. If Mr. Roosevelt should secure the nomination at Chicago there are plenty of Democrats who would recognize the finger of destiny beckoning Mr. Bryan into the lists to oppose him. And why not? To denounce Mr. Bryan as too radical to carry the Democratic banner against Mr. Roosevelt is absurd. In such an event it would be Mr. Bryan who would represent sanity and moderation in a struggle with revolution. And so Mr. Bryan's dignity, poise, and good temper are concerned, he would have all that there is of them. This,

at least, is certain. By keeping outside the lists Mr. Bryan has been able so to equalize the fortunes of his possible rivals as to advantage himself immeasurably if he should wish to become a candidate. While they have been upon the see-saw of public approbation his own figure has been growing larger and larger, and this in spite of the fact that under more normal conditions his advocacy of prohibition would prove to be his political death-warrant in the eyes of the Democratic electorate at large. It may easily do so yet.

Mr. Roosevelt's nomination would certainly be a great temptation to Mr. Bryan. He may assuredly argue, and with justification, that if the public want radical measures they would prefer the man who invented those measures to the man who merely filched or imitated them. The initiative, the referendum, the recall, the whole bag of political patent medicines now shaken in our ears like peas in a bladder, were not introduced to us by Mr. Roosevelt, nor are they his patents. They belong to Mr. Bryan if they can be said to belong to any one. And Mr. Bryan may well believe that the voters would prefer the originator to the imitator.

There is another point that would appeal to Mr. Bryan in the event of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. Large numbers of Republicans are heartily in favor of tariff revision and are therefore hoping for the nomination of Mr. Taft. They have nothing to hope from Mr. Roosevelt. In the event of a contest between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt the Republican tariff reformers would all be attracted to Mr. Bryan with the certainty that only from him could they get what they want. Mr. Roosevelt has always been a tariff stand-patter of the most pronounced type, and all hope of tariff revision would end with his election. It is evident therefore that to leave Mr. Bryan out of our calculations would be an error of the first magnitude. He is already a large figure in Democratic possibilities. He may easily grow to be the only figure in sight.

#### The New English Strike.

When the English coal strike was settled upon the basis of a compulsory wage minimum the country was assured that this was an exceptional expedient intended to meet exceptional circumstances. At the time the *Argonaut* ventured to suggest that a precedent was a precedent, and that if the coal miners were able to strangle the nation into compliance there was no reason why other trades should not play the same game. This suggested prediction has now been justified. The country is no less dependent upon its transportation workers than upon its coal miners, and the latter having proved that they can dominate the situation, the carmen, dock laborers, and railroad men have determined to try their hand and to follow suit. The stevedores' unions contain 245,000 men, and they have all struck. Non-unionists to the number of 200,000 more are expected to join them. The carmen and bargemen have also stopped work, and there are plenty of signs that the railroads all over the country will be tied up in the course of a few days. While the wage scales are the actual cause of the trouble it is rooted much lower down. Indeed it became inevitable as soon as the coal miners had proved that they had only to ask and have.

The minimum wage measure was not one of expediency, but of desperation. The country was practically in a state of war and the minimum wage was an act of capitulation and without the usual assurances that hostilities would cease after capitulation. It was all very well for the government to say that it was an emergency measure and did not create a precedent, but it takes two to make a bargain of this kind. It did create a precedent and the transportation strike is a result of that precedent. England is once more in a state of war, and if the strike spreads, as it is likely to do, her position will be very much the same as though a blockading fleet were outside her ports.

That is exactly the situation. It is a state of war. It is a state to which all great strikes are leading civilization. Underneath all specific demands for more money and for less work we can now detect this note of deliberated class battle. Less and less are we called upon to adjudicate or to arbitrate the rival claims of the factors in production. Less and less are these claims actually concerned with economics. More and more are they concerned with and based upon a very positive class hate.

The workers themselves do not, of course, realize the abyss toward which they are being driven nor the vast designs of their leaders, and this is peculiarly true in

England. Dock labor is the last hope of the hopeless, the last frail barrier against starvation. While these poor destitutes believe that they are battling for a few cents a day their leaders know better than that. They are using the laborers as a vast, dumb engine of assault upon society. They are hurling them as an incalculable projectile against the machinery of government in order to destroy it. They make no secret of their intention. It is the common intention of syndicalism all over the world, in England as well as in France, and in America as elsewhere.

The minimum wage was therefore, in very truth, a capitulation, and a direct invitation to further attack. It was a compulsory withdrawal from the fundamental basis of government. It was a confession of impotence against superior force. And its results we now see in the transportation strike, which is directed ostensibly against the wage schedule but actually against the fabric of government itself.

#### The Grand Jury Again.

The grand jury seems to be bent upon proving that it is one of those venerable institutions that have outlived their value and that are prolific only in that cheapest of all commodities, advice. Indeed there seems to be no reason why the country should be at the expense of maintaining an inquisitorial body that wraps itself in a sort of spurious secrecy, sometimes mistaken for dignity, and that produces nothing except trite aphorisms about public virtue. Every one is aware that the sun is shining, that the municipal clinic is a disgrace to the city, and that the Relief Home ought to be burned, if not including some of the officials connected with it. Every bootblack in the city is aware of these things, and it may be said that every bootblack seems to have just about as much authority in the matter as is exercised by the grand jury.

But it is particularly in relation to the McCarthy holdover officials that the grand jury shows its ineptitude. It will be remembered that the first report on the subject of these malefactors appeared in April. It was a singularly lame and impotent report. It was a bark without a bite, or the threat of a bite. It invited the mayor to discharge these officials and to take upon his own shoulders all the weight of the resulting legal actions, and to do this upon the strength of evidence carefully concealed from him. Perhaps it was necessary to conceal the evidence, but in that case the grand jury should itself have indicted these pirates instead of assigning the unsavory work to a mayor whose hands the grand jury had tied behind his back. The mayor very properly ignored this report. He did not propose to go hunting without ammunition or to expose himself to legal proceedings without the evidence essential to success.

And now the grand jury repeats this same futility. Now we have another report, once more urging the dismissal of the McCarthy holdovers and once more declining to state any reasons why they should be dismissed. And by way of giving an extra touch of operabouffe piety to the proceedings we are sentimentally informed that these officials have not amended their ways since the first blank charge was fired at them and that they are just as malign and incompetent as ever. Of course they have not amended their ways. No one ever heard of a penitent labor-union official. And why should they amend their ways, entrenched as they are behind the secrecy of a grand jury that will do nothing except advise, and the resulting impotence of a mayor who could do nothing even if he would?

In one respect, and that a limited one, the courts have come to the relief of a farcical situation. Judge Graham has ordered the secretary of the grand jury to turn over to the mayor all the evidence collected against Police Commissioners Spiro and O'Grady, who are charged with the illegal grant of a liquor license. Judge Graham also draws attention to the fact that the law relating to grand juries has been amended and that all evidence of this kind must be placed at the disposal of the legislature. But we may still wonder why the grand jury should ask the mayor to take a leap in the dark while themselves refusing to take a leap in the light.

As to the officials themselves, most of them, the whole community is now in agreement. They are just so much municipal garbage that ought to be dumped, incinerated, or otherwise disposed of. But it is far easier to create a nuisance than to abate it. The city elected Mr. McCarthy in the full knowledge that he would rake the kennels and the sewers with a fine-tooth comb in his search for officials after his own heart. Presumably the city wanted to have the Caspers



the Laumeisters, and the undesirables of the board of health. It wanted them, and it had them, and it still has them, and the tax levies represent some small part of the price to be paid. Now the city wishes to get rid of them, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will succeed in doing so by hook or by crook. But nothing need be expected from the grand jury except a few moral reflections that we can make for ourselves.

### The Federation of Women's Clubs.

The California Federation of Women's Clubs, lately in session at Paso Robles, adopted a programme of resolutions that for the most part are sensible enough to be received with approval. We all want international peace and are pleased enough to pass endless resolutions to that effect on the tacit understanding that it will not interfere with any of our ambitions or patriotisms. It is a good thing to prevent forest fires, to establish training schools for delinquent girls, and to change the name of Dead Man's Island to Esperanza Island. As for a state department of necrology we can hardly confess to a yearning for such an institution, but perhaps we might be nobler and better men for it. On the whole we are inclined to think that we have about enough state departments as it is, but if the federation has set its heart upon such an addition to our cares there are probably good reasons to be urged.

But the women's clubs slipped a little when they advocated a system of compulsory health certificates before marriage. Health, of course, is an admirable thing, and we should all like to be in a position to compel every one else to be sanitary and hygienic according to our own pet notions of sanitation and hygiene. No doubt we shall get there one day, and then the policeman at the corner will enforce a particular brand of breakfast food, send us home to change our underclothes, or threaten us with arrest for persistence in standing in a draught. But just for the moment these things are out of reach. Reforms must come slowly and we must creep before we can walk.

Are we sure that these anti-nuptial certificates of health would actually do the miracle expected of them? What standard of health shall we adopt, for health is not quite like the mercury in a thermometer and capable of precise record at any given moment? Medical opinions would vary widely as to the degree of health that would justify matrimony, some doctors holding that only the most robust vigor would justify the adventure, while others might contend that the very desire to embark was a proof of a disordered mind.

Then again, who is to issue the certificates? There are many thousands of doctors in California, and they range from the elderly and experienced practitioner to the callow youth who received his diploma half an hour ago. Are we to empower them all to stand with a drawn sword as angels at the gate of Eden? Or shall we give the needed authority only to the alienist?

The federation would do well to drop this plan. It has been tried before and it failed lamentably. It will always fail while there are neighboring states with broader views and a desire for marriage fees and the profits of the honeymoon. Moreover, it is always possible to buy any kind of medical certificate that may be needed for any purpose whatsoever, and perhaps it would be better to diminish rather than to enlarge the existing sources of graft and fraud.

### Trinity Church, New York.

The authorities of Trinity Church in New York seem bent upon setting their house in order, and to their credit they have already done so to a very great extent. A few years ago the public was hardly disposed to look upon Trinity Church as a religious organization at all. It appeared to be one of those vast aggregations of wealth, automatically increasing as vast aggregations of wealth do increase, and more interested in its ledgers and rent rolls than in those pursuits usually associated with Christianity. But Trinity Church has felt the spirit of the day and it has been wise enough to obey it. It is a spirit neither dangerous nor threatening if handled aright. It demands no more than to be informed, and its resentment is only against a certain aloof Brahmanism that is willing to be misunderstood, but not to be communicative. So long as Trinity Church was secretive it was naturally supposed that there was something there to hide. She has dispelled that idea by raising her blinds and opening her windows.

Trinity Church owns property that would produce about \$75,000,000 if put on the market, certainly a very large sum, but not too large when rightly used for the needs of the metropolis. That it is rightly used is

no longer a matter for speculation or doubt. Thanks to the wise policy of the rector of Trinity, Dr. Manning, we have now a complete balance sheet that may be open to criticism like most human affairs, but that is a complete proof of benevolent intention and competent management. The annual income of the church is about \$1,000,000, and this is produced from rents of real estate, pew rents, and donations. Educational and religious activities absorbed \$354,845 of this sum, and it may be said that there are 8610 members of the church and 7100 children in its Sunday-schools and day-schools. Donations to missions and the maintenance of cemeteries called for about \$150,000 more, while \$500,000 a year is devoted to the improvement of the church properties. If the last sum should seem to be excessive it is to be remembered that much of this property had degenerated into slums and the removal of these dark places had become as much a civic as a religious duty. Under lay ownership many of these slums would have been allowed to remain and no doubt the church revenues would have benefited. Now they are being swept steadily away, and business considerations are not allowed to interfere with a work that it would be a discredit to neglect. The same philanthropy is shown by the fact that the rents of Trinity houses have not been raised for twenty years in spite of a general increase in valuation, in taxation, and in all other expenses that would certainly have fallen upon the shoulders of the tenants had the property been in hands more mercenary than those of the authorities of Trinity.

This showing is highly satisfactory. It proves that there was no ground for the suspicion that Trinity Church sat huddled over its money bags, more attentive to the markets than to the human needs of its people. And yet the suspicion was a reasonable one. The holders of vast property to which the charity of the nation has been tributary for years are not a law unto themselves. They occupy a position of public trust, and it was Trinity's earlier mistake that she forgot this. The mistake has been remedied and a large volume of suspicion has been translated into one of applause. Publicity has been the open door to public confidence.

### A Letter from Philadelphia.

A friend of the *Argonaut* has received from a Quaker lady in Philadelphia, his kinswoman, a letter dealing so pungently and yet so quaintly with vital issues of the day as to be of very exceptional interest. The *Argonaut* has been granted permission to print this letter, and gives it herewith:

The sun has not shone for three months. There may take that in the Rooseveltian sense of being something that seems true to the speaker, for I really think that man has the faculty of believing things that he wants to believe. There was no more surprised at the results of the Pennsylvania election than we ourselves were surprised. Politicians sat around with their mouths gaping in astonishment. I am sure that it was not a controlled election. The last few elections in Pennsylvania have shown a growing rebellion against the overbearing organization; Philadelphia elected an independent mayor last fall and we would have had a fusion of Democrat and Keystone governor last time if the only available man had not either been bought or acquired "cold feet." The very night before the Democratic convention several similar stirs have shown discontent with the party methods pulling Pennsylvania out of the absolutely unshakably sure Republican ranks. The Democratic party is weak, but there is a very large clement of dissatisfied Republicans. Added to that we have a great industrial discontent with socialistic thought that calls for political experiments, and that is where Roosevelt found his strength. He has yelled that he is for the common people until they have come to believe him, and now that he has indorsed various experimental schemes he has caught their imaginations. He has a fashion of catching the drift of a strong sentiment and rushes in appearing to lead it when he really has caught on after it was a-going. His hold in Philadelphia was in the milling districts, Kensington and Tacony, etc., and when he referred to the Union League men as "silk stocking capitalists" the crowds went wild. Nothing is too trite for him to use, yet he can hand out a catching phrase. He shook his fist at the yelling crowd and screamed: "Vote the way you shout." It was new to us and caught on. Out through the state it was the same; he caught the laboring vote through his apparent antagonism to the money interests.

We are having another coal strike you know, and in many localities, manufacturing towns, the favor of the employer is fatal to a candidate. The men want anything that the employer does not want, and can only be tricked into voting his way. That they are usually tricked goes without saying. This time they have decided that Taft stands for a continuance of money power and Roosevelt for human rights. That is a delusion, I believe thee, but the very personality of the two men helps it out, and I believe that if Taft is nominated and the Democratic candidate is not an impossible person that Pennsylvania will go Democratic. It does not sound likely, but very many middle-class men, clerks, tradesmen, etc., have told me that they would cast their first Democratic vote rather than vote for Taft. If that is true around Philadelphia I know the same sentiment is stronger in the state and at least Pennsylvania will become doubtful.

There says that Roosevelt can not be elected and I do not think that Taft can. I wish you had a good big Western man to put up in place of either. La Follette will not do. He killed himself in Philadelphia in a most spectacular and pathetic fashion last winter and the East has not seriously

thought of him as a presidential possibility since. A guest at a big publishers' dinner, he was given (as a special concession) a half-hour on a programme of fifteen-minute speeches and, my dear cousin, he talked for nearly three hours, most of the time yelling insults at his hosts. He refused to stop, and the whole thing was unforgivable. That he was on the point of a nervous breakdown is true, but he came near bringing everybody at the dinner to the same place, and nervousness seems to me much like intoxication, it does not change a man's nature or beliefs, it merely makes him lose his grip on his draperies and appear in an unclothed state of nature. If La Follette believed that all publishers were "corrupt liars" he should have stayed away from their dinner, but to spend three hours (with other speakers from a distance on the programme) telling them their faults and just vindictively screaming and pounding the table is almost unbelievable, but that is what he did. He has done some big things, but a man who under any pressure of excitement can so far forget discretion is not tempered for the highest purposes. Haven't you some other big Westerner to run it?

I am personally sickened by the sad spectacle of Taft and Roosevelt chasing each other around here exchanging vituperations and shaking out a good deal of linen that seems to be in need of washing. They have been working for the negro vote in Maryland and it is very humiliating. I am sorry for Taft, but he is not a very imposing figure just now.

Whom are the Democrats going to nominate? Is there any strong Bryan sentiment out your way? I am sorry that woman suffrage is not living up to expectations and specifications, but I did so hope that you would not expect it to. I can not see why women should be expected to vote more altruistically than men or even to show much interest or judgment about things for a while. Women are asking for liberty a little more rapidly than the majority are ready for it, perhaps, but it is the right direction and we will learn. Help out, cousin, and look beyond the present results into the future. Thy suggestion that suffrage would tend to decrease the chivalry of men sounds reasonable, but happily everything seems to prove the other result. For example, the Turks and the Spaniards think that the liberty that has been given to Anglo-Saxon women in the last century to be absolutely destructive to social order, but would you expect a boatload of Turks or Spaniards to have behaved as those men behaved on the *Titanic*. It is only Anglo-Saxon women who can breed such men and it is only the women who can retain their self-respect that will bear the race that attains supremacy in the future. As growth has come to women they have asked for more and more liberty, and a nation has advanced in strength and in chivalry as it has been granted to them. At no previous period in history could that *Titanic* conduct have been duplicated. If thee will just take a thought of those countries where women live in the greatest dependence and seclusion and consider the real amount of belief and respect that the men of those countries feel for their women, thee will acknowledge that the women would not run the risk of losing much by coming out into the open. If thy suggestion were logical we should find in those countries the greatest amount of respect and chivalry, but it works the other way. Forgive this tirade, but I do get a little hot about it, although I seldom mention the thing in any way, and do not blow off steam at any but thyself. I would not hurry woman suffrage in Pennsylvania, and yet I will confess to thee that sometimes I am as deeply humiliated over my political impotence, so thee might be if, for any reason for which thee was not responsible, thee was disfranchised. Does that seem exaggerated? Well, it is not.

### The People's National Parks.

Robert Underwood Johnson, editor of the *Century Magazine*, is qualified by personal knowledge of California resources and conditions to write with understanding of the Hetch Hetchy complication, and his interest in the national inheritance impels utterance on the subject, with citations from the records. In the June number of the magazine, in the editorial department, appears the following article, undoubtedly from the pen of Mr. Johnson. It is political in the best sense, and entirely justified. It is reprinted in the *Argonaut*, not because its essential statements are therein presented for the first time, but because they come with additional weight from a disinterested and eminent authority:

On the tenth of June will terminate the twice-extended limit of time for the report of the commission of army engineers on the question whether there is any other available source of water for San Francisco besides the great Hetch-Hetchy Valley—a well-nigh superfluous inquiry, since the city's representatives have acknowledged before the Senate Committee on Public Lands that they could get an abundant supply of pure water anywhere along the Sierra, if they would pay for it! "Ay, there's the rub." The reason for the assault upon the integrity of the Yosemite National Park, set apart for the benefit of the whole country, lies in the desire of getting for nothing for a city corporation what would otherwise have to be paid for. Admit that these reservations are to be turned over, not even to the need, but to the convenience of municipalities, and they might as well never have been made.

Mr. Roosevelt, in the case of a similar and earlier assault upon the Yellowstone National Park by "Coke City boomers" in "the 'eighties," laid down the right doctrine, that the park was properly made to protect and preserve its national wonders for the people, free from commercialism. Alas! as we shall see, this admirable principle was not maintained in the affair of the Hetch-Hetchy when it came before him for official determination.

Strange and significant has been the history of the Yosemite National Park. The late Senator George Hearst once stated to the writer of these lines that he was in favor of reserving the whole top of the Sierra, saying that it had been exhaustively "prospected" for precious metals, and was worth more to the state as a source of irrigation and as scenery than for timber. A few weeks ago there died in St. Louis a former Secretary of the Interior, General John W. Noble, who, after the Yosemite Park had been established, almost took the senator at his word and, by authority of President Harrison, created the great Sierra Reserve, and thus became officially "the pioneer of conservation." A later secretary, Mr. Hitchcock, refused the first petition of the people for a water reservoir within the park, on the ground that he had no authority to divert a national park to local purposes, and the revival and encouragement of the park, strangely enough, was left to the administration of Roosevelt.



velt, though, as a whole, it did more, in extent, than any of its predecessors in saving the public forests for the people. On the fifteenth of November, 1906, an official of the government went out of his way to write this letter to an official of San Francisco, Mr. Marsden Manson:

MY DEAR MR. MANSON: I can not, of course, attempt to forecast the action of the new Secretary of the Interior [Mr. Garfield] on the San Francisco watershed question, but my advice to you is to assume that his attitude will be favorable, and to make the necessary preparations to set the case before him. I had supposed from an item in the paper that the city had definitely given up the Lake Eleanor plan and had purchased one of the other water systems. If the possibility of a supply from the Sierras is still open, you should, I think, by all means go ahead with the idea of getting it.

Very sincerely yours,  
GIFFORD PINCHOT, Forester.

We have no wish to enter upon the partisan or political aspects of conservation, but it is simple justice to Mr. Ballinger, Mr. Garfield's successor as Secretary of the Interior, to say that he did not yield an inch to the assaults upon the integrity of the Yosemite Park.

By a responsibility shared by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Garfield, his Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Pinchot, his chief forester, the grant of the Hetch-Hetchy was executed to the city, to be exercised after the resources of Lake Eleanor, situated at a corner of the National Park, should have been exhausted. Professing to accept this in good faith as satisfactory, the supervisors at once set on foot plans to acquire title to the valley, in part by purchase of private titles and in part by a bill permitting the exchange of well-nigh worthless land outside the valley for choice portions inside owned by the government. Had Congress permitted the latter course, the city authorities would then have been able to say with specious plausibility, "We own the valley: shall we not do what we wish with our own?" Meanwhile, gambling on their expectation of succeeding with Congress, and by the help of the local labor unions, who were deluded by the vision of future work on a great aqueduct, they succeeded in getting the city committed to an issue of bonds for the forwarding of the scheme. The expense of this unwarranted and speculative investment is now pleaded as a reason why President Taft should forestall the report of the army board and give his sanction to the whole original scheme, involving as it would the destruction of the Hetch-Hetchy as a wonderland and the exclusion of the public from half the magnificent Yosemite Park. The unfortunate management of the affair is further shown by the refusal of the supervisors, about four years ago, to purchase the more than ample resources of the Spring Valley Water Company (which now chiefly supplies the city) at a price which they then declared exorbitant, though it was much less than the price they have since urged the city to pay.

What is to be done? The people must lose no opportunity to defend what has been saved of their great natural treasures. Congress owes it to the country not only to provide adequate support for the care of the forest service, seriously threatened by a reduction of appropriations, but also to defend and develop the eleven national parks now established, and to create many more. Ten new ones have already been proposed. Our national legislators should not wait passively for pressure from outside, but should appoint competent men (such as the Forestry Commission of the National Academy of Sciences in Mr. Cleveland's administration) to examine and report, with a view to seeing not how little, but how much of our wonderful scenery can thus be made secure for the recreative needs of the centuries to come. These reserves and parks are assets of the nation. They and other similar tracts should be made inalienable for the use of the people before it becomes the interest of anybody to divert them to commercial purposes. Moreover, in the care of them a wiser policy is required than that which continually exposes to impairment the grandeur and beauty of Niagara. The problem calls for imagination and for constructive statesmanship. With such a cause at heart any intelligent, competent, and devoted public man in Congress could place his name among the stars.

In 1915 San Francisco is to be the scene of a great exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. For the success of this enterprise we have the heartiest good wishes. The preliminary steps taken on the aesthetic side betray a judicious choice of expert assistance, and the world has a right to expect results of extraordinary beauty and importance. But nothing else that California can show as an exhibit will be comparable to the glories of the Yosemite Park. Instead of lending support to a mad and wanton scheme of vandalism toward the Hetch-Hetchy, the city should be doing what it can to obtain from Congress appropriations to make it accessible to the multitude of travelers who three years hence are sure to visit the most wonderful state in the Union. To do otherwise were as though a queen should trample her own crown in the mire.

Some curious nicknames are found in the Dutch records of New York in 1644, evidently due to the fact that certain persons either had no family name, or that it had been forgotten. In one instance there is recorded John Pietersen, alias Friend John. In the Newtown purchase from the Indians, dated in 1656, one of the boundaries is "by a Dutchman's land called the Hans the Boore," and in the Bushwick patent, dated October 12, 1667, one of the boundaries is "John the Swede's meadow." In 1695, in the Kings County records, a man is named living at Govanus as "Tunis the Fisher." The common council of New York, in 1691, ordered fish to be brought into the dock "over against the city hall, or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in," and the same year an order was passed "that Top-Knot Betty and her children be provided for as objects of charity."

Occasionally 500 pounds of cork bark are taken from a single tree in Spain. "Cork wood" is first harvested when the tree has a circumference of about sixteen inches, and thereafter regularly every nine or ten years throughout the life of the tree. The best bark, commonly speaking, is produced when the cork tree is one hundred years old. Instead of injuring the tree, stripping the bark seems to add impetus to the growth of a new coat.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

M. Paderewski is too sensitive. Possibly this is due to the artistic temperament, which is usually considered to be a sufficient explanation of all sorts of vagaries from a bad temper to the simultaneous ownership of three wives or their equivalents. And so the great pianist has returned in a huff from South Africa because some of the people there were inappreciative of his genius. While he was playing the piano "very softly" on a coasting steamer at Port Elizabeth he was told to "stop that noise" by a man whose name he refrains from handing down to the execration of posterity. And another man who had prematurely emerged from the gorilla kingdom wrote a letter to the Pretoria News asking why it should cost a guinea to hear M. Paderewski while another great musical genius who played seventeen instruments instead of only one had charged but two shillings. And no one made any particular fuss about the seventeen-instrument man, although he played many of these instruments simultaneously, feet, hands, etc., all going at the same time, which was really clever. So M. Paderewski feels that he has been slighted. He throws the dust of South Africa from his feet and the natives may rise just as soon as they please for all he cares.

Who wrote the finest love poetry in the world? Mr. Cherterton gives the palm to Browning, and when we remember "A Woman's Last Word" we are inclined to agree with him:

Be a god and hold me  
With a charm!  
Be a man and fold me  
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!  
As I ought  
I will speak thy speech, Love,  
Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,  
Both demands.  
Laying flesh and spirit  
In thy hands.

Those who want further evidence may remind themselves of "Love Among the Ruins" and "Any Wife to Any Husband."

Correspondents in Italy are giving a dreary account of the destitution caused by the war. The southern provinces are filled with starving people, the general strike has been declared at Cerignola, and mass-meetings are being convened in northern Italy. Horseflesh has become a common article of food in Turin, where it has never before been eaten, and it is said that 40,000 skilled workmen are idle in Milan. And yet it is commonly said by those heretofore of understanding that war is at least good for trade. Already the Turkish war is taking its place by common consent in Italy as among the conflicts that ought not to have occurred. And how many wars are there that are indubitably outside of that list? How many wars are there that do not produce an almost unanimous shaking of the head within ten years of their conclusion? How many wars are there that are not speedily condemned and regretted by both combatants and especially by the victors?

At last the cat is out of the bag. We have long felt that Japan must be behind the Mexican rebellion, if not also of the third-term movement and the Mississippi floods. But now comes proof, strong as holy writ. A man named Aiken has published in an El Paso newspaper a statement to the effect that three representatives of Japan have visited Orozco and agreed to furnish all the funds for the rebellion on condition that when, or if, that rebellion shall be successful Japan is to receive a concession of Magdalena Bay, Vera Cruz, and other important strategic points. Most important of all, we are told that these conspirators had procured a map of Mexico from some unexplained source and that this map was marked, presumably with a lead pencil or pen, at the various points to be handed over to Japan. Therefore the story must be a true one. At least Senator Fall of New Mexico believes it to be true, and with good reason, for "a man of the highest standing," whose name not even wild horses would compel him to divulge, has sent him an account of the whole affair. But how is it that this prodigious scoop has escaped the attention of Mr. Hearst, not to speak of Representative Hobson? Surely their voices should have been audible on the wind before now.

One of the most serious stories in connection with the recent destruction of anarchists in Paris is that of the millionaire Fromentin, who seems to have begun his career as a philosophical student of revolutionary doctrines and to have allowed himself to be drawn into the maelstrom of common and brutal crime. Fromentin was the owner of the garage where that savage wild beast Bonnot was killed after a military siege. At the age of twenty he was rewarded for personal bravery at a fire. Soon after he joined a group of theoretical anarchists at Nimes, and later on he became a friend of Reclus and visited America in connection with the installation of the Franco-American cable. Then we find him in connection with Francisco Ferrer, and now comes the tragedy at Ivry and the last step in the descent into hell, which, for Fromentin, seems to have been easy and rapid. Fromentin was certainly at one time a man of worthy ideals, and yet we find him in close association with a wretch to whom brigandage and murder were merely incidents and whose war upon society was marked by the cruel destruction of some of its humblest members.

Nothing that comes out of Russia can really surprise us, but the news that the Russian police have prohibited the collection of funds for the *Titanic* survivors seems to need a word of explanation. The solution of the mystery is to be found in the fact that some forty Finns were passengers on the *Titanic*, and this fact might become apparent in the col-

lection of funds. But why, it may be asked, should it not become apparent? Simply because these Finns were leaving their country because life under Russian rule was no longer tolerable to them and therefore their emigration must not be mentioned, either directly or indirectly.

When we denounce the Japanese for their sanction of marriage by proxy it is well to remember that the law of Holland contains the same provision, and no one has ever accused the Dutch of laxity in such matters. A marriage of this kind has just been solemnized between a young Hollander of Boston and a lady in Amsterdam. The bridegroom made certain depositions before the Dutch consul and these were sent to Holland as authority for the marriage by proxy. The immigration authorities will of course insist that the wedding be performed in a more regular way when the bride arrives, but according to the Dutch law she will arrive in America as a married woman and with all the privileges, rights, and authorities pertaining to that status.

Lord Hugh Cecil, son of the late Lord Salisbury, has exposed himself to a curious reuff as a result of his opposition to the government bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Wales, or rather the Episcopal church as established by law in Wales. Lord Hugh Cecil had denounced the proposed action as one of brigandage and spoliation, and he had done so with such vigor and bitterness as to arouse Mr. Lloyd George to effective reply. Where, asks Mr. Lloyd George, did the Episcopal church obtain the property which it is now asked to disgorge for the public good? The reply is on the pages of history. The property and the endowments were pillaged by Henry VIII from the Roman Catholic church and therefore the emoluments of the Episcopal church are stolen property. And not only did the Episcopal church come into possession of this stolen property, but those who are now loudest in their protest against the disestablishment bill are the descendants of those who personally profited from the piratical confiscation of church property under Henry VIII. And among those descendants is Lord Hugh Cecil himself, whose ancestors received a very considerable share of the stolen property in the way of lands and buildings. To this damaging rejoinder Lord Hugh replies somewhat weakly that he is not responsible for the acts of his ancestors. "True," answers his opponent. "I agree with Lord Hugh Cecil that a descent from a thief should debar no one from denouncing theft. But to my mind the inheritance and retention of stolen property should." And by way of making the scar indelible, rubbing it in, so to speak, Mr. Lloyd George says: "What was the story of the pillage at the Reformation? They robbed the Catholic church, they robbed the monasteries, they robbed the almshouses, they robbed the poor, and they robbed the dead. Then they come here, and when we try to recover some part of the pillage for the poor they accuse us of theft, these people whose hands are dripping with the fat of sacrilege."

Captain Amundsen has laid himself open to a criticism that has not been directed against any other Arctic explorer of recent date. The Australian newspapers say that as a lecturer he is too modest. He "gallops hastily past amazing facts" if they are of the kind redounding to his personal credit, and his audiences have no time to applaud. And he never uses the word "I." It is always "we" who did this, that, and the other. Incidentally it may be said that Captain Amundsen seems to have a small opinion of the value of medical services. His great expedition to the South Pole included not a single doctor, and he says "we kept in perfect health." But was this a *post hoc* or a *propter hoc*? Captain Amundsen's audience laughed so much that they evidently favored the latter alternative.

Dr. Flinders Petrie seems to have been finding some important things in Egypt. Describing the results of last year's explorations, he speaks of the discovery of an alabaster sphinx twenty-six feet long, nearly fourteen feet high, and weighing eighty tons. This was found at Memphis, and the face is said to be as perfect as when it was sculptured over two thousand years ago. At Heliopolis an ancient fortress of immeasurable antiquity was found with walls one hundred feet thick, and upon the opening of some tombs near Cairo the explorers discovered a number of sheets made of linen dating from the eleventh dynasty and still as white and sweet as when they first issued from the loom. It seems hardly likely that any of our sheets will be discovered six thousand years hence or indeed any other product of modern hands.

Mr. McLaughlin of the Marine Hospital Service is responsible for the statement that there were more cases of typhoid fever in the United States last year than there were cases of plague in India, and the population of India is twice as great as that of America. Also there were four times as many cases of typhoid fever in America as cases of cholera in Russia during the period that included the epidemic of 1910. But what should we think if the newspapers of Russia and India were to draw attention to the amazing ignorance of hygiene displayed by these figures and were to suggest the sending of medical missionaries to counteract the evil?

SIDNEY G. P. CORVYN.

Miss Alice M. Durkin, the only woman member of the Building Trades Association of New York, has just been awarded the contract to build a new public school in the Bronx, successfully competing against seven men in the bidding. The school when finished will cost close to \$250,000. Ten months ago Miss Durkin started out for herself, and has already erected several school buildings in the city, some of them bigger jobs than the one in the Bronx.



## PARIS IN LONDON.

## How the British Capital Is Copying the French Metropolis.

Mrs. John Lane has been telling us—and as an American who owns allegiance to the French and British capitals she is an unimpeachable witness—that the day has gone by when the American visited London as a duty and Paris as a pleasure. Even she, however, does not explain the transformation on the score of the Parisianizing of London; it is Dickens, she thinks, who is responsible for the alteration of her compatriots' attitude towards the city on the Thames. This is discouraging. Indeed such an explanation must be almost heartbreaking to the Secret Committee for the Exploitation of London.

For the members of that organization have been leaving Dickens out of consideration altogether. Instead they have been analyzing those elements which make up the glitter of Paris, the rippling life of the boulevards, the polished immorality of Montmartre, and the amiable veneering of the vices of humanity. That is the manifold secret which they have set themselves to capture. And they have been carrying out their campaign in an insidious manner, fearful of disturbing the *entente cordiale*. Hence Fleet Street has taken no cognizance of their labors; you shall search the newspapers with a magnifying glass and not discover a single paragraph which will throw light on the conspiracies of the Secret Committee for the Exploitation of London.

Yet there are signs in abundance for those who can read between the lines. Many a store window in Regent Street and Bond Street, for example, has been pressed into the service of the S. C. F. T. E. O. L., for there are dozens of shining panes of plate-glass in those haunts of fashion which are advertising names once found only on the Rue de la Paix. The "swell" restaurants, of course, began the campaign much earlier by printing their menus in the language of the *cafés Riche*, *Anglais*, and *Durand*. But the most sinister plot is for the moment in suspense. Few of the thousands of Londoners who daily pass that vacant site on the Strand in the shadow of Dr. Johnson's church have any inkling of the purpose to which it may some day be put. If the S. C. F. T. E. O. L. can raise the funds, it is to be acquired for such an assault on the morals of London as will make a visit to Paris a waste of time and money. Here, then, across the road from the sacred building where the stern old moralist knelt at his devotions, are to be built replicas of the *Bal Bullier*, the *Bal Tabarin*, the *Chat Noir*, the *Moulin de la Galette*, and many another delectable resort where polyandrous females will be gracious to polygamous males. Within the confines of that temple of Parisian joys Londoners are to sport in pink paper caps with women in baby frocks and break plates and steal china matchboxes in the best D'Harcourt style.

But that plot, as has been remarked, is in abeyance for the moment. Perhaps the enthusiasm of the S. C. F. T. E. O. L. has been temporarily damped by the fact that the Prince of Wales is in Paris just now catching the French accent and cementing the *entente cordiale*. To have such an object lesson of Parisian life flaunted in the eyes of cockneys while the heir to the throne is in the midst of the real article might endanger the stability of the British constitution.

So the Exploiters are going slow. They are also pitching their proselytizing campaign in a mild key. For the present, then, the cockney is being educated in nomenclature. He has heard of the cabaret, or read about it in the *Daily Telegraph*, and has gathered the impression that it is a synonym for a place in which no curate or member of a Y. M. C. A. could be seen without the immediate loss of his pristine purity. Now the Exploiters have set themselves the task of proving that such a view of the cabaret is a slander. Two cabarets, then, have been established in London, one in the old *Clavier Hall* and the other in what was once the *Boudoir Theatre*. At the former the singing and dancing are of so elevated a nature that they would bore Montmartre to extinction; at the latter the audience is expected to attend in full evening dress and refrain from smoking "before the interval." Even *matinées* are held, at which no beverage stronger than tea is served. And unsophisticated cockneys are flocking to these counterfeit cabarets under the impression that they are the genuine article, and revising their opinions of Parisian wickedness accordingly. Meanwhile the Exploiters are chuckling with delight and meditating how to take the next step without jeopardizing the good work already accomplished.

At the moment of writing those crafty Exploiters can count upon the coöperation of a company of French players. In a street of the Adelphi behind the Strand, not far from where G. B. Shaw lives and opposite the hotel where Gibbon took rooms on his arrival in London with the final chapters of the "Decline and Fall," is that Little Theatre which is so often the scene of dramatic experiments. Here, for the nonce, a band of French players is established with a repertory confined to their native language, and they are arranging their bill of fare with as much diplomacy as the cabaret managers. For the first half-dozen performances, then, they staged nothing but the classics, plays as redolent of virtue as the Biblical "Esther" of Racine, which was innocent enough for Mme. de Maintenon and her reformed royal spouse. These were the "springes to catch woodcocks."

And they were caught sure enough on Friday night.

The play was "La Rampe," written by Henri de Rothschild, a member of the famous banking house who has surgical and dramatic rather than financial ambitions. The latter were duly heralded in advance by an astute press agent, who rightly divined that the heart of the great British public would be deeply moved to learn that Baron de Rothschild has his own private hospital in Paris and doctors the poor without charge. So the Little Theatre was filled to overflowing when the curtain rose on "The Footlights." And the woodcocks found themselves in the net before they knew where they were.

For "The Footlights" is Parisian to the core, a frank study of the intimate life of the theatre in the French capital. No doubt its millionaire author would say that his chief object in the play is to give an answer to two questions—one, can a man achieve success as actor, manager, and lover? the other, can a woman find happiness by taking to the stage?—but such a subtle thesis is lost sight of in the ornamentation of the exposition. According to Baron de Rothschild, the intimate life of the Parisian theatre is intimate indeed. Soubrettes will gladly embrace the manager in payment for large capitals on the poster, and dramatists will angle for the favors of the leading lady despite her prior attachment to the leading man. For the rest there is the familiar gallery of out-of-work actors and journalists aspiring to be dead-heads, the author who "touches" the leading man for fifty louis as his price for altering the play to suit his style, and the business manager who trades in swindling contracts. Two characters, however, stood out conspicuously in this motley group—the actor-manager who is ruled by ambition, and the leading woman who is swayed solely by love. These are the two who make the clash of the play. The first, Claude Bourguet, tries the experiment of accepting the assistance of Madeleine Grandier, a society woman with a worthless husband. Madeleine is deeply in love with Claude, but when she and not he makes the success of the play in which they appear she discovers that her triumph has turned his shallow affection to jealousy and coldness. The day after her success Madeleine is offered better terms than Claude for a tour in America, and Claude revenges himself by transferring his affection to the soubrette. The climax comes at the rehearsal of the play selected for the American tour, in the poison scene of which Madeleine drinks real and not stage poison. So Baron de Rothschild answers both his questions in the negative, but in the process gives such a picture of Parisian life as makes him a powerful colleague of the Exploiters.

Scoff who will, there are hard-headed business men who are evidently alarmed at the Parisianizing of London. The danger is most realized on the French side of the English Channel. Horace Walpole said he would "look for Paris in the midst of Paris": to look for it in the midst of London may be a serious matter for the other capital. Walpole was helpless; had he not been he would not have spent a day journeying to Dover, eight hours in crossing the Channel, and a couple of days in completing his pilgrimage from Calais to Paris. Eight hours will account for the entire journey in these days, but Parisians are not content with that in view of what the Exploiters are doing. And so the Channel Tunnel project is in the air again, but pending any realization of that scheme, which may prove too great a strain on even the *entente cordiale*, the railroad officials of France have shortened the Dieppe-Newhaven route by an hour and are now discussing with the government such enlargements of harbors as will make a ferry service possible. This will probably checkmate the Exploiters, for if one can reach the real Paris in six hours there will not be much demand for the spurious article.

LONDON, May 14, 1912. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

The once beautiful schooner-yacht *Columbia*, one time the queen of the ocean and a valiant defender of the America's Cup, now lies at Baltimore being transformed into a houseboat. She was designed especially to meet the *Cambria*, owned by James Ashbury, who had entered the *Cambria* in a second attempt to "lift" the cup. Although forty-two years old, the yacht is almost as sound today as the day she was built. Her construction throughout is white oak, with planking three inches thick, and not a plank less than seventy feet in length. There are a dozen or more natural crook hackmatack knees in her, the like of which can not be secured these days for love or money. All of her deck trim, hatch combings, etc., are of San Domingo mahogany.

St. Michael's, in Charleston, South Carolina, at the time of its completion, in 1761, was the finest church edifice in the United States, and one of the very few entirely of masonry construction, including the tower as far as the belfry. It now stands apparently as firm as the day it was dedicated. Work on it was begun in 1752. Like almost all the colonial churches, this one suffered vicissitudes during the Revolutionary War; its rector was a Tory and was compelled to resign, leaving the church affairs in a somewhat chaotic condition. Materially it suffered through the loss of its leaden roof, which was removed to furnish bullets for the colonial rifles.

On May-day 28,000 families and business men of Montreal, Canada, changed their addresses. The wholesale moving is an annual event, and arrangements are often made weeks in advance to secure vehicles and help.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas Hardy, the English author, will receive the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature on June 2. The last recipient of the honor was George Meredith.

Frank King Clark, the well-known American singing master, whose studio is now in Berlin, has just been honored by the French government with the insignia of an officer of the Order of Instruction.

Alonzo Lockwood, a Baltimore patrolman, who spent his free moments in the study of dentistry during the last three years, has just received a degree from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. He has been on the police force since 1902, and is thirty-seven years of age.

Miss Tsuru Arai, claimed to be the first Japanese woman who has ever acquired the degree of doctor of philosophy, gained this honor in the final examinations at Columbia University recently. She came to this country four years ago to study, having been graduated from the Woman's College at Tokyo.

Dr. Louis Lesage, to whom has been awarded the first prize of \$3000 in the exhibition before the ninth international Red Cross conference at Washington, designed to lessen the sufferings of wounded soldiers, is a Paris surgeon, well known in the medical world. The winning exhibit was a huge automobile, designed for X-ray field services.

Frank Lowden Barnet, who was recently awarded a valuable scholarship in the University of Chicago, is a Canadian, and claim is made that he is the youngest graduate of any Canadian institution to be awarded this coveted prize. He took his degree of B. A. last year at Queen's University, Kingston, winning the gold medal in political science.

Carl R. Gray, who succeeds Louis W. Hill as president of the Great Northern Railroad, began his career as a telegraph operator in 1883, in the service of the St. Louis and San Francisco line. He is a resident of Portland, Oregon, but until recently was stationed at St. Louis as vice-president of the road with which he started life twenty-nine years ago. He is now in his forty-fourth year.

Domenico A. Bove, the wonderful young violinist, who graduates this summer from the Royal Academy of Berlin, was playing in the streets of Philadelphia nine years ago to help his father support the family. He was brought to the attention of Mrs. Joseph Drexel, who sent the lad to Europe. When she died her will provided for Bove's further education. He is now twenty, and on his graduation will tour Europe and later give a concert tour of this country.

Jacob W. Bolotin, though blind from infancy, will complete a course in medicine in the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery this month, and intends to follow the practice of medicine as a profession. He laughs at his handicap and says: "There wasn't a nerve, a sinew, a vein, an artery, a tissue that the eye could behold but I could feel with the tips of my fingers. My fingers are as good as eyes. With them I can detect pulsations, irritations, and temperatures instantly."

W. H. Stone, now adviser to the Department of Communications in Tokyo, who has just rounded out forty years' service with the Japanese government, is the only foreigner left in active service of about three hundred who were in the various departments of the government in 1872. In that year he joined the old *Kobusho* or public works department as a junior assistant. He is an Englishman, now upwards of seventy years of age, but looks fifty, and is found every day at his desk.

Ivan Mortimer Linforth, professor of Greek at the University of California, has been appointed to one of the \$3000 fellowships of the Kahn Foundation, which sends the possessor on a trip around the world with no other requirements other than that he see as many places and people as possible. An additional \$300 is allowed to buy souvenirs. The foundation was established by Albert Kahn of Paris. The founder's object was to make the viewpoint of teachers broader and international.

Lord Mersey, who is conducting the British investigation into the circumstances attending the loss of the White Star liner *Titanic*, was selected to preside over the court of inquiry because he was considered the man best fitted for the post. He became a judge of the High Court in 1897, and in 1909-10 was president of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. In 1910 he received his present title through being created a Baron of the United Kingdom. He has served as a member of Parliament.

Miss Louise Lester, a Maryland girl, is the sole representative of the people of the United States on the committee which supervises the destruction of old banknotes and bills for the Treasury Department. She recently succeeded Eugene Hendley, and during her first day's service saw \$2,800,000 in real money reduced to pulp in the macerator. Besides Miss Lester there are four other members of the committee, representing various officials of the Treasury Department, to see that none of the millions daily ground to pulp returns to circulation.



## THE CLOSED DOOR.

Behind Every Deed Closes a Door That Reopens Never.

Elmer Kaintuck was reading by the light of a dying lamp one of those rare compelling tragedies that simply force their way, against the better judgment of editors, or to serve as a foil, into the laughter-loving magazines. There was but one logical end to the tale, an end dimly foretold of its beginning, breathed of its atmosphere, namely, death.

Elmer read hurriedly, but skipped never a word. His stock of oil was exhausted. In order to finish the story—whose author, for all her disguising masculine pen-name, he could but recognize—he had robbed Peter, the cook-stove, to pay the light-giving Paul. The theft meant a cold breakfast. But what cared Elmer? Hungry of heart and head, he read on.

Dimmer grew the room, stiller, more death-chamber-like. Avid of the end, the reader strained his eyes. He was in the mood. A short-story must be read at a sitting. He could not wait for daylight. Between this and then anything might happen. Himself might be dead. No such luck. The lines blurred. Nothing less than the inevitableness of the words made them decipherable. In wavering semi-darkness the character died, ending the story satisfactorily, according to expectation raised, ignoring the fact that life is not logical, and without—who knows? who cares?—really solving the problem involved. Elmer didn't know. He did care. Despite its false-to-life logic of events, thanks to the brief bit of fiction, he thought, he dreamed, he felt. Within him fastidiously flickered, burning out. It, too, lacked fuel. Fastidious, independent, Elmer Kaintuck had of late been unable to solve even the simple problem of poverty.

Painfully the famine-stricken light struggled for existence. Elmer pushed down the rod that controls the wick as if he were pressing the life out of the lamp, putting it out of its misery. Sympathy's self, gasping, he watched it gasp convulsively time and again, and—suddenly die. Why might not some friendly medical hand do the like by him? Suicide, viewed from what depth or height, was ugly. Yet how he did wish to die! So long as he had had the will to live, he had found a way. Now, feeling dishonored, he craved death.

But does death—can it—wipe out dishonor? make that which has happened as if it had never been? In the deep heart of him, Elmer knew better. That was his tragedy. He had a belief bordering on knowledge in the persistence of personality, in a post-death existence for the ego. The suicide but wakes to face the self he fled. I can not escape me. Anyway, why should he wish to flee himself? Can another dishonor you, even though that other be the half of you the jealous gods cut adrift? The deep heart of Elmer Kaintuck "knew different." None the less it felt the hurt. Vulgar credence in the miracle of retroactive marriage—that sorry consolation of daughter-disgraced parents—he had often laughed to scorn. Now, he envied their incredible credulity. His case, was it not worse than theirs? In vain would he die, whether by his own hand or that of another. Behind every deed closes a door that reopens never. Dishonor done you may be "lived down," but not undone. Man nor God can undo. The past is beyond the reach of Heaven, of everything but varying point of view.

Undressing in the dark, Elmer groped his way to bed. The night was very still, so windless that the lullaby of the sea—that old nurse of man—was but little louder than a vivid memory of childhood music. Dejected, he stretched to the incongruous accompaniment of "Oh, gee!" and with an unwitting weary-of-it all arm swept the lamp from its home-made stand. In Elmer's ears the crash was as the crack of doom. That was the end. The lamp, a gift, was a curious work of the Orient, with a beautiful golden china bowl, or body, symbolic when lighted of life.

Before the giver's coming, he had lived—played at living—in his one-roomed refugee shack, on his sand lot north of Golden Gate Park. A well supplied him with what—without being a Prohibitionist—Elmer deemed the best drink in the world: "honest water." His taxes were, to use his own words, "next to nothing." Absence of street but saved him from peddlers, noise, friends, assured him of work hours such as the artistic soul of him desired. Elmer was an illustrator, with an eye for the salient features of a story that had made the fortune of a writer. Lately he had so neglected his work as not to have any.

Before her coming the evensong of the Pacific had one moment filled him with a delicious sadness; its matin, the next, with a delirious joy. Living from day to day, knowing naught of night, he had wrestled with the problems of life and broken strangleholds conscious but of a pleasant bulging of the muscles of the mind. Her coming had opened his eyes to many things: the power of the world viewpoint; marked differences between concrete and abstract, practice and theory; convicted him of poverty, brought the crime home to him.

She was a local writer of genuine promise. He had had the good luck to illustrate a story of hers, wherein something delectable had actually happened to an unmistakable man. They had met, Elmer and she, in the den of their common friend, the editor, who, taking for granted that they knew each other, must needs joke with them. How well they looked together—in print. Thus introduced, while waiting for the elevator, Elmer had told her what he thought of her

work; she, him, what she thought of his. Later on, they had compared notes and still later, checks. And then? Then the man had proposed a partnership.

The woman, however, after seeing the refugee shack, foreseeing the future, could not see her way to accepting then and there the man's proposal. Practical to her typewriting fingertips, she made a counter proposition. An old man on the brink of the grave was dying to marry her—rather, her dead mother by proxy. Needless to say, he was rich as old. The marriage would be merely nominal; very real, the money. The dear old gentleman would pass in peace. Brief indeed would be the widowhood; endless their wedded bliss, her silly boy's and hers. Who would be hurt? Where was the harm?

Elmer was hurt. Already she had done him deadly harm. His ideal was shattered, his moral foundations shaken, his world was turned topsy-turvy. Suppose Heaven, through its agent Love, should grant the dear old gentleman a new lease of life!

No fear! The woman's smile was free of apprehension—even, comprehension. She regarded the affair as romantic rather than mercenary. It was sweet of her mother's old beau to wish to leave her his fortune in that way. That was all there was to it. She had made no pretense of loving him, would make none. If the dear man was satisfied, more than satisfied, with seeming, why shouldn't she be—they? To refuse such a godsend were impious—a godsend by means of which Elmer and she could be married years sooner than by attending on artistic success. Success was a thing (she quoted his favorite, De Maupassant, whose distinctive men and women—the bed-ridden brooding Toine, the unforgettable Clochette—it was his dream to illustrate) to be dreamt of only by geniuses, never by the mere talented rest who "can but strive against invincible discouragement by unending effort."

To Elmer, thus invincibly discouraged, the partnership proposed by him was still not only practicable but ideal. Together, always together, they would struggle. The joy of difficulty overcome would be theirs. With his own hands he would add to the shack. With hers, she would "homify" it. Sweet, if scant, would be the bread won of chosen work. As the years went by, the lot would increase in value, and they, becoming better known, would get more for their joint efforts. Story and illustration would be so congruous as to form an irresistibly delightful whole. Nor, manlike, would he be condemned out of his own mouth. Her objection, his famous caricature of a brother artist's family of seven as a monstrous mouth devouring the poor man's substance, he disposed of with the remark that the necessity of filling that mouth had been the *sine qua non* of his friend's success. The more the responsibility, the merrier the marriage. The stimulus of responsibility (or ties, as the case might be) was precisely what his dreamy temperament needed.

Her moods were other and innumerable.

They parted in anger.

She married the old man.

You don't blame her? Elmer did. Thinking it all over, he blamed her, and wished himself dead.

Alas! what with his daily run on the beach, dip in the ocean, sun bath, and simple bread, he was still hopelessly healthy, and bid fair to outlive his parrot. Polly, pretty Polly, poor abandoned Polly, whom, because of her human shrieking, he had rescued the day of the big fire, she loved him, cracker or no cracker! For her would he live, work. So every day he tried to distance Care, disported in the wave, basked in the sun, and ate. But he worked not. Neither did he sleep. Night long he lay awake, worrying himself to death, he who would have none of suicide. Towards daybreak, he dozed.

Now, at the end of a year of the duty of living perfunctorily alone, life burned low. Elmer's funds had given out. For the first time he began to realize poverty on his own account—and Polly's. Finally had come starvation, with the alternative of parting with his refuge and independence. Work he could not. He had eaten grief as De Quincey opium until he had been drugged by it into incapacity for effort. Despite which, he felt the longevity in his blood, his bones, the young bones which he must needs make old. Before him stretched an interminable road, to be plodded shamefacedly, a road cheered by never a wayside flower. An accident had killed his father and mother. Nothing less could kill him. He had fasted three weeks and felt all the better for it. The thought of his four grandparents living back East haunted him, filling him with a nameless terror. If memory die not, what use death? How would his case be helped by dying? Death undoes nothing. From Elmer Kaintuck's point of view, his problem was insoluble.

A sudden knock on the door lifted him, bundle of nerves that he was fast becoming, clear out of bed. Mechanically he felt for a match before he bethought him of the dead lamp, the broken bowl, the shattered dream.

The knock was repeated. Elmer knew it was she. He wouldn't open to her. Wavering like a candle-flame, he stood, a life momentarily threatening to go out, but fated, dry-hearted that it was, to burn to the socket.

"Elmer!" came through the door like a ghost. "He is dead!"

Elmer held his breath. His soul seemed bursting its bounds. Or was he going mad? All at once, a twinge of physical pain relieved the agonized tension of his mind, recalled him to the world of matter. He had

cut his foot on a fragment of the lamp. Slowly he came to his bodily self. Thunderously the surf boomed and reverberated along the beach.

Again, the announcement "He is dead!" made its ghostlike way through the door.

Elmer recoiled from it fearfully. "That—makes—no—difference—to—me!" he jabbed back, each word a bayonet thrust.

"Elmer!"

No answer. Nothing was to be heard but the sudden sonorous voice of the sea, ever diminishing in volume until its pianissimo became indistinguishable from silence; the strangely moving sympathetic voice of the sea that laughs with them that laugh and weeps with them that weep.

Suddenly, the room reëchoed with a hoarse whisper. It seemed to Elmer as if he heard his dead self speak, the sound as it were from a phonograph of his own stilled voice: "I love her! I love her! The hell of it is I love her!"

Elmer could have sworn that he had not only not opened his mouth, but kept his lips compressed.

Hope knocked at the door.

"Elmer! Ho, Elmer!"

"Well?"

"He had no money—not a cent!"

"Thank God! You were properly punished!"

"But—Elmer!"

"Ye-es?"

"I knew it before I married him!"

Silence broken only by as it were a distant murmur of applause. Thereafter: "Why, then, did you marry him?"

"I wanted him to die happy."

"And?"

"He did. Poor dear! Loss of money had long ago cost him my mother and his reason. He thought himself still rich. Only death could undeceive him. Otherwise his mind was perfectly clear."

"So you married a mad man, a decrepit pauper, that he might die happy?"

"Yes, Elmer! Let me in!"

Elmer let her in—that is to say, he opened the door of his heart to her, a woman proved incapable of the imagined dissembling deed.

How illogical is life!

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1912.

The Earl of Cromer not without reason described the Ulema of Cairo as the "guardians of the citadel of Islam." No other city in the Moslem world has so many students of Moslem theology and law or pours out such a flood of Moslem literature as does Cairo. Millions of pages of the Koran, commentaries by the hundred thousand, and scores of books attacking the Christian faith, defending Islam or propagating its teaching, come ceaselessly year after year from the Moslem presses of this great centre of Moslem learning. Books printed in Cairo are read by the camp-fires of the Sahara, in the market place of Timbuctoo, under the very shadow of the Kaaba, and are treasured in the mosques of Java and western China.

Efforts of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, in greatly reducing the volume of smoke, have been instrumental in making black fogs rare in London. A few years ago these fogs were quite frequent in London in winter, and for several days at a time the city itself and the outlying suburbs were covered by a dark, black pall, sometimes high in the air, but more frequently descending and forming a thick, dirty, and greenish-yellowish substance through which the people had to travel. Fogs still occur in London, but only occasionally, and not for several years has there been an old-fashioned fog when torch-bearers had to be employed to indicate the way.

New Brunswick, New Jersey, only thirty-one miles from New York, is the seat of Rutgers College—formerly old Queens—and it has notable memorials of the Revolution, such as the headquarters of Lord Howe in the Nelson mansion and the tavern in which Washington received the glorious news of the battle of Monmouth and welcomed—some accounts say kissed—the brave woman who served her husband's cannon and did much to secure the victory. It leads the world in the manufacture of druggist supplies, rubber shoes, fine hosiery, musical strings, medicated cotton, surgical bandages, wall paper machinery, horse-shoe calks, automobile tires, and bricks.

Within two years eight steel steamers, armed with powerful machine guns, have begun to hunt whales in the North Pacific, and five additional steam whalers are now under construction. These vessels are primarily destroyers; they do not try out the oil as the old whalers did, but kill the whales with explosive shells and then tow the carcasses to a central station, where the work of getting out the oil, whalebone, etc., is done on a large scale.

There is in connection with the Krupp Steel Works, owned by Baroness Von Bohlan, formerly Bertha Krupp, an old folks' colony. In it are all the old people, former toilers in the Essen works. Each has a cottage, with a garden and a honeysuckle over the door and porch, and a beautiful outlook upon water and forest. The baroness often spends a day among the old folks, and likes it very well.



## THE LAMBS AT PROFITABLE PLAY.

Members of a Unique New York Club Preparing for a Series of Theatrical Offerings.

Some serious people effect to believe that too much is written and printed about actors and the theatre, but I doubt if even the slightest paragraph about the stage or its occupants is passed with indifference. We may have various opinions about their merit, histrionically, but nearly all of us envy them, individually and collectively. Just now, for instance, everybody is talking about the glorious outing that unique club of theatrical enthusiasts, the Lambs, is about to take, and the all-too-brief if widely presented opportunities it will give the public to share its fun. It is to combine profit with pleasure too—for once these members of a notoriously extravagant and financially incapable class are moved by thrifty persuasion. But it is not for individual gain; far from it. Indeed, the gamboling Lambs who are to give one show in New York, next Monday night, and follow it up with single appearances in Washington, Baltimore, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Newark, Brooklyn, Springfield, and Boston, are sacrificing more in personal salaries than their tour is likely to net in cash. It is said that the combined salaries of the actors who will give their time and talent to this excursion would make a total of at least \$180,000. At a fair estimate the fund which will be accumulated for the club by these activities may reach a little more than half that amount.

It is not the first gambol of the kind. Fourteen years ago a similar tour, the initial experiment, netted \$75,000. Three years ago another public gambol cleared \$100,000. This year there is every reason to anticipate a record equally noteworthy. As before, the fund will be used in improving the club property, additions to the clubhouse and its appointments. Even now the club is luxuriously housed, and it undoubtedly earns the second adjective in that club witticism, "Every good Lamb has two houses; common and preferred." In one particular, at least, the club is unique: It has never acknowledged any social responsibility for the other sex, and no woman has ever been permitted to enter its doors. Otherwise the restrictions of membership are not narrow. Of its 1300 members less than half are actors, though the 300 non-professional members include many who are connected in one way or another with theatrical affairs. Then there are 100 army and navy representatives on its roll, and 250 non-resident members. This imposing present status of the club has grown out of the plan formed at a dinner in 1874, when George McLean, now the oldest ranking member, entertained four members of Wallack's Theatre company.

The club increased rapidly in membership from the beginning, and it has now and has had for years the prominent actors, playwrights, and composers on its list. It is much more than a place of entertainment and a home for its bachelor members. A perfectly appointed little theatre seating 500 is one of the features of its clubhouse, and on its stage some of the best efforts of American dramatists have had their first expression. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" and "The Harvest Moon" were given there in their earliest form, as half-hour sketches. Edward Milton Royle's "The Squaw Man" also was heard there in the same germ state. Ultra critical are the audiences in the diminutive playhouse, for everybody knows the fine points of the game, but they are undoubtedly inspiring, with all their play of caustic humor. At the banquet which invariably follows a private gambol the good-fellowship of the members is most characteristically demonstrated by freedom of sally and retort, and many of the bright things said are repeated for months after the affair. It was at one of these that a speech from one ordinarily quiet one was succeeded by frantic calls for "author, author."

Advance notes say that the programme of the public gambols to begin next week will be long and varied. Minstrelsy, tragedy, comedy, burlesque, musical numbers, and individual impersonations will be given, and it is hardly necessary to say that all "the stuff" will be new, and by the Lambs. Victor Herbert and orchestra of fifty, David Belasco, Augustus Thomas, George Broadhurst, James O'Neil, Robert Mantell, Dustin Farnum, Eddie Foy, Jefferson De Angelis, Raymond Hitchcock, Montgomery and Stone, Wilton Lackaye, Thomas Wise, Robert Edeson, Maclyn Arbuckle, David Warfield, George Cohan, Winchell Smith, David Bispham, Fred Niblo, Henry Kolker, Harry Gilfoil, Charles Klein, Henry B. Warner, Frank McIntyre, Ignacio Martinetti, George V. Hobart, Richie Ling, Clayton White, William Farnum, Edward Abeles, Edward Milton Royle, Frederick Perry, Charles E. Evans, William Courtleigh, Francis Carlyle, Frank Gilmore, Lawrence Wheat, and Brandon Tynan are figures in the show, but there are half a hundred more. David Bispham will be the interlocutor in the minstrel first part, and the big semi-circle will be filled out by actors who would be recognized instantly by a majority of the playgoers of the country were they not in complete retirement behind a coat of burned cork.

But it will be a jolly vacation after all. Your true Thespian is never happy far from the smell of scenery and the glare of footlights. The Lambs will make their tour, with its incidental street parades and nightly exercise, a round of continual pleasure. The public it may safely be assumed will eagerly seize this opportunity to gaze upon the greatest mass of theatrical importance to be brought together, and it will enjoy more im-

promptu fun-making, more intimate repartee among notables, and more daringly original stunts than it has seen in one vaudeville show for many a day. Some of the brightest wits of other days are missed in the list of participants this year, but there are many remaining, and no other club may hope to rival the Lambs in their specialty of providing entertainment for those who desire to turn their faces to the joyous side of life. And the \$180,000 in salaries may go unmourned on the wings of the morning. FLANEUR.

New York, May 25, 1912.

It has been suggested by a French professor that every household should have its snake instead of its cat or dog, for the purpose of keeping rats or mice away (says a writer in *Farm and Fireside*). It is not new, for in the days of the Romans many snakes were kept by the housekeepers for precisely this purpose. Since those early times, however, the household reptile has been supplanted by the cat or dog, and the modern housewife, as a rule, has nothing but revulsion of feeling for every species of snake, harmful and harmless. The hostile attitude toward snakes, however, is largely due to ignorance. Thus it is commonly supposed that snakes are "slimy." As a matter of fact, they are not. Their skin is cold to the touch, but absolutely dry. It feels as if it were made of china or porcelain. Then, again, the sharp, wormlike tongue of the snake, which darts in and out at lightning speed, is harmless, although it is commonly believed to be the medium by means of which the snake ejects its venom. Snakes which have venom communicate it by means of special teeth called fangs. Harmless snakes do not have these fangs. The principal disadvantage about a cat or dog is that these animals are apt to carry the same disease-spreading vermin as the rats and mice they are supposed to destroy. Both the dog and the cat frequently kill rats and mice without eating them, leaving them to decompose in invisible places. The snake never does. Every rat killed by a snake is at once swallowed. The snake, too, is much cleaner than either of the other household pets.

Second-hand stone churches find a good market when they can be taken down and moved by cheap water carriage within 200 miles of New York. No less than eighteen such structures which were on Manhattan Island at one time are now scattered over New York state, New Jersey, and Connecticut. They were taken down to make room for mercantile buildings. The buyers took them down, carefully numbering each stone and making full detailed drawings for sale with the materials to prospective purchasers. In the last dozen years an enormous business has been done in taking down brownstone houses in Manhattan and reerecting them in many places. One fine facade by a famous architect of sixty years ago is in Boston, another in New Haven, and a number are in New Jersey cities. More than 1000 fine brownstone houses were taken down in Manhattan last year.

Companies operating three-fourths of the railroad mileage in the United States are making efforts to develop agriculture, according to the Department of Agriculture. These efforts consist partly in the work of "immigration" and "colonization" departments. Another class of effort is directed toward agricultural education. Instruction trains, demonstration farms, experiments on private farms, publication and distribution of free literature relating to farming, and employment of agricultural experts to cooperate with farmers are means by which railroads have endeavored to aid agriculture.

The ruins of Macchu Pichu, a city probably built by the Megalithic race, who preceded the Incas, were discovered by Hiram Bingham on his 1911 expedition to Peru. The ruins are on an almost inaccessible ridge, 2000 feet above the Urubamba River. They are of great beauty and magnificence and include palaces, baths, temples, and about 150 houses. The huge blocks of white granite, some of them twelve feet long, were so carefully cut that they match perfectly. Though no mortar or cement was used to hold the stones together, the walls have withstood the elements for at least 2000 years.

Only two of all the presidents who have served Honduras have vacated office without resorting to force to hold their places. One of these was Sierra, the road-builder of the country, and the other was Policarpo Bonilla, the present thorn in the flesh of President Manuel Bonilla. The term of office is four years, and yet the average service of the entire list of presidents has been only two and a half years. There have been seven or eight revolutions in twenty years, to say nothing of innumerable rebellions that were put down.

Prizes for prompt and uncomplaining payment of taxes are offered by the Japanese government and range from 25 cents to \$25. When a man pays promptly he is given a slip of paper entitling him to a certain number of chances in the municipal lottery. When his record year after year justifies the distinction a porcelain medallion is to be presented to him to be placed on the door of his home as a badge of good citizenship.

The young Queen of Belgium is said to be the only oculist of royal blood in the world.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Unguarded Gates.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;  
Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,  
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,  
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past  
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—  
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,  
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year  
The red rose blossoms everywhere—a rich land,  
A later Eden planted in the wilds,  
With not an inch of earth within its bound  
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.  
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,  
And Honor honor, and the humblest man  
Stand level with the highest in the law.  
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,  
And with the vision brightening in their eyes  
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
And through them passes a wild motley throng—  
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,  
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,  
Mayayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,  
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;  
These hringing with them unknown gods and rites,  
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws,  
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,  
Accents of menace alien to our air,  
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well  
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast  
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,  
Lift the down-trodden, but with hands of steel  
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come  
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care  
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn  
And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,  
And where the temples of the Caesars stood  
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## New National Hymn.

Hail, Freedom! thy bright crest  
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,  
Mirror the glories of a world thine own.  
Hail, heaven-born Peace! our sight,  
Led by thy gentle light,  
Shows us the path with deathless flowers strewn.  
Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,  
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.

Thy sun is risen, and shall not set,  
Upon thy day divine;  
Ages, of unborn ages, yet,  
America, are thine.

Her one hand seals with gold  
The portals of night's fold,  
Her other, the broad gates of dawn unbars;  
O'er silent wastes of snows,  
Crowning her lofty brows,  
Gleams high her diadem of northern stars;  
While, clothed in garlands of warm flowers,  
Round Freedom's feet the South her wealth of beauty showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,  
Sweet is the year's increase,  
To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;  
And in war's fierce alarms  
God gives stout hearts and arms.  
To freemen sworn to have a rightful cause.  
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,  
And triumph in unbroken Union's might.

Welded in war's fierce flame,  
Forged on the hearth of fame,  
The sacred Constitution was ordained;  
Tried in the fire of time,  
Tempered in woes sublime,  
An age was passed and left it yet unstained.  
God grant its glories still may shine,  
While ages fade, forgotten, in time's slow decline!

Honor the few who shared  
Freedom's first fight, and dared  
To face war's desperate tide at the full flood;  
Who fell on hard-won ground,  
And into Freedom's wound  
Poured the sweet halsam of their brave heart's blood.  
They fell; but o'er that glorious grave  
Floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.

In radiance heavenly fair,  
Floats on the peaceful air  
That flag that never stooped from victory's pride;  
Those stars that softly gleam,  
Those stripes that o'er us stream,  
In war's grand agony were sanctified;  
A holy standard, pure and free,  
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory.

Father, whose mighty power  
Shields us through life's short hour,  
To Thee we pray,—Bless us and keep us free:  
All that is past forgive;  
Teach us, henceforth, to live,  
That, through our country, we may honor Thee;  
And, when this mortal life shall cease,  
Take Thou, at last, our souls to Thine eternal peace.

—Francis Marion Crawford.

More encouraging for the future of the science of aeronautics than any actual feat of aerial prowess is the news that a movement has been started among the professional aviators themselves to do way with the "circus-riding stunts," which have exacted such a heavy toll of life in the past few years, and to put their work upon a safe and sane scientific basis. The originator of this movement, Walter Brookins, is the man who has had the reputation of being possibly the most daring member of his profession.

According to reports from London, one result of the British coal strike has been an enormous increase in the use of electricity for manufacturing, printing, and other machinery, the increase being over 100 per cent in many cases.



## A LIFE OF DOSTOIEFFSKY.

Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd Tells the Story of a Great Russian Realist.

When Mme. de Staël visited Russia after the defeat of Napoleon she predicted, or rather divined, the advent of writers who would interpret the mystery and the restlessness of the Russian soul. At that time Gogol was three years old, having been born in 1809. Turgenev was born in 1818, Nekrassov in 1821, Grigorovitch in 1822, Dostoevsky in 1821, Ostrovsky in 1823, and Tolstoy in 1829. Russia has certainly become articulate. She has found her translators.

Dostoevsky was born in poverty and he never surmounted it. The son of a doctor, he entered the school of engineers when he was fifteen, but he was less an engineering student than a devotee of literature. When scarcely out of his teens he was already a novelist without knowing it and desperately embarrassed for funds with which to publish his early efforts:

At the age of twenty-two, Dostoevsky was more and more dissatisfied with his career in the engineers, and more and more devoted to literature. He had been steeped for years in French literature, and in 1844 he commenced a translation of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," while at the same time he was engaged in one of his spasmodic efforts at the drama. "The translation is admirable," he writes to Michael. "They will give me at least three hundred and fifty roubles for it. I am most eager to sell it, but the future capitalist has not enough money to have it recopied; nor the time either. In the name of the Heavenly angels, send me thirty-five roubles (the price of copying). I swear to you by Olympus and by my Jew. Iankel (in my drama which is just finished), and by what more? By my moustache, if you wish, for I hope that it will grow some day, that the half of what I receive for 'Eugénie' shall be yours." All his life the distracted novelist was to make similar suggestions, mortgaging one after the other the fruits of his brain, only to plunge again into fresh calculations for a future always obscure.

In 1844 he is as yet only sub-conscious of his mysterious powers. He determined to send in his resignation to the engineers and to stake all on his first novel, "Poor Folk":

The distracted young author was determined to print at his own risk. "I have made a desperate decision," he told his brother. "I am going to wait, run once more into debt, and towards the first of September, when everybody is coming back to St. Petersburg, and people are scenting novelties as a sporting dog scents game, I am going to have my novel printed with my last resources, and they will not be sufficient. When one places something in a Review, one puts oneself under the yoke, not only of the principal hotel-keeper, but also of all the underlings, and of all the scoundrels who nestle in the places where civilization is propagated. There is not only one dictator—there are twenty of them. Printing oneself, that means digging one's own hole, and, if the work is good, not only will it not be lost, but it will also deliver me from my troubles and my debts, and will give me bread." In the same letter he expressed his determination, like Flaubert, never to write to order and continued: "I have decided to keep my old lodging. Here at least I have a fixed address, and I shall be tranquil for about six months. I shall have to pay for all this with my novel. If the affair does not succeed, I may have to hang myself."

The novel was a success and now Dostoevsky was to know the humiliation of flattery, the degradation that comes from the patronage of the rich. He became sensitive, morbid, and always on the look-out for indications of the real sentiment hidden under the adulation. Of this we see an illustration in his causeless quarrel with Turgenev:

But he was very soon to change his mind, or at least to modify his opinion in regard to his rival. For it was about this time that Turgenev gave that card party at which he was unfortunate enough to offend Dostoevsky, who happened to enter the room just as a burst of laughter greeted some blunder at one of the card-tables. White with anger, Dostoevsky left the room at once, and when his host went out to inquire about him, he was informed by his servant that this strange guest had been walking up and down outside the house without his hat for the last hour. Turgenev tried to pacify him, assuring him that no one in his house had been rude enough to ridicule him; but Dostoevsky refused to listen to reason, and after returning for his hat and overcoat left abruptly.

And now came the great and crushing event that was to throw its shadow over the whole of the novelist's life. Dostoevsky was a conservative, but he had allowed himself to join the Society of the Petrashevtsy, a body of harmless theorists who had emitted some opinions on the censorship. On April 23, 1849, the whole society was arrested, and Dostoevsky thus describes the police visit to his rooms before sunrise:

They searched everywhere for incriminating evidence, the commissary of police even creeping into the stove and rummaging among the ashes with his pipe-stem. Dostoevsky was then led into a wretched little cell, lit by one small lamp. This cell was so wet that even the commandant, when going his rounds the next morning, exclaimed: "This is really not proper." When Dostoevsky asked him why he had been arrested, he replied: "That you will know altogether at the trial." The first examination, however, did not take place till ten days afterwards, during which time the novelist was kept in complete idleness. "I had neither paper," he continues, "nor books. The only interruption to the monotony was when the cell door opened five times a day: at seven o'clock when they came to bring me water for washing and to dust the room; ten o'clock for the inspector's round; twelve o'clock to bring in dinner (two portions of cabbage or some other soup and a bit of veal torn in shreds, as neither knives nor forks accompanied it); seven o'clock for supper; and lastly, when it got dark, they brought the lamp, which after all was superfluous, as they gave me nothing to do. Thus we were kept eight months. After the first two months they gave us books, though only very few; but we grew so weary that we regarded the days when we were examined as real festivals." As to how the examination was developing, or how long it would take, what the definite evidence against him was, all these things the prisoners were kept in

eight months in prison followed the arrest, and on April 22, 1849, Dostoevsky and his twenty companions in misfortune were sentenced to immediate

death. Mme. Kovalevsky gives an account of the proceedings in the novelist's own words:

"I was condemned to be shot! Nothing was said about the time, but scarcely an hour had passed when the gaoler appeared and told me to put on my clothes. Under strong escort I was led out into the yard, where nineteen of my companions were waiting. It was seven o'clock in the morning. We were put into our carriages, four in each, accompanied by a soldier.

"Where are we going?" we asked. "I must not tell you," the soldier replied. And as the carriage windows were covered with ice we could see nothing outside.

"At last we reached Semyonovskiy Square. In the middle of it a scaffold was raised, up to which we were led and ranged in two lines. We were so carefully watched that it was impossible to say more than a few words to those that stood nearest.

"A sheriff appeared on the scaffold and read out our sentence of death; it was to be executed instantly.

"Twenty times the fatal words were repeated: 'Sentenced to be shot!' And so indelibly were the words graven into my memory that for years afterwards I would wake in the middle of the night fancying I heard them being read. But at the same time I distinctly remember another circumstance: The officer, after having finished the reading, folded the paper and put it into his pocket, after which he descended from the scaffold. At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, and I thought: 'It is impossible, they can't mean to kill us!' and I whispered these words to my nearest companion, but instead of answering he only pointed to a line of coffins that stood near the scaffold, covered with a large cloth. . . .

"Then there was a general stir. I was too shortsighted to discern anything, but I felt that something extraordinary was happening. At last I descried an officer, who came galloping across the square, waving a white handkerchief. He was sent by the emperor to announce our pardon. Afterwards we learned that the sentence of death had only been a threat intended as 'a lesson not to be forgotten.' But this lesson had fatal consequences for many of us. When Grigorief was released from the pole he had become mad through the terror he had undergone whilst waiting for the fatal shot, and he never recovered his reason. Nor do I think that any of us escaped without lifelong injury to his nervous system."

The sentence of death had been changed to eight years' penal servitude in Siberia and many years' subsequent exile.

Dostoevsky's experiences in Siberia certainly gave him a vast stock of literary material, but it was paid for at a heavy price. It is a surprising and bewildering picture that he gives us of prison life:

A free serf once told Ivan Turgenev that in the old days of slavery he would always steal whenever he got the chance, because it made him feel free. Apart altogether from any animal delight in debauchery, a drunken bout meant a brief so-called freedom for the Siberian convict, and far from being looked down on, he was respected for it by his comrades. More surprising is the fact that among these outcasts tale-bearing was not condemned. On the contrary, tale-bearers were rather esteemed than otherwise, and it was impossible to explain to the convict that such a person was dangerous to the community. But what was most childish and irresponsible of all about the convict was very often the crime itself. Over and over again, Dostoevsky noted in the confession of a convict, a confession always given without the slightest suspicion of remorse, the element of mere chance, as though a child were to toss up to see if he should or should not set fire to a house. In later years Dostoevsky was to lay great stress upon this innate responsibility and childishness, mixed with the greater acumen, on the part of the criminal.

Dostoevsky's fellow-prisoners appeared to him like children, and doubtless they regarded him in the same light. They loved him and stole from him, even his Bible, and sold it for drink:

Warned against a particular criminal as being exceptionally dangerous, Dostoevsky began to observe him with stimulated curiosity, and it is this curiosity which makes the record of Dostoevsky's Siberian torments less a human document than a treatise on criminal psychology. One convict, for example, named Louka, had murdered no less than six people and used to do his utmost to pose as a terrible fellow in the eyes of his comrades. Yet Dostoevsky noticed that he was not really feared in the prison.

On the other hand, even in a seemingly quiet scene, when scarcely a word was spoken, the convicts were very quick to divine the atmosphere of murder. They knew instinctively, like animals, who was and who was not essentially dangerous. Like children they welcomed anything new. The hospital to them was a welcome change, and in the hospital they were always glad to see some outcast who had been flogged almost to death. Cruelty had no significance for them, and they would laugh as they related their own sufferings. But they had their own grotesque notions of etiquette, and it was the rule not to exhibit too much interest in flogging except in the cases of notorious criminals. Afterwards they would be kind to any flogged comrade, and would nurse him as well as they could, and always without comment.

Here is another curious glimpse of the subterranean, sewer-like life of Siberia:

The prisoners showed their human side by their fondness for pets; and one of the most pathetic scenes in a book which is singularly devoid of sensational pathos is that in which the convicts determined to set an eagle at liberty so that he might be free when he died. "Let him go; give him his freedom—his own sweet little freedom," clamored these dispossessed ones of the earth. "The eagle was thrown down from the rampart into the steppe. It was a cold bleak day in the latter part of autumn. The wind whistled across the bare steppe and among the yellow grass. The eagle walked straight away as fast as he could go, flapping his broken wing, the convicts following with their eyes the dark head as it moved quickly through the grass of the steppe."

If any one scene of prison life is significant it is that one of which Turgenev observed "Le tableau du bain, c'est vraiment de Dante." Here indeed the grotesque and the horrible merge into a hideous picture of distorted manhood:

"The shelves were covered with convicts who tried to screw themselves into the smallest possible space. Few, however, of the convicts really washed themselves, as the common people care but little for soap and hot water, their idea of a bath consisting in getting up to the highest shelf, whipping themselves violently with a bundle of birch twigs and then pouring cold water down their backs. About fifty birch rods were in constant movement on the shelves, water was being continually thrown at the hot oven to make more steam, till the heat was almost unbearable. And all this mass of human beings was swaying backwards and forwards, shouting and yelling, and clanking their chains on the floor. Some, in trying to cross the floor, were caught in the chains of those who were sitting down, and, falling on their heads, knocked

them down, cursing and swearing. The dirt and filth actually flowed in streams everywhere. The men were perfectly wild with excitement and yelled and shrieked like demons. A dense crowd had collected round the window where the cans of hot water were handed in, and carried by the buyers to their respective places, not, however, without spilling half of it over the heads of the bathers who squatted on the floor. From time to time the moustached face of a soldier would look in at the door or window to see if there were no disorders going on. The closely cropped pates and red-hot bodies of the convicts appeared to me more hideous than ever. Their backs were covered with scars from the lash or the stick, which stood out more vividly on the red surface, and looked like so many fresh stripes. I could not help shuddering with horror at the sight of them. More water is being thrown over the hot stones, and a thick cloud of vapor rises from them and fills the whole bathroom, which resounds with maddening shrieks and howls."

After four years in prison Dostoevsky enters the army as a common soldier, is eventually discharged, and begins again the old literary struggle. He has no overcoat and must wear his winter boots through the Russian summer:

Money must be obtained by one means or another, and Dostoevsky urges his brother to procure some from his aunt, of whom he gives a precise psychological study exactly in the manner of his novels. And he goes on to sketch the actual scene of this horrowing transaction, exactly as he had anticipated in Siberia, Wrangel's pleading for him with Tolstoy. "Generally speaking," he observes, "one should not be too much a suppliant, one should not tremble and humiliate oneself, one should not employ the 'cut-and-dried' tone of a commercial man; nor will the serious air of a man of affairs be of much use. It is necessary to act morally on the sentiments, and not to act upon them pathetically, but with inflexibility and precision. It is that which will affect her most surely." And yet, in spite of these miserable comedies of necessity, Dostoevsky maintained his own pride, the pride of the artist, and over and over again he protests in these letters that even in his most desperate straits he will not sell himself to the publishers.

About the year 1865 Dostoevsky went abroad to escape from his creditors. He was alone in the world except for his little daughter Sonia. His wife was dead, and he admits that he is on the verge of drowning himself. And then in 1868 he lost his daughter also:

Dostoevsky was still in Geneva when, in the spring of 1868, he lost his little daughter, Sonia. The novelist was inconsolable. All his passionate love for children had been concentrated upon this little being of three months old, and he pours out his heart about her to Maikow. She had commenced to know him, to love him, to smile at him when he came near her, to listen to his songs, to cease from crying when he amused her. The psychologist's preoccupation with all the complexities of human character seems to have utterly vanished, and he reveals nothing beyond the broken heart of a father. "In order to console me," he writes, "they tell me that I shall have other children. But where is Sonia? Where is that little being for whom I tell you boldly that I would willingly be crucified if only she might be alive."

At Lyons he watched the execution of a criminal, and it is to that grim experience that we owe the passage in "The Brothers Karamazov," where Prince Myshkin tells Adelaida Epanchin to draw the face of a criminal who is waiting for the fall of the guillotine:

He himself had realized every instant of that obscure criminal's waiting, and he knew the abnormal activity of the brain at such a time. It is from the very heart of Dostoevsky that the prince speaks: "How strange that criminals seldom swoon at such a moment! On the contrary, the brain is especially active and works incessantly—probably harder, harder—like an engine at full pressure. I imagine that various thoughts must beat loud and fast through his head—all unfinished ones, and strange, funny thoughts very likely—like this, for instance: 'That fellow that has a wart on his forehead! and the executioner has burst one of his buttons, and that lower one is all rusty!' and meanwhile one notices and remembers everything. There is one point that can not be forgotten, round which everything else dances and turns about, and because of this point, he can not faint or swoon; and this lasts until the very final quarter of a second, when the wretched neck is on the block and the victim listens and waits and knows—that's the point, he knows that he is just now about to die, and listens for the rasp of the iron over his head. If I lay there, I should certainly listen for that grating sound, and hear it too! There would probably be but the tenth part of a little instant left to hear it in, but one would certainly hear it. And imagine, some people declare that when the head flies off it is conscious of having flown off! Just imagine what a thing to realize; fancy if that consciousness were to last for even five seconds."

The author tells us that though, like Rousseau, Dostoevsky combined inner idealism with external brusquerie, and compassion for humanity with ill-humor toward individuals, he was utterly without any disposition to pose:

But a poseur, in any sense of the word, he was not. Once, at a soirée, after his return from Siberia, a lady came up to him with the avowed intention of reading the suffering in his face. The author of "Poor Folk" turned irritably away; and it was characteristic of him that he wrote and said comparatively little about what he had endured in Siberia. "It will be observed," he writes in "The Diary of a Writer," "that up till now I have scarcely ever spoken of the years that I spent in prison. The recollections of 'Buried Alive,' which I published some fifteen years ago, are apparently the work of an imaginary person. I gave them as though they had been written by a Russian noble who had assassinated his wife. . . . I may add in this connection that a great many worthy people imagine today that I went to Siberia for the murder of my wife." For the rest, these diaries of 1875, 1876, and 1877 are not personal, but rather express the general views of Dostoevsky upon men and things, repeating the central ideas of his life, which run through all his novels, and, indeed, through all his correspondence. Everything that he said or wrote, however, seems to accentuate the deep injustice of his punishment. He was in no sense an intimate friend of Petrashevski, though he believed in him, and in after years continued to believe in him, as a just and honorable man.

Dostoevsky will appeal to the great mass of all mankind, says the author, as the novelist of pity, of compassion, of inalienable tenderness towards all those from whom the world turns arrogantly away. And so far as the author himself is concerned, it may be said that he has done his work not only with skill, but with sympathy.

A GREAT RUSSIAN REALIST. By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

Franz Liszt.

Mr. James Huneker knows better than any man living how to combine the biography of an artist with an appreciation of his art. That he works in a somewhat formless manner is one of his excellences, for it seems to be his object to give us only essentials and to invite our attention to a panorama of mountain peaks without much consideration for the intervening valleys. Liszt is first, last, and all the time a musician. Nothing matters unless it concerns the dominant motive of his life. There is scant room for scandal, domestic infelicities, or the things that concern all men and happen to all men. If only Liszt had been poor, says Mr. Huneker. If only he could have had the discipline that befell to the lot of Wagner. But the malevolent fairy gave him wealth, and wealth was not his only handicap. He was a Roman Catholic, he was a Magyar with German tendencies, he was cosmopolitan, he was not French, he had too much success, and there had been extravagance in his youth. It would be too much to say that because of these things he was eclipsed by Wagner, but eclipsed he certainly was. He was even denounced as an imitator of Wagner, and when the news went abroad in Bayreuth that the "father-in-law of Wagner" had died it was feared that his funeral might disturb the music festival. And yet, says Mr. Huneker, it is a simple fact that Wagner, to reach his musical apogee, to reach his public, had to lean heavily on the musical genius and individual inspiration of Liszt. "The later Wagner would not have existed—as we now know him—without first traversing the garden of Liszt."

An intensely interesting part of Mr. Huneker's volume is devoted to the opinions of Liszt mirrored by his contemporaries. Von Lenz, Berlioz, D'Ortigue, Escudier, Mosenthal, Moscheles, Hans Christian Andersen, Heine, Bauer, Fanny Kemble, Lola Montez, Macready, George Eliot, and many others figure in these pages and are quoted at length. Other sections are devoted to "The B-Minor Sonata and Other Piano Pieces," "Liszt Pupils and Lisztiana," and "Modern Pianoforte Virtuosi." No better book of its kind has been written, and it is so good not only for its appreciative and critical qualities as for its exclusion of banalities, personalia, and insignificances.

FRANZ LISZT. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

## The Dominant Chord.

It may be taken as an axiom, at least in fiction, that the man who forcibly carries away his lady love will be fully rewarded in the last chapter. Whether the good old plan would succeed in real life may be doubted. Probably the police would nip the experiment in the bud.

Mr. Kimball seems to have modeled his story upon Jules Verne, although the French writer had a soul usually above love-making. John Gordon Craig, being infatuated with Alice Huntingdon, who is about to marry a European aristocrat, chloroforms her while she is in her automobile and transfers her to his marvelous submarine yacht, the *Sabine*, of which he himself is the entire crew. His plan of campaign is simple. He intends to keep her there until she surrenders, although it is obvious that such a voyage *à deux* will be bad for the lady's reputation. Of course the beautiful Alice does surrender. We knew she would, but only after a number of exciting adventures that make quite an interesting story and that are so well recounted as to compensate for the impossibilities.

THE DOMINANT CHORD. By Edward Kimball. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

## Social Evolution.

It is time that some one should question the direction of human "progress" as influenced by the reformers of today, and certainly Professor Hobbhouse is well qualified for the task. The least captious of critics, he yet finds it necessary to look askance at the army, or rather the mob, of men and women, one-ideaed, each struggling fanatically for the application of some half truth to the exclusion of everything else, and each confident that his or her own panacea will save the race. A dent in a sheet of metal can not be knocked flat with a hammer, and the reformed drunkard who finds an outlet for his excitement in gambling has not been bettered. Compel an employer to compensate his workmen for accidents and he will refuse to employ the aged or the unlucky. So it is all down the line. A thousand reformers are hammering out our dents, unaware of the fact that dents can not be removed by any such process.

A single example will illustrate the author's method. The eugenists, he reminds us, believe that tuberculosis could be eradicated by selective mating. But are they sure that nothing else would be removed at the same time? We know nothing of the source of the higher and immeasurably valuable mental faculties, and which are unaffected by tuberculosis. Is it possible that interference would remove not only the disease, but something else that we can not afford to lose? In other

words do we know what we are doing, and the whole of what we are doing, by our feverish efforts to hustle out of sight or to suppress what may be no more than the symptoms of a disease that is deep down and out of sight in human nature?

The author's field is a wide one, and he covers it in a comprehensive way. His book is one to be read by the increasingly large number of persons to whom the redemption of the human race presents no difficulties so long as they can depend upon an acquiescent legislature.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION AND POLITICAL THEORY. By Leonard T. Hobbhouse. New York: The Columbia University Press; \$1.50 net.

## Moving Pictures.

Mr. Talbot's substantial volume is a revelation not only of the size of the moving-picture industry, but of the extraordinary ingenuity of mechanism and device that has been used to bring it to its present excellence. Indeed nothing is omitted, from the early days of the invention down to the present time, when the industry has attracted not only a vast capital, but the finest dramatic services and the highest skill of the mechanic. Every process is described, from the preparation of the blank celluloid film to the making of the projection machinery. We are told how trick effects are produced, how the picture plays are devised and staged, how the films are colored, pieced together, and mended, and how the invention is applied to scientific and educational ends. In fact nothing is omitted, the result being a volume of exceptional interest and lavishly illustrated with good photographs intended to elucidate every stage of the process.

MOVING PICTURES: HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WORKED. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

## The "Easy Way."

The honeymooner rarely shows much originality, perhaps because matrimony is so venerable an institution that conservatism is most consonant with its celebration. But Mr. John L. Mathews struck a somewhat new note when he and his bride built a houseboat and drifted down the Chicago Drainage Canal, down the Illinois River, and then on down the Mississippi to New Orleans. It was a delightful trip and it is delightfully described, containing just as many adventures as one wants on a wedding trip, itself so great an adventure, and supplying reminiscences enough to last for the length of a normal life. But among the many illustrations why is there no portrait of the lady.

THE LOG OF THE "EASY WAY." By John L. Mathews. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Laughter.

M. Henri Bergson's "essay on the meaning of the comic" is something more than its name implies. For one thing it contains a fine definition of art based on the postulate that between nature and ourselves a veil is interposed, a veil that is opaque for the common herd, and thin, almost transparent for the artist and the poet. Ordinarily we see only those things that are useful to us, and we are indifferent to the totality of reality, but the artist has the more direct vision.

M. Bergson is acute enough and analytic enough in his treatment of laughter, and yet such an exposure of mechanism is not always welcome. We rather like to think that laughter is one of the mysteries and to leave it at that, a sort of God-given boon as a compensation for the otherwise unendurable life. But instead of this we have a series of aphorisms, doubtless true enough and yet with all the harshness of truth. For example: "A deformity that may become comic is a deformity that a normally built person could successfully imitate." And again: "The attitudes, gestures, and movements of the human body are laughable in exact proportion as that body reminds us of a mere machine." And once more: "Any incident is comic that calls our attention to the physical in a person, when it is the moral side that is concerned." Henceforth we fear that our laughter will be suddenly checked by an effort to classify it under one of these heads.

Why not content ourselves by saying that laughter is caused by a sense of the incongruous. That is Chesterton's definition if we remember rightly. It is the incongruous, he says, that causes us to laugh when we hear a man speaking French, for here is a human being who looks like a man and dresses like a man and yet can not talk like a man.

LAUGHTER. By Henri Bergson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20 net.

## Genius.

In Mr. Stedman's collected essays we have a book to be read, not once only, but many times. No other writings of the kind, with so many excellences, have appeared in America, no other essays so weighty in intellectual values or presented in a form so polished.

There are twenty-five of these essays, most of them dealing with literature, and appreciative or critical rather than contentious. But when Mr. Stedman deals with genius he shows us that he was able to enter the philo-

sophical field and to come away with the honors of war. Frankly he avows himself to be upon the side of Plato and the ancients, who believed that genius was a special possession rather than the enlargement of some faculty shared by humanity in general. He has small toleration for Carlyle's dictum that genius is the "infinite capacity for taking trouble"—surely the silliest thing ever said by a wise man—or for Mr. Howells's opinion that "there is no 'genius,' there is only the mastery that comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science." No wonder Mr. Howells asks if Lincoln was a genius. And so Mr. Stedman believes that the difference between men of genius and other men is "one of quality, not of quantity or degree." Otherwise how did Mozart become a great musician at six, and what did Dickens mean when he said that as he sat down to write "some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested, and I don't invent it—really do not—but see it, and write it down." Indeed Mr. Stedman might have multiplied such examples to great length.

The other essays in the volume are much shorter than the one upon genius, but marked by the same penetration of vision and perfection of style. They include essays on Keats, Landor, Blake, Stoddard, Whittier, Austin Dobson, and Edwin Booth.

GENIUS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Edited by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, M. D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Socialism.

Dr. Ira B. Cross has done a useful service by a presentation of Socialism "as a handbook to the busy reader or as a text-book for the classroom." Avoiding the narrower controversial issues, he gives us a clear statement of the main Socialist contentions and is satisfied to present facts without special appeal to the sympathies. For those who wish to go further afield a fairly full bibliography is supplied.

THE ESSENTIALS OF SOCIALISM. By Ira B. Cross, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

"The Bantam," by Brewer Corcoran, is a vigorous story of school life and one that should be equally attractive to boys and to their fathers. It is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1 net.

The latest addition to the National Municipal League series is a volume of composite authorship on "The Regulation of Municipal Utilities" (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net). The work covers the whole series of municipal franchises, discussing in turn the need for

regulation, public service commissions, problems awaiting settlement, results already accomplished, and the arguments for and against municipal ownership.

"Prue's Little Friends," by Amy Brooks (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1), is intended for children of from six to ten and should be popular, inasmuch as circus life forms a large part of the narrative.

"The Mansion," by Henry Van Dyke (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents), is a slender narrative in the author's well-known mystical vein, pleasant and profitable to read and yet provoking a wish for a more robust virility.

The Open Road Press, Griffith, Indiana, has published a little volume by Bruce Calvert entitled "Rational Education." It is an attack upon our educational system containing much sound material, but somewhat marred by a note of scolding. Price, 50 cents.


"Shadows and Realities," by Albert Gehring (Cleveland, Ohio: Central Publishing House; 75 cents), is a volume of essays intended to urge toward a true appraisal of the things of life and a recognition of the underlying spirit of things rather than of their illusive phenomena.

A thoroughly practical little book for the tourists is furnished by Esther Singleton in her "How to Visit the English Cathedrals" (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net). The author's object is to present precise descriptions of the great ecclesiastical buildings of England with the story of their construction and historical associations supplemented with criticisms from the best authorities of their most striking architectural and artistic features.

Those interested in the subject of dietetics will do well to read "Principles of Human Nutrition," by Whitman H. Jordan (the Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net). Its 450 pages seem to contain well nigh everything that is known on the subject of food, written for the intelligent lay mind and admirably arranged for purposes of study and reference. Mr. Jordan is the author of a work on "The Feeding of Animals" that was deservedly praised, and his latest volume will enhance his reputation for careful compilation and lucid presentation.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Classic Point of View.

The voice of Mr. Kenyon Cox pleading for the classic point of view in art may be as that of one crying in the wilderness, but none the less it is a fervent and even an impassioned voice. By the classic spirit he does not mean the classic school. He means the "disinterested search for perfection," the love of permanence and of continuity. He means the art that is fine and noble, that expresses "disciplined emotion and individuality restrained by law." For the impressionists Mr. Cox has slight rebuke, except that their movement is scientific rather than artistic. They did at least call attention to light and color. Moreau and Whistler wasted their energies, and "how pitifully slight is the production of either compared to the magnificent fecundity" of the old masters. But the full weight of Mr. Cox's cudgel is reserved for the eccentricities of "those hasty forms of art," the gallery picture and the *machine du salon*. These eccentricities are now so extreme that modern art seems bent upon rushing down a steep place into the sea, like the Gadarene swine. What shall we say, asks the author, to those compositions in which the human figure is represented by a series of triangles and a portrait by an arrangement of cubes. And yet critics write hooks and articles to prove that this is the real and vital art, the "art of the future."

It is to redeem the student from such insanities that Mr. Cox has written this vigorous hook and to show him what things are worthy to be admired and to be imitated. His initial chapter is on "The Classic Spirit" and he follows this with "The Subject in Art," "Design," "Drawing," "Light and Shade and Color," and "Technique." Mr. Cox writes with an unusually facile pen and in such a way that one need be by no means an artist, or skilled in the language of artists, to appreciate and to admire every page.

THE CLASSIC POINT OF VIEW. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## Leaflets from Italy.

This is a volume of historic Italian sketches collected by the author between the years 1903 and 1909 in the course of a study of Italian history and Christian art. The most notable of these sketches is that of Santa Monica, the mother of St. Augustine. Other essays are on "Galla Placidia and Her Time," "The Great Mother of the Gods and How She Came to Italy," and "Genoa." Without possessing any marked distinction of style, the author presents her narratives with clearness and accuracy and with every evidence of careful research. There are sixteen illustrations.

LEAFLETS FROM ITALY. By M. Natalie Crumpton. Edited by Margaret L. C. Nicola. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## The Women of To-Morrow.

This energetic and conversational hook may be described as a plea for the economic independence of women. The dependent woman, argues the author, is the woman whose marriage must be deferred simply because the young man who wishes to marry her and who ought to marry her when the sex impulse in both is at its strongest cannot afford to do so. The result is a relative sterility, a disappointment of nature, and an increase in the vast armies of the underworld. The author represents one of his imaginary woman characters as saying to her lover: "I'm working. You're working. We're single. Very well. We'll change it. I'm working. You're working. We're married. Have we lost anything? And we've gained each other." A few pages later we find the same young woman saying: "I don't regret it. . . . Of course I do wish we had started earlier. But I would have wanted to wait awhile for the children in any case." Quite so, and that is exactly where a question must be interposed, a question that this hook should have answered. The married woman can remain economically independent after she has children, and therefore we have this particular example saying "I would have wanted to wait awhile." But what does that involve? How is the postponement to be secured? Ugly questions, no doubt, but questions that must be answered, and answered righteously, and that are not yet answered. But Mr. Hard's hook is one to be read both for its enthusiasm and its sincerity.

THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW. By William Hard. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

TOBY. By Credo Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel of the Kentucky hills.

QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A romance of the eighteenth century.

GEORGETTE. By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

ANNE. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net. Page novel.

SHARROW. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE CHARIOTEERS. By Mary Tappan Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

CAPTAIN QUADRING. By William Hay. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel of Australia.

THE NAMELESS THING. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE CHILDREN OF ALSACE. By René Bazin. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE FOREST ON THE HILL. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net. "Novellettes fresh from the smiling land of Provence."

## HISTORY.

LA CHRONIQUE DE L'AN 1911 QUI CONTIENT LE RECIT DES NEGOCIATIONS OFFICIELLES ET DES NEGOCIATIONS SECRETES A PROPOS DU MAROC ET DU CONGO. Par Mermeix. Paris: Bernard Grasset; 3 fr. 50.

Dans une narration alerte, l'auteur, qui a tout appris, dit tout.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK. Edited by Frank Moore Colby, M. A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A compendium of the world's progress for the year 1911.

PROFITABLE BREEDS OF POULTRY. By A. S. Wheeler. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents.

Issued in the Outing Handbooks.

PLAY-MAKING. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net. A manual of craftsmanship.

A CALIFORNIA TROUBADOUR. By Clarence Thomas Urmy. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$2 net. A volume of verse.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.; \$5 net.

Volume VII, 1912-13.

HARPER'S BOATING BOOK FOR BOYS. Edited by Charles G. Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75.

A guide to motor boating, sailing, canoeing, and rowing.

BASEBALLLOGY. By Edmund Vance Cooke. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents. A book for the fan.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH CLASSIC. By the Rev. Cleland B. McFee, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A study of the King James version of the Bible and its influence on life and literature.

CHEAP TURKEY. By Ward Macauley. New York: Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net.

A little narrative with a hearing upon the high cost of living.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE. By Henri Bergson. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; 20 cents net.

Issued in the People's Books, a library "bringing within the reach of all the results of modern knowledge."

CUTTING IT OUT. By Samuel G. Blythe. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 35 cents.

A short treatise on the beauties of the water-wagon.

THE FUN OF GETTING THIN. By Samuel G. Blythe. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 35 cents. A little handbook for the fat.

FALSE MODESTY. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

An appeal for the proper education of the young in sexual hygiene.

THE POLITICS OF MICHIGAN, by Harriette M.

Dilla, Ph. D.; THE UNITED STATES BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY AND THE TARIFF, by Roy G. Blakey; AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE DARK AGES, by Ernest Brehaut, Ph. D.; A HOOSIER VILLAGE, by Newell LeRoy Sims. New York: Columbia University Press. Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY. By Calvin Dill Wilson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

A valuable hook for those interested in the self-supporting student.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH TERRIERS. By William Haynes. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents.

A hook for dog lovers.

## The Spirit of the Sea.

I have seen the warships crash their bows,  
(Said the Spirit of the Sea),  
And galleons with their dragoned prows,  
And pirate sloops where men carouse  
Beneath the Black Flag free,—  
And never a one,  
When my will was done,  
But was chattel and slave of me;  
And never a one but I laughed to scorn.  
When I crushed them here in the deeps forlorn;  
For a stronger than I has not been born!  
(Said the Spirit of the Sea.)

I have seen the giant metal things  
That were fashioned in this strange age,  
Things that withstood my buffetings,  
And that rode me down like armored kings  
Till I shrieked and stormed with rage.  
So I waited a night  
To show my might,  
And I called the Ice to me.—  
My sister white from the North afar,  
And the stateliest ship of ships that are  
We broke in two on the great ice-ber!  
(Said the Spirit of the Sea.)

But what could sea or ice avail  
With the marvel that I found?  
The merciless ice was weak and frail  
To a love that could part and never quail,  
And a courage that laughed,—and drowned!  
Oh, the deep seas know  
How man is slow  
To render his life in fee,  
Yet those stood ranked in waiting hands;  
And, when it came to Death's demands,  
Gave Death their lives with open hands.  
(Said the Spirit of the Sea.)

By all the winds that sweep the seas,  
And all the icebergs obli,  
I have seen the Last of the Mysteries,  
I have found a Fire we can not freeze,  
A Force we can not kill!  
With a host to prove  
This fearless love,  
They have heaten our cruelty:  
For with ice below, and dark on high,  
I heard men sing as they came to die. . . .  
I have met a stronger thing than I!  
(Said the Spirit of the Sea.)

—Anna Alice Chapin.

The three Dumas, Dumas père, Dumas fils, and Dumas grandpère, present a rather interesting study in heredity (says the *Dial*). The grandfather, the valiant Mestizo general, horn in San Domingo of a French father and a native half-breed mother, needed only to have come into the world twenty years later to become one of Napoleon's most famous lieutenants. Even as it was, he became a brigadier-general before he was thirty, after marvelous exploits not inferior to those of his son's Three Musketeers. His escape from an ambuscade of sixty Tyrolean, thirteen of whom he actually drove to his own camp as prisoners, was an adventure worthy of the father of the gifted romancer. A statue of this man who lived his romances instead of writing them is about to be erected in the Place Malesherbes, Paris, beside those of his son and grandson, and it is fitly suggested that the distinguished trio give their name to the square and cause it to be called henceforth the Place des trois Dumas.

## A Letter from Joaquin Miller

MY VERY DEAR POET ALEXANDER:

Your very beautiful, very bright and true hook is at hand. Thank you ever so much. It is the best, the most poetical book of poems this great land of promise has as yet produced. I like it entirely from cover to cover. I like its constant devotion to the old Greek mythology and the beautiful touches of the Bible. You have set Keats rightly on the throne "on a Peak in Darien," despite his limitations of history and geography. For is it not enough to be a poet? Such a poet!

Having said this much now a line or so about ourselves: *our trade!* I publish my poems not for today but for tomorrow. I am not being read, I can not expect to be read today. I do not really care to be read in this day of dollars, but I do care and expect to be read when this great sun land is another Greece—as it will be. We will not live to see it, but we have set our torches on the mountain tops, where the new poets may see and pursue the path up the steep of Olympus with a more certain step than otherwise. And let this be our comfort and complete reward. I am content to contribute my few verses, to comfort those who faint by the way with a song of cheer, to love all things beautiful in this beautiful world, and he glad. I should like to live in the coming great age when poets and poetry may be heard and have a fit place. But it is enough to have set up a tablet here and there, and I beg you be content and "grow old along with me."

With thanks and sincere love to you and yours.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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## How Street Railway Extension Is Hindered

Now and then the cry is heard for extension of the street railway system of San Francisco to outlying districts. Occasionally an article appears in print, urging the matter, explaining from the outsider's point of view why the work should be done, and how easily it could be perfected.

But the charter of the city and county of San Francisco acts as a discourager of capital in the extension of the street-car lines. It is a very effective discourager, too.

Since the fire of 1906 the United Railroads have spent over \$12,000,000 for new equipment and for reconstruction in this city, a substantial part of which has been distributed for labor and supplies furnished by local people. During the next four years it is estimated that the corporation will spend approximately \$4,000,000 for additional equipment, and this estimate does not include any provisions for extensions to the existing system, which it is absolutely impossible to finance under the present charter of the city and county of San Francisco.

Here are the plain facts in the case, which vitally interest every property-owner and every man, woman, and child who rides on the street-cars:

First—Franchises are limited to twenty-five years, and the successful bidder must pay the city at least two per cent of the gross receipts for the first five years, four per cent for the next ten years, and five per cent for the last ten years.

Second—The city reserves the right to take over all the tangible property and plant upon a valuation to be fixed by arbitrators, plus a bonus of from 10 to 20 per cent, provided the property is taken within the first ten years, or a bonus of 10 per cent if the property is taken during the last fifteen years, and in arriving at the valuation no account can be taken of franchise valuation, earning power, or any losses which may have occurred during the construction period, or during the early years of the operation of the franchise.

Third—All labor, whether skilled or common, must be paid not less than \$3 per day for eight hours or less, and if any employee is called upon to work over eight hours, he is entitled to time and a half for all overtime worked.

Fourth—Failure to comply with any of the conditions of the charter works as an immediate forfeiture of the franchise.

Under such conditions it is absolutely impossible to interest capital in any lines projected into the outlying districts, which, under the most favorable conditions, could not be expected to pay even operating expenses; not to mention any interest on the capital invested, during the first five years.

Therefore a street railway is compelled to confine its attention to improvement in the service on its existing system, and with this end in view the United Railroads are working out a plan whereby approximately sixty new cars will be added to the rolling stock. The corporation hopes to have them delivered in time to handle the heavy fall business, commencing in October.

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## ADELINA PATTI'S SECOND VISIT.

Colonel Mapleson made such a rich haul in San Francisco during Adelina Patti's first season in the 'eighties that he was unable to overcome a tender interest in the place. And similarly, Mme. Patti, luxurious little songbird though she was, realized that these rich fields must not be neglected. As a result the promise of a speedy return was kept, and the following year saw another spectacular opera season in San Francisco.

The feverish excitement that had prevailed during the first season had subsided in part even before it was over. People who had committed financial imprudences during the prevailing operatic frenzy had time to recover themselves, and at no subsequent performances did the same excitement prevail as during the first.

But the love of opera is innate in our community. At first only the experienced were able to appreciate not only the marvels of Patti's natural vocal endowment, but of her astonishing and peerless execution. The imagination, uncurbed by experience, is boundless in its flights, and there were many inexperienced auditors who, when they first listened to Patti sing, realized that they had constructed a voice of imaginary range and power beyond the possibility of mortal achievement. So it was to somewhat a different and rather more enlightened community of listeners that Patti brought her rare and exquisite wares during her second visit.

This time the management recognized the necessity of bringing better singers. For in spite of its inexperience San Francisco had learned that with opera at \$7 a seat it was, in the matter of tenors, contraltos, and haritones, being held up during the first season. So Mme. Sofia Scalchi, first contralto of the world, who earned her five thousand dollars a night, Mme. Fursch-Madi, an exceptionally fine soprano, De Anna, the world-famous haritone, and Giannini, a local favorite tenor of little fame, made up the leading principals.

Mme. Emma Nevada ranked next to Patti, and San Franciscans, who love excitement for its own sake and who have plenty of sentiment beside, resolved to "whoop her up" on Mme. Nevada's opening night. As if to balk them of their purpose, fate promptly smote the young Nevada in her costly throat.

And then Mme. Patti discovered that San Francisco opera-goers, recovered entirely from their earlier dementia, were settling down and preparing to judge her calmly and coolly on her merits. And the little diva, if you please, responded to the spur. Ah, but we heard some wonderful singing in those days! Who that heard the glorious blend of those two great voices in the famous duet from "Semiramide" can ever forget it?

Yet, strange to say, the attitude of the house was cool and critical. The speculators had had their little taste of changed conditions; the thrill in the air had gone, the usual respect for the possibilities inherent in a dollar had resumed its sway, and on the opening night, when San Franciscans heard Patti singing as she had sung in Europe before kings and emperors, speculators were out in front selling \$7 seats for \$2.50. They had been bitten, and had to take their medicine.

However, if people had descended from the operatic exaltation of the first season, they sipped the joy of interesting gossip in the second. They had a long wait before Emma Nevada had recovered sufficiently from her attack of quinsy sore throat to sing, and during that time opera-goers exchanged every scrap of news they could rake and scrape together about Adelina Patti's private life. About her fine castle, Craig y-Nos, in Wales, which had proved an unappeasable maw for the mountains of gold she earned, and at which she was only able to pass three months in the year.

The popular curiosity about Nicolini was finally appeased by the appearance of the extensor in the rôle of the troubadour in "Il Trovatore," which he dressed magnificently, and sang very poorly in a harsh voice rattling with vibrato.

Patti, it was discovered, rendered prudent by the excitement attending her first season, and which had been signalized by the well-remembered incident of the explosion of a bomb in the theatre one evening, had prudently left the famous diamonds at home.

Cardinali, one of the young tenors of the company, beautiful and handy-legged, made spectacular love to Sibyl Sanderson during the entr'actes, to the vast enjoyment of the quidnuncs, who were aware that Sibyl Sanderson, then a beautiful local belle, had aspirations toward the operatic stage, but who could not be aware that the young singer was destined to subsequently become a European prima donna of note and the pet of Paris.

And then, one day, came the announcement of Mme. Nevada's recovery, and the date was set for her first performance. They used to say of Patti that she never received in San Francisco just that spontaneous reception that her soul longed for, due to her personal popularity; and that she was always obliged to sing to win it. However this may be, the fact that Emma Nevada was a Cali-

fornian took away from Mme. Patti some of the éclat that would otherwise have been hers. Local pride had decreed that the young Californian should receive a welcome that would set that night as a red-letter one in her memory for life, and so it happened.

That was the gala night of the season, and none who were there could easily forget it. The audience worked itself up to a state of delirium. People wept and shrieked from pure excitement, the stage rained flowers, and the little singer, still weak and shattered from her illness, wept with the weeping audience.

As a singer, compared to Patti, she was a humble little thrush beside a nightingale, but the audience was disposed to regard her as a wonder, and for that night at least Emma Nevada rode on the high waves of an appreciation that it is not often given to genius to receive.

How these events make us realize the flight of time! Since then Sibyl Sanderson has risen, and reigned, and died. Emma Nevada has retired from the stage. Patti, whom we heard in her glorious prime, has become an old woman. And the young and pretty Nordica, who was an almost unknown singer in the first Patti company that came to San Francisco, has won her spurs, and now is young no more.

Other singers have risen to fame, and one day, when we read in the paper that Melba was acclaimed the first living songstress, it came to us with a jolt that Patti's glorious voice must have at last suffered from the inroads of time.

All things bright must fade;

The brightest still the fleetest,

although that was not true of Adelina Patti. But subsequently she came out to us in her old age, on one of those farewell tours that players and singers can not resist. The money, the prestige, the incense, the applause! It lures them forth again!

She was wrinkled and dyed and changed. Her coquettish minauderies were gone. But fragments, nay even parts of the frame-work, of the pure, rich, velvety voice were still left. The listener who knew might abandon himself to memories and reconstruct, and those who had never heard her in her prime might even guess at some of its past glories. For there is a wonderful vitality about these voices of a century which makes them seem as if they were a gift from God and as if dull time could never be permitted to wholly withdraw the gift.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## Shifting Standards of Theatrical Criticism.

At the present moment the question of stage scenery is being discussed with pontifical profundity (says the New York Evening Post, editorially). "Sumurun" has come and gone. This play, with its impressionistic use of scenery, was a hit. Hence it is apparent to our commentators that the day of elaborate stage-settings is gone. The future will belong to simple screens and curtains and carpets, with here and there a doorway, a window, a chair. The theories of Gordon Craig are cited in support. After all, atmosphere is the thing, and not a stupid multiplication of details. It is a reasonable view, but one would find it more convincing if only a short while ago we had not been instructed by the same critics that the utmost fidelity to nature was the essential condition of success on the stage. There was the eminently successful manager whose stage-settings have always been models of almost painful veracity; real doors, real windows, real books in the bookcases, real wine in the bottles; and when it was necessary to show us a hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding-house, subordinates spent weeks in searching until the exact hall-room the author had in mind was discovered. It was a press-agent story, and not a very inspired one at that.

So the standards succeed each other. Today the play means solid doors and real windows and real washboards in real washtubs; tomorrow it means a blue screen and a dark green scarf. Today the play means struggle, action, suspense; tomorrow comes Bernard Shaw, and immediately struggle, action, and suspense no longer form an essential part of the drama; the day after tomorrow comes Henry Bernstein, and reënter triumphantly struggle, action, suspense. Thus the commentators drift on. They build theories on chance hits of the moment. They forecast the future in accordance with what happened the other night at the Forty-Second Street Theatre or the Thirty-Third Street Theatre. They speculate on whether success in the theatre is to be attained with small casts or large casts, with pale green backgrounds or dark backgrounds, with domestic plays or foreign plays. And all the while they overlook the real need and the real mission, which is to educate public opinion to the truth that what makes a play is not realistic scenery or suggestive scenery, not contemporary American problems or ancient Oriental problems, but simply a number of human beings acting out a human story in accordance with the laws of human nature and of probability.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday night, June 3, and continuing for the ensuing two weeks, Henrietta Crosman will present her latest comedy success, "The Real Thing." Miss Crosman enjoyed a most profitable engagement in the play at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, and in that city she was welcomed most heartily by both the press and public. No play that Miss Crosman has had as met with the instantaneous success accorded "The Real Thing." It is a play for the masses, not for the classes. The millionaire and the working man have both run up against the very thing which the author has tried to exploit in her play.

The author, Mrs. Catharine Chisholm Cushing, a society woman of Washington, D. C., has gone on record as having argued that the theatre is the place for amusement and relaxation, and that if a play must teach a lesson, it ought to be so sugar-coated with laughs and interest that the dear public will swallow it without the usual bitter taste. In her play, "The Real Thing," the authoress believes that she has accomplished this result in a satisfactory manner, and her opinion has evidently been indorsed by all who have seen it.

Beginning with Miss Crosman's engagement, the special summer scale of prices will go into vogue, the evening and Saturday matinees being played at 25c to \$1.50, and the Wednesday matinees at 25c to \$1.

John Tiller's London company of twenty-two people, which Martin Beck has brought to this country, will appear next week at the Orpheum in the farcical pantomime and terpsichorean absurdity, "Fun in a Harem," which is contrived chiefly for laughter and the introduction of expert and novel dancing, set to lilting and tuneful music. The company includes the twelve Tiller girls with the charm of youth and vivacity of manner which is as distinctive as the skill with which they dance; the six Eton boys and four principals, who come direct from the Palace Theatre, London, where they played a long and successful engagement. John Tiller was the originator of the Pony Ballet, and has presented more terpsichorean novelties than any other producer. A complete scenic equipment has been brought from London for this act and its costuming is most elaborate.

A genuine musical novelty in vaudeville, called "Attorneys at Music," will be presented next week by the Weston and Bentley Company. The scene of the skit is the library of a wealthy lawyer, where everything in the room bursts into melody. The desk, the revolving bookcase, the typewriter, and even the legal documents discourse excellent music.

The Famous Twelve Sunshine Girls will give selected songs and dances, including "In the Shadows." Their act is well staged and costumed.

It is no exaggeration to call the Lietzel Sisters, who will appear in the coming fall, "the wonders of the air." These two are experts on the "flying wings." Their work is hazardous, and their feats are accomplished with grace and neatness. Into the brief time allotted them is crowded an abundance of dextrous athletic novelties.

Next week will be the last of Mlle. Camille Oher; the Sayton Trio; the Kaufman Sisters, and Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook.

The current bill at the Pantages Theatre seems to strike the popular fancy, crowded houses being the rule this week, and among the principal features are the jolly little fairy musical extravaganza, "Cinderella"; Mlle. Nadje, "the perfect woman," in her physical culture exhibition; Louise Gerald and her musical partner in their spectacular performance on thirty mandolins; the Robison Brothers and Wilson, clever musical entertainers, and other good things.

The management has secured a splendid lot of attractions for the week commencing Sunday afternoon, one of the big acts being "A Night in the Slums of Paris," a pantomime in one act and two tableaux and presented by a company of eight principals, including the celebrated Parisian dancer Mlle. Maisie. The famous "Danse du Couteau" (dance of the dagger) is one of the features of "The Slums of Paris." That renowned trainer, Leon Morris, and his troupe of ponies will enliven proceedings, there being nothing on the vaudeville stage of a more amusing character than the performance given by John Hedge, the colored comedian, and the two wrestling ponies, Banner and Madison. The Morris ponies have been seen here before and they have never failed to create a sensation. Duffy and Dyso, Australian comedians who are making their first American tour, come with an act described as a genuine novelty, and Dorothy Vaughan, a singing comedienne who achieved a big success in "Madam Sherry," will sing the latest songs in inimitable style. Santo Santucci, a native of San Francisco, by the way, and an accordion virtuoso without a peer, returns fresh from Eastern triumphs and promises to create the same effects with his playing that he has all over the circuit. The Harmony Singing Three, Miss Florrie Paulin, Miss Mae Thurston, and Mr. Herbert Leiser, will be heard in pleasing numbers, and Alice

Teddy, the famous roller skating bear, will give one of the most remarkable performances ever presented by an animal. Sunlight pictures will complete the programme.

Barney Bernard, Sophie Tucker, and the seventy odd people embraced in the personnel of the company of "Louisiana Lou" are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to their engagement at the Columbia Theatre, which is scheduled for the night of July 4. The organization will conclude their remarkable engagement at the La Salle Theatre in Chicago on Saturday preceding the date of their local appearance, coming across the continent on a special train.

Helen Ware will be introduced to local theatre-goers at the Columbia Theatre, when this talented young actress will offer "The Price," which George Broadhurst wrote expressly for her. Miss Ware has come to be regarded as one of the great American emotional actresses of the day, and her initial appearance here is eagerly awaited.

George Poutney, a clever actor and singer formerly with Ferris Hartman's Comic Opera Company, is now one of the members of a musical stock company in Springfield, Massachusetts, which opened its season last week with a presentation of "Patience."

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## VANITY FAIR.

A rumor reaches us from the wilds of effete Europe that beauteous woman is resolved to remove the reproach that attaches to her from her pocketless condition. She has tried nearly everything, the hat brim, the attachable bag, and the stocking, and they all fall somewhat short. Moreover, graceless man persists in laughing. Magnificently he struts about with his seventeen pockets and jeers at every effort of the woman to stow her cargo where it will be both safe and accessible. In her stocking it is safe, but not accessible. In her bag or in her hat brim it is accessible, but not safe.

But at last we have a promise of better things. Have you seen the pannier skirt? Probably not, because it has hardly yet burst upon an astonished world. Well, the pannier skirt is an impressive garment with an enlargement or an extension upon each hip. It is somewhat like the panniers carried by the humble and quadrupedal donkey, and hence its name. These enlargements may be increased indefinitely in size and it is said that they will offer ample accommodation for the pocket. In fact the space has to be utilized in some way in order to secure the necessary protrusion, so it may be just as well used for freight as for those stiffening contrivances of wire and huckram that form so important a part of a woman's political economy. In fact one utilitarian commentator, after inspecting the new device, says that there is ample room for a baby in the new pannier, but probably that is an exaggeration and is due to an unsuccessful attempt to be funny. Moreover, the balance must be preserved, and if there is a baby on one side there must be a baby on the other side also, and two babies seem to be prohibitive. The demand would be greater than the supply. But in the meantime we welcome the pannier dress and shall await its advent with curiosity and with a sincere desire to refrain from laughter.

Why should it be considered as contrary to public policy to leave money to a wife on condition that she does not marry again? Colonel Astor's will, we are told, may be nullified because of the clause to that effect, and with all due respect to public policy it seems to be a very sensible clause. The objection arises from the wholly mistaken idea that women should be encouraged to have as many babies as possible, an idea from which we wholly dissent after a critical inspection and an involuntary hearing of most of the babies within reach. Let us put upon record the valiant opinion that there are too many babies already and that they are of an astonishingly low grade, and also the opinion that Herod was one of the most enlightened monarchs of which history has any record. What we need is fewer babies and better ones, and we have particularly small hopes of any baby born with a golden spoon in its mouth.

Now when a man puts a clause of this kind into his will his intention is clear enough and sensible enough. He means that while it is his duty and his pleasure to support his lawful wife and to see to it that she never for one moment has an ungratified desire short of the moon he does not feel under any obligation to support some other man whom he knows nothing of. And why should he? Naturally he assumes that any man wishing to marry his widow will have amassed a sufficiently large fortune to do so, and in that case he prefers his own fortune shall revert to the home for lost cats or to the fund for the introduction of the referendum to the Cannibal Islands. Probably he has no objection to his widow marrying again if she is sufficiently fleet of foot to accomplish that object. But he does object to finding the funds for the other man's delectation or for the other man's extravagances and luxuries. There seems to be nothing in this that is opposed to public policy. Quite the contrary.

Another interesting point may arise in connection with the Astor will. Colonel Astor was forbidden by the New York courts to marry again during the life of his previous wife. Nevertheless he did so, but not in the State of New York. But his will is filed in New York and must be administered there, and it is a will made in defiance of the New York court which prohibited the existence of the wife in whose favor the will was drawn. But let us say no more about the Astor millions. With all the Hearst papers, those magnificent tribunes of a horny-handed democracy, reduced to a condition of githering and driving ecstasy at the sight of so much wealth it would become decent people to be silent.

We are coming to a pretty pass when a man may not sit down to a game of cards in his own house and with a couple of friends without being arrested by some porch-climbing policeman as a common gambler. This is what actually happened to Charles Sherman of the free and enlightened State of New York, and but for the fact that Mr. Sherman had money enough to pay attorneys' fees and generally to grease the wheels of iniquity no one knows what might have come of him. He was arrested and committed to the police justice for the grand jury.

He appealed to the county court and lost his case. Then he appealed to the appellate division, who ruled unanimously that a man has a right to play a game of cards with his friends in his own house, even though he be villain enough to stake a few cents by way of a savor. But where, in the name of heaven, are we at? We can't all go to the appellate court. Our salaries won't allow of that.

A somewhat hysterical dispatch from London informs us that an otherwise well-dressed man, but wearing a black shirt, has been observed at various London theatres. The tone of the dispatch suggests a worried mind. Reading between the lines, the sender seems to ask what we propose to do about it.

Just at present, nothing at all. The American army at the moment is somewhere around the Mexican border cursing its luck that it can't see the joyous scrap going on further south. The navy also is busy somewhere or other, so the man with the black shirt is secure against American intervention. So far as we are concerned he will go on his wild career unchecked. Moreover, this is a land of freedom and we refuse to be drawn into European entanglements.

But why not let the wretch alone with his sin-blacked soul and shirt front. Come to think of it, too, it seems rather a good idea. The evening-dress-suited male has a good deal too much white about him or rather the white is too much in one place. What with his white waistcoat, white shirt, white collar, and clean face there is too much of a sameness north of the equator. Now a black shirt framed in the white waistcoat, collar, and tie would be rather fetching. So let the fellow alone. Don't chase him about like an anarchist. He may be the bringer of a new evangel.

We are not much interested now in Clara Ward de Chimay, although there was a time when that lady's amorous vagaries were chronicled with the care usually given to crowned heads. Clara is not so young as she was, nor so beautiful as when she philandered around the world with Rigo. Moreover she has grown stout.

Clara left Rigo a long time ago, but the ancient lovers recently met by accident in a Paris café. Perhaps the embers of the old passion were stirred for a moment into a flame, for Rigo reminded Clara of the torrid days in Japan when they loved each other so unchangeably that each had the portrait of the other tattooed upon the upper arm. And in the warmth of that tender reminiscence Rigo drew up his sleeve and showed the marvelous Japanese workmanship of the portrait, as fresh and as vivid as ever it was, although it depicted a face upon which time had not then set its stamp. And Clara, too, was touched up by the recollection, so much so that for the moment she forgot her prudence. Tearing her gown to the shoulder, she showed the presentiment of Rigo, but alas! what a change was there. There was a time when Clara's arm had been all that an arm should be, plump, firm, and of precisely the correct dimensions. The Japanese artist could hardly be blamed for using the materials supplied to him or for a failure to allow for extensions and enlargements that he could not have foreseen. Rigo's face was never a handsome one, his picture never of the kind to please the fastidious eye, but now with the canvas drawn and stretched in every direction it had become a positive caricature, a grotesque and disfigured parody. Naturally there was a shout of laughter from the bystanders and Rigo's tearful remonstrance, "How you have disfigured me, chérie," produced another.

The woman's question has won a great victory in Berlin. We mean the real woman's question. The theatre hat question. Mere man has once more been thrust back to the inferior position selected for him by nature, and henceforth he will be able to see the stage only with the eye of faith, not with the eye of flesh.

It may be remembered by those who have enthusiastically watched the emancipation of the fair and unselfish sex that the German police recently issued an order that ladies must remove their hats in the theatre. Of course it was an abominable order and a reversal of the evolutionary processes that have limited all human rights to the rights, or whims, of women. Obviously such an order could not stand, and as a matter of fact it has now been overthrown by the courts. Any order, police or otherwise, forbidding women to do the things that they want to do, or commanding them to do the things that they want not to do, is obviously illegal, unconstitutional, high treasonable, and impious. Henceforth the women of Berlin may wear upon their heads any sort of hoarding or scaffolding that they wish, and so friends of "the movement" all over the world may once more congratulate themselves upon one of those great triumphs for freedom which prove to us that the world does actually move.

Duels are sometimes dangerous (says the London Chronicle). Grant Duff tells a story

of an old Irish politician who was continually fighting duels, and fighting them, as the custom then was in Dublin, in the gray of the morning. When he was eighty his physicians interfered, not with his fighting duels, but with his fighting them at the accustomed hour. "I can not hear," said the old man, "to inconvenience my friends." His medical advisers, however, were inexorable, so he yielded at last, saying: "If it must be so, God's will be done," and he consented to keep later fighting hours for fear of taking cold.

Maeterlinck's sudden decision to learn boxing reminds a writer in the London Daily Chronicle that Byron also was a votary of

the noble art of self-defense, and that he turned to good literary account his knowledge of the prize-ring jargon, as witness the stanza in "Don Juan":

Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,  
Booze in the ken, or at the spellen hustle?  
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)

On the big-to-by-spice so flash the muzzle?  
Who on a lark with black-eyed Sal (his blowing)  
So prime—so swell—so nutty—and so knowing?

To these lines Byron appends a note: "If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism."

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A woman well on in years entered a druggist's and said: "Have you got any creams for restoring the complexion?" "Restoring, miss? You mean preserving!" said the druggist, heartily. And then he sold the woman \$17 worth of complexion creams.

Cleveland once made a joke. An effusive Southerner burst in upon him and exclaimed loudly: "Mr. President, I owe you an apology." "What for?" said Cleveland. "For not having called upon you earlier, sir." "Well," said Cleveland, curtly, "I haven't been lonesome."

In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following: "Look here, Sarah, mustard-plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"

King Humbert once visited Florence and at a reception of the aristocracy inquired of each noble presented what his occupation was. "Nothing, majesty," was the uniform reply until it came the turn of the Marquis Ginori, who had lost caste somewhat because of his manufacture of pottery. "I am a potter, majesty—a maker of majolica," said the marquis in response to the king's question. "Thank God!" cried the king, "there is one noble in Florence who does something."

Mark Twain did not cherish a fondness for the average office boy. He had an idea that the genus was insufferable, and invariably when the humorist sallied forth into some business office there was immediate armed hostility between him and the boy. One day Mark went to see a friend at his office, and the office boy on guard, in icy tones, said: "Whom do you wish to see?" Mark mentioned his friend's name. "What do you want to see him about?" came next from the boy. Mark Twain immediately froze up, and then with a genial smile he said: "Tell him, please, I want to ask his hand in holy matrimony."

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of the public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions: "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "My father desired me to marry a cash president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming-table." "Vat I dell you, vat I dell you," shouted the Irishman." "As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

For non-committal brevity of speech, commend us to the Yankee lord of the soil. One such, who was obliged to make a physician daily visits, had an unvarying answer to the question, "How do you feel today?" "Well," he would reply, showing as little interest in the subject as possible, "I aint no wuss." Further than that he wished to say nothing, and it took the cunning of a serpent to discover his real feelings. A man who was knocked down in the street by a snow-slide was assailed by a sympathizing crowd with condolence and question. "Did it hurt you?" inquired one of his rescuers, as he brushed the snow from the clothes of the well-powdered victim. "Well," was the cautious answer, "it aint done me no good."

A Scotch lad had his leg injured at a factory, and was treated for some time by the doctor without much favorable result. His mother had great faith in a local bone-setter, and wanted her son to go to him; but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "reg'lar faculty." Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the town where the famous bone-setter resided. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it very severely, in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in," and he was bidden to go home. In a few days he would

be all right, and could resume work. "Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward. "Yes, he did, mother," said the lad; "he pulled it well; but I was na sic a fool as to gie him the sair leg!"

Alvo Yusuph, chief judge of Bagdad, was remarkable for the modesty which accompanies wisdom. Once, after a long investigation of the facts of a case, he publicly confessed that his knowledge was not sufficient to enable him to decide it. "Pray," said a pert courtier, "do you expect the caliph to pay you for your ignorance?" "I do not," meekly answered the judge; "the caliph pays me well for what I know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

The Rev. Dr. George W. Field, of Bangor, is a very absent-minded man. When on the street, in the cars, or even at dinner, his mind is often so fully concentrated upon the subject of his next sermon that he appears to take no notice of surrounding circumstances. At one time, traveling between Bangor and Boston, as the conductor of the train, passing through the car making collections of tickets, came to Dr. Field with hand outstretched, the reverend gentleman, glancing up quickly from a reverie, looked into his face a moment, then extended his hand and said, "Good-afternoon, sir; but I think you have a little advantage of me. What name?"

It was of Dr. Whewell, the famous master of Trinity, that Sydney Smith said: "If science was his forte, omniscience was his foible." Concerning this foible an amusing story is told. A rival talker resolved for once to get the better of Whewell and crammed the subject of Chinese metaphysics. He lost no time in dextrously leading the conversation toward the topic, and at once fluently and confidently expressed his opinions, when, to his astonishment, Whewell rushed into the subject quite at home and in direct contradiction to his views. "Sir," said the master, "will you have the goodness to give me the authority upon which the opinions you have expressed are based?" "Certainly," said his opponent: "an article in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.'" "Oh!" said Whewell, "I wrote the article myself ten years ago, and have since seen good reason to change my views!"

Duke Max of Bavaria had no greater delight than leaning over the counter of some small shopkeeper, talking gossip or purchasing toys for his great-granddaughters in Austria. Innumerable stories are told illustrating his character. B. H. Goldschmidt, a wealthy banker of Frankfurt, was once journeying to Vienna. Opposite him on the velvet cushion of the first-class car sat an old gentleman, whose dress and looks betrayed no uncommon rank. "Are you on a pleasure trip?" asked the banker's vis-à-vis. "Yes," answered the latter, "I am going to visit my daughter, who, thank God! fortunately married the Banker Wiener, in Vienna." "How strange," replied his companion; "the incentive to my trip is the same. I am going to visit my daughter in Vienna. Thank God! she, too, is rather fortunately married to the Emperor of Austria." The duke's pocket-book was open to all. Many a poor creature in that Catholic city told off beads for "good Duke Max," and blessed his name. A disciple of old Baltazarini, whose art had once charmed the ballet-lovers of music, having grown old in her profession, was unable to get employment. In despair she wrote to Duke Max, giving an account of her situation. His secretary handed him the letter with the remark: "She deserves nothing; she has lived a fast life." "Then," answered his highness, "she will miss her former splendor so much the more," and, sitting down, he wrote her a letter, inclosing money, and signed "From an admirer of your art."

Robert Morris, the colored lawyer of the Boston bar, while defending a colored dress-maker, charged with stealing silk from her customers and substituting for it a poorer material, cross-examined the principal witness, a lady, who declared emphatically that she could tell the value of silk within 25 cents a yard. Knowing that it is difficult for white people to distinguish one colored person from another, Mr. Morris asked the lady if she could recognize the colored man who had brought the bundle to her. "No," she answered; "I think that all colored persons look alike to me." "Oh, they do, they?" rejoined Mr. Morris; "we'll see," and he asked

several colored men to rise. "Now, madam," he continued, "look at me and then at these gentlemen, and tell the court whether you can tell us apart." "I don't see much difference," replied the lady; "perhaps by studying you all I might; but your heads are all shaped alike, and, except that some are darker than others, I find it hard to distinguish one from another." "Now, madam," said Morris, with a triumphant air, "do you mean to swear, after telling the jury that you can judge of the value of silk within 25 cents a yard, that you can't tell the difference between Mr. Johnson here and me?" "She regards herself as a judge of silk, not a judge of wool," interrupted the prosecuting attorney. The court laughed, as did the spectators.



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Deposits December 30, 1911.....46,205,741.40  
Total assets.....48,837,024.24

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Isabelle Donahue, daughter of Mrs. Richard Sprague and the late Mervyn Donahue, and granddaughter of the late Judge Wallace, of San Francisco, to Mr. William Henry Pool of New York, nephew of the late Lawrence Pool, Esq.

Mrs. Louise Dutton Leland was married recently in Washington, D. C., to Colonel H. Willard French. Mrs. French is the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Edward Dutton and Mrs. Dutton, a niece of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. Joseph L. King, and a cousin of Mr. Orville Pratt, Mr. George L. Cadwalader, Mr. Lawrence W. Harris, and the Messrs. Percy and Joseph King.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Brigham and Mr. Horace Burns Rector took place Tuesday at the home in Los Gatos of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham. Mrs. Eugene Cooper Johnson of Los Angeles was her sister's only attendant. Mr. Johnson was Mr. Rector's best man. After a wedding trip throughout the East Mr. and Mrs. Rector will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Amy Bowles and Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., took place Wednesday evening at the home in Oakland of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles. Miss Gladys Wilson was the bride's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marian Miller, Ernestine McNear, Anne Peters, and Harriet Stone. Mr. Archibald Johnson was his brother's best man. Mrs. Johnson is the granddaughter of Mrs. George W. McNear of Oakland and a niece of Miss Elizabeth McNear and the Messrs. George, John, Seward, and Frederick McNear.

Miss Frances Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall, will be married this evening to Mr. Frederick Nickerson Woods. The ceremony will take place at eight o'clock at St. John's Presbyterian Church, and will be followed by a reception for the bridal party at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents. Miss Virginia Newhall will be her sister's maid of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Marie Brewer, Bessie Ashton, Martha Foster, Clara Allen, Dorothy Woods, and Mildred Woods. Mr. Melville Bowman will attend the groom as best man, and the ushers will be the Messrs. Otto Grau, Roy Ryone, Sherwood Coffin, Frederick Hotelling, and Edwin W. Newhall, Jr. Mr. Woods and his bride will sail June 7 for Europe.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Pippy and Dr. Clinton M. Farris of Sacramento will take place Monday, June 3, at Grace pro-Cathedral. Following the ceremony a reception will be given at the Fairmont Hotel by Colonel George Pippy and Mrs. Pippy.

The wedding of Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin will take place at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday, June 5, at the home in Menlo Park of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whiting Hopkins. A special train has been arranged to take the guests from town at 10:40 a. m., returning at 3:40.

Miss Marian Marvin will be married to Mr. Charles Otis Johnson Tuesday evening, June 5, at nine o'clock, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sullivan and Paymaster Roland Weyburn Schumann, U. S. N., will take place Tuesday evening at the home on Pacific Avenue of Judge J. F. Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan.

Miss Minna Van Bergen and Mr. Donald Jadwin will be married Wednesday, June 6, at the home on Pacific Avenue of Miss Van Bergen's grandmother, Mrs. L. Bauer.

The wedding of Miss Antoinette Keyston and Mr. Otto Grau will take place Wednesday, June 6, at the home on Pierce Street of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Keyston.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Stetson and Mr. Paul Charles Butte will take place at nine o'clock Thursday evening, June 7, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stetson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon entertained a large number of guests at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fernor-Hesketh of London.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner in honor of Miss Isabel Sprague.

Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin were the honored guests at a dinner-dance given last evening at the Burlingame Country Club by the Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby, Prescott and Harry Scott.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger was hostess at a luncheon in honor of the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott.

Mr. Chester Skaggs was host at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Miss Antoinette Keyston and Mr. Otto Grau.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, who are in Honolulu, were entertained recently at a dinner

and luncheon given by Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham at their island homes.

Mrs. George T. Carr was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Broderick Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wores entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Charles Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., gave a dinner recently at their home on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fernor-Hesketh.

Mrs. Herbert Baker entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday at her home in San Rafael, complimentary to Miss Marian Marvin.

Mr. Harry Scott was host at a dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Elysse Schultz and Mr. Samuel Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston H. Ohear entertained at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at their home on Vallejo Street, complimentary to Miss Schultz.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse entertained a number of friends at their home in San Jose Thursday, when their infant son was christened Richard Seymour Waterhouse. Mrs. Waterhouse is a niece of Mrs. Robert N. Graves of this city, and a cousin of Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali and the Messrs. Bertram and George Cadwalader.

Mrs. Hearst was the compensated guest at a luncheon given by the Young Women's Christian Association at Pleasanton, where the association held its annual convention. Mrs. Hearst was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the hacienda, complimentary to the members of the Woman's Panama-Pacific Board, and again Thursday, when she entertained the members of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association.

A reception and farewell hop was given Monday evening at the Officers' Club in the Presidio in honor of the officers of the Thirtieth Infantry, who sailed today for Alaska.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Louis Sloss has opened her country home in San Rafael, where she will spend the summer. Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have returned from a month's visit in New York.

Mrs. J. G. Bucknall and her daughter, Mrs. Harvee Jardine, will leave shortly for Santa Monica, where they will visit former Senator John P. Jones and Mrs. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gill (formerly Miss Sarah Drum) will arrive tomorrow from their home in Redlands and will occupy the home on Clay Street of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tohin.

Miss Harriett Alexander returned Monday from Burlingame, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and left yesterday with Mrs. John Bidwell for Chico, where she will remain several weeks.

Mr. Paul Verdier is en route to Europe for a few months' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames and their children are the guests of Mr. John Lawson at his home in Burlingame.

Miss Janet Coleman has returned from a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. John E. Cowdin has come from Boston to attend the wedding of his brother, Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin, who will be married June 5 to Miss Florence Hopkins. Mr. Cowdin's engagement to Miss Madeline Knowlton was recently announced in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckhee and Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green have been spending the past week in Monterey.

Miss Henriette Blanding has returned from Vassar and has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, in this city. They will spend the summer at their country home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes-Smith spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mrs. John Bidwell and her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomson H. Alexander, of Washington, D. C., arrived Sunday from Chico, and have been spending a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Haskett Derby are established in their new home on Gough Street.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and Mr. Everett Bee spent a few days last week in San Jose.

Miss Juliet Fremont, who is here with the Margaret Anglin company, is the guest of friends on Gough Street. Miss Fremont is the granddaughter of the late General John Charles Fremont, known as the Pathfinder to California, a daughter of the late Admiral John Charles Fremont, U. S. N., and a sister of Commander John Charles Fremont, third, of the torpedo-boat *Terry*.

Mr. Frederick McNear has returned from a brief visit in Southern California.

Governor W. P. Frear of Hawaii arrived on the *China* from Honolulu and is en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Valentine Hush will spend the summer in the East with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells (formerly Miss Jean Hush).

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson spent the week-

end in Cloverdale as the guests of Miss Marion Crocker.

Baron von Schroder and Baroness von Schroder have returned to their ranch, Eagles' Nest, in San Luis Obispo County.

Mrs. Ella K. Hotelling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotelling, have returned from Europe, where they have been for the past year, and are visiting friends in Seattle en route home.

The Misses Marian and Leslie Miller and Marian and Ruth Zeile returned Tuesday from New York.

The Misses Emelie and Josephine Parrott left Saturday for Europe after having spent the winter with their grandmother, Mrs. Abby M. Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark left this week for San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children left Thursday for their country home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and her daughters, the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg, returned last Thursday from Paris, where they have been spending the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Albert and Mrs. Albert's mother, Mrs. Whittell, are contemplating spending the summer in California. Mrs. Albert was formerly Miss Florence Whittell, and with her mother lived in Burlingame until four years ago, when they went abroad to reside.

Mrs. John D. Tallant has returned from a visit in Brookdale with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright, and is at present the guest of her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, at her home on Lombard Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, will spend the summer in England, where they have taken a country place for the season. They expect to return home in September.

Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean has arrived from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Dr. David Conrad and Mrs. Conrad. Mrs. Shean will remain indefinitely with relatives in this city.

Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Bessie Ashton returned home Monday after having spent ten days in Pleasanton with Mrs. Hearst.

Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough has recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bradford Leonard have come from New York to spend two weeks with Mrs. Lane-Leonard.

Mr. Alfred J. Lowenherg left last Saturday for New York en route to Europe. He will join Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown in Paris and will tour the Continent with them.

Mrs. Armsby and her daughter, Miss Cornelia Armsby, spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum in this city.

Mr. Clarence Follis left last Friday for his home in New York after a month's visit with his relatives in this city and San Rafael.

Miss Elysse Schultz spent the week-end in Menlo as the guest of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall closed their town house last week and are established in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. D. Johns and Mr. Van Dyke have returned from the East. Miss Lucille Johns remained in Baltimore with relatives.

Mr. Andrew Welch has returned from a three months' trip to the Philippines.

Mrs. Perry Eyre and her daughter, Miss Elena Eyre, have gone to Santa Barbara for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann are occupying an apartment in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Henley of Kansas City, Missouri, have recently been the guests of Mrs. Abbie E. Krehs at her home in Fair Oaks.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and her three children will spend the summer at Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, with Mrs. Pillsbury's parents, General Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, accompanied by the Misses Ysabel Chase, Ruth Winslow, and Augusta Foute, left last week for the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Eugene Gallois and her daughter, Miss Jeanne Gallois, are established for the summer at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo.

Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin and Miss Marian Marvin have returned from a visit with relatives in Sacramento.

Captain Arthur B. Owens, U. S. N., and Mrs. Owens have recently moved from Vallejo to Mare Island, where they will reside indefinitely.

Major John P. O'Neil, U. S. A., and Mrs. O'Neil left yesterday for Port Liscomb, Alaska, where Major O'Neil will be in command. They were accompanied by Mrs. E. J. Troop, Miss Winona Troop, and Miss Virginia Harrison.

Major O'Neil will shortly be elevated to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Captain William Carlton, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and with Mrs. Carlton will leave soon for his new post.

Lieutenant J. A. Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond (formerly Miss Wynne Martin) have returned from a trip in the Sierra and are guests of Dr. William A. Martin and Mrs. Martin.

Major B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., arrived last week from Honolulu, and is staying at the El Drisco.

Captain Charles N. Harlow, U. S. N., and Mrs. Harlow returned on the *China* from the Orient and are contemplating going abroad, where they will remain two years. Captain Harlow has been commander of the flagship *California*, and has recently retired from the navy.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), has arrived from Washington, D. C., and will be joined shortly by Mrs. Clover and their daughters, the Misses Dora and Beatrice Clover. They will spend the summer at their country home in Napa County.

Paymaster Roland Weyburn Schumann, U. S. N., arrived Monday from Washington, D. C., and will be connected with the U. S. S. *California*.

Dr. O. D. Norton, U. S. N., who will be on duty here during the next two years, has arrived in this city and will be joined shortly by Mrs. Norton, who is closing their home in Santa Barbara preparatory to coming here to reside.

Children's horoscopes accurately cast, \$5. Address Robert R. Hill, 1618 Steiner St., S. F.

## Pittsburg a Paris in Art.

Pittsburg is behaving itself with due modesty, hut is elated, nevertheless, after learning that positively it is ahead of Paris as an art centre. It seems the Carnegie Institute has done it. On the authority of a "veteran French painter," Pittsburg is assured that the annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute is superior to that of the Paris sa'on. In twenty-five years, exclaims the enthusiastic Frenchman, America will lead the world in art.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Durkee has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Durkee was formerly Miss Marian Lally.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle died in Paris May 22. Dr. MacMonagle was one of the best-known surgeons in this city, and he had been practicing here for more than thirty years. He was a graduate of Harvard, and came to San Francisco soon after leaving college. He became affiliated with the medical faculty of the University of California, and remained an instructor for ten years. Fifteen years ago he joined the staff of the Children's Hospital, with which he was affiliated up to the time he left San Francisco a little over a year ago. Ill-health caused Dr. MacMonagle to go to Paris in September, 1911, with his wife and son, Douglas, and he had remained there since. He was fifty-eight years of age.

All indictments against former Mayor Schmitz were dismissed by Judge Lawlor last Saturday.

Captain Aaron M. Burns, last of the masters who sailed the steamers of the old Pacific Mail Steamship Company plying between San Francisco and Panama, died in this city May 29, aged eighty-seven. Captain Burns came here in 1850 and was a prominent figure in public affairs for many years. He was a member of the Vigilance Committee, of the Harbor Commission, and of the Board of Supervisors at different times. Captain Burns is survived by a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Jason Gould; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Ermentine Poole-Long, and a granddaughter, Miss Olive Long.

The Rev. Father Kenna, long the president of Santa Clara College, and a public-spirited, well-known and loved priest of the Catholic Church, died May 26, aged sixty-eight.

Mrs. Lovell White, retiring at the end of her second two-year term as president of the California Club, was given a diamond and sapphire bracelet by members of the organization. One of Mrs. White's last official acts was the burning of the paid-off mortgage on the club property. The club was organized fourteen years ago by Mrs. White, and its success is demonstrated in its possession of a clubhouse and furnishings valued at \$35,000.

The Teachers' Institute this week at the Alcazar Theatre has been well attended, and the programme arranged by Superintendent A. Roncovieri has been followed with interest and pleasure.

Protest having been made to Mayor Rolph and the Board of Works that discrimination was being shown in the employment of men on the Geary Street municipal road construction, S. P. McDonald, business agent of the Building Trades Council, said that only union men would be employed by the terms of an agreement entered into between P. H. Mahoney, the contractor, and the United Laborers' Union.

All evidence presented before the grand jury in the proceedings directed against Commissioners O'Grady and Spiro of the police board has been turned over to Mayor Rolph by order of Judge Graham.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, once coroner of San Francisco and a continual candidate for the office thereafter, died at his home in this city, aged seventy-two.

## A Promising Young Tenor.

It is no longer surprising to learn that an eminent singer or actor is a Californian; in fact, readers are coming to expect that announcement when a new discovery in artistic circles is mentioned in the East. Perhaps the discovery is made more often away from home; for San Franciscans are chary of praise when one of their number seems likely to gain prominence, and most California stars have won their laurels abroad. Dennis O'Sullivan, Sihyl Sanderson, Katherine Parlow, are among those who gained a higher rank among strangers than in their home.

Some conservative critics believe that San Francisco is about to introduce to the musical world a young tenor of notable gifts, and should this anticipation be realized it may not be said that his recognition was too long delayed. For the past fourteen months Frank Terramorse, Jr., has been studying with Signor Wanrell, the well-known operatic singer and teacher, and his progress has delighted his friends and his instructor. Young Terramorse, who is little more than a youth, has a tenor voice of remarkable resonance, dramatic quality, range, and power. He takes D flat with ease and sustains the tone evenly. Best of all, he infuses his music with an emotional warmth rarely at the command of so young a singer. His memory is hardly less noteworthy than his vocal organ, as he has made himself phrase-perfect in the tenor rôles of twelve operas during the past year. Should the promise of his student year be fulfilled Mr. Terramorse will win more than ordinary success, for he is young, ambitious, a close student, has a robust physique, and a voice but seldom equaled among tenors.

Home-Made Specials—A novelty mixture of all the popular "Home-Made" candies. Packed in 1/2, 1 and 2-lb. boxes. 50c per pound. Geo. S. Safford & Co.

## CURRENT VERSE

## The Knight in Disguise.

Is this Sir Philip Sidney, this loud clown,  
The darling of the glad and gaping town?

This is that dubious hero of the press,  
Whose slangy tongue and insolent address  
Were spiced to rouse on Sunday afternoon  
The man with yellow journals round him strewn.  
We laughed and dozed, then roused and read  
again  
And vowed O. Henry funniest of men.  
He always worked a triple-hinged surprise  
To end the scene and make one ruh his eyes.

He comes with vaudeville, with stare and leer.  
He comes with megaphone and specious cheer.  
His troupe, too fat or short or long or lean,  
Step from the pages of the magazine  
With slapstick or sombrero or with cane:  
The rube, the cowboy, or the masquerade.  
They overact each part. But at the height  
Of revel and absurdity's delight  
The masks fall off for one queer instant there  
And show real faces: faces full of care  
And desperate longing; love that's hot or cold;  
And subtle thoughts, and countenances hold.  
The masks go back. 'Tis one more joke. Laugh  
on!

The goodly grown-up company is gone.

No doubt, had he occasion to address  
The brilliant court of purple-clad Queen Bess,  
He would have wrought for them the best he knew  
And led more loftily his actor-crew.  
How coolly he misquoted. 'Twas his art—  
Slave-scholar, who misquoted—from the heart!  
So when we slapped his back with friendly roar  
Æsop awaited him, without the door—  
Æsop the Greek, who made dull masters laugh  
With little tales of fox and dog and calf.

And, he it said, 'mid these his pranks so odd,  
With something nigh to chivalry he trod,  
And oft the drear and driven would defend—  
The little shop-girl's knight, unto the end.  
Yea, he had passed, ere we could understand  
The blade of Sidney glimmered in his hand.  
Yea, ere we knew, Sir Philip's sword was drawn  
With valiant cut and thrust, and he was gone.  
—Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, in *American Magazine*.

## Companion to Owls.

"I am a brother to dragons; and a companion to owls."

I remember old days of my being.—A hubble of  
protoval slime,  
I rose—as far as I could!—and floated, and hid  
my time.

I was sea-weed; then, sea-weed that crawled; half  
plant, half insect weak;  
Then wings I grew through ardors new. I flew  
more Life to seek.

A bird with the legs of an insect, foul and strange  
to see,  
I found a land where Love was hanned, where  
nothing but Fight might be;  
I was seized and crunched and swallowed until  
I began to learn  
That I must Grow,—if I would know more Life,  
than a funeral urn!

I cast my legs of an insect; I ceased to crawl and  
to creep;  
I relied on wing-strength only. Wider, wider in  
sweep  
My flight extended, opened. I was an Eagle  
hold;—

I know how gay is snatching prey, far-seen, from  
waters cold!

I know the rage of a lioness who hunts, her cub  
to feed;

I know the despair in a tiger's lair when 'tis Meat-  
Bringer's turn, to bleed;—

When the cubs starve in their corner, while Death  
grins as they die.—

I have been Mother, have been Cuh, and well I  
know,—now!—why.

I have hunted, have been hunted, every death have  
I died,

I have followed the spoor of every Lure, every  
god have I tried;

I have been brother to dragons, companion was I  
to owls

Through nights of anguishes, delights, lusts,  
scourges, crowns, and cowls.

I remember old days of my being.—This death,  
and that, and the next,

They seem to me, looking backward, hut periods  
in the text

Which tells the Life of my story, recounts my  
coming to be;

I needed them *all*—each slip and fall!—towards  
the apogee of Me.

The faults that freckle my spirit, I neither flaunt,  
nor hide;

Ever exposed to the Sun was I, to All-Being's  
pouring tide;

Some of His beams make "vices" and some make  
holy things;

I will cast each sin as more Life I win, as I  
changed legs, once, for wings.

I recall old days of my being.—Sorrow, horror,  
strife,

Loves that were none of them Love, lives not yet  
become Life;

Infinite labors in gaining an ant-hill's vantage-  
height;

Constant, ceaseless, grinding effort, travail, Fight.

I smile 'mid my scars and stains, beneath my dust  
and my mire,

Through tears I smile, and 'neath writhings vile  
of graveworms. Higher, higher

Through Failure, Loss, on Madness' Cross, past  
Malice, Scorn and Spite,

I strain, I mount, I gain, I count mine own true  
stature-height.

It is neither contempt nor indifference, my shield-  
ing aura thick,

Which blunts the thrust of Hate's poniard to no  
more than a rose-thorn's prick;

It is this: Enough Life to be wounded sore, yet  
to steadfastly onward go;

Enough Life to desire, more and more, to grow,  
to be, to Know!

—Florens Folsom, in *Nautilus Magazine*.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Your little girl has a wonderful flow of language." "Yes." "Does she take it from her mother?" "Yes; we all do."—*Houston Post*.

"Oh, mother, why are the men in the front baldheaded?" "They bought their tickets from the scalpers, my child."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Chinn—You know my husband just won't listen to good, common-sense talk? Mrs. Frank—How do you know?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Hewitt—Gruet is a good-hearted fellow. Jewell—Right you are. He wouldn't set the world on fire unless he knew that it was insured.—*Puck*.

"Do you believe the theory that doctors have a right to kill where they can not cure?" "Haven't they always been doing it?"—*Baltimore American*.

Augustus—I'm not fond of the stage, Violet, but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I had better go before the foot lights.—*London Sketch*.

He—I want to get married, don't you know. She—Well, why don't you go over and talk to my chaperon. She's a widow, you know.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I understand that T. A. Edison says that concrete shoes will be all the rage soon." "Gee! I guess I'll speak to your father right away."—*Houston Post*.

Ella—You say she has driven two men insane? Bella—Yes. She jilted one. Ella—What about the other? Bella—She married him!—*The Club-Fellow*.

Saxon—It's a fine morning, Sandy. (Sandy grunts.) Saxon—I said it was a fine morning, Sandy. Sandy—Verra weel, verro weel. I dinna want tae argue!—*London Opinion*.

Dubbleigh—Tell me honestly, is there any chance of your marrying me? Miss Bright—Well, there's never been any insanity in our family, Mr. Dubbleigh.—*Boston Transcript*.

Miner—An' now ther's more o' trouble. Landlord—What, not another stroike, sure-ly? Miner—Na—but owners 'av' giv' in, an' ah've gotten to goo hack t' work i' t' morn!—*London Opinion*.

Bacon—My wife wanted to bet me she'd vote before our next birthday. Egbert—And did you het with her? Bacon—Certainly not. She'd win. She's stopped having birthdays!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Don't you believe the level of human intelligence is gradually rising?" "No, on the contrary. Never before were there as many writers of popular songs as there are today."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Rumm—What the dickens does Congress mean by authorizing the coining of a half-cent piece? Dumm—Why, it will enable married women to have a little change now and then.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Murphy—Oi want to get a fust-class auty-mobile for me woife. *Auto Dealer*—Long body? Murphy—None of your business! She's huilt like a harrel, but Oi didn't come here to discuss ber shape wid ye.—*Puck*.

"My doctor says I ought to ride a horse," said the indolent man. "What for?" "I don't know. Mayhe he's tired of treating me for dyspepsia and wants a broken collarbone for a change."—*Washington Star*.

"The problems of human existence are becoming more and more complex." "Yes," replied the admiring parent. "I can hardly wait for my daughter's graduation essay to let us know what to do about them."—*Washington Star*.

Visitor—So you were acquainted with the great financier who was raised here? As usual, I suppose you gave him the first dollar he ever earned. Native—No; he took away from me the first dollar I ever earned.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"What's become of that train you used to take into the city in the mornings?" asked the city man of the suburbanite. "Oh, it's been taken off," replied the suburbanite. "You must miss it?" "Not as often as I used to!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"What makes you think the baby is going to be a great politician?" asked the young mother, anxiously. "I'll tell you," answered the young father, confidently; "he can say more things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid I ever saw."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Park Policeman (watching a gentleman who is picking flowers)—The fellow seems to understand how to put flowers together. When he has finished the bouquet I'll take his name, confiscate the flowers, and present them to my wife tomorrow. It's her birthday.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mistress (to gardener cowering behind shrubbery)—Why, John, what's the matter? John—I can't stand it no longer, mum. No

sooner does I get started on a job than master comes 'tting them little balls about. "Proachin" he calls it. I allers gets be'ind bushes or somethink, but they comes through and 'urts somethink bitter.—*Punch*.

### THE MERRY MUSE.

Ballade of Oblivion.  
 Who's to be President?—  
 Editors can't agree?  
 So many prominent  
 Statesmen at liberty.  
 Who is the next V. P.?  
 Where is his oriflamme?  
 Pardon if I tee-hee:  
 Nobody cares a dam.

Nobody gives a cent  
 Under the canopy;  
 Devil an argument,  
 Devil a rivalry,  
 Any old nominee,  
 Any old shine or sham,  
 Second place? Fiddle-de-dee!  
 Nobody cares a dam.

Nobody cares a spent  
 Nickel that I can see.  
 You are indifferent,  
 I must confess ongwée,  
 Yawneth the bourgeoisie,  
 Yawneth your Uncle Sam.  
 Tail of the ticket? Gee!  
 Nobody cares a dam.

Who the V. P. may be—  
 Japheth or Shem or Ham—  
 Prince, between you and me,  
 Nobody cares a dam.  
 —*Chicago Tribune*.

### Poets and Astronomers.

The season of the year has come  
 When poets rush to print and fame,  
 When ladies, dear, to see the stars,  
 Jump backward from the open cars.  
 —*New York Sun*.

### Daisy's Diagnosis.

"Would you think me too hold if I threw you a kiss?"  
 Said smart Alec to pert little Daisy.  
 "Oh, no, not a bit of it," countered the miss,  
 "Just simply and sinfully lazy."  
 —*Canadian Courier*.

### Never Again.

My head it is splitting, I've got a bad taste,—  
 Never again!  
 Oh fool, time and money in folly to waste,—  
 Never again!  
 To think that some pleasure I thought I could see  
 In starting last night on a terrible spree,  
 And keeping it up till this morning at three,—  
 Never again!

This phrase as a motto at school should be taught,—  
 Never again!

To learn it by heart ev'ry decent man ought,—  
 Never again!  
 And yet, when this sickness has all worn away,  
 I know that I'll start out again to be gay,  
 Although with conviction at present I say—  
 Never again! —*The Club-Fellow*.

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Suicide and the Eight-Hour Law.

Last week two young girls attempted to commit suicide by drowning and one of them succeeded. Coming as strangers to the city, and without friends or advisers, they were driven about from pillar to post, earning at times a miserable pittance barely enough to keep body and soul together and at other times starving. At last they gave up the struggle, and the tragedy at the Cliff House was the result. But the immediate and final cause of their despair is worthy of note. One of them had secured employment as chambermaid at a city hotel, but she was discharged in order that her place might be given to a man. The California eight-hour law forbade her to work more than eight hours a day. There was no law to forbid her male competitor from working as long as he pleased. So she drowned herself. Apparently it was the only alternative allowed her by the law of California.

Whether the promoters of this law intended to drive

women from gainful occupations and so to play into the hands of the labor unions is a matter of doubt. It is more charitable to suppose that they were only stupid, and with that itch to meddle and to coerce that is one of the features of the modern legislature. But here we see one of the results.

There are other results that are not so tragically apparent and that do not find their way into newspapers. California is so rich in opportunities that even an oppressive law like this can produce little actual destitution, while prolific of plenty of the less acute forms of distress. In many parts of the state women have lost their employment and been forced into less remunerative occupations. Other women and their employers have been forced into deception and law-breaking. Fresh avenues of wrong-doing have been opened, and perhaps this is even more serious than the general increase of the already too heavy burden laid upon the shoulders of those least able to bear it. But when a friendless girl is driven into suicide by a law that prevents her from earning a living it seems time to reconsider our position.

### Convention Prospects.

The political developments of the week may be best described as hazy. Washington and Eastern correspondents, in the absence of indisputable facts, have been forced into the field of conjecture, although it need hardly be said that the conjecture always assumes the form of exclusive information from those whose names must not even be whispered. The peculiarly silly statement from a peculiarly silly source that Mr. Taft will withdraw his name from the convention need not be mentioned except to provoke a smile. Other rumors were to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt had abandoned his attack upon Mr. Root as temporary chairman and that he was embarrassed by the lack of funds. The latter story may easily be true, since no treasury is bottomless, and the vast sums expended by Mr. Roosevelt in New York and Pennsylvania must have proved a drain even upon the resources of the special and sinister interests that furnished them. In New York it is said without contradiction that \$70,000 was spent for various ill-smelling purposes, and the cost of the Pennsylvania primary must have been even larger. These great democratic appeals to "the people" are apparently met by similar appeals from "the people," appeals that must be satisfied with hard cash.

But the war upon Mr. Root is to continue. If clamor and abuse can frighten him from the chairmanship then there will be no lack of clamor and abuse. That the choice of the temporary chairman is in the hands of the national committee, that it always has been in the hands of the national committee, and that only the convention itself can nullify that choice, seems to have no bearing upon the matter from the Rooseveltian point of view. The egregious McHarg informs us that Mr. Root "has hurt the colonel's feelings," and that, of course, is enough, or should be enough, to secure Mr. Root's deportation as an undesirable citizen. Then again Mr. Root "does not stand for the things the colonel does," and naturally "the convention must be consistent throughout." No more need be added to the indictment of Mr. Root, although we may remember that Mr. Root was temporary chairman of the convention that nominated Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 and was placed in that position by Mr. Roosevelt himself. Of course that was eight years ago and Mr. Root may have changed—for Mr. Roosevelt never changes—since the time when Mr. Roosevelt said that he would crawl on his hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol to make Mr. Root President of the United States. But there is no need to argue the matter. The amusing McHarg assures us that Mr. Root "has hurt the colonel's feelings," and that settles the matter. But did not McHarg himself once "hurt the colonel's feelings"? Did he not say less than two years ago in an

unexpected and unrepeatable burst of veracity that Mr. Roosevelt was "the most dangerous figure in public life in America." But McHarg has repented since then. He has seen the error of his ways and so he is now in charge of the Roosevelt contests and has great expectations for the future. McHarg's duty in the matter of these contests will be a simple one, fortunately for him. All he need do is to point to the Taft delegates with the words "They have hurt the colonel's feelings," and that will settle the matter. If anything else should be needed he can chant the words "The convention must be consistent throughout." This humble duty ought not to put too severe a strain upon the McHarg intelligence.

The philosophy of these contests is plain enough. The plan has been to contest everything, with reason or without reason. Nine out of ten of these contests are wholly baseless, but when they are thrown out, as they must be thrown out, their number will afford a basis for the cry of fraud and perhaps a bolt on the basis of such cry. The hearing of these contests has usually been private, but Mr. Taft has shown his wisdom by expressing a wish that on this occasion they be heard in public. The more publicity that is given to these fraudulent contests the more evident will be their fraudulent nature.

Another point worthy of notice is the preposterous suggestion that the composition of the national committee be changed at once in accord with the primary elections. There is no conceivable reason why the ancient rule should be abandoned except the all-sufficient reason that Mr. Roosevelt wishes it. The national committee was chosen four years ago and of course it remains in office until the convention chooses a new one as a part of its regular proceedings. It is now contended that the choice of a Roosevelt committeeman from, let us say, Pennsylvania, should have the automatic and immediate result of recalling the Taft committeeman who was chosen four years ago. But in exactly the same way it might be argued that the Roosevelt committeeman chosen by New York four years ago shall now be replaced by a Taft man because Taft was successful in that state. But the rule in the matter is clear enough. It is an old rule, it is absolutely fair to every one, it has never before been attacked, and its abrogation would mean chaos. The demand for a change is only one of the straws at which Mr. Roosevelt is clutching.

It would seem, therefore, that the general tendency of the week's events is in the right direction. Even a week can do much in the way of illuminating the public mind, displaying facts in their due perspective and exposing the motives that depend upon jugglery for their success. And there is still time to complete the good work before the convention meets.

### Wilbur Wright and Aviation.

It is one of the ironies of fate that Wilbur Wright, after braving a hundred times the mysterious powers of the upper air, should yet die of disease. Almost until the last day of his life there seemed to be a hope for his recovery. The reports were cautiously optimistic, but it was not to be, and so America loses her foremost aviator, and a man who was not only a peculiarly brave adventurer, but an inventor and an investigator of no ordinary skill and knowledge.

How much aviation owes to Wilbur Wright and to his brother must be left for determination by those skilled in the technicalities of the art. Certainly the debt was a considerable one. The Wrights did much for the safety of aviation, and that their inventions still hold the field is proved by a continuing irritation at what may be called the rigidity of their patents. Perhaps there is no good reason why a larger measure of public spirit should be expected from the pioneers of a great invention than from others who direct their abilities along the more trodden paths. But somehow we do expect it, just as we expect a certain amount of



disinterestedness from doctors and clergymen. The Wright Brothers turned their inventive ability to their own utmost commercial advantage, driving their rivals from the field by every legal expedient and reaping for themselves the fullest financial advantages permitted by conditions. They were not to be blamed for this, although we may feel some disappointment that they fell just a little short of their opportunities for world service. But this will not be remembered by posterity, which will count them among the great inventors and pioneers of aviation.

The same week that records the death from typhoid of Wilbur Wright must record also the fatal accident to P. O. Parmalee, well known in California since the days of the Tanforan meet. Parmalee was killed at North Yakima, Washington, and while flying under dangerous conditions. The disaster was so complete, the machine so wrecked, that apparently its cause can not be ascertained, and so we can not even reap such melancholy profit as may come from a warning and a lesson. Parmalee seems to have had a presentiment of his fate, if indeed we can describe a recognition of the obvious as a presentiment. After seeing Arch Hoxsey killed at Los Angeles he said: "There goes another. It won't be long before it gets all of us." And now "it" has got poor Parmalee himself, and we can hardly doubt that the list of fatalities will grow longer yet before the air is finally conquered.

#### Mr. Hyatt's Protest.

Mr. Edward Hyatt, state superintendent of public instruction, is to be congratulated upon his published pronouncement on the subject of the Shanahan free text-book amendment and the substitute for that amendment proposed by a so-called council of education. Mr. Hyatt knows that he is opposing certain interests even stronger than those that he names, and his courage in doing this deserves to be recognized and commended.

The nature of this substitute amendment that has been proposed by a handful of officious professors and superintendents has already been explained. It asks for the practical abolition of a central authority so far as school text-books are concerned. In place of this central authority it would empower each and every local board to select its own school books in accordance with its own educational and religious ideas and to send the bills to the state for payment. There would be no supervision over the choice of books and therefore there could be no uniformity. There would be no limit to the price and therefore there could be no economy. The children of San Francisco would be furnished with one set of books and the children of San Mateo with another. The books favored in Sacramento would be banned in Los Angeles, and so on from one end of the state to the other, and with results that can only be described as anarchy.

Now to combat this puerile suggestion from the educational point of view is to give it a dignity that it does not deserve. Whatever may be our opinion of its originators, and it is a low opinion, it is very certain that they are not thinking about education at all. Otherwise they would be mentally unfit for their positions, and this may still be the case. The contention that the cause of education would be served by the creation of hundreds of authorities instead of one in such a matter as the choice of school books is too pitiful for examination.

Mr. Hyatt places his finger unerringly upon the source of this movement. The competition among the publishers of school books for the favor of California is keen and sustained and it has always been so. At present the selection is made by a central authority and all publishers must deal with that central authority. But the choice is not based upon the opinion of an individual. Educationists all over the state are asked to examine the books offered and to report upon their educational value, and these reports are collated and the ultimate choice is based upon them. The system is as good as any human system can be. It is the only system at which common sense can look.

But imagine the alternative that is offered. Imagine an army of book canvassers let loose upon every county, every city, every high school, determined to sell their wares at all costs and with that latitude of method tolerated by modern commercialism. We know exactly what that means and we need not blink the facts. There is not a business man in the state who does not know the situation would be an infernal one, both financially and morally, and especially morally.

There is another point that Mr. Hyatt does not mention that shall be mentioned here. Can we afford

to make every schoolhouse a centre of bitter religious discord? There is hardly a religious body in the state that has not its favorite school books, and especially history books, since history books give a better expression to religious bias than any other. Do we want a war of sects, each clamoring for its own books and each exercising its peculiar form of pressure upon the local boards? It would be somewhat worse than a legal religious establishment for the whole state, since this would mean a religious establishment in every schoolhouse and a perpetually open religious wound throughout California. It is a vista too intolerable for consideration.

The motive underlying the proposal is, of course, conjectural, but certainly it is not an educational motive. Nor need we suppose that the motive is a corrupt one. Probably the hundreds of local authorities would be able to resist the temptation that would be offered to them. Possibly the little knot of pedagogues calling themselves a "council of education" would be able to do the same. But possibly they would like to be tempted.

#### The Dynamite Explosions.

The destruction by dynamite of sundry poolrooms in San Francisco reminds us that the forces of civilization are still upon their westward march. Two of these centres of debauchery were put out of business in as many seconds, and however much we may regret the irregular methods employed we shall at least agree that they were effective. It need hardly be said that no arrests have been made.

There are two circumstances that arrest the attention in connection with this affair, and they may both be expressed in the form of questions. Are we to infer that dynamite has now become a recognized and even an orthodox method of settling a quarrel or redressing a grievance? Indeed it would seem so. These two explosions created a nine hours wonder and we were treated to assurances that the police were "mystified" and that the crimes were probably committed by disappointed gamblers. Of course the police were not at all mystified, and gamblers are in no way addicted to crimes of this kind, but the scribes of our daily newspapers are pastmasters in the art of concealing facts from the public. The statements in question would do as well as any others as alternatives for the truth and for the avoidance of things that must not be talked about. But of this something more may be said later. In the meantime we may note the fact that the appeal to dynamite has become one of the commonplaces of life.

The second question is this: How comes it that there were any poolrooms to be dynamited? To keep a poolroom or to sell a pool is a misdemeanor at law punishable by a year's imprisonment. And these poolrooms were not run secretly. There was nothing of furtive criminality about their operation. Their business was conducted in the full light of day, like that of a church or an hotel. They are referred to in the reports as "Al Broyer's Poolroom," and "Tom Corbett's Poolroom," just as one might refer to any other well-known city institution. It may be that the police did not share in the otherwise universal knowledge of these illegal resorts, and it is indeed noteworthy that the police seem to suffer from some optical disability when brought face to face with a poolroom. It is one of the things that they can never see, perhaps because the veil of protection is so opaque. And so we have two offenses, the second growing out of the first. We have poolrooms running openly and unafraid in spite of the most stringent law ever passed against them by the legislature of any country. And we have the second and heinous crime of bomb-throwing in order to destroy what should not exist, and would not exist if the authorities would only deviate from their usual course so far as to enforce the statute of 1911.

But are the police really so "mystified" as the newspapers would have us believe? Do they really think that the dynamite was placed by disappointed gamblers or cranks? Of course it may be so, but the average citizen who keeps his eyes and ears open is under the impression that there has been a feud between the various poolroom interests in San Francisco, that certain political forces were expected to crush one of the parties to this feud, and that a failure to do so was the cause of bitter resentments. All this may have nothing to do with the explosions, and probably has nothing to do with them, but to search for a motive and to review all possible motives is supposed to be an axiom in detective matters. Perhaps if the police were

to follow out some such plan and were momentarily to abandon their otherwise admirable theory that all laws, such as those against poolrooms, are naturally and necessarily obeyed, it might do something to remove their ingenuous mystification.

#### D. H. Burnham.

To say that the death of D. H. Burnham is a national loss is a mere banality, but that we do not realize how great is our loss is equally true, and it is not a little to our discredit that it should be true. In spite of his almost passionate advocacy of beauty there was no man in America who was less of a crank than Burnham or who had a clearer view of the practical demands upon his art that it was his mission to satisfy. No architect that America has ever produced had a better recognition that beauty is one of the essentials of life, one of the practical values of life, and as such upon no account to be slighted by a commercial race. When we have recounted some of Burnham's greater architectural triumphs, the solid and visible testimonies to his strength of conception and ability of execution, he will still fall far short of the meed of praise that belongs to him. For he did much more than erect such monuments as the Field Columbian Museum, the Marshall Field store in Chicago, the Wanamaker stores in New York and Philadelphia, and the Flatiron Building in New York. So far as America is concerned, he may be said to be almost the originator of the theory, now growing into conviction, that a neglect of architectural beauty is a neglect also of utility, and that so far from there being a divorce between utility and beauty they are inseparably connected and must always be so. Burnham was not only a creator of buildings, but also of ideas, and those ideas will leave their unacknowledged impress upon our architecture for generations to come.

We need hardly remind ourselves that Burnham's interest in San Francisco was deep and practical. The desolation of the city appealed to him as an extraordinary opportunity for ultimate beautification, and we all know how he proposed that it should be used. It was not his fault that conditions were too strong for the immediate realization of his vision. Those conditions that forced the city to at least an approximation to its old lines were not within his sphere, which was to point out the architectural possibilities and to leave them as an ideal for future and gradual accomplishment. This he did to perfection, and it is safe to say that his ideal will live in the civic mind until it comes forth, as it must come forth, into the world of actuality. Burnham never employed his time to better advantage, never more fruitfully, than when he came to San Francisco and awakened the longing for a city beautiful in the minds of her people.

And indeed we have had enough, in all our cities of the cult of ugliness, and a more stupid cult was never born. Through some curious fatuity we seem to have believed that some special virtue is to be found in grayness instead of color, in monotony instead of variety, in sameness instead of individuality. We have crowded our cities, and especially our Eastern cities, with hideous streets filled with hideous apartment houses, built apparently upon the theory that the factory is the last word in architectural evolution and that we must conform our lives in every respect, internal and external, to the factory model. And yet it is as easy and as cheap to build a beautiful apartment house as an ugly one, and it pays far better. It pays better financially, which is the least permanent form that profits can take, and it pays better in the kind of human life that it produces. Environment and human nature act and react upon one another. Gray and unlovely houses mean gray and unlovely people, and where there is monotony in architecture and ugliness in construction we can hardly expect to find individuality, energy, and content in life. There is no struggle between art and utilitarianism. They are parts of the same, and neither can exist to perfection without the other. Here in San Francisco we have never worshiped ugliness, but sometimes we have tolerated it or classed it among the things that do not matter. Burnham did something to awaken the civic soul in us and to show us the unsuspected values around us. That he did this for the whole country was his supreme gift to the nation.

#### The Cuban Negroes.

The Cuban negroes revolted at an unexpected moment, but to speak of the outbreak itself as unforeseen is to distort the facts. The possibility of a rebellion



has been a cloud upon the Cuban horizon for years, in fact ever since the formation of the government of independence. The "Party of Color" has been a Cuban institution for years and it has never made a secret of its intention. Its avowed policy was to control the island in the interest of the colored population, and while it was not supposed that it would so quickly take up arms there has been no question that the problem of race dominance must presently come to the front in some critical way. To postpone the evil day, even to declare its arrival an improbability, is one of the amiable weaknesses of civilization, but that the Cuban authorities were caught napping says little for their foresight.

The early assurances of Gomez that he could control the situation were worth just as much as all such assurances—that is to say, nothing at all. Diaz was able to "control the situation" within a week of his expulsion. Madero is still calmly confident—externally. It is a part of the game and it deceives no one. It seems now that Havana itself is panic-struck, and we may well ask if the small force of Americans within striking distance is large enough for the work that may have to be done. Negro fighting is not to be gauged by the ordinary standards, and if the rebels once gain the upper hand, even locally, there will certainly be some ugly doings.

In the meantime we are getting tired of Cuba. We are getting tired of the Latin blood everywhere with its militant incapacities, its contempt for constitutional methods, and its perpetual political fever.

#### The "Examiner" and the Strike.

The *Examiner* comes out with another orderly and restrained statement of the reasons that led to the present strike of its pressmen, a strike that still continues without much apparent inconvenience to the *Examiner*. Those reasons are already well known and have been commented upon in these columns. The pressmen struck because they were told to strike by some little cheap tyrant in Chicago. They had no grievances of their own. They were well paid and well treated, but promptly upon the receipt of a telegram they left their employers in the lurch, wholly indifferent to the inconvenience and damage that they might cause. If their action had meant the impoverishment of the whole community it would have been the same. They would have driven a great industry permanently from the city with the same unconcern that they tried to wreck a great newspaper. The same orders were sent to all the other Hearst properties in New York, Boston, Los Angeles, and Atlanta and were contemptuously disobeyed. It was left for the serfs and lackeys in San Francisco alone to display the collar and to be proud of it. They had been well trained.

All these facts were known in San Francisco and are now known all over the country, with what effect upon the future prosperity of the city need hardly be indicated. But there is one note, a plaintive note, in the latest statement by the *Examiner* that deserves attention. Why, we are asked, do the unions pick out their friends for special attack? Why does the pressmen's union in Chicago make demands upon the *Chicago American* which it makes upon no other newspaper. "It is difficult," says the statement just published, "to see how any union can believe that it will redound to its advantage to discriminate against its supporters, and for the public generally to realize that it is the purpose and determination of that union to discriminate against its supporters."

Since the San Francisco *Examiner* is avowedly on the quest for information and since it adopts a tone so becomingly tearful it is the privilege of the *Argonaut* to supply the needed knowledge and to do what it can to point the moral and improve the tale. For even the *Examiner* may learn wisdom, improbable as it seems.

It may then be said that the pressmen's union attacks the Hearst newspapers because it can not believe in an ordinary human good-will in which it never shared, and because it identifies "support" with subservency. And perhaps the pressmen's union is not so far wrong in regard to the second proposition. It may be admitted that in many respects Mr. Hearst is a good employer, but the fact that he has allowed himself for so long to be discriminated against at Chicago shows that his policy in this respect was one of self-interest. In other words, he was subservient to the unions and he truckled to them. As a result they despise him, as one always despises every cowardly policy and every attempt to secure an advantage by fair words and flattery. The unions regarded Mr. Hearst as compressible and

they compressed him accordingly by demanding from him such terms as they would not dare to demand elsewhere. They thought he was too much afraid to resist. They thought he would put his dignity in his pocket if he could find room for it there. But it seems that even a Hearst newspaper will turn, and we may hope that the turning will be the beginning of a new road.

There is nothing to be gained by truckling to the labor unions. Good treatment they translate as humility, and an honest good-will is no more than an invitation to be bullied. The Hearst newspapers have now an object lesson upon which they would do well to ponder, and if they read it right they may yet bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

And thus by sage counsel and homely admonition do we try to be of service to the *Examiner*.

#### Count von Bieberstein.

The appointment of Count von Bieberstein as German ambassador to Great Britain need not necessarily be regarded as portending war, merely because the count has a striking and an aggressive personality. He has never yet caused a war, and in fact his fame rests upon his signal success in getting what he wants without war. That he was the author of the famous telegram to President Kruger of the Transvaal congratulating him upon the repulse of the Jameson raid is likely enough, seeing that he was German foreign secretary at the time, and the telegram must at least have been sent with the joint knowledge of himself and the emperor. But even that fact does not show a permanently hostile policy toward England. Moreover, the English government has its remedy if it should believe that Count von Bieberstein intends to study the labor situation in order to indicate a favorable time for attack. A diplomatic intimation that he would not be *persona grata* would be well in accord with usage, and this method has often been used without causing bad blood. Probably it was the cause of the cancellation of Mr. Crane's appointment to China, but no one was offended except Mr. Crane. Germany is admirably informed on the labor situation in England and can keep herself informed without the aid of so high an official as Count von Bieberstein. We may reasonably suppose that the count has been sent to London, not to draw the sword or to give the signal, but to use his great powers in order to lessen the French influence and to weaken the friendship between England and France that must be very disconcerting to German policies. She may, and she probably does, feel herself able to cope with either England or France separately, but not with both of them combined.

But the situation is obviously one of great danger, however we may interpret the curious movements of the British navy. It would be far less dangerous if there were some definite quarrel susceptible of diplomatic handling. But there is no such quarrel. If there should be fighting between the two countries it will be for the same unreasoning reason that dogs fight—because they are dogs. The authorities of the two countries have to deal with the mob pugnacity of their own peoples, and there is nothing so dangerous upon earth, and nothing so fatal as the popular conviction that war is "inevitable." That the coldly calculating statesmen of either Germany or England intend to make war in the absence of some definite quarrel is almost unthinkable. It would mean the practical destruction of both countries. It would mean that Europe would be turned into a vast cockpit. We should feel more assurance if we could be certain that the Temple of Janus is actually under the control of statesmen and that its doors will not open at the bidding of a *vox populi* which, once shaken from its stolid equilibrium, becomes the most unthinking, the most remorseless, and the most cruel force in nature.

#### Editorial Notes.

It seems likely enough that Portugal will lose her place in the list of republics. In the first place she does not deserve to retain it, seeing that republicanism can rest only upon a matured national character, and in the second place Portugal has plenty of monarchical neighbors who will be glad enough to intervene if they get sufficient excuse. Portugal has certainly been in a welter of misery ever since her revolution. Taxation has doubled in volume, individual liberty has disappeared, and well-nigh everything that can be confiscated has been confiscated. Spain would naturally like to restore the Portuguese king as an object lesson to her own people, who are inclined to be fretful at times. Germany hates everything in the way of democracy,

while England has a sort of traditional friendship for the Portuguese royal house. If Portugal had behaved herself no power in Europe would have dared to use coercion toward her. But she is evidently unable to govern herself, and therefore it will be no reflection upon republicanism if she should return to the monarchy. Republicanism is meant for grown people, not for children.

When Californians are assured that Mr. Roosevelt is for the rule of the people first, last, and all the time they will do well to recall the practical way in which he applied this principle at the time of our little trouble over the Japanese school children. It will be remembered that the people were told in Mr. Roosevelt's most hectoring manner that they were to have no voice whatsoever in the management of their own schools, and that any attempt upon their part to express their opinions could be crushed by the armed forces of the federal government. Nor was this the only occasion when Mr. Roosevelt interposed his dictatorial authority between the people of California and the management of their own purely domestic affairs. Other parts of the country that have not felt the big stick in perilous proximity to their heads may allow themselves to be deceived by tiresome platitudes about the rule of the people, but Californians have good reason to know exactly what Mr. Roosevelt means when he calls upon the people to govern themselves.

It has been evident almost from the beginning of the fight that it was intended to use Mr. La Follette as one of the pawns in the Roosevelt game, and the plan might have worked out fairly well had Mr. La Follette been willing to play the useful, if undignified, part assigned to him. But he was not willing, and we now have it from his own lips that the intended transaction was explained to him and that he declined to carry out his part of it. He was assured, he says, "that if I'd play up to the convention and disappear, 1916 would be just about right for me." It was a tempting offer, but Mr. La Follette is a stalwart and he may be excused for reflecting that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Four years is a long time to wait, and much may happen in such a period if we may take the last four years as a criterion. Coffee-drinking, as we all know, is an insidious habit, and a third cup might well create the taste for a fourth. But what a barefaced attempt to bamboozle the public mind. Mr. La Follette was to concentrate upon himself all the radical sentiment that could be found and to "disappear." A dextrous twist of the political wrist would then transfer Mr. La Follette's following to Mr. Roosevelt as the only one to save the carefully planned situation.

Recently there died in England Commendatore Eduarde de Martino, marine painter in ordinary to her majesty, the late Queen Victoria. His life was one of remarkable interest, and a signal tribute of mind over body, for he had been a paralytic for years. He was born in Naples seventy years ago, and as a lad entered the Italian navy. A violent illness brought on paralysis, depriving him of the use of his right arm and leg. Forced to leave the sea, he began his life's work, which led to astonishing success. With his left hand he gained control of the brush, gradually developed a hidden genius, and in time went to live in London, where he established a studio. His paintings of marine views were so true to life that they found ready purchasers, among them being the late King Edward, the Emperor of Germany, King of Italy, and the Emperor of Japan. The painter was a close personal friend of the English king, long before Edward's accession to the throne, and accompanied him on many sea voyages. It was the German emperor, however, who inspired De Martino to warmest enthusiasm, for William II and he were sworn friends and comrades, having taken many cruises together. In 1899 De Martino came to this country to witness the races between the *Columbia* and *Shenrock*, and painted several pictures of the contest. He was a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Rio Janeiro, in addition to having been decorated by the King of Italy.

Peter A. B. Widener of Philadelphia lost his son and grandson in the *Titanic* disaster. As a memorial to them he is adding \$4,000,000 to the first endowment of \$3,000,000 for the Widener Home for Crippled Children. Safely invested and economically administered, the income on this additional sum should offer support, care, and surgical attention for more than 300 helpless child victims of accident or of heredity, not for one year or ten years, but for all time, or so long as invested capital pays interest. That such a gift is broad and wholesome humanity can hardly be questioned.

The percentage of unemployed in Boston is said to be the lowest in the United Kingdom. During the latter part of the year the wages of new employees in the shipyards were increased.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The most detestable form of inquiry upon which the human mind can embark is that which seeks to determine the precise religious label that should be attached to the great men of the world. Such a discussion has just been started in relation to Shakespeare. Canon Lyttelton, headmaster of Eton, has thought fit to express regret that Shakespeare was not a Christian, and while the canon prudently refrains from a definition of his terms, he has called down upon himself a sharp rebuke from Sir Beerhohm Tree. Shakespeare, says Sir Beerhohm, must have been a Christian, because he belonged to all faiths that "reflect the universal expression of man's emotion and his sublimest worship of the Eternal Verities." In other words, and from the narrower standpoint, Shakespeare was far too great a man to be a Christian or anything else implying a limitation of perception. He was

A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

We may believe that Sir Beerhohm Tree was made a little angry by the churchman's offensive reference to Shakespeare, for he adds that he was certainly incapable of any creed that incited to virtue by the offer of reward. Canon Lyttelton seems to have had the worst of it so far, but he may have a rejoinder later on.

Russia entertains some curious ideas on the question of nationality, as we know to our cost. She occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a guest at a card party who announces that his opinions on the subject of cheating are, to put it mildly, unconventional. We may admire his candor, but on the whole we would rather not play with him. Russia, just at present, has a delicate matter to discuss with Great Britain, and it centres around this question of nationality. The Russian court at Warsaw has just sentenced Miss Malecka to four years' penal servitude in Siberia for "conspiring against the welfare of the state." We were unaware that any welfare existed in Russia to be conspired against, but that is another question. Now Miss Malecka claims that she is a British subject. Her father was a Russian who was sentenced to death in Russia seventy years ago. He escaped to England, became naturalized, married an Englishwoman, and the present Miss Malecka was the result. Now according to all the rules of the international card-table it would seem that Miss Malecka is an Englishwoman, but Russia looks at things differently. Once a Russian always a Russian, is her motto, so Miss Malecka is off to Siberia after a tearful appeal to England to do what it can for her. England seems inclined to do something if only to bristle a little and ask questions in Parliament, but it would be interesting to know through how many generations this Russian citizenship is supposed to continue. Truly some people are born to honors, while others have honors thrust upon them, so to speak. Miss Malecka seems to belong to the latter class.

We are hearing a good deal about Louis XIV's famous claim that "L'Etat c'est moi," and it is usually assumed that this was a piece of absurd bombast and memorabilia only for its inflated vanity. But it was literally true, and no man who ever lived had a better right to make such a claim or gave it a more splendid justification. Louis XIV was indeed "the state," and his assertion, at the time he made it, was no more than a magnificent statement of a commonplace. And it may be said further that there was no monarch of his day who was less of a tyrant or more saturated with a love for his people and country. Louis had his faults, but they were mainly those faults of the flesh that we are always ready to forgive when they are found in company with heroic virtues.

Antiquities, it seems, are unearthed to order, when the German emperor is the spectator. Like the mine promoter who carefully "salts" his gold dust in the ground where it will do him most good, so the archaeological authorities at Corfu are in the habit of hiding their antiquities so that they may be conveniently and sensationally found for the delectation of the emperor when he deigns to be interested in that particular branch of science. It seems to be an innocent amusement, pleasing to the emperor and hurting no one, if we may paraphrase the remark of the cowboy who was asked why he allowed his wife to beat him with the rolling-pin. But the Berlin weekly *Rolandhof* says that it is demeaning to the dignity of the emperor thus to be "pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw." May we believe that the solicitude of the *Rolandhof* is a little disingenuous and that it is itself disposed to poke a little fun at his majesty. But for the *Rolandhof* we might never have heard of the loyal efforts of the Corfu archaeologists to be amusing as well as instructive.

There seems no reason to doubt that Professor Mallada of the Italian Royal Observatory and an assistant have actually descended to the bed of the crater of Vesuvius and have brought back photographs and specimens of minerals. They reached a depth of 1000 feet and remained there for two hours, dodging the avalanches and crouching in holes while the blasts of fiery vapor passed over their heads. The explorers speak feelingly of the "horrid abyss" disclosed to their eyes. If Vesuvius should decide to hestir herself rather more than usual in the course of the next few months it will be attributed by the populace to the giant's resentment at this outrage upon his dignity.

The total amount raised for the five granddaughters of Charles Dickens is \$60,000, of which \$13,481 has come from America. The trustees of the fund have announced that they will offer it and that its beneficiaries will receive annuities to keep them in comfort for their lives. The committee, acknowledging the American contribution, says the result has entirely justified the effort, and the

Dickens Centenary Committee are full of gratitude to their colleagues on your side of the Atlantic for the valuable help they have afforded us. We recognize that beyond the immediate object it has shown how well we can work together for a purpose which reflects equal credit on the peoples of both countries, and which elicits a common pride and common benevolence." The spectacle of these five ladies in a state of penury would certainly have been an intolerable one, but it may be said that the facts do not help us much to an understanding of the mysteries of heredity. The genius of Dickens was great and his money-earning power was considerable, but the genius was not transmitted at all and even the money-earning power was extinct in the second generation, so far at least as the five granddaughters were concerned.

Mr. Lloyd George can be depended upon for an indication of some of the absurdities incidental to a state control of religion. It is obvious that if the state pays the piper it has the right to call the time, and so we have Mr. George's reference to the "abolition of Purgatory by the casting vote of the Speaker." How dreadful it would have been had the Speaker's convictions been otherwise. The *Daily Chronicle* recalls the even more drastic operation attributed to Lord Westbury. It fell to him as lord chancellor to deliver the judgment of the judicial committee of the privy council which declined to find heresy in the treatment of the doctrine of eternal punishment in "Essays and Reviews." "Hell dismissed with costs," wrote Bowen on his copy of the deliverance, in allusion to Lord Westbury's tone; and Sir Philip Rose composed a mock epitaph which described him as having "dismissed hell with costs, and deprived the orthodox members of the Church of England of their last hope of eternal damnation."

We have always been in some doubt as to the actual meaning of the change in the Westminster Confession—or was it really changed?—so far as infant damnation is concerned. Did it mean that infants are no longer damned, or that we need no longer believe that they are damned? If the former, it seems hard upon the damned babies who were so unlucky as to die too soon. If the latter—many thanks.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Mirror* asks for a measure of fair play for the cancer cure announced some time ago under the name of the "trypsin" treatment. It was sponsored by eminent physicians and no one ever supposed that there was anything of quackery about it, but it has been steadily discouraged in spite of every effort to keep it before the profession. The *Mirror* correspondent, who seems to know what he is talking of, suggests that cancer research has now become a well-paid profession and that those engaged in it are predisposed to look upon it as permanent. Like Pascal, they hold that the profit is in the pursuit rather than in the capture. Professor John Beard of Edinburgh, quoted by the correspondent in question, says that "no denial can any longer have the smallest value against the supreme truth, that when properly—that is, scientifically—applied, the pancreatic ferments, trypsin and amyllopsin, being the most powerful things in the whole range of organic nature, are efficacious agents against cancer." By all means let us hear something more about trypsin.

The hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," has been so far popularized by the band of the *Titanic* that it has been translated into French and is being sung by the itinerant musicians upon the boulevards of Paris. The confirmed boulevardier must be a little puzzled by its meaning.

When the German emperor threatened Alsace-Lorraine with annexation to Prussia in case she refused to behave herself he not only insulted Alsace-Lorraine, which he intended to do, but he also insulted Prussia, which he did not intend to do. Prussia does not consider that annexation to herself is a punishment, but then so much depends upon the point of view. The emperor had to apologize for his indiscretion, not, of course, the kind of apology that lesser mortals make, but one of the diplomatic explanations that are supposed to serve the same end. The French and Germans in the annexed provinces have not yet learned to live in concord like little birds in a nest, and Germany is beginning to realize that she made a profound mistake when she concluded the French war by an arrangement that created an open wound and that kept it open. As illustrating the relations now existing in Alsace-Lorraine there is a story told of an Alsatian who fell into the Rhine and was in danger of drowning. Crying out in French for help he was regarded by the policeman on the bank with glassy unconcern. Then he tried German, but with the same result. As a last resort, and just as he was on the point of sinking, he shouted "Vive la France," and the policeman at once jumped into the water and arrested him.

What does it cost to learn to fly? Of course there are various aviation schools in America, but there are no figures at the moment available to show their scale of charges. But a prospectus of the Grahame-White School of Flying in England states that the tuition fee is \$375, no matter how long the said tuition may take. For \$375 the Grahame-White School undertakes to turn you out a competent airman or kill you, which seems cheap for the former eventuality and dear for the latter. The school assumes responsibility for all breakages and also indemnifies the pupil for what are called third-party risks. Really it seems quite reasonable, especially in view of the fact that one can now pick up bargain in aeroplanes from the ordinary "for sale" advertisements in the newspapers.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

An American architect, Mr. Walter B. Griffin of Chicago, has carried off the first prize of \$8750 in the international competition for a new capital of Australia.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Brown Dwarf of Rugen.

The pleasant isle of Rugen looks the Baltic water o'er,  
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;  
And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid  
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree:  
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's child was she.  
Now of old the isle of Rugen was full of Dwarfs and Trolls,  
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people without souls;  
And, for every man and woman in Rugen's island found  
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-ground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away  
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.  
That day, in barley-fields below, the harvesters had known  
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small barns blown.

She came not hack; the search for her in field and wood  
Was vain:  
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.  
"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said the dream-wives  
wise and old.

And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin's church-  
bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Deitrich  
said:

"I will find my little playmate, he she alive or dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs  
sing,  
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,  
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell—and thrust it on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.  
"Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit!"

"Nay," Deitrich said; "the Dwarf who throws his charmed  
cap away,  
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

"You stole my pretty Lisheth, and hid her in the earth;  
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth."

"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!" the Brown  
Dwarf said;

"The day is set, the cake is baked, tomorrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul  
tongue still.

Quick! open to thy evil world, the glass door of the bill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stair-  
way passed,

And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land—  
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came into a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,  
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!  
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue  
eyes seemed

Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had  
dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew the long-  
lost one;

"Oh Lisheth! See thy playmate—I am the Amptman's son!"

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her sohs  
she spoke:

"Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin folk!

"And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers  
again,

And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain!

"And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,  
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea;

"And oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door,  
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once  
more!"

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown Dwarf  
groaned to see,

And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said: "For five long years this tender Christian  
maid

Has served you in your evil world and well must she be paid!

"Haste!—hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your  
store;

Then when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap  
once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he  
obeyed,

And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the gate of glass;  
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft,  
green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them  
his brown

And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,  
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows  
through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's woods before,  
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic shore;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his  
child,

The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran  
wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain came forth as  
one.

The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid  
crooned o'er

Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well the Trolls shall  
come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of stone;  
An Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door where door  
was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rugen's pride and boast,  
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,  
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and happy  
there.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



## FATALITIES IN FLEET STREET.

The Latest Developments of London Journalism.

Twice within the past few weeks a name has been erased from the roll of London newspapers. First it was that of the *Evening Times*; now it is that of the *Morning Leader*. The former was a Conservative, the latter a Liberal organ. Such mortality used to be common a generation ago, when there were more men of wealth ambitious to pose as newspaper proprietors; in more recent years the older London journals have had fewer rivals to contend with because the difficulties and cost of realizing such ambitions have increased enormously.

Nothing in the history of London journalism is more unaccountable than the fact that it is a much harder task to found and sustain a Liberal than a Conservative paper. That tremendous political upheaval of 1906, when the Conservative majority of 134 was replaced by the record Liberal majority of 354, was reasonably regarded as providing a unique opportunity for the starting of a penny Liberal paper, and hence it was with high hopes that the *Tribune* was launched on its career. At that time there was no penny morning Liberal paper in London, for the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Morning Leader* were all sold at a half-penny. The penny field was occupied entirely by the Conservative journals, that is, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Morning Advertiser*, with the three-penny *Times* as the sole survivor of the older order. Hence it was not presumptuous of the Liberals to claim that there was room for a penny daily devoted to their faith. Large funds, then, were forthcoming for the *Tribune*, and the editorial and business staffs were recruited from among the ablest newspaper men of London. Rarely, too, was a new journal served by a more capable corps of foreign correspondents. And in the effort to build up a circulation many thousands of pounds were spent in advertising and distributing free copies daily for months at a stretch.

But ample funds and undoubted ability and resourceful enterprise, plus the glamour of an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, were all in vain. The *Tribune* has long been numbered among the fatalities of Fleet Street. The only consolation that remained for the courageous staff was to recall that enterprises even more promising than their own had also failed. For, far more astonishing than the difficulty of founding a Liberal daily in London is the almost unbelievable impossibility of establishing a Liberal organ in Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is a truism of British politics that Scotland is preponderantly Liberal in its faith; in the present House of Commons there are sixty-one Liberal members as compared with eleven Conservatives; but in the commercial and social capitals of the northern kingdom the only two morning papers, the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman*, are strongly Conservative, and every effort to establish a penny Liberal rival has ended in disaster. Moreover, among the three evening papers published in Glasgow there is not one which supports the Liberal party.

That the *Morning Leader* should have ceased publication after an existence of twenty years is a significant proof of the uncertainty of newspaper property in London. A still more remarkable illustration of the same fact was provided in the case of the *Echo*. That half-penny evening paper was at one time and for many years one of the most widely circulated journals of the capital, and a source of enormous wealth, but even it was not impervious to that fungus of decay which has been fatal to so many Liberal organs in London.

Exceeding checkered, too, has been the history of the *Daily News*, which has now absorbed the *Morning Leader*. In the annals of London journalism its red-letter days are those associated with the editorship of Charles Dickens and the war-correspondent exploits of Archibald Forbes. The former event came too early in the career of the novelist to have an appreciable influence on the paper, but the latter will probably always remain as the golden era of the *News*. Archibald Forbes was the greatest of war correspondents because he was the first who combined graphic writing with a determined effort to get his dispatches back to London in the shortest possible time. Consequently when the Russo-Turkish War was at its height his vivid letters sent home in hot haste gave the *Daily News* a supremacy among London newspapers which it had never before attained and has never since repeated.

Prior to the return to power of the Liberal party in 1906 the fortunes of the *Daily News* were at a low ebb. At that time it had two morning rivals in the half-penny class, the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Morning Leader*, and at one period it seemed as though its demise could not be long delayed. At that juncture, however, the controlling interest was acquired by the Cadbury family of cocoa wealth and fame, and with that change in ownership the paper was reorganized on lines which were calculated, it was thought, to enhance its appeal to those Liberals who were sensitive to the pricks of the "nonconformist conscience." That is to say, its police and divorce court reports were expurgated, and everything appertaining to horse-racing and betting eliminated from its columns. That policy of righteousness has often been castigated by the *Spectator*, not on the ground of its unctuousness, but because the owners of the *Daily News* were also the largest shareholders of the *Star* and the *Morning*

*Leader*, both of which papers gave ample space to turf affairs and printed betting tips on a generous scale.

Apparently even the cocoa press can not make the best of both worlds. The *Daily News* might have made sure of a heavenly crown by its Puritanical sub-editing, but a crown in reversion is an unsubstantial asset for envelope-day. Although described as "unprecedented enterprise in journalism," the cynical onlooker regards the amalgamation of the *Morning Leader* and the *Daily News* as a proof that neither was in a prosperous condition, and such a view of the situation receives support from the fact that in its new form the *Daily News* promises to "deal with racing as a part of the general news of the day" while still drawing the line at tips and other incentives to gambling.

Such a compromise is delightfully English and deserves to be immortalized with the quip about one sauce and two hundred religions. But will it pay? The *Morning Leader* readers are likely to resent the loss of those tips which prompted them to "have a bit on" the races of the day; the *Daily News* patrons will just as probably be shocked to see the columns of their journal sullied by reports of doings on the turf. The humor of the situation is this: the *Daily News* and *Leader* is excocted to prove a formidable rival to the *Daily Chronicle*, whereas to my own knowledge not a few Londoners have ceased subscribing to that amalgamated journal in favor of the *Chronicle*.

Unless rumor should prove a lying jade once more, other fatalities are impending in Fleet Street. And the next mortuary list will probably include the names of one or two Conservative organs. There is the *Daily Graphic*, for example, whose penny constituency has been raided so seriously by the half-penny illustrated papers; and another development may affect the fortunes of the *Standard*. Of course the *Times* is in a class by itself; despite the changing spirit of the age the Thunderer is as firmly established as ever and was probably never a more valuable property than it is today; but among the other London morning papers there are only three which are securely entrenched against misfortune. Of those three the *Daily Mail* occupies a unique position in journalism, while the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Morning Post* are at the head of the penny class. The first and the second of these maintain that rivalry which dates from the inception of the Harmsworth organ, but in exploiting a big news event or in collecting money for any charitable purpose the *Mail* now has far greater influence than the *Telegraph*. The latest proof of this is furnished by the rival funds for the *Titanic* sufferers, for the *Mail's* total exceeds that of the *Telegraph* by some twenty thousand pounds. In such matters the *Morning Post* rarely interferes; its strong field is the world of society, and hence it is probably the favorite London newspaper of Americans, especially those who are credited with a keen interest in the doings of the "upper ten."

LONDON, May 21, 1912.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Richelieu, in Touraine, is to erect a statue in honor of the great cardinal, its founder. Seldom has a town been more wholly the expression of its founder's will than this tiny square-built town in the corner of Touraine and Poltou (says the *Westminster Gazette*). It is like some old Greek colony. The streets are cut at right angles. The towers, the church, the private houses, are all wonderful examples of the purest Louis XIII style. They were all built at the same time in accordance with the cardinal's plan to form a city by the little château which is supposed to have been the scene of his birth, in 1585. Whether this be so or not (for another tradition places his birth at Paris), Richelieu was the place the cardinal loved and strove to dignify by founding a new town. He approved the plans of a square walled city with six gates, gave exemption from taxes to those inhabitants who built the first hundred houses, and built for himself outside a marvelous château, rivaling the state of the king, which has since been destroyed.

An Algerian regiment will empty as many as a thousand pitchers of wine without losing half a thimbleful of liquor. It is a system which permits a general use of one vessel for drinking purposes in an absolutely cleanly way. It dispenses with cups or glasses, a great convenience when troops are on active service. A large pitcher with a spout to it, filled with wine, was passed from hand to hand. Each soldier lifted the pitcher high over his head and tilted it until the wine poured in a steady stream into his open mouth below. When the wine splashed inside the drinker's stomach for about a minute the soldier next him took possession of the pitcher and repeated the performance. Not a drop is wasted.

During the fiscal year of 1911-12 visitors to the home of Washington at Mount Vernon numbered 113,000. The total receipts reported from the fees of admission to the grounds was \$28,250, which will be used for the general expenses incurred in preserving Mount Vernon. Among the improvements planned is a concrete pier to replace the wooden dock at a cost of \$8000.

Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, whose reign began in 1611, is credited by history with the invention of fixed ammunition. In his cartridge, bullet and charge were united in a paper case. It was not, however, until 1850 that the first successful metallic cartridge was patented—by an American.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Traidos, the new minister from Siam, who recently arrived in Washington, is the youngest of all the representatives of foreign countries, being only twenty-nine. He is well educated, and speaks English fluently. The prince is first cousin of the King of Siam.

The Right Honorable Reginald MacKenna, to whom was intrusted the introduction of the Welsh disestablishment bill, is one of the oarsmen in the House of Commons, having been bow of the Cambridge boat that won the university race a quarter of a century ago, as well as a member of crews that won the Grand and Stewards' cups at Henley.

Hugh Fullerton, the greatest baseball reporter in the world, has scored 3561 games since he broke into baseball as a scribe under the Comiskey régime in Chicago. He graduated from the Ohio State University, and then served an apprenticeship on a country weekly. One of the chief causes of his success is his ability to make friends. Fullerton is over six feet tall, rangy in build, and possesses a world of excess energy. One of his hobbies is cooking, and it is said of him that he can cook tempting dishes almost as well as he can write baseball yarns.

Mrs. Antoinette Louisa Brown Blackwell, D. D., claiming to be the oldest suffragist in this country, has just celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday at her home in Elizabeth, New Jersey. She is a regularly ordained minister of the gospel, and is pastor emeritus of All Souls' Unitarian Church, Elizabeth. Mrs. Blackwell studied at Oberlin Theological Seminary, and was ordained in the Congregational ministry in 1853. Later she became a minister of the Unitarian church. She was one of the speakers at the first woman's rights convention in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1849.

Roulery Onibero, brother of the once formidable Sultan of Behanzin of Dahomey, who was dethroned and whose country was annexed by the French, has become so reduced in circumstances that he has taken the position of "chasseur" at a Montmartre restaurant, where he opens the doors of motor-cars for financiers, deputies, and other fashionable pleasure-seekers, until the small hours of the morning. He long served under the French colors, taking part in twenty-eight campaigns, was thrice wounded, and has been decorated for bravery on the field. He draws a veteran's pension of \$15 a month.

Charles E. Appleby, who began suit against the city of New York in 1863 for \$10,500 damages, and is at last pushing it to a conclusion, asking \$37,800, representing principal and interest for the period the suit has been in abeyance, is now eighty-nine years of age, and still retains an active grip on his business. During the draft riots of 1863 a hotel owned by Appleby was burned by the mob, hence the suit. He acquired wealth and never brought the action to a head. Born in New Jersey, he went to New York at an early age. Later in life he studied law, and for years has maintained an office.

Sir John Murray, the famous British scientist, recently visited Stockholm for the purpose of officially receiving the Vega medal from the Swedish Geographical Society. The medal commemorates Professor Nordenskjöld's renowned expedition through Bering Sound, and is annually awarded to some scientific investigator. It is given to Sir John Murray in recognition of his valuable contributions to the study of the oceans by means of the work which was organized by him in Stockholm in 1909. At the age of thirty he began his work of research into the secrets of the great ocean depths.

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, dean of Brown University, was unanimously elected president of Amherst College on May 17. He succeeds the Rev. Dr. George Harris, who resigned last November. The newly chosen president is in his fortieth year and for the last eleven years has occupied the chair in logic at Brown, from which institution he was graduated in 1895. Two years later he received his Ph. D. degree at Cornell University and in 1899 became assistant professor at Brown and in 1906 full professor. While he was preparing for college Dr. Meiklejohn showed the interest in athletics which has not left him with the advancing years. Cricket and hockey have been his favorite sports.

Wade H. Hammond, bandmaster of the Ninth Cavalry Band, U. S. A., sailed from New York a few days ago for England, where he will be enrolled in the Royal Musical School for Bandmasters, at Hinslow, near London. He is on a six months' leave of absence. The extended leave of absence he receives and his assignment to this school, a courtesy extended by the British government, is said to be unparalleled in the history of army bands of either race, and the more remarkable that the recipient of the honor is a negro. Unlike in this country, where the ability of the bandmaster marks the attainments of the band, Great Britain teaches band music as a branch of the musical art in this special school, and to Mr. Hammond as the instructor of the best regimental band in the army the chance to enter has been an ambition for some time, now realized through the interest of the War Department in his work. His expenses are borne by the War Department funds.



## AN ARTIST'S SKELETON.

Being an Account of the Influence of Pierre Giraud's Bones.

If you had met Julien on the day this story begins, you would have stopped to follow him with your eyes, so overflowing with youth and gayety did he seem. He walked with a light and rapid step, as one would walk who was about to accomplish some long-cherished purpose, as if he already saw the mysterious end to which some great desire was drawing him. What was that desire? To meet some young woman? Not at all; he was simply going to the Ecole de Médecine to buy an articulated skeleton from the curator of the college. And it was the prospect of buying this charming object that made his eyes flash with pleasure and his whole being seem filled with joy.

Any one who has followed the course of the Ecole des Beaux Arts knows what the skeleton represents in the theories of art. It is the soul itself; it is at once the plan, the support, the mould, the type, the essence of human form and beauty. Not one of its lines, not one of its contours, but is developed in the exterior parts of the body; in the head particularly, where the muscles are so fine, and so closely applied to the bones of the cranium and face, that it seems to model all the features. If, some day, some one should conceive the happy idea of giving a ball at which all the guests would be obliged to leave all but their bones in the dressing-rooms, one would be surprised to see how little the company would be changed, and how obviously the pretty women would retain their advantages over the ugly.

For four years these ideas had been drummed into Julien's head by the professor of aesthetic osteology in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and Julien, fanatical about anything connected with his art, had decided that he must obtain an articulated skeleton as one of the indispensables of a well-equipped studio. And thus it was that, having raked together enough money to pay for this acquisition, he was hastening so joyfully to the shop where he expected to attain his object.

"Sir," said he to the proprietor, "I wish to obtain a skeleton."

"For demonstration, for anatomical study, to decorate a study, or for your office?"

"It is for my studio; I am an artist."

"Ah, then you want a choice article. You want it thin—skeletons, you know, are fat, or thin, as well as live men—and you want it of medium size and homogeneous—that is to say, all the bones must have belonged to the same individual. Hum," and the shopkeeper reflected. "Well, I haven't anything to suit you at present, and you must wait till a proper subject is ready. Here, I'll give you a card, and you can go to one of the janitors of the clinical hospital." And with that, he wrote a few words on a card, which he gave to Julien, and accompanied him to the door.

At the hospital his wants were soon explained; the man understood the business, in fact, he made quite a handsome addition to his monthly income by similar transactions.

"But I'm afraid I can not do anything for you, sir," he said. "I have not had a perfect skeleton for three weeks, and—but, let me see. I have it now. You shall have your skeleton in a few weeks."

"Why not now? I need it for my studies immediately."

"Well, sir, you see it's not ready. In fact, our man hasn't died yet; but he has consumption, and a few more days will finish him. He's just what you want, well-knit, though slenderly built—just the thing, in fact. Do you want to see him?"

The coolness of this proposition sent a cold shudder up and down Julien's back; but he stifled his qualms and said: "Is it possible to do so? Come along, then."

In a few minutes they entered the consumptives' ward, and stopped before bed No. 35.

"Well, Giraud," said the janitor, touching the sick man's arm, "how goes it? Better, eh?"

"Much better," replied the dying man. "I shall be cured soon, the sister says."

As he recollected that he had come there to barter for the dying man's bones, Julien almost fainted; but he nerved himself as the janitor whispered in his ear: "Magnificent, isn't he? Just what you want."

"I think," said Julien, mechanically, for he felt that he must say something, "I think he is a little too tall."

"Oh, no. Here, hold this," and the cold-blooded brute drew from his pocket a tape measure, and thrusting one end into Julien's hand, calmly measured the consumptive's length; "just five feet eight," he declared.

But Julien had not heard him. When he realized what he was doing, he hurried from the room and started for his studio.

"Fool that I am!" he cried; "what have I done? How could I do such a thing! Oh, this is horrible!"

Arrived in his own house, he ate but little dinner, and his sleep was disturbed with sinister nightmares. But the morning's sun dissipated his vague fears, and by evening he was glad to receive a note from the man, who had his address, stating that he would soon send M. Julien the finest articulated skeleton in Paris.

Many weeks passed before the skeleton was finally his, however. Pierre Giraud took several days to die, and then his body was given to the students of the hospital for dissection. As they finished with each limb, they carefully secured the bone, removed all the flesh from it, and placed it where it would be safe from the sun. Then the pieces had to be sorted

and articulated; but when it was finished it was a beautiful piece of mechanism.

One morning Julien returned late from a meeting of fellow-students. It was after two when he reached his own door. Letting himself in, he ascended to his floor and opened the door. Suddenly his hair stood on end and the keys dropped from his hand, as he caught sight of a grinning skeleton leaning against the wall. In an instant he recovered himself, however, and proceeded to examine his new acquisition.

Between the thumb and forefinger of the skeleton's right hand he found the bill, with the following note scrawled beneath:

It is a very fine specimen, as you can see. The only defect is a slight depression in the third left rib, which seems to have been produced by the blow of some round body at some time prior to the man's death. But it is a little thing, and does not detract from the value of the skeleton.

Julien examined the mark, and saw that it was plainly visible; but, as the note said, it was of no consequence.

It was one of those windy days in which the constant movement of the clouds causes a fitful play of shadow, and the aspect of the grinning skull seemed to change incessantly; when the shadow of a passing cloud fell upon it, the hollows and crevices of the skull were softened as if by a veil of sadness; again, a sudden burst of light lit up the angles and edges of the eye-sockets, nose, and jaws, and made on the face grimaces to which the glistening white teeth replied with a hideous grin.

As Julien, fascinated by the ghoully play, gazed at the spectral face, he saw develop there and grow distinct the traits of Pierre Giraud! Not death, nor dissecting, nor bleaching in corrosive liquors had been able to obliterate the individuality, the ineffaceable plan of lines and contours of the face, and Pierre Giraud himself, made eternal in what had been most memorable in his features, rose up before Julien, and seemed to say to him:

"Do you recognize me? It is I, Pierre Giraud! And yet, the Sister of Mercy told me that I should soon be cured—"

And as the fantastic lineaments of that face became precise, Julien seemed to see the expression of irony and menace increase in it.

As the days passed by he grew quite fond of his silent model, and all went well with him for some time, and would have gone well forever, perhaps, if there had not been among the young men who frequented his studio a drunken fool. Of all the beasts that Providence, in its inscrutable designs, has left on this earth, there is none greater, or more execrable than a sot, and Sosthène Rouffinat, as this one was called, was a classic example of his kind. Sad as night at bottom, and almost always ill into the bargain, he emptied bottle after bottle to create the impression that his heart was an unquenchable source of good humor and gayety. Vulgar, uncouth, and brutish in his tastes, he believed himself to be the most refined and witty man in Paris; it is unnecessary to add that he was a materialist, a realist, a radical, a skeptic, and utterly irreligious—all without knowing why, for he was as ignorant as an ass.

One evening, when several of Julien's friends had met in the studio, a strong punch was brewed. Among the company were Rouffinat and a pretty model, named Rosamonde.

Rouffinat, heated by the punch and brandy, became so coarse and boisterous that the others grew quiet and would not drink with him as often as he wished. Suddenly, noticing this, he began a long speech, reproaching them for their solemnity, and then turning toward the skeleton cried: "Death and damnation! Gentlemen, I shall put you all to shame. Venerable defunct, approach, that I may teach these lubbers how the ancient drink when a mortal requests the pleasure of a glass with them."

Going up to the skeleton, he lifted it up, placed it in a chair, and presented to it a glass filled with brandy.

"Oho! old friend!" cried Rouffinat, after a moment of silence, "so, we refuse? That is not right! Well, you shall drink it all the same. A teetotal skeleton, eh? Come, come, swallow it down."

So saying, he opened the skeleton's jaws, and poured in the brandy, which flowed down over the skeleton's neck and thorax.

"What you are doing is absurd," cried Julien, "and it is abominable, too. Really, it is the remains of a man—"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rouffinat, pretending to hold his sides for merriment. "Julien turned moralist, and preaching on the immortality of the soul!" And turning to the skeleton he added: "Well, we'll make ourselves comfortable during the sermon," and lighting a slip of paper, he thrust his pipe between the skeleton's teeth, and applied the light. The brandy with which the bones were soaked took fire, and a ghastly flame burst out, mounting to the face, descending on the neck, on the chest, and down the sides from rib to rib, enveloping the skeleton in a sheet of flickering, bluish flame, which gave it a supernatural appearance.

Dumb with horror, the spectators of the scene sat glued to their chairs; Rouffinat, paralyzed with terror, dropped into a chair and watched the flame as it paled and went out, after flickering around the skeleton's mouth a moment, as if some lost sigh of life, forgotten by death, had at last been exhaled forever.

Julien presently recovered his presence of mind, and putting the skeleton back in its place, said: "Once for all, I forbid you to try any more of your wretched jokes on this skeleton."

"But—" began Rouffinat.

"It is horrible!" cried Rosamonde.

"Bah!" said Rouffinat, turning toward her, "you who have posed as the Bride of Death, go and kiss the gentleman."

"If a kiss from my mouth could make him forget the insult he has received I would give it gladly."

"I dare you to."

"You dare me?"

"Yes, I dare you."

"Well, you shall see," and running to the skeleton, and standing up on tip-toe, she pressed her lips to the skeleton's shining rows of teeth.

But at contact with the bone, still hot from the flame which had burned it, she drew back with a terrified cry, and fell over backwards, dragging the skeleton, which fell upon her, arms and limbs outstretched, as if it would return her caress!

Several hastened to lift her up, and when she was somewhat calmed, they all took their departure, leaving Julien alone with his skeleton. For the first time he covered it with a cloth, and all night he seemed to hear strange noises, to feel faint breaths of icy air upon his cheek.

Several days passed, and the skeleton, still covered with its mantle of gray cloth, seemed to have forgotten its malign influence over Julien. And an event now took place which seemed to insure him an immunity from future catastrophe.

His surprise was not less great than his joy, one evening, when he answered the bell himself, to find before him a lady, pretty as an angel, who said to him, with a smile: "Sir, I have greatly admired your genius, and I come to ask if you will paint my portrait?" And as if she wished to cover herself with roses to appear more beautiful, she blushed charmingly.

Julien was so astonished, so enraptured, so delighted, he had such need of money, and the lady was so charming, that he could scarcely stammer out: "If you will have the goodness to enter—"

And almost holding his arms about her lest she should fade away, or otherwise disappear, he conducted her to his studio and seated her on one of the great divans, whereon a dozen soldiers might comfortably pass a night.

From the very hour she entered the studio everything went on swimmingly, for Julien was not less charming than the lady, and there was no reason why they should not be charmed with each other. And while Julien's brushes passed lightly over the canvas, love fluttered from his heart to hers, carrying and recarrying from one to the other messages of more and more interesting character.

Fortune at last seemed to favor Julien; not content with spreading roses in his path, she relieved him of the skeleton. One of his friends, having to make studies preparatory to a great composition, begged the use of the skeleton, promising to return it in a few days.

"With the greatest pleasure," said Julien. "Keep it as long as you like."

"Oh, I would not like to abuse your kindness."

"Well, then, keep it as long as possible."

"But—"

"The longer you keep it, the better I shall be pleased."

And the friend took the skeleton.

Julien at last felt that the chapter of his misfortunes was ended; Death was in full retreat before victorious Love.

Three days passed, days full of happiness for both of them. On the morning of the fourth, a porter, bearing a long object covered with a gray cloth, mounted Julien's stairs, knocked, and entering the room, deposited his burden.

"There's your skeleton, sir," said he, "which I have brought from M. Robert."

"But—I don't understand—I don't want it. Take it away," cried Julien.

"Well and good, sir. Where shall I take it?" And the porter was about to shoulder his burden again, when a hurried step was heard on the stair, and Robert, pale and disheveled, burst into the room.

"So," he said, as he saw the porter, "you have brought it. Well, there's something for you, and now go."

"Why, what is the matter?" said the perplexed Julien.

"Why did you send back the skeleton?"

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Robert, after resting a moment to catch his breath; "isn't it terrible?"

"Terrible! Isn't what terrible?"

"What! You don't know?"

"No."

"Why, poor Rouffinat is mad; stark mad!"

"My God!"

"Yes," replied Robert. "When I borrowed your skeleton it was for him. He dared not ask for it himself on account of the scene the other evening. I sent it to him. He said he wanted it for a study. And now what has happened? Did he want it merely to try some farcical idiosyncrasy at his ease? Probably; you know what a fool the poor fellow was. However that may be, last night at about three o'clock, one of his neighbors, hearing cries, got up, forced the door, and entering the bedroom found Rouffinat in bed, struggling with the skeleton and shrieking with horror. The supposition is that, in a spirit of bravado, he wagered with some other sot like himself that he would go to bed with the skeleton. Well, they sent for me; I went there, and there I found the commissioner of police, a doctor, and four medical students, who were putting a straight-jacket on poor Rouffinat to take him to the



Saint Anne Asylum. And that is why I brought back your skeleton."

"Oh, this is fearful, fearful," cried Julien. "You cursed skeleton! what evil genius ever put it in my head to—" But he did not finish. He heard a pull at the bell that he could not fail to recognize. It was that of the lady.

"Open the door while I conceal this," he said, hurriedly, to Robert.

And seizing the skeleton, he carried it toward a closet, in which he had shut it up since he commenced the lady's portrait.

As he closed the door of the closet, the lady entered. Julien, not less shocked by Robert's tale than upset at the return of his sepulchral guest, remained involuntarily with his hand against the door, turning his startled face toward the lady. He did not notice that a bit of the skeleton's gray robe had caught in the crack of the door and was sticking out.

But the lady saw it; she had noticed Julien's perturbation. She saw that Robert stood for a moment agitated, embarrassed, and then bowing to her, fled precipitately, as if he did not wish to be present at an unpleasant scene. Immediately, imbued with a terrible suspicion, she paled, and with a trembling voice, which she vainly tried to make firm, said: "What is it that you have shut up in that closet with such haste?"

"In this closet? I? Oh, nothing, absolutely nothing, I assure you."

"How, nothing? But look—the dress is sticking out, a dress of gray cloth."

Julien had but one course to take. Opening the closet door, he said to the jealous beauty: "I wished simply to save you the sight of an unpleasant object; but since you force me to it, there it is—a skeleton."

Ah, these young people! Anything sets them laughing; and she began to laugh as if she had lost her senses. After having begged Julien's pardon with all sorts of charming cajoleries, she suddenly became serious again, and said: "I wish to see it."

In vain Julien protested, became angry, implored her; she wished to see it, and see it she must. The gray cloth being removed, the young woman and the skeleton stood face to face.

She looked at it for some time, with mingled curiosity and fright, going all around it; then, fixing her eyes on the face of the skeleton, she became thoughtful, her face paled a little.

"There, I told you it would frighten you," said Julien, noticing her pallor.

"Let me alone," she said, in a low tone.

Slowly raising her right hand, she pointed her finger at the third left rib of the skeleton, near the heart, and touched the circular depression which was imprinted there. Suddenly she uttered a cry, and sank into Julien's arms, murmuring: "It is he, my husband!"

She fell to sobbing hysterically, while Julien, as he inundated her with ether and cologne, kept saying: "But madame, madame, it is impossible! I can prove that it is impossible! I know the skeleton, I tell you. I saw him in the hospital before he was dead."

By dint of repeating this double treatment, physical and mental, he gradually calmed her, and at last she said: "Do you really think so?"

"I am certain, for I knew him in the flesh."

"And you know his name?"

"Certainly. He was called Pierre Giraud."

"Giraud! Oh, there can be no more doubt!" cried the lady, bursting into sobs. "Giraud! Oh, merciful heaven, I was sure of it! Why, the face was his, I recognized his teeth. And then the mark of the bullet!" And she continued to cry. Julien, stupefied, not knowing what to think, stood before her in the attitude of a condemned man. He felt that his happiness was fled forever.

The skeleton seemed to grin horribly; never had it had such a mocking and vindictive air.

"All is at an end," said the lady, trembling in every limb; "death and malediction are between us two. I was too wicked. The man whose bones you see here was in his youth one of the most brilliant gentlemen of Bologna; he was Prince Girawski. I was his wife. How could I—oh, I know not how—it was wrong, sinful—he discovered all, he provoked his rival, a duelist of infallible hand and utterly pitiless. By a miracle the ball, which should have pierced his heart, buried itself in his rib. He recovered. And do you know what he did, the noble-hearted man? He gave me all his fortune—all. And being reduced to the most absolute poverty he departed for France, to live there by the proceeds of his labor. He took the name of Giraud. Learning that he was in a state bordering on misery and that his health was irrecoverably lost, I set myself to seek him out and secretly succor him; but at the end of a month I suddenly lost all trace of him. Ah, I have been cruelly punished, for I love you well. And now, farewell, forever farewell."

She rose, repulsing with her hand Julien, who in his desperation held out his arms as if to restrain her. She ran out of the room and hastened down the stairs, while Julien, leaning over the balusters, heard the sound of those adored steps, which he should never hear again, as it was lost in the windings of the stairs.

He returned to the studio, and let himself fall into a chair, with his head in his hand; he cried for his lost love. Then, springing up with the spur of a ferocious resolution, he pulled on his coat, shoved his hat on his head, and crossing his arms advanced toward the skeleton, which, with open hands, seemed still to rail at him.

"Now, Prince Girawski," said he, "it is between us two. Before three days have passed you will be where you should have been long ago—in the cemetery."

And he hurried from the room.

The undertaker to whom he applied, supposing that the matter involved the simple transportation of a corpse, replied that nothing was easier, and that he would take charge of the affair for two or three thousand francs. But when Julien explained that it was a skeleton which had come from the dissecting-table the undertaker scratched his ear a moment and replied: "It is impossible. You can't bury a man twice, you know."

"How twice?"

"He has been buried before. His bones have been left, but all that was taken from them in the course of the dissection has been collected, inhumed in his named, and registered in the cemetery with the date of his decease. To bury the skeleton it is necessary to make an entry with the proper officials; if the same entry, it will be evident that the body to which it belongs has been interred already; if under another entry, in the first place it will be a false entry, and in any case you will be asked why you present the defunct for interment six months after his death. The best thing you can do is to stow it away in a corner, and think no more of it."

"What shall I do?" asked Julien when he was back in his own rooms; "I can not keep it. I know that if this last another week I will join Rouffinat in the asylum."

He thought of giving the skeleton to a museum. They accepted it gladly, but asked him to keep it three months, as the galleries were being repaired. Finally, no longer knowing how to disembarass himself of this spectre which threatened to remain with him inseparably all his life, he conceived the idea of consulting the old priest who had officiated at his first communion and for whom he had preserved a profound respect.

The old priest, after having received him affectionately, as was his custom, listened with bended head, sighing from time to time, to Julien's recital.

"Listen, my son," said he when it was ended. "If I were still as inflexible and zealous as I was when I left the seminary I would have read you a sermon of four captions, and I would have tried hard to profit by your trouble to bring you back to the flock, for there is in your story, mind you, more than enough to make the flesh of the unbeliever creep with horror. But, skeptical and indifferent as you may be, you can not but recognize the fact that, beneath the material grossness of things, beyond the vanity of human understanding, there is a whole world of moral truths, as evident as the light of day, and yet not less impossible to demonstrate than the most intricate tenets of theology. Honor, virtue, justice, duty, and in a word, morality itself, are merely ideas and can not be proved by reason; and yet they are the ideas that rule the world, and whoever runs counter to them is as a leaf before the wind. Respect for the remains of the dead is one of these ideas, and for having disregarded it, you see how you have suffered. I, who believe firmly that what you have endured has been inflicted on you as a punishment for your sin—I have no counsel to offer you, but that you give the deceased rest in Christian burial; it is, I think I may assert, the only means of establishing peace between his soul and yours."

"But how may it be done," asked Julien, "since the law will not allow of its being buried in a cemetery?"

"Well," replied the priest, after a moment's reflection, "we can arrange that. I have an old friend, the priest of a village near St. Germain. We can go to him—all three of us. We shall make a grave in the vestry garden, we shall pray there, we shall sprinkle holy water on it, and—you will be absolved."

Two days later the skeleton, forever removed from the sorrows and strifes of this world, slept in consecrated ground in the old curé's garden at the foot of a willow tree—at peace at last.—*Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Eugene Mouton, by L. S. Vassault.*

The large lake known as N'Yami, which Livingstone described as a great open waste of water broken sometimes into waves, has been gradually drying up for years. Ten years ago all that was left was some five acres of shallow water, surrounded by reeds and mud. So shallow had it become that it was only navigable in certain channels. Of late years, the process of drying up has been accelerated, with the result that today the open water has practically disappeared and little more than a swamp remains.

A seismograph of the Omori system, invented by Professor F. Omori, the highest authority on seismology in Japan, has arrived recently at the meteorological observatory, Dairen. This instrument is of the best improved type in use, and is capable of registering the velocity of all seismic shocks two hundred fold. It is arranged to give a complete record of every particular of an earthquake movement which may occur in any part of the world.

The Rev. Vincent Ransome, who is now rector of Compton Bassett, Wiltshire, England, made the first trip in the *Sirius*, the first steamship to cross from Great Britain to the United States. This was in 1838. It seems that many of the passengers were so alarmed that they forfeited their passage money and left the *Sirius* at Cork.

## NEW YORK WAITERS DISDAIN TIPS.

Hotels and Restaurants in the Grip of a Strike Which Has Called Out Dining-Room and Kitchen Help.

There are more converts to the "no tipping" movement today than ever before in New York, converts of the most enthusiastic and determined kind, and yet those same converts, or so many of them as have been well served at luncheon or dinner, are handing out tips more lavishly than at any time in their memory. But not many are being well served. It is difficult to obtain a good meal in the fashionable eating district of the metropolis, anywhere between Fifty-Ninth and Twenty-Third Streets. Waiters, cooks, pantryman, and other dining-room and kitchen help are exercising their liberty of action and refusing to work, and in addition are assuming the power usually granted to union labor and compelling otherwise contented and willing workers to join them in a strike. The trouble began at the Belmont a week ago, when some seventy-five waiters left their posts at the instigation of the International Hotel Workers' Union. There had been spasmodic strikes before this, but not as part of a concerted plan to win union recognition. This week the disaffection spread rapidly. The waiters quit at the Knickerbocker Monday evening, just as the guests were beginning dinner; on Tuesday the Holland House and Churchill's suffered from a walkout, and last night many from the culinary and serving forces at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Breslin, and Rector's joined the army of strikers. And it is probable that the worst is yet to come.

It is said that there were four waiters' unions in town before the international began its effort to consolidate and solidify the hotel workers, and that during the past ten days the membership of the greater organization has been swelled from 2000 to 11,000. The plan of battle includes an attack on every fashionable eating-place, hotel or restaurant, in the city, and the continuance of the war until a complete submission to the union system, the closed shop, has been secured. The Hotel Men's Association has announced with equal show of stubborn resistance that it will not treat with the international officials nor recognize their demands, though it is ready to grant the small advance in wages asked by the men, and other minor concessions relating to hours of labor. There is little doubt that the employers will win in the end, for they can not afford to give over the management of their business to the union and must fight as long as necessary to hold their position. But it may be a long fight, for the summer season is one in which many waiters do not care to work steadily. They like to get out of town to the seaside or mountain resorts, and combine the pleasures of the vacation season with the profits of occasional employment at an advanced emergency scale of prices. Of course there are some steady working waiters, with families, who value their positions and are averse to change, but most of these are head waiters or captains who, in the majority, have refused to join the strikers. In several of the prominent hotels the value of a waiter's position has been quoted familiarly at an amount which many a salaried office man would regard with envy, and it is difficult to understand how the holders of such places can sacrifice them under any pressure less than fear of physical injury.

That, undoubtedly, is what is faced by the rank and file of those who have gone out. Captain Jim Churchill told the little band of his men who lingered after their fellow-workers had deserted that they had better go, for they would be beaten up if they refused to join the strike, but he promised to take all of them back if possible after the trouble was over. Mr. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria had much the same experience, though he gathered his waiters in the big ballroom an hour before dinner and asked them to go out then if they had decided to quit, and not to wait and annoy his guests by striking while the meal was in progress, as had been done at the Knickerbocker. The men went out, but quietly, and with evident reluctance. And immediately afterward a hundred and fifty new waiters, held in readiness on an upper floor, were brought down and set to work. Guests of the hotel recognized the new recruits with approbation, and big tips were more numerous than ever. At the other hotels where a semblance of service was kept up the same spirit was manifested by diners, and though the recognition of the unfamiliar and not always well-trained waiters was costly, it was spontaneous and joyful.

On the streets the striking waiters have not fared so well. Police inspectors have hurried reserve forces to all threatened points, and order has been maintained with little use of force, though some heads have been broken and a score of arrests have been made. Several parades have shuffled along from one hotel to another, with much shouting in many languages, but there has been little danger of a riot anywhere. Some of the big hotel dining-rooms are closed, but the guests of each house have been cared for in most instances, even when the transient or regular patrons from outside were unable to obtain accommodations. There have been many humorous and many irritating episodes. Hotel free-lunch counters have lost their inviting aspect, even where they have not disappeared entirely. In place of the polished chafing-dish and its hot and savory contents there are a dish of olives and a plate of wafers, cold consolation even in June weather. But it has rained, off and on, and we should be able even if there were no waiters' strike.

New York, June 1, 1912.



## EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal Tells the Story of a Pioneer in the Path of Empire, 1822-1893.

Edward Fitzgerald Beale, whose biography is given to us by Mr. Stephen Bonsal, belongs to an American type that has disappeared with the need for it. A grandson of Truxton, he was born in the navy and his early years were passed at sea. He fought at San Pasqual and it was he, in company with Kit Carson, who carried to Commodore Stockton at San Diego the news of General Kearny's situation. Beale was in California at the time of the gold discovery and he went East with the news and with the first samples of the precious metal. Bayard Taylor called him "a pioneer in the path of empire," for after his resignation from the navy he devoted himself to the exploration of the desert trails and the mountain passes that led overland to the Pacific, while later on he surveyed the routes and built the wagon roads over which passed the mighty migration, which created the new world beyond the Rockies. All this is told by the author with an energy and an accuracy that leave nothing to be desired either for its historical value or its powers of picturesque description.

Beale's first great adventure befell him as a boy. He was deputed by General Kearny, besieged at San Pasqual, to meet the enemy's envoys, and to treat for an exchange of prisoners. The incident was described by Senator Benton, who learned it from Kit Carson himself:

This lad volunteered to go and hear the propositions of exchange. Great was the alarm at his departure. A six-harled revolver, in addition to the sword, perfectly charged and capped, was stowed under his coat. Thus equipped, and well-mounted, he set out, protected by a flag and followed by anxious eyes and palpitating hearts. The little river San Bernardo was crossed at a plunging gallop, without a drink, though rabid for water both the horse and his rider, the rider having a policy which the horse could not comprehend. Approaching a picket-guard, a young *alfarez* (ensign) came out to inquire for what purpose. The mission was made known, for Beale spoke Spanish; and while a sergeant was sent to the general's tent to inform him of the flag, a soldier was despatched to the river for water. "Hand it to the gentleman," was the Castilian command. Beale put the cup to his lips, wet them, in token of acknowledging a civility, and passed it back; as much as to say, "we have water enough on that hill." The *alfarez* smiled; and, while waiting the arrival of Don Andres, a courteous dialogue went on. "How do you like the country?" inquired the *alfarez*. "Delighted with it," responded Beale. "You occupy a good position to take a wide view." "Very good: one can see all round." "I don't think your horses find the grass refreshing on the hill." "Not very refreshing, but strong." There was, in fact, no grass on the hill, nor any shrub but the one called wire-wood, from the close approximation of its twigs to that attenuated preparation of iron which is used for making knitting-needles, card-teeth, fishing-hooks, and such small notions; and upon which wood, down to its roots, the famished horses gleaned until compassionate humanity cut the balsters, and permitted them to dash to the river, and its grassy bands, and become the steeds of the foe.

By this time three horsemen were seen riding up. Arriving within certain distance they halted, said Senator Benton, as only Californians and Mamelukes can halt, the horse, at a pull of the bridle and lever bit, thrown back upon his haunches and "motionless as the equestrian statue of Peter the Great":

One of the three advanced on foot, unbuckling his sword and flinging it twenty feet to the right. The *alfarez* had departed. Seeing the action of the gentleman, Beale did the same—unbuckled his sword and flung it twenty feet to his right. The swords were then forty feet apart. But the revolver! there it stuck under his coat—unmistakable symptom of distrust or perfidy—sign of intended or apprehended assassination, and outlawed by every code of honor from the field of parley. A stolen sheep on his back would have been a jeweled star on his breast compared to the fixed fact of that assassin revolver under his midshipman's coat. Confusion filled his bosom; and for a moment his honor and shame contended for the mastery. To try and hide it, or pull it out, expose it, and fling it away, was the question; but with the grandson of Truxton it was a brief question. High honor prevailed. The clean thing was done. Abstracted from its close concealment, the odious tool was bared to the light, and vehemently dashed far away—the generous Californian affecting not to have seen it. Then breathed the boy easier and deeper.

As a result of his bravery Beale was intrusted by Commodore Stockton with dispatches for Washington and was ordered to proceed there with Kit Carson, a journey of immense labor and danger. After they reached the Gila they found traces of Indians and Carson's experience foresaw a night attack:

When he considered that the psychological moment had come, from indications that were anything but enlightening to his companions, Carson met Indian strategy with the trapper's ruse. Carson and Beale and the other riflemen cooked their supper rather early in the evening, and wrapped in their blankets threw themselves on the grass, apparently to sleep, but as soon as it was dark the men were ordered to rise and to march forward for something more than a mile, again to picket their animals and to arrange their pack-saddles so that they might serve as a protection from the arrows of the Indians. At midnight the yell of the savage was heard and a shower of arrows fell around but wide of the mark. The attacking party had not ascertained with accuracy the changed position of the travelers. They dared not approach near enough to see, for in that case they knew the fate that awaited them from the unerring aim of Kit and his companions. After many random shots and many unearthly yells the discomfited savages fled before the approach of dawn. And this was the last serious attempt made by the "horse Indians" to prevent the bearers of dispatches from crossing their territory.

There are many amusing tales told of the early days of American control in California, and many of these are told by the Rev. Walter Colton, who came out as a member of the Congress. There was one in particular which delighted to relate in after years:

Commodore Stockton instituted civil government

over the territory so recently wrested from the Mexicans, the Rev. Colton was appointed alcalde of Monterey, where his duties were both administrative and judicial. Gambling was then the besetting sin of the Mexican Californian, as it soon became that of the American invader. There was also a dearth of milch cows in the community, which was all the more severely felt because in those days condensed milk and the other substitutes were unknown.

One day two gamblers were brought before the clerical alcalde as was also a magnificent fresh cow. They were charged with having gambled over it, and the ownership of the animal was disputed. The Rev. Colton considered the story as set forth by the interested parties with great interest and then submitted the following decree:

"You, sir, lost the cow, consequently it does not belong to you." Then, turning to the other man, he said: "You, sir, have won it—you have won it by gambling, but this is a form of transfer that the court does not recognize. In my opinion, therefore, the animal *eschews* to the court."

In 1852 Lieutenant Beale was appointed by President Fillmore as general superintendent of Indian affairs for California and Nevada. Beale left Washington on April 20 to undertake his new duties, and his diaries are of remarkable interest as reflecting the prevailing conditions on the great overland route. Under date of May 22 he writes:

We had already overtaken and passed several large wagon and cattle trains from Texas and Arkansas, mostly bound for California. With them were many women and children; and it was pleasant to stroll into their camps in the evening and witness the perfect air of comfort and being-at-home that they presented. Their wagons drawn up in a circle, gave them at least an appearance of security; and within the inclosure the men either reclined around the campfires, or were busy in repairing their harness or cleaning their arms. The females milked the cows and prepared the supper; and we often enjoyed the hot cakes and fresh milk of which they invited us to partake. Tender infants in their cradles were seen under the shelter of the wagons, thus early inured to hard travel. Carpets and rocking chairs were drawn out, and what would perhaps shock some of our fine ladies, fresh-looking girls, whose rosy lips were certainly never intended to be defiled by the vile weed, sat around the fire, smoking the old-fashioned corn-cob pipe.

Indians were encountered on July 9. Several of them rode into camp and were entertained, and they then insisted that Beale return with them to their own encampment ten miles away. Knowing that it is always best to act boldly with Indians he complied, and apparently had no reason to regret it, for he was welcomed kindly by the chief and told to "sit in peace":

I brought out my pipe, filled it, and we smoked together. In about fifteen minutes a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice. After this followed a dish which one must have been two weeks without bread to have appreciated as I did. Never at the tables of the wealthiest in Washington did I find a dish which appeared to me so perfectly without a parallel. It was some cornmeal boiled in goat's milk, with a little elk fat. I think I certainly ate near half a peck of this delicious *atole*, and then stopped, not because I had enough, but because I had scraped the dish dry with my fingers, and licked them as long as the smallest particle remained, which is "manners" among the Indians, and also among Arabs. Eat all they give you, or get somebody to do it for you, is to honor the hospitality you receive. To leave any is a slight. I needed not the rule to make me eat all.

After this we smoked again, and when about to start I found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn put up for me to take to my people.

Subsequent encounters with the Indians were not so friendly. The natives were willing enough to promise their aid to the settlers who would follow, but they wanted presents on the spot, and as the party had none to give them there was some ill-temper which nearly resulted in trouble. Mr. Heap, who belonged to Lieutenant Beale's party, relates the following incident:

At one time the conduct of a young chief, the son of El Capitan Grande, was near occasioning serious consequences. He charged upon Felipe with a savage yell, every feature apparently distorted with rage; his horse struck Felipe's mule, and very nearly threw them both to the ground. The Indian, then seizing Felipe's rifle, endeavored to wrench it from his hands, but the latter held firmly to his gun, telling us at the same time not to interfere. We and the Indians formed a circle around them, as they sat in their saddles, each holding on to the gun, whose muzzle was pointed full at the Indian's breast. He uttered many imprecations and urged his followers to lend him their assistance. They looked at us inquiringly, and we cocked our rifles; the hint was sufficient—they declined to interfere. For some minutes the Utah and Felipe remained motionless, glaring at each other like two game-cocks, each watching with flashing eyes for an opportunity to assail his rival. Seeing that to trifle longer would be folly, Felipe, who held the butt-end of the rifle, deliberately placed his thumb on the hammer and raising it slowly, gave warning to the young chief, by two ominous clicks, that his life was in danger. For a moment longer the Utah eyed Felipe, and then, with an indescribable grunt, pushed the rifle from him, and lashing his horse furiously, rode away from us at full speed. Felipe gave us a sly wink, and uttered the highly original ejaculation—"Corojo."

Beale was a sufficiently strong man to champion the Modoc Indians at a time when it needed some courage to tell the truth concerning the treatment they had received and that led to the uprising. He addressed a letter to the *Republican* of Chester, Pennsylvania, which contains the following notable appeal:

Let us pause for a moment before committing ourselves to a policy more savage and remorseless than that of the Modocs whom we propose to smite hip and thigh. Let us ask ourselves if we are not reaping what we have sown, and if the treachery to which the gallant and lamented Canby fell a victim is not a repetition of a lesson which we ourselves have taught these apt scholars, the Indians? Are we to think ourselves blameless when we recall the Chivington massacre? In that affair the Indians were invited to council under flags of truce, and the rites of hospitality, sacred even among the Bedouins of the desert, were violated as well as all military honor, for these poor wretches, while eating the sacred bread and salt, were ruthlessly fallen upon and slaughtered to the last man. The Piegan massacre was another affair in which we indeliciously taught the uncultivated savages the value of our pledges; and if we are correctly informed the very beginning of the Modoc war was an attempt while in the act of council to which they had been invited to make Captain Jack and two others prisoners. As to the bloody character of Indian warfare, as far as we can see, it is

carried on by us with about the same zeal. We read of a sergeant in the service of the United States who in the late attack on the Modocs "took the scalp of Scar-face Charley, who was found wounded in the lava beds." And if we desire to feel very good and free from barbarism we have only to read what comes to us side by side with news from the Modocs of the humane and civilized treatment we are meting out to our brothers in Louisiana, who differ from us on political questions; or recall the massacre and robbery and mutilation of unoffending Chinese, which was committed in broad daylight by American citizens in California a year or so ago.

General Beale—for he had now attained high military rank—had sufficient faith in the future of California to purchase large tracts of land making in the aggregate an estate half as large as Rhode Island:

A witty though absolutely groundless story is told about Lincoln and General Beale, and the latter's great landed possessions. Lincoln is reported as saying that he could not reappoint Beale as surveyor-general because "he became monarch of all he surveyed."

As a matter of fact General Beale, to the amusement of many of his friends who have since died poor, purchased for cash all the land in California of which he died possessed, and the purchases were made long before he became surveyor-general. While Beale only paid five cents an acre for much of this land, this was five cents an acre more than most people at the time thought it was worth, and it was well known that for years no white man could be paid to live on the place during the general's frequent absences for fear of marauding Indians and white outlaws.

General Beale enjoyed the "surveying story," as he called it, as well as any one else, but once he said, "Some day the archives of our country will tell why Lincoln made me surveyor-general. It had nothing to do with rod or chain, but much to do with the metes and bounds of the Union."

General Beale's ranch life was usually busy enough, but he found time to use his pen as a cudgel upon some of the Sierra poets who were beginning to write of pioneer days without much regard to accuracy. In the course of a vigorous rejoinder to Joaquin Miller he pays a tribute to Kit Carson:

Carson was a man cleanly of mind, body, and speech, and by no manner of means a border ruffian. He had no gift of swearing. The only oath I ever heard him use was that of William the Conqueror, which I had once read him out of a stray volume of "Tristram Shandy." On this occasion, he drew a long single-barreled pistol (old Contable's make), which Fremont had given me, and I to Kit, for we had no "gold-mounted Colt's true companions for years" in those simple-minded days, and with slow, deadly speech, which carried the sense of imminent mischief in it, said to one who was in the act of a cowardly wrong upon a sick man, "Sergeant, drop that knife, or 'by the Splendor of God,' I'll blow your heart out."

Carson, he says, was not only a man of extraordinary courage, but he had a power of loyal friendship remarkable enough even in those days, when comradeship was among the greater virtues:

Without a thought of ever seeing water again, you poured upon my fevered lips the last drop in camp from your canteen. Oh, Kit, I think again of afterwards, on bloody Gila, where we fought all day and traveled all night, with each man his bit of mule meat and no other food, and when worn from a hurt I could go no further, I begged you to leave me and save yourself. I see you leaning on that long Hawkins gun of yours (mine now) and looking out of those clear blue eyes at me with a surprised reproach as one who takes an insult from a friend. And I remember when we lay side by side on the bloody battlefield all night, when you mourned like a woman and would not be comforted, not for those who had fallen, but for the sad hearts of women at home when the sad tale would be told; and I remember another night when we passed side by side in the midst of an enemy's camp when discovery was death and you would not take a mean advantage of a sleeping foe. Then you were with Fremont and afterward at the solitary desert spring of Archibute, when you all stood around shocked at the horrid spectacle of slaughter which met your eyes. A whole family done to death by Indians. Fremont asked, "Who will follow these wretches and strike them in their camp?" It was you, old Kit, and Alexis Godey who took the trail; a long and weary hundred and twenty-five miles you followed that bloody band. You two attacked in broad daylight a hundred. Killed many, for which you brought back our grizzly mountain vouchers and recovered every stolen horse, for the sole survivor, a little boy. And this you did in pity for the women who had been slain. Oh! wise of counsel, strong of arm, brave of heart, and gentle of nature, how bitterly you have been maligned.

General Beale died on April 22, 1893, and with him died the era of the pathfinders to which he belonged. Mr. Bonsal has told the story as it should be told and with an eye to national rather than to personal interests. His book will enrich the library of great western achievements.

EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE. By Stephen Bonsal. With seventeen illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

Swords equal to the famous blades of Toledo and Damascus are made in Japan by a special series of processes, but a feature of the industry is the religious ceremony that accompanies the work. On the walls of the huts in which the operations are carried on are representations of the gods or the sword-makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos. There are also bits of paper and wisps of straw, charms to keep away evil spirits. No female is allowed to enter the place, as the presence of women is supposed to be conducive to the appearance of demons, who would certainly bring disaster to the sword's mission. Prayer is offered before the work begins, and various religious rites must be performed before any one of the swords can be declared to have been well and truly made.

In the forty-eight years that records have been kept more than \$160,000,000 worth of sewing machines have been exported from the United States. The exports this year will be nearly \$10,000,000 and the value of the domestic product is in the vicinity of \$28,000,000. Every country on the face of the globe uses the machine Elias Howe gave to the world, and the Spencer man's gift has added untold millions of dollars to the wealth of the nations.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## August Strindberg.

These three plays which have been given to us through the admirable translation of Edwin Björkman may be said to represent Strindberg at his best, or at his worst—so much depends upon the point of view. Certainly his attitude toward society, and especially toward marriage, was not a pose, nor a theory adopted for literary effect. Strindberg dramatized his own life. Three times divorced, he had found that marriage was a failure, and believed that it was always a failure and founded only upon lies, imposture, and passion. In "The Link" we have a bideous picture of a courtroom wherein a married couple goad each other on to a disclosure of the depths to which they had fallen. The woman, of course, is the most unrestrained, but although the man seems intent only on defending himself, he gives no suggestion of magnanimity. It is hideously sordid, brutal, and heartless, but unquestionably the author believed what he wrote. "The Dance of Death" is along similar lines, but much longer. It describes the gradual awakening of a man to the real nature of his wife, and once more it is easy to believe that Strindberg was attempting something nearly autobiographical.

In "The Dream Play" we see another aspect of Strindberg's genius, but here it is a genius so wild and incoherent as almost to suggest insanity. Anything may, of course, happen in dreams, and the author feels himself bound neither by time, sequence, nor space. Indra's daughter, a divine being, incarnates upon earth and solves for us the mystery of life by marrying a human being. Brahma, we are told, in conjunction with Maya, matter or illusion, seeks to manifest himself in nature through the power of his own constructive imagination, and the universe is therefore itself an illusion, or the image of a dream. But it is a distorted image, or a reversed reflection, and therefore everything is upside down. In other words, it is a copy, and "a spoiled copy." And once more it is the woman who must be blamed, as always. "Can you now grasp what woman is? Woman, through whom sin and death found their way into life?"

And so there seems to be nothing for our ultimate good in this strange medley of distortions. We may admire the literary form, the passion, and the energy, but always with a recognition that Strindberg found his material in his own inner experiences and that he failed to seek either a balance or a corrective in the world outside and beyond.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## The Goodly Fellowship.

Miss Schaffer's first novel produces in us that sense of gratitude which has been described as a lively sense of favors to come. It has a definite purpose: Whether or not we sympathize with that purpose, it has coherence, and it is full of brightly colored action.

It is a story of a society girl who travels alone into the heart of Persia and who is received hospitably by the missionary community at Muramna. Jean Stuart is not religious and she has the attitude of the wealthy intellectual toward missionaries. But she allows herself to be gradually attracted toward the practical benevolence that she sees around her, and while we are not asked to witness her "conversion" we do see her taking a part in the work of the station school. Perhaps her change of heart is not wholly unconnected with the attractions of Thorley Prescott, an energetic and capable young man who has entered the mission field sorely against his will and in fulfillment of a promise given to his dying mother. The relations between Jean and Thorley are admirably described, so much so indeed that we may describe "The Goodly Fellowship" as a love story.

But the evident object of the story is to create an interest in foreign missions. Doubtless it will sustain an interest that already exists, but it will hardly create a new one. The little group at Muramna are so simple, so sincere, and so devoted that we are inclined to wish that their energies were directed to more fruitful and more valuable fields nearer home, and that they would try to convert Christendom before attacking a foreign neathendom that seems to be so nearly irresponsive. The author's brother-in-law, the Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, was murdered in Persia, and the murder of a missionary is one of the incidents of Miss Schaffer's story. She knows her subject thoroughly, and the picture that she draws of Persian life is as accurate as it is repulsive. Miss Schaffer tells so good a story and tells it so carefully and so vigorously that we are justified in asking for more.

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP. By Rachel Capen Schaffer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## Wings of Desire.

It is a curious medley of saints and sinners to which Miss Willcocks introduces us, and when we get to the end of her story we are by no means sure which are the saints and which the sinners. Modern days have brought with them a new Ten Commandment, at

least a new interpretation of some of the old ones, and so we are a little confused between the virtues and the vices. But perhaps we shall do well to adhere to the old Puritanism which would have us believe that the path of virtue is rarely the path of pleasure and that the "wings of desire" are usually dark ones.

The characters in this Devonshire story are numerous and distinctive. There are no supernumeraries and no nonentities. The heroine is Sara Bellew, wife of a rascally novelist whose vices are of the unmentionable kind. Sara is beautiful and good, and she loves Captain Knyvett with that intensity of which only good married women are capable. In fact she loves him so much that she goes to live with him just as though she were a fashionable woman instead of country born, and as she is about to enter his house she says: "We must pay, you know. Shall you mind? For what they may say to—our children of their mother." We feel somehow that Sara is doing a very fine thing, which shows how fully the author has mesmerized us. Sara is doing something that she very much wants to do, and perhaps this is indeed a virtue, by modern standards.

There are other men and women in the story, some of them primeval, unconventional, Rabalaisian. We have an ocean voyage, a glimpse of distant gold fields, and a good many of the greeds, passions, and humors of life set forth with a certain attractive realism that is not over-careful of the proprieties. The author has collected a stageful of strong characters, and she handles them in such a way as to produce a story some way above the average.

WINGS OF DESIRE. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

## Oriental Rugs.

The author of this fine work seems to be justified in his assertion that no such systematized and tabulated information regarding each variety of rug in the market has previously been attempted. Certainly we look in vain for any omission. Everything is here for the instruction and guidance of those who wish to spend their money wisely or to be directed upon the trail of the elusive bargain. The task of identification is aided by details of characteristics of the weaving process, there is an admirable chapter on design illustrated with profuse cuts, and we are furnished with the price per square foot at which each variety is held by retail dealers. We have also ample instructions for the selection, purchase, care, and cleaning of rugs as well as for the detection of false antiques, aniline dyes, etc.

The illustrations deserve special commendation. The author explains that these are not of museum pieces or priceless specimens in the possession of wealthy collectors, but of such fine and attractive examples as may be purchased in the open market. In short, the author has given us a volume that contains all that is necessary for the purchaser not only that he may procure the utmost value for his money, but that he may know what to look for and how to evade the wiles of the vendor. The volume contains ten illustrations in color, seventy-five in doubletone, and sixty-seven in line, as well as a chart and a map.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF ORIENTAL RUGS. By G. Griffin Lewis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$4.50.

## The Greatest English Classic.

Dr. Cleland Boyd McAfee gives to his well-written book on the Bible the sub-title of "A Study of the King James Version of the Bible and Its Influence on Life and Literature." It is all that and more. The author in no way invades the field of the higher criticism, nor is it his object to give us the sort of book that is usually called "scholarly." But he does give us an unusually good sketch of the conditions antedating the King James version and that called forth that version, and he is at his best in his consideration of the influence of the Bible upon the literature, the thought, and the character of those who have saturated themselves with it. That Dr. McAfee is well qualified for such a task goes without saying. That he uses his qualifications to good purpose is evident from even a cursory perusal of his pages.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH CLASSIC. By the Rev. Cleland B. McAfee. D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

## The American Bar.

Mr. Charles Warren has written a book that is not a law book, but that will be interesting to lawyers as well as to laymen who wish to know something about the men who have composed the American Bar in the past. In Part I the author deals with the legal conditions in each of the American colonies, the status of the common law, the method of appointment of the courts, the leading lawyers, legal legislation, and the materials for a lawyer's education. Part II describes the growth of the American Bar since 1860, with various topics of general legal interest, while three chapters are devoted to the great factors in the development of the bar—the rise and growth of corporation and railroad law, the expansion of the common law, and the movement for codification. The book is, as its name implies, a history of the American Bar,

written from the popular standpoint and intended to be read as a part of the history of the nation.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BAR. By Charles Warren. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$4 net.

## The Peer's Progress.

A valet, it seems, if he be of the right kind, makes an admirable tutor for a young peer who is inclined to forget the sublime duties that he owes to his exalted order and to society. Mr. Clouston tells us the story of Lord Fotheringay, whose enormously wealthy uncle almost despairs of leading him into the paths of aristocratic sobriety and of a marriage suited to his superlatively high rank. But Grimes, the valet, knows his duty. He is a master of the word in season, of the sage advice that knows how to cloak itself in servility, and he would probably have succeeded if his lordship had not been overwhelmed by his heart before his head—such as it was—could be sufficiently trained to take the helm. The story is a good deal of a farce, and it is not for the unassuming democrat to pronounce as to the size of its kernel of truth.

THE PEER'S PROGRESS. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

## California Myths.

Katharine Berry Judson has done a useful piece of work in her collection of California myths and legends. She explains her object as being simply the preparation of a volume of the quaint, purer myths, suitable for general reading rather than for scientific study, and appealing to our sense of beauty rather than of ethnological values. In all she gives us sixty-nine of these legends, somewhat abridged so far as long conversations and ceremonial details are concerned, but without any impairment of their natural charm. The volume contains fifty-one illustrations of unusual merit.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE OLD SOUTHWEST. Compiled and edited by Katharine Berry Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

## Japonette.

It is probably useless to remonstrate with Mr. Chambers or to implore him to recall, if not too late, some of his early power. So far as "Japonette" is concerned, it can only be said regretfully that we have here one more novel for the feeble-minded.

JAPONETTE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Briefier Reviews.

Those who like their baseball in rhyme will have a welcome for "Baseballogy," by Edmund Vance Cooke (Forbes & Co.; 50 cents).

It is described as "Fans' Taste, Fans' Talk, Fans' Dope, and Fans' Everything." The rhymes are quite good.

"King Lear" has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, now appearing under the editorship of William Allan Neilson and Asbely Horace Thorndike and published by the Macmillan Company.

An amusing sketch of life on board ship, wherein most of the victims are by no means amused, is to be found in "Ship Bored," by Julian Street (John Lane Company; 50 cents net). Mr. Street has the gift of humor which is another aspect of piety.

Poultry-keeping is supposed to be one of those mild amusements that pay in theory, but not in practice. Mr. A. S. Wheeler believes that it can be made to return dividends in hard cash as well as in moral uplift, and he tells us how this may be done in his little volume, "Profitable Breeds of Poultry," just published by the Outing Publishing Company (70 cents net).

To get on the waterwagon is often a desirable, and still more often a difficult, ambition. Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, already well known for his political predictions that are not always so, gives a helping hand in his little volume "Cutting It Out" (Forbes & Co.; 35 cents). Mr. Blythe tells us why, how, what, and when he quit, and adds another chapter for makeweight, "After I Quit."

Ireland and Scotland have much in common and this is also true doggily, there being a setter, a deerhound, and a terrier native to each. Mr. William Haynes tells us all about the latter in his little book, "Scottish and Irish Terriers," just published in the Outing Handbooks by the Outing Publishing Company (70 cents). It is a book not to be overlooked by the devout dog lover.

Brentano's are to be congratulated on the Ulstein Bucher, a series of novels in the German language written by the best modern German novelists and issued monthly at a net price of 25 cents per volume. Among later additions are "Gewitter in Mai," von Ludwig Ganghofer, and "Thomas Kerkhoven," von Korfiz Holm. The series will certainly be welcomed by natives of Germany and students of the language.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Suggestion.

The obvious and high value of Dr. Jacoby's book does not prevent a certain feeling of irritation at the tone of scientific condescension that pervades it. Until a few years ago the medical profession almost exhausted its powers of fanatical vituperation against those who believed in the powers of suggestion or in any of the associated practices of what may be called the new medical psychology. Today we are told that the exercise of these powers must be left exclusively in medical hands and we are practically assured that the hidden recesses of the human mind have now been mapped and charted with all the inclusive accuracy of a land surveyor upon a hillside. The methods resulting from this state of mind are inevitable and simple. They consist of first formulating a theory and then denying all the facts opposed to that theory.

But Dr. Jacoby's book is none the less valuable. He divides it into three sections, the first dealing with Suggestion, the second with Psychotherapy, and the third with the special application of Psychotherapy. He covers the whole ground in clear and lucid language and his work can not be too highly recommended to those who wish to know the last word of medical psychological research in a department of unusual interest.

**SUGGESTION AND PSYCHOTHERAPY.** By George W. Jacoby, M. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

A reviewer in the *Evening Post* of Samuel John Alexander's volume of poems, "The Inverted Torch," recently published by A. M. Robertson, guesses that the poet is an Englishman. The fact is that Mr. Alexander is an American with an ancestry of at least four generations in this country. He was born in Tennessee, but has lived many years in California and is intensely loyal to the state and has celebrated her beauties and strength in many poems.

Helen Hunt Jackson's "California romance, "Ramona," first issued in 1884, has just reached its ninety-third printing. Its publishers, Little, Brown & Co., state that nearly 250,000 copies of this American classic have been sold—and it has never been issued in cheap form.

The death of August Strindberg should direct increased attention to the recent volume of his "Plays" published by Charles Scribner's Sons in an admirable translation made by Edwin Bjorkman. Pessimistic as are these four dramas, "The Link," "The Dream Play," and "The Dance of Death," parts I and II, their insight and intellectual power fully justify Strindberg's fame as Sweden's greatest man of letters. Mr. Bjorkman is at work on another of Strindberg's plays, "There Are Crimes and Crimes," which will be published in the course of the summer.

The French Academy has awarded its Grand Literary Prize of ten thousand francs this year to M. André Lafon for his story, "L'Elève Gilles," which is characterized by the *Figaro* as "simple et très profond." To the world at large this may seem a matter-of-fact statement, but to the ten members of the committee of the Academy particularly intrusted with the task of recommending an author, it marks the end—for some months—of a responsibility that has troubled them not a little.

The Baroness von Hutten, wife of the Freiherr von Hutten, chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, was born at Erie, Pennsylvania, daughter of John Riddle. She has a son and a daughter. As novelist she is known, especially, as author of "Pam" and "What Became of Pam." She gives her recreations as singing and the piano.

John Kendrick Bangs, who wrote "Songs of Cheer" and "Echoes of Cheer," is soon to put his cheery philosophy to a severe test. He has just signed a contract with an Australian lecture bureau for a series of a hundred lectures in Australia and New Zealand. The trip will involve a complete circuit of the earth, starting at Vancouver in May, 1913, and taking in the Hawaiian Islands, the Fiji Islands, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, India, the Suez Canal, Egypt, and thence back to America by easy stages through Italy, France, and England. The special lecture he is to deliver is his now famous "Salubrities I Have Met," which he has already given to over three hundred audiences in forty states of the Union.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

**ENSIGN RUSSELL.** By David Gray. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.  
A record of adventure.

**THE CITADEL.** By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.  
"A romance of unrest."

**THE COMMON WEAL.** By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

**THE MOTOR BOAT.** By George Fitch. New York: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.10 net.  
A series of humorous sketches.

**THE GUESTS OF HERCULES.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35.

## A novel.

**A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH.** By J. D. Beresford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel by the author of "The Early History of Jacob Stahl."

**THE LIGHTED WAY.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## A novel.

**THE BACHELOR DINNER.** By Olive M. Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## A novel.

**THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.** By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel of present-day American life.

**GEORG BANG'S LIEBE.** von Karl Rosner; MARIA DA CARA, von Georg Freiherrn von Ompfeda; MUTTER, von Heinz Tovote. New York: Brentano's; 25 cents per volume net.

Issued in the monthly series of novels in the German language by the best modern German novelists.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

**NOTABLE MEN OF TENNESSEE.** FROM 1833 TO 1875. By Oliver P. Temple. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; \$3 net.

Their times and their contemporaries.

**WOODROW WILSON.** By William Bayard Hale. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The story of his life.

**AT THE COURT OF HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY.** By William Miller Collier. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

A volume of court memories by the late minister to Spain, 1905-1909.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD.** By J. H. Fabre. New York: The Century Company; \$3 net.  
Dealing with some of the more familiar and interesting insects.

**CHANGING AMERICA.** By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

A presentation of sub-surface tendencies in modern society.

**THE INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, AND RECALL.** Edited by William Bennett Munro. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A collection of essays by various public men.

**ROSES FROM MY GARDEN.** By Gertrude Capen Whitney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A volume of verse.

**PIN-MONEY SUGGESTIONS.** By Lilian W. Babcock. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

Four hundred ways in which a woman may profitably employ her spare time.

**BUTTERFLY AND MOTH BOOK.** By Ellen Robertson-Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Personal studies and observations of the more familiar species.

**WISCONSIN: AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY.** By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A political survey and plea.

**AGAINST HOME RULE.** By various British statesmen. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.; 50 cents net.

"The case for the union."

**SOCIALISM AND THE GREAT STATE.** By H. G. Wells, Frances Evelyn Warwick, L. G. Ciozza Money, E. Ray Lankester, C. J. Bond, E. S. P. Haynes, Cecil Chesterton, Cicely Hamilton, Roger Fry, G. R. S. Taylor, Conrad Noel, Herbert Trench, and Hugh P. Fowler. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

A broad survey of Socialism.

**GREAT RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.** By Herbert A. Giles, LL. D.; T. W. Rys Davids, LL. D., Ph. D.; Oskar Mann; Sir A. C. Lyall, K. C. B., G. C. I. E.; D. Menant; Sir Lepel Griffin, K. C. S. I.; Frederic Harrison; E. Denison Ross; the Rev. M. Gaster, Ph. D.; the Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., LL. D.; Cardinal Gibbons. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

A new edition, with introductions.

## CURRENT VERSE

## The Call.

Turn ye again, my people, turn;  
Enter my palace wild and rude,  
And cheerly let your camp-fires burn  
Throughout my scented solitude.

The glare, the tumult, and the stress  
Are gone with yesterday, and we  
Are children of the wilderness,  
Of wonder and of mystery.

Mark how the tilted mountains lie  
Mantled with moss and cloistered fir.  
My brother, canst thou pass them by,  
Art thou not too a worshipper?

The long lake wrinkling in the wind,  
The breathless wood, and, over all,  
Through tangled underbrush entwined  
The riot of a waterfall.

The multitudinous sounds that blend  
In one vast stillness void of sound,  
A slumber too divine to end,  
Interminable and profound.

Close to the bosom undefiled  
Of her who bore mankind I press,  
Receiving like a wandering child,  
Her inarticulate caress.

Turn ye again, my people, turn,  
Enter my palace wild and rude,  
And cheerly let your camp-fires burn  
Throughout my scented solitude.  
—Alan Sullivan, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## Tersichore.

In far-off days, when the world was young,  
Fair maid, ere your praises rich were sung,  
Did you take your art from the bending grass  
That dips and lifts as the light winds pass?  
Did you copy the grace of a swaying bough?  
Did a pensile leaflet teach you how  
To dance and swing with the world atune?  
Tersichore, did you learn of June?  
—Clara Odell Lyons, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

## Infinity.

Infinity, the heavy mist  
That slowly, imperceptibly,  
Recedes before our groping hands,  
As step by step most warily  
We tread the only half-seen ground,  
We turn for guidance whence we came;  
The fog drifts 'gainst the straining face,  
Our own paths? Look! The gulf that yawns!  
Of our last footsteps, not a trace!  
The cloud-bung chasm breathes no sound.

Only the records in our hands,  
Only a fitful memory,  
Are left of all the world that was,  
False prophets of the world to be,  
To which our stumbling steps now lead.  
Some urged by dread, some led by hope,  
Onward we move into the gray,  
Darkness and silence all around,  
Voices and light just for today:  
'Nought knows not certainty nor speed.

Sun, moon, or stars illumine the hour,  
Yet shed no light there, just before,  
As lamps a tiny circle show  
Upon a bleak, black, silent moor,  
Where darkness presses back the eyes.  
From dusk to dusk, one step, ahead,  
Once glance behind, and that is all;  
A working with the Seen until  
The Unseen sounds its voiceless call;  
The ending of one long surmise.  
—Donald R. Richberg, in *Boston Transcript*.

One reason which Mark Twain gave for insisting upon his anonymity in connection with the publication of "Joan of Arc" is given by J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper." "It was," says Mr. Harper, "the fact that the public had generally formed the opinion that his pseudonym stood only for humorous entertainment, so that a historical romance like "Joan of Arc" to which he had given years of study and research, would be an imposition on his audience if issued over his usual literary signature."

## A Letter from Joaquin Miller

## MY VERY DEAR POET ALEXANDER:

Your very beautiful, very bright and true book is at hand. Thank you ever so much. It is the best, the most poetical book of poems this great land of promise has as yet produced. I like it entirely from cover to cover. I like its constant devotion to the old Greek mythology and the beautiful touches of the Bible. You have set Keats rightly on the throne "on a Peak in Darien," despite his limitations of history and geography. For is it not enough to be a poet? Such a poet!

Having said this much now a line or so about ourselves: *our trade!* I publish my poems not for today but for tomorrow. I am not being read, I can not expect to be read today. I do not really care to be read in this day of dollars, but I do care and expect to be read when this great sun land is another Greece—as it will be. We will not live to see it, but we have set our torches on the mountain tops, where the new poets may see and pursue the path up the steep steps of Olympus with a more certain step than otherwise. And let this be our comfort and complete reward. I am content to contribute my few verses, to comfort those who faint by the way with a song of cheer, to love all things beautiful in this beautiful world, and be glad. I should like to live in the coming great age when poets and poetry may be heard and have a fit place. But it is enough to have set up a tablet here and there, and I beg you be content and "grow old along with me."

With thanks and sincere love to you and yours.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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AND OTHER POEMS  
By Samuel John Alexander

Price \$1.50 net

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A. M. ROBERTSON  
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## More New Street-Cars Coming

While it is an absolute impossibility under the present conditions of the charter of the city and county of San Francisco to interest capital in the proposition of extension of street-car lines to outlying sections, constant attention is being devoted to the bettering of the entire system now operated by the United Railroads.

Last week it was mentioned in this column that the corporation was engaged in working out plans and specifications for new cars, with the hope that they would be ready for service in October.

These cars will be something of a departure from any of the present cars now in use in this city. They will embody features which are held by car experts to give better satisfaction than any yet built, while from an economic standpoint they will be calculated to prove most effective as time-savers. They will be provided with open sections at each end, so that all who desire to ride in the open air can do so. In addition they will be equipped with all of the most modern appliances for safety and comfort, with motors aggregating 160 horsepower under each car.

In addition to the large cost of these cars, designed for the purpose of giving San Francisco people the best that money and brains can originate, more car-horn storage will be required, as well as additional power for operating them.

What it means to build and put into commission a large number of cars may be imagined when it is remembered that it cost the United Railroads over \$500,000 for the first consignment of eighty pay-as-you-enter cars operated in this city. That they were a step in the right direction has long since been proved by the comfort they afford to the thousands who use the system daily.

It is a big question, this handling of the public by street-cars, and it is growing steadily. Were the city in a stagnant condition it would prove quite simple, but when it is considered that San Francisco is making marvelous growth along every line that makes for a great metropolis, some faint idea can be obtained by the layman of the traffic problem. To solve it as nearly as it can be solved by any city is the aim of the United Railroads, whose experts are constantly investigating and planning, endeavoring to figure out how better and quicker service can be rendered, and at the same time be fair to both sides. To handle a total of 223, 811,685 people, as the corporation did last year, with as few accidents and mishaps as were recorded, requires a splendid amount of skill in every department, and the working together for a common purpose of every employee, whether in the highest office or in the day-laboring department. It is quite as Mr. Mullaity, assistant to the president of the corporation, recently stated to a public body: "We are not apart from you, but of you, and your interests are our interests. We are anxious and always willing to cooperate with the city, and with the commercial interests of the city, for the betterment of conditions. We have met all bodies half way, and are half way on the road to meet all others whom we have not met. We expect that all others will be willing to meet us half way."

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MISS CROSMAN'S NEW COMEDY.

"The Real Thing," as it transpires, is not quite the real thing in spite of its title. Nowadays, with the old legitimate plays laid by, the nose of the poetic drama out of joint, and the literary drama inclined to be sans action and rather dullish, we are apt to think if there is a praiseworthy idea informing a play that it must be a good play.

"The Real Thing" means wedded happiness, and the purpose of Catherine Cushing's play is to impress upon wives the necessity of keeping a good grip on marital felicity by a due attention to the frivolities of life. In this era of advanced ideas, rapid-fire divorces, and insoluble theories about marriage, anything that tends to prop up that frequently tottering condition, married happiness, we should regard as laudable. And since Americans are what they are, a people with a deeply rooted, innate antipathy toward seriousness, the author has treated the subject lightly and gayly.

There is, indeed, scarcely a serious conversation, and only one serious mood, throughout the length and breadth of the play. But oh, how that seriousness refreshed us! It is not, it can not be true, that we have wholly lost the power to be grave. True, the Americans as a people like their fiction and drama to vary "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." But we do like to have the real, the vital issues of life handled in plays, as well as novels, if they are only treated with understanding and power. And for that our dramatists seem to have lost the trick.

"The Real Thing" is labeled "an every-day comedy." Now an every-day comedy is really, at bottom, something serious. Over this fundamental seriousness, this heaving of deep, inward currents, comes the play of superficial actions and doings, foam and froth of lively speech and laughter. And these we enjoy the more because of our recognition that underneath all this outward foam and froth are the strong currents of deep, powerful forces that impel the outward movements of the drama, and bring it into close relation with all the tragic-comic strenuousness of life. All this "The Real Thing" did not do, because it started in to be a comedy, halted in the middle, hesitated, scratched its head, and ended by being farce; or, if not farce, farcical comedy.

There is no matter in this whole round earth so serious as the maintaining of marital constancy and affection between wedded couples, and no subject that is more often food for mirth in the theatre. It ranks with seasickness, mothers-in-law, baldheadedness, and corns. Indeed, I am not sure but the question of corns is regarded as more serious. It is a subject that is frequently discussed behind sheltering fans and concealing hands. It induces a sense of responsibility that weighs heavily upon the minds of married women, the momentousness and gravity of which cause their spinster sisters often to reflect with philosophy, even with satisfaction, that there are no doubt compensations in the single life.

Poor, perspiring wives! What efforts they are obliged to make, what labors of vanity to undergo, to preserve the costly regard of those roving blades, the husbands. "The Real Thing" makes it plain that man does not love "true worth" alone. No wife must too thoroughly devote herself to the cultivation of the domestic virtues. Unsleping vigilance is her motto. Guard the treasure well! Throw around the uneasy quarry harriers of physical allurements; snare him in traps made of fine feathers. Dazzled by the charms of his captor the troublesome being will lose consciousness of the fact that nature and civilization both invite him to freedom, and prove complaisant when he claims it.

After all, the gravity of the case is there, under all the froth, no matter how light the play. And "The Real Thing" is very light indeed. It takes a Henrietta Crosman to skim lightly and gayly over its frail scaffolding and keep an audience laughing and good-natured.

Henrietta Crosman does not play the rôle of the over-domesticated wife, but of a quick-witted, warm-hearted, man-comprehending widow. She sees her sister's mistake, and comes to the rescue just in time.

Of course, in plays and romances, when the husband's tentacles begin to wave instinctively toward some other conveniently contiguous charmer the wife's regaining of her lost charms is merely a matter of calling

in the dressmaker. Under her plain print gown there is always a beautiful form temporarily extinguished; under her housewifely preoccupation transiently slumbers the zest of youth for the joy of living. All she has to do is to forswear curl-papers and the dressing-sacque, tighten her stays and her high-heeled slippers, and the job is done. All the waning constancy of beauty-loving man returns.

The real tragedies come with the fading of the wife's physical charms, and then, what? Well, fortunately, such uncomfortable things do not figure in plays.

We women felt a foolish, womanly satisfaction when Josephine Lovett, as the wife, eventually recaptured the good looks lying perdu under the awful horrors of a shirt-waist and a black skirt. One of the most powerful sermons preached in "The Real Thing" is the superiority of the one-toned, or shall I borrow from the dreadful vernacular of the shops and say of the "one-piece dress" over the shirtwaist and skirt. No heroine of the drama would ever dare to play her great scene with her outer woman artistically cut in two at the waist line by two contrasting colors—unless, indeed, she was in the same rank in life as Bertha, the sewing machine girl.

Henrietta Crosman, as the widow, is happily well equipped to show the surpassing virtue of good clothes. Miss Crosman knows well the resources of the stage to set off woman's beauty, and her dazzling fairness, with the contiguity of curly golden hair and pale-tinted garments of unimpeachable cut and style, is always immensely effective.

A certain genuineness of personality, however, is one of her great charms, and a quick wit in playing lightly and winsomely all the changes of expression on face and voice, without resort to theatrical over-emphasis. When the play becomes thin, and the more simple and human motive is temporarily displaced, from lack of sufficient material, apparently, to make way for an absurd and farcical complication in the pretty widow's sentimental affairs, Miss Crosman throws herself into the breach, and with unflinching spirit and vivacity keeps the audience amused and laughing, the men noticeably so, by a bright and clever depiction of feminine inconsistencies and womanly capriciousness of moods.

But it does seem so often as though these lights of the stage have to put up with plays that are too puerile for their talents. To my mind, as I intimated before, the most enjoyable moment in the play was the most serious one, the moment when the widow unexpectedly and unintentionally surprises her brother-in-law kissing the pretty girl who lives next door.

Both Miss Crosman and Fred Tiden handled the scene with skill. There is a prolonged, pregnant pause. And then the husband begins his defense. He puts up a good one, too. The author is soft-hearted, and wants no villains or villainesses in her play.

When the husband kisses the girl there is a sudden hush, a pause of expectation. The sex interest? That was the mental interrogation of the audience. But, in spite of all this tangle of husbands and jealousy, and wives and girls, the author's attitude is consistently American and sexless. All the emotions are on the surface; there are no depths of animal jealousy or illicit infatuation. The girl is entirely innocent and the husband only half guilty; not a wife in the audience, bristling, perhaps, with sympathetic partisanship of married woman's rights, but absolved both. Not a husband but found there was not in the play a single call for the jovial coarseness of male sympathy with an illicitly roving Benedict.

The girl made her little self-exculpation very prettily, feelingly, earnestly. We liked that moment of earnestness. The rôle, by the way, was played with charm and comprehension by Florence Short, who, as the "wife's understudy," made her impulsive, girlish, and simple without making her a fool. The actress deserves credit for acting with intelligence and sympathy in her short scenes of passing prominence, and also for demeaning herself appropriately when she had to do dumb play in response to a rather long and semi-vivacious, semi-tearful monologue by Jessie, the widow.

The cast is short. Two leggy youngsters play, not quite so prettily as we are getting accustomed to seeing child rôles done, but very creditably, the parts of the two spoiled, exacting children of the wife.

Miss Josephine Lovett, who, if I mistake not, we saw, in "Her Husband's Wife," play a similar rôle of an undecorative woman transformed to a decorative one, has that type of looks which is very manageable under such circumstances. Her figure seemed to grow progressively trimmer, her curves softer, her hair fluffier, with each act. In the last, as the curtain rose upon a thoroughly reformed and harmoniously gowned drawing-room ornament, a soft sigh of thoroughly feminine satisfaction was exhaled from the gentler half of the audience.

Apparently the men were in full sympathy with the idea of deprecating a wife's over-preoccupation with maternal and housewifely cares. They warmly applauded such sentiments as "the dressing-sacque craze and the curl-paper habit send husbands on the affinity hunt." The lords of the hearth recognize

plainly that the ever-constant husband is a fancy brand, turned out from a special mould; and they realize thoroughly in their artless Japanese way that the gilt-edged creatures must be kept amused and appeased, or they have a full right to wander afield.

From that point of view Jessie, the merry widow, is all womanly. She does not believe in woman accusing destiny, or straining at her bonds. Accept your burden, says this admirable woman, and smile, if your waistband is too tight, and your toes pinch.

The merry widow has an admirer, played by Albert Brown, who enters the play at the moment when the keynote becomes hysterically farcical. Mr. Brown threw himself into the extravagances and exaggerations of his rôle with physical if not mental animation, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Yet in spite of the competent company, the attractive and vivacious star, and an excellent leading man who played his principal scene with admirable delicacy and restraint, it did not seem unreasonable to sigh for a full-bodied, plausible, well-sketched play of real merit, even though we did offer, the evening through, a running commentary of cheerful laughter.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

## At the Columbia Theatre.

Henrietta Crosman and her supporting company are holding forth in "The Real Thing" at the Columbia Theatre, and keeping large audiences in good spirits throughout the entire three acts. The story is sufficiently well told to retain one's interest at all times. Miss Crosman's characterization of the thoughtful, serious woman who cloaks her real self behind a vivacious exterior is a thorough delight. In the supporting cast, and deserving praise, are Josephine Lovett as the wife, Fred Tiden as the husband, Albert Brown, Florence Short, and the two children, Mac Macomber and Audrey Ridgwell, who provide a bit of realism in a charming way. Miss Crosman's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will continue for another week. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

## The Orpheum.

There will be six entirely new acts in the Orpheum bill next week. Florence Roberts, one of our most distinguished and popular actresses, is playing a brief season in vaudeville, and will open next Sunday matinee in the one-act fantasy, "The Miracle," written by James H. Morrison. She will be supported by Walter D. Greene, Charles Wyngate, James H. Morrison, and Ethyl Merrett. "The Miracle" is said to afford Miss Roberts, in the rôle of Helen Alger, a splendid opportunity.

"The Information Bureau," which the Five Sullys will introduce, is a combination of singing, dancing, talking, and comedy situations happily blended into a twenty-minute rapid-fire offering. Three men and two girls comprise the Sully troupe.

A unique cycling performance will be presented by the Four Ritchies. They use a remarkable assortment of freak machines and keep the comedy element of their act well to the front.

La Petite Mignon, who will make her first appearance here, is a dainty bit of a girl possessed of a new mode of mimicry. Her imitations of prominent players, although in a humorous vein, are faithful. Mignon is a natural born caricaturist and a capital comedienne, possessed of a good singing voice.

Al and Fannie Steadman will present what they call "Piano Capers." They also sing and dance and furnish an enjoyable quarter of an hour's entertainment.

The Weston and Bentley Company will repeat their unique musical act, and an attractive feature of the new bill will be a terpsichorean absurdity entitled "On the Wall," in which John Tiller's London Company, including the Twelve Sunshine Girls and the Six Eton Boys, will appear.

## The Pantages Theatre.

At the Pantages Theatre this week the programme is of an unusually high order of merit, including the thrilling French pantomime in two tableaux, "A Night in the Slums of Paris," with the "Dance of the Dagger"; Leon Morris and his lively wrestling ponies; Dorothy Vaughan, the magnetic singing comedienne; Alice Teddy, the roller-skating bear, and other excellent features.

On Sunday another strong array of attractions has been secured, headed by that clever singing comedian, Frederick V. Bowers, late a feature with "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," and well remembered here for the prominent part he played in "The Ham Tree," when McIntyre and Heath presented that big production in San Francisco a few seasons ago. Bowers has probably written more popular songs than any other man before the footlights, and in his act, "Bright Smiles and Bright Songs," he will be assisted by Lillian Broderick and Felix G. Rice and a couple of pickaninnies. Jessie Keller, known as the "Venus on Wheels," will make her first appearance here in a bicycle act in which she will be assisted by Tommy Weir, a contra tenor. Jewell and Jordan, whistlers and imitators, who are said to be a whole show in

themselves, promise a unique specialty, and the five juggling Normans, agile young men, will toss around Indian clubs in a wonderful way and with lightning-like rapidity. Don and O'Neil, known as "the Captain and the Kidder," will offer a lot of small talk and humorous songs, and the Three Sinclairs, gymnasts, promise a variety of athletic stunts. The management has one act, unannounced as yet, that should create a sensation, and Sunlight pictures, showing many amusing subjects.

Direct from her engagement at the Hudson Theatre, New York, will come Helen Ware in an intense drama, "The Price," which she will offer at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, June 17. This will be Miss Ware's first engagement in San Francisco since her promotion to stardom. Among the younger generation of players there has been no one in recent years who has more thoroughly deserved stellar honors than this actress. Her promotion was surely earned when she gave the dramatic world her now historic creation of Anna Jeffries in "The Third Degree." In "The Price" Miss Ware's rôle is one of the strongest of emotional parts. Her manager, the late Henry B. Harris, claimed for her the title of the best emotional actress in America, and in "The Price" she will have an opportunity to show that this broad statement is well founded. The Hudson Theatre cast and production will be seen here intact, and included in the supporting company are Harrison Hunter, Jessie Ralph, Roy Gordon, Gertrude Dalton, George W. Barnum, Margaret McWade, and Robert H. Hudson. The advance sale of seats for Miss Ware's engagement opens Thursday morning.

There will be no Sunday night performances during the engagement of Henrietta Crosman at the Columbia Theatre. The Wednesday matinees at this theatre are being played at special prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50. Throughout the summer all Wednesday matinees will be at the above scale. The evening and Saturday matinee prices will be from 25 cents to \$1.50.

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## VANITY FAIR.

There is no authentic information as to the cause that has led the fashionable tailors of London to go upon strike, but the worst is feared. Syndicalism has raised its hateful head in the midst of wealth and beauty and has aimed this cruel blow at the British constitution. But who would have thought that the fashionable tailors would do such a thing? Who would have thought they had the pluck? And only nine of them to a man, too.

It is natural that there should be consternation among the upper ten, among the people who really count. We are apt to fail in appreciation of the actual misery caused by these industrial convulsions. It is all very well for us to go upon our heartless, selfish way, and to declare that we don't give a hang about the tailors so long as they get back to work by next spring, when with economy and the benediction of Providence we have hopes of a new \$15 suit. We are apt to drop into these callous, cold-blooded habits of speech, wholly indifferent to how the other half lives. We ought to amend our ways in this respect and to hear one another's burdens, at least in imagination. Now there are thousands of our fellow human beings who are reduced to absolute suffering by these degraded tailors, gilded youths to whom a new suit at least every other day is an absolute necessity. Their privations are dreadful to think of. Do you ask how they can manage to wear so many new suits? Bless your innocent heart, they don't wear them. They just buy them. It is the only kind of work they can do. The buying of clothes is the one touch of color that enters into their monotonous lives—that and chorus girls.

A young nobleman who died some time ago was found to possess a wardrobe so vast that if he had worn each garment only once he must have spent his whole day in changing. Let us be thankful that God took this dear brother before the height of the tailors' strike descended upon him. He could never have survived its privations. And yet this mania for buying clothes is not necessarily a mark of effeminacy. In fact if we go back into history we find that it has often accompanied an exceptional valor and courage. The cavaliers of England under Charles I were tremendous fighters, but how they did love to decorate themselves and perfume themselves. Wallenstein's men in Germany were veritable fire-eaters, but how beautiful they were to look at. Never a woman thought more of laces and furbelows, of scents and ribbons. And it is upon record that Clive, the hero of Plassy, once ordered "two hundred shirts, the best and finest that love and money could buy." But let us hope that the tailors' strike will soon come to an end and that the *jeunesse dorée* will be able to resume its ancient custom of ordering a new suit first thing after breakfast every morning.

Dr. Helen C. Putnam of Providence has discovered what is wrong with our educational system. Educators, she says, must learn that well-directed correlation of human life with phenomena and laws of growing plants and animals in school gardens and nature studies develops a wholesome mental attitude. Quite so. We knew it was something of this kind, but we should never have been able to put it into such nice words. But this correlation business is not the whole of it. Something is still lacking. Let us suppose that the correlating goes on from nine till twelve. Allowing an hour or so for lunch and swatting the flies, we still have the afternoon session, and this should be occupied with eugenics. It is all very well, says the lady, to teach trades and industries to boys. Even swatting the fly and fancy embroidery may be overdone, but "fatherhood is much more than earning money for the family." Let the little devils be taught fatherhood. Let them be shown how their habits may be well born, and then we shall see the death rate come tumbling about our ears, then we shall have the perfect humanity.

Well, it may be so. We are open to learn. It shall never be said that we closed our ears to the voice of feminine wisdom. At the same time it may be remarked with a diffidence that is positively groveling that the chief apparent lack in the "adolescent boys" with whom it has been our proud privilege to deal was not so much a knowledge of fatherhood as of spelling, not so much eugenics as grammar. But then doubtless we are obsolete.

A writer in an Eastern newspaper is much disturbed by the increasing number of men who are willing to go out with women and to allow the women to pay the bills. And yet, admits the writer in question, there is something to be said in defense. A rich woman may wish the company of a particular man who can not afford to pay for the restaurants and the theatres to which she is used. What more proper than that she should hand him her purse from which to defray the evening's expenses? Unless she does this she must forfeit the company that she prefers or subject the man to payments that he can not afford. What ought she to do?

Not being the editor of a woman's page in a Sunday supplement, we can not be expected to know everything. Nor, he it said, is a woman often troubled by questions of what she ought, however it may please her to adopt that particular ethical pose. She will do what she wants to do so far as she is allowed, which is a long way.

But this at least we have learned in the course of our journey through this vale of tears: The man who allows a woman to pay for him as well as for herself will be despised for his acquiescences. No matter though the invitation come from her, no matter how clear he the understanding, no matter how rich the woman nor how poor the man, from the moment he allows her to pay the bills, from that moment he will rank as a lackey in her eyes. Perhaps she won't mean to adopt such an attitude, but she will adopt it all the same. A woman is never so deadly as in the acts that she does not mean, and as sure as a man accepts a woman's purse he will lose his status in her eyes. Women are like that. At least we have always found them so, and we have given this matter some attention on Sundays and holidays.

No, young man, don't do it. Adopt a firm attitude. If you can't afford the theatre, invite her kindly and resolutely to enter the moving-picture show and be ready with the two nickels. If she hacks or jibes say courteously but with determination "No moving-picture show, no me." That will bring her up with a short turn. She will probably show her fury by a winning smile, but she will think all the more of you for it. And if she wants an oyster supper afterwards steer her inexorably but politely toward the fifteen-cent hash counter and pay the check yourself. Never mind what she says or does. She won't go hungry, even though a sulky look passes momentarily over the hereditary chaste features of Vere de Vere. Don't let her pay one red cent nor allow her to have anything for which you can not pay. And while you are thinking in your innocence that you have incurred her undying enmity she will be thanking whatever gods there be that at last she has found a man, one of the old domineering kind, which is the only kind a good woman really loves.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has a slight tendency to become illogical when she employs the spoken rather than the written word. The pen demands a certain deliberation that does not accompany speech, while the manuscript remains before the eye and may appeal reproachfully for revision and excision.

Mrs. Atherton has just been interviewed by a representative of the New York Sun, and apparently she was asked for an opinion of the English suffragette. She gave it. Very few of us are able to resist the subtle incense of a request for an opinion.

Mrs. Atherton says: "The English suffragette is the highest type of modern woman." Now that is all right as far as it goes. It is a clear and definite statement with which we may not agree, with which we most emphatically do not agree, but that commands respect for its unequivocal directness. But when Mrs. Atherton goes on to give her reasons we feel that she has fallen from grace and we wish that she had counted ten before replying, or even twenty. The English suffragette, continues Mrs. Atherton, has a "powerful, complex brain, with a tendency toward sexlessness and an obsessing desire to stand alone in complete independence." But Mrs. Atherton hastens on to explain that "this does not mean that she is masculine." Of course not. Sexlessness can not mean masculinity, and so the explanation is superfluous. If Mrs. Atherton had been writing a book she would have been quite incapable of saying that a woman without sex is not of the masculine sex, but her readiness of speech betrays her. Now the only other sexless animal that we can think of at the moment is the mule, that humble creature that is without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, and to say that the mule is not masculine is fully implied in the statement that the mule is a mule.

But there is worse to come. After telling us that the English suffragette has "a tendency toward sexlessness" Mrs. Atherton hastens to draw our attention to the character of Ishbel in "Julia France." Ishbel, it seems, is the typical suffragette, and the character was drawn from life, but she is "one of the most beautiful, fascinating, feminine women in London society." But how about the sexlessness? We can understand that the sexless woman is not masculine, but we can not understand how she can be feminine. But at least we know what Mrs. Atherton means by "the highest type of modern woman." She means the woman that is sexless and with an obsession.

The New York Sun has opened its sprightly columns to a discussion of feminine courtesy. How the discussion originated is not apparent, but it is apparent that a good many correspondents are feeling quite sore upon the subject. And how sarcastic they are. Here is a male man who writes from New Haven, Connecticut, and signs his full name, which seems dangerous. Referring to another correspondent whose identity is now swallowed up in the files, he asks: "Doesn't he know

that no gentleman wears his hat in an elevator where there are women, and that no 'real lady' removes her Gainsborough in the theatre if men are in the audience? The sooner man learns these two undeniable marks of breeding the sooner he will become a 'real gentleman.'

To wear or not to wear the hat in the elevator is evidently a moot point. Sidney Saxton, writing from Buffalo, would like to remove his hat whenever ladies are aboard, and indeed he did so for many years. But now he has discontinued the practice because he is bald and he finds that a hat is some slight protection against the hatpin. Certainly the hat is but a frail defense at best, but it is something. It leaves the eyes open to assault, but then, come to think of it, there is nothing more unsightly than a scratched bald head, a point sometimes overlooked by those of us whose rectitude of life has preserved their thatch. Bald-headed men have their feelings, and to have one's shining dome suddenly ploughed up fore and aft by a hatpin has been known to lead to feelings of impatience. And yet it is also disagreeable to have the point of a hatpin drawn firmly and remorselessly

across the eyeball. Life is full of these little worries.

Some of these correspondents are merely abusive. Possibly they are suffering from blighted affections or the mange. Here is a man who wisely signs himself only by initials and who says: "It is a pity that a few thousand of the ignorant, impudent hussies could not be dumped overboard and drowned. The man who takes off his hat because a gang of women are in an elevator with him is a natural horn fool." Now that man ought to have his windows broken with a little hammer. Another sufferer expresses himself with more restraint, but at the same time with much bitterness. Speaking of "real ladies," he says he should be inclined to suppose that they would invariably acknowledge certain courtesies paid them by the other sex, such, for instance, as holding the door in a public building to permit them to pass. His experience in this respect may, of course, be exceptional. "But I regret to say that usually when I have thus deferred to the other sex I have been rewarded with the unpleasant sensation that I have played the lackey to a female hoo!" And so it goes.



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STORYETTES.

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The drummer was dissatisfied with accommodations in Plunkville, and said so plainly. "This town ain't big enough for two hotels," he asserted to the waiter. "They're both hum." "That's just it," explained that functionary. "People are forever leavin' one or the other, and they've got to have some place to go."

One must be a genius to be a successful barber. One is reminded of the tonsorial artist who operated in the same village for fifty years and never made a mistake. In his early days a handsome hoy got in his chair. "Shave, sir?" asked the barber. "You flatter me," laughed the youth. "You flatter me. No, I can only use a haircut." Years passed. In fact, thirty years did. The same man came to the same barber. "Hair cut, sir?" asked the barber. "You flatter me!" sighed the man. "No—only a shave."

Gail Hamilton once made a cutting and comprehensive remark to a man who had just married his third wife. It was in the old days when George Q. Cannon, delegate in Congress from Utah, was living more or less happily with three wives. "Look," said the thrice-married bridegroom to Gail Hamilton at an evening reception, "there comes Cannon, the polygamist." "Yes," said Gail Hamilton; "and the only difference between you and him is that you drive your wives tandem, while he drives his abreast."

He was a hudding author (according to *Lippincott's Magazine*), and his wife, determined that his train of thought should not be trammelled by domestic worries, said to the new maid, "Now, Jane, if you want anything, always come to me. Never go to Mr. Bookmaker unless I am out." A few days later there was a knock at Mr. Bookmaker's study door, and in reply to the usual "Come!" the new maid, fresh and pretty, appeared. "Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Bookmaker said I was never to disturb you unless she was out." "Well?" said Mr. Bookmaker inquiringly. "She's out, sir."

One night, in a Texas town, John McCullough's company was playing "Ingomar," and young Sothern was to be the leader of the barbarian army. During the day he and his companions-in-arms ransacked the town for fur coverings in which to appear on the stage. They secured some skins which had been imperfectly cured. In the scene where the barbarians rushed on McCullough the tragedian stood aghast and almost forgot his lines. When the curtain fell he turned to the fur-covered battalions and said: "Boys, you don't look like a barbarian army, but I'm d—d if you don't smell like one."

In the South Kensington Museum, London, there is an enormous skeleton of a mastodon from Benton County, Missouri. Once when a congressman of that state was over, he was wandering around the museum lonesome enough to kill, and worn out looking at so many strange things. Finally he ran across the mastodon. His eye rested upon the inscription and a wonderful light came into his face. "By thunder, John," he exclaimed rapturously to his companion, "look at that! Just look at it once!" His companion, an Englishman, looked with more or less indifference. "I see it," he said with provoking coolness. "But, man, look at that inscription; it comes from Missouri!" continued the congressman enthusiastically. "Old Missouri. My state, man! And it's the biggest d—d thing in the whole museum!"

One day, Beckmann, the comic actor, was induced to take off a well-known newspaper editor, Frankel by name, in one of the characters he was representing in Berlin. He performed his task so cleverly that at the close the audience broke out into loud calls for Frankel. The journalist brought an action, and Beckmann was condemned to go to the house of the insulted party and there beg his pardon in the presence of witnesses. At the hour appointed Frankel sat in the circle of his family, together with a number of relatives and friends whom he had convened for the occasion, waiting the arrival of the delinquent. He tarried long, and half an hour had passed in weary suspense, when, at last, the door opened, and Beckmann put his head in and asked: "Does Mr. Meir live here?" "Oh, no," answered Frankel, "he lives next

door." "Ah, then I beg your pardon," said the actor, and hastily withdrew, having thus acquitted himself of the imposed penance to the great annoyance of Frankel, and the intense amusement of the assembled witnesses.


During the Spanish-American War the Navy Department, by way of a graceful compliment to the great universities, renamed two converted cruisers *Harvard* and *Yale*. Not long after Commodore Dewey was asked what new names should be conferred upon two little Spanish gunboats that had been captured in Philippine waters. "Oh," said the commodore, "we'll just call one *The Massachusetts Institute of Technology* and the other *The Pennsylvania College for Physicians and Surgeons*."

The young novelist had had a hard time of it, and so had his dear wife. She held his talents in poor esteem and often urged him to try something else, for she was sometimes hungry, and all the time ill-clad. But one day his luck changed. He began to make money. And there came a day when he was able to write his check for \$100 and pass it to his wife. Her eyes filled with tears as she read it. "Willibrand, darling," she said, as she hastened around the table and put her arm about his neck. "I'll take back all the mean things I ever said about your work. This is the best thing you ever wrote!"

In Germany during a war a captain of cavalry was ordered out upon a foraging expedition. He marched to the district assigned to him. It was a lonely valley, but finding in the midst of it a small cottage, he knocked at the door. It was opened by an old man, who leaned upon a staff. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I may set my troop to forage." The old man led them out of the valley and after a quarter of an hour's march they came to a fine field of harley. "Here is what we are in search of," exclaimed the captain. "Wait a few minutes," said the old man. "Follow me a little further." At the distance of a mile they arrived at another field of harley. The troop alighted, cut down the grain, trussed it and rode off. The officer then said to his conductor: "You have given yourself and us needless trouble; the first field was better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

The story of Perry Scott's turkey has come down from revolutionary days in Carolina. Colonel Gordon was accustomed to tell of the hasty march which he made before Rudolph's legion. He was just sitting down to dinner, when orders were given to cross the Ashley River. It was nearly nightfall when he hivoaked in a valley in which the cavalry under Wayne had just encamped, and, with his officers, began to sup on dry bread and potatoes. The infantry which he commanded were in a starving condition, and the commissary was without money; but raiding upon the farmers was sternly made punishable by death. Reports of the hungry condition of the new-comers had circulated among Wayne's men. Just as the colonel began to eat his musty bread, a private from the cavalry appeared, and said, respectfully, "Perry Scott had some money, colonel, and bought a turkey. We have unfortunately eaten all but one leg. I took the liberty of bringing that to you." The colonel took the leg gratefully, and had scarcely finished it when another of Wayne's men appeared, with the same story of Perry Scott's turkey, and another leg. The colonel congratulated himself on his luck, and, handing the drum-stick over to a fellow-officer, went out of the tent. It was growing dark. Another cavalryman came up, whispered the story of Perry Scott, and cautiously handed over a third leg. The colonel continued his walk through the camp, and before his return had been secretly offered twenty legs and fourteen wings of Perry Scott's turkey. Wayne's men had raided a poultry-yard the previous night, and concocted the story of Perry Scott's purchase to protect themselves in case any turkey-hones should be discovered. The hunger-stricken faces of their new comrades were more than they could bear, however, and each man, unknown to the others, carried his share into Gordon's camp, at the risk of detection and death. It was not until the war was over, and the troops disbanded, that Colonel Gordon told the story of Perry Scott and his many-legged fowl.

"My wife still thinks I'm a treasure." "I wish mine did; she thinks I'm a treasury."—*Satire.*



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Adeline Belcher and Mr. Ralph Wheeler McCormick of Marysville. Miss Belcher is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Belcher and a granddaughter of the late Judge Isaac S. Belcher. She spent her school days in San Francisco, where her education has just been completed. Mr. McCormick graduated from the University of California with the class of 1904.

Mr. C. O. G. Miller has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Marian Miller, to Mr. Bernard Ford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford. Miss Miller is the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller and the late Dr. Tucker and Mrs. Tucker of Oakland. Her mother was Miss Einnim Tucker, sister of Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. Augustus McDonald, and Mrs. Edward Brayton, all of whom reside in Oakland. Miss Leslie Miller is her sister, and the Misses Ernestine and Einnim McNear and Mrs. John Alexander of Portland are cousins. Miss Miller's stepmother is the daughter of Mrs. Robert Watt and a sister of Mrs. Donald Yorke Campbell. Mr. Ford is the brother of the Messrs. Sidney, Arthur, Geoffrey, and Norman Ford, and the grandson of the late Sir Sidney Waterlow of London. Mrs. Ford was formerly Miss Hilda Waterlow. The wedding will be an event of this year.

The wedding of Miss Florence Hopkins and Mr. John Cheever Cowdin took place Wednesday at half after twelve o'clock at the country home in Menlo Park of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whiting Hopkins. Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker attended the bride as matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marion and Ruth Zeile, Louise Boyd, Elyse Schultz, and Gertrude Hopkins. Mr. Elliott C. Cowdin of New York was his brother's best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. Samuel Hopkins, Harry Scott, John Hohhs, Walter Dupee Gordon, and Raymond Armshy. Mrs. Cowdin is a sister of Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Frederiek McNear, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins, and a cousin of Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark. Mrs. Eugene Murphy, the Misses Marion and Ruth Zeile, Lydia Hopkins, Gertrude Hopkins, and Mr. William Hopkins. Mr. Cowdin is the son of Mr. John E. Cowdin of New York, whose engagement to Miss Madeline Knowlton has recently been announced. He is a nephew of Mr. Winthrop Cowdin and a brother of Mrs. Charles Morgan and Mrs. Elliott C. Cowdin. Mr. and Mrs. Cowdin will spend their honeymoon in Europe and will reside temporarily in New York.

Miss Helen Sullivan was married Wednesday evening to Paymaster Roland Weyburn Schumann, U. S. N. The ceremony took place at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Judge J. F. Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan, and was followed by a reception. Miss Marguerite Sullivan was her sister's maid of honor. Paymaster Schumann was attended by Paymaster Kirby Van Mater, U. S. N., as best man, and the ushers were Paymaster Harry E. Collins, U. S. N., and Lieutenant James B. Howell, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Marian Marvin and Mr. Otis Russell Johnson took place Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at St. Luke's Episcopal Church on Van Ness Avenue. The bride's matron of honor was her sister, Mrs. Roy Somers, and her maids included the Misses Marion Stone, Lillian Van Vorst, Doris Wilshire, and Josephine Johnson of Racine, Wisconsin. Mr. Harold Plummer was the groom's best man, and the Messrs. Daniel Volkman, Dean Witter, Carlton Curtis, Ernest Sinclair, Chester Skaggs, and Oliver Orriek were the ushers. Following the ceremony the bridal party was entertained at a reception given at the home on Clay Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Arrington Marvin. Mr. Johnson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell Johnson and a brother of Mrs. Edward Low (formerly Miss Emily Johnson). Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will reside in Fort Bragg, where a bungalow has recently been built for them.

The wedding of Miss Antoinette Keyston and Mr. Otto Grau took place Thursday evening at the home on Pierce Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Keyston. Mrs. Roy Bean of Piedmont was the bride's matron of honor, Miss Suzanne Miller the maid of honor, and the Misses Elsa Grau and Erna Hermann were her bridesmaids. Mr. Melville Bowman was the groom's best man. Mr. Grau is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Grau of Sacramento and a brother of Mrs. Frank Keesling of this city and of Miss Florence Grau, whose engagement to Mr. Frank Howard Reynolds of Sacramento has recently been announced. Mr. and Mrs. Grau will reside in their new home on Green Street upon their return from their wedding trip.

Miss Minna Van Bergen was married Thursday to Mr. Donald Jadwin of Brooklyn, New York.

The wedding took place at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. John Bauer. There were no bridal attendants. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Edward Augustus Van Bergen and the late Mr. Edward Augustus Van Bergen and a sister of Mr. Nicholas Van Bergen. She is a niece of Mrs. Charles Jay Foster of Ross, and a cousin of Mrs. Eldridge Green, Mrs. H. Clay Miller, Mrs. John James Scott of New York, Mrs. Pierre Moore, Mrs. George Lyman, the Misses Sydney Davis, Enid Foster, Hilda Van Sicken, and the Messrs. William and Charles Bohman and Willis Davis. Mr. Jadwin is the son of the late Mr. O. H. Jadwin of New York, a brother of Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Rafael, and a cousin of Mr. Berrian Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Jadwin will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Lee Collins and Mr. Morgan G. Bulkeley Jr., will take place today at four o'clock in Hartford, Connecticut. The ceremony will be followed by a reception given at the home of the bride's stepfather and mother, Dr. Edward King Root and Mrs. Root. Mr. Bulkeley is the son of former Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley (formerly Miss Fannie Houghton), and a nephew of Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton, Mr. Charles S. Houghton of Oakland, and the late Mr. Harry B. Houghton. He is a brother of Miss Eleanor Bulkeley, who made her debut last winter in Hartford.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone entertained at a luncheon last Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club, and entertained a number of friends from town.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries gave a dinner party last week at the Fairmont Hotel, and with their guests attended the theatre.

Mrs. Homer T. Bickel was hostess at a bridge-tee Friday at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. James Otis was hostess at a dinner at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Mary Crosby of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease entertained a number of friends at Oakland, near Redwood City, last Sunday, when a flag was raised to celebrate the opening of their new country home.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond was hostess last week at a luncheon complimentary to her niece, Miss Lucy Dimond of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Baker entertained a dozen friends at a dinner Monday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Leonard Waldron was hostess at a bridge-tee Wednesday at her home in the Presidio.

Captain J. M. Healy, commander of the United States transport which sailed today for Alaska, entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon on the ship.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Miss Jennie Hooker returned home Monday from Monterey, where they spent several days.

Mrs. Benjamin Gunn of San Rafael is ill at a sanitarium in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering and their little daughter are visiting friends in Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. William B. Bourn, Sr., Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, and Miss Ida Bourn will spend the summer at their country home in St. Helena.

The Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Montague have joined their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague, in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are established at the Burlingame Country Club, having rented their country home to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller. Mr. Knight left today for the East to attend the reunion of his class at Yale.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin has returned to Stag's Leap, Napa County, after a week's visit in Burlingame with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott. Mrs. Martin came down to attend the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and to bid bon voyage to her mother, who left Thursday for Europe.

Miss Cora Smedberg has returned from a brief visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Richard B. Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne have returned from the East, where they have been visiting their relatives at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and in Washington, D. C. They have recently been the guests in Cleveland, Ohio, of Miss Martha Calhoun, who accompanied them on their homeward trip and who is at present their house guest.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto and Mrs. Haig Patigan have gone to McCray's in Cloverdale to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald and their little son left Tuesday for Pleasanton, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Macdonald's parents, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, left Saturday for the East to attend the graduation at Taft's of Mr. Harry Crocker. They will be accompanied home by Mr.

Clark Crocker and Miss Kate Crocker, who have been attending Eastern schools.

The Rev. William A. Brewer, Mrs. Brewer, and their sons have gone to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin have rented their home in San Rafael to Miss Mauricia Mintzer and the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer, Jr. Mr. Lucio Mintzer is en route to Paris to accompany his sister on her homeward trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas will spend the summer at Miramar, where they will be joined later by Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease have closed their town house on Pacific Avenue and are established for the summer in their new home, Oakden, near Redwood City.

Miss Jennie Crocker, who is at present in Tuxedo, en route home will go to Chicago to be present at the wedding, June 29, of Miss Adelaide Chatfield-Taylor and Mr. Hendricks Whitman, brother of Mr. Malcolm D. Whitman, fiancé of Miss Crocker.

The Misses Marian Zeile and Marian Miller have returned from New York, accompanied by their sisters, the Misses Leslie Miller and Ruth Zeile, who have been attending an Eastern school.

Mrs. Charles C. Moore and her daughter have returned from Southern California and have opened their home in Santa Cruz for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from an extended visit in Portland.

The Misses Ethel and Vera Havemeyer have returned from a visit with relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent de Laveaga and their children have gone to Eagle Cliff, their country seat near Cupertino, to remain during the summer.

Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander is in Los Angeles, where she is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. Cheevers.

Miss Josephine Johnson of Racine, Wisconsin, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson, at their home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Johnson was a bridesmaid at the wedding Wednesday of Miss Marian Marvin and her cousin, Mr. Otis Russell Johnson.

Mrs. Hamilton Bowie and her sons, the Messrs. Allan and Joseph Bowie, have gone to Pacific Grove to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Laveaga and their children are established for the summer at their ranch in Contra Costa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton have moved into their new home on Broadway and Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron have returned to Burlingame from Monterey, where they spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore are settled in Ross for the season.

Mr. Frank McCoppin Brewer has returned from Honolulu to spend a few weeks in San Mateo.

Miss Mary Lansdale will spend the summer with relatives in the East. During her absence Mrs. Lansdale will visit Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Howard. Judge William C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Van Fleet, and their daughter, Miss Julia Van Fleet, left last week for Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, have opened their country home, Montesol, in Napa County, for the season.

Mrs. M. E. Gallway and her children will leave June 20 for Newport, where they will remain during the summer with Mrs. Gallway's mother.

Miss Frances Jolliffe has moved into her new home at Jackson and Webster Streets after a visit with her sisters, the Misses Jolliffe.

Miss Lucy Dimond has returned to her home in Honolulu after having spent the past term at Miss Harker's school in Palo Alto. Miss Dimond is a niece of Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and the Messrs. Edwin R. Dimond and Harry Dimond of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Torney have given up their home in this city and have moved to Oakland, where they will reside indefinitely. Mrs. Torney was formerly Miss Jeannette Wright and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright.

Mrs. L. L. Dunbar has rented her home in Belvedere and is residing in an apartment at Pine and Taylor Streets.

Mrs. James A. Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham, of New York, have arrived in Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., closed their town house Saturday and are in San Mateo, where they and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have taken a house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean left Saturday to spend the next few months in Auburn.

Mr. William Henry Pool of New York will spend several weeks at the home in Menlo Park of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague. Mr. Pool is the fiancé of Miss Isahel Donahue, daughter of Mrs. Sprague and the late Mr. Mervyn Donahue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederiek Niekerson Woods (formerly Miss Frances Newhall) sailed Thursday from Montreal for Europe, where they will remain two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their country home in Ross.

Miss Augusta Foute has returned from the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney and their two little daughters will spend the season in Monterey, where they are now settled in a bungalow. Mrs. Parker Whitney (formerly Miss Daisy Parrott) will be their guest during the summer.

Miss Corona Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, has returned to her home in Berkeley from Vassar.

Mrs. Virginia Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, have been recent visitors in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White came up from Santa Barbara last week and spent a few days in town en route to a camping trip in the Sierra.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foss (formerly Miss Dorothy Chapman) have arrived from Boston and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Judge James A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Ethel Cooper, are expected home shortly from New York, and will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo.

Miss Mary Crosby of New York is the guest

of Miss Cora Jane Flood, with whom she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck have gone to Yosemite Valley for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto have arrived on the City of Sydney from Peru, where they have been residing for several years.

Mr. Francis Bruguere has gone East on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are established for the summer in their country home in the Santa Clara Valley.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren at their bungalow at Lagunitas, and will later visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke, in Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. William H. Moreland and Miss Helen Moreland of Sacramento have been recent guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Mildred Holden will spend the summer in Los Angeles with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stockton Pope (formerly Miss Marion Holden).

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kirchen and Miss Florence Kirchen, of Tonopah, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwab at their home on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Henry St. Goar has returned from a visit in Honolulu.

Miss Martha Foster has gone to the Yosemite to join the party of young people being chaperoned by Mrs. H. B. Chase.

Mr. Willis Goodwin spent the week-end in Monterey.

Miss Marion Stone returned Monday from Burlingame, where she spent a week with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney and Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard have returned from the Orient.

Mrs. Lovell White will spend this month visiting the Big Basin and the Calaveras Big Trees.

Mrs. George Volkman, Miss Johanna Volkman, Mrs. W. P. Plummer, and the Messrs. Daniel Volkman and Harold Plummer have been motoring in Southern California.

Mrs. Fannie McCreary and the Misses Mildred Baldwin and Gladys Buchanan have been spending the past ten days in Yosemite Valley.

Miss Ernestine McNear returned Monday to her home in Oakland after a few days' visit at the Burlingame Country Club. Miss McNear will leave in a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., for Honolulu.

Miss Genevieve Bothin has returned from the East, where she has been attending a school on the Hudson and is with her mother, Mrs. Jane W. Bothin, in San Mateo. Miss Bothin will later visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers and their little daughter are settled for the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and their daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire, have moved over to San Rafael, where they have taken a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker have opened their bungalow in Belvedere for the summer after having spent the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Helen Jones has returned from Mill Valley, where she was the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones (formerly Miss Ysabel Brewer).

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen and her niece, Miss Bertha Boye, after a trip through Italy are at present being entertained by friends in Munich, Germany.

Mrs. John M. Elliott and Miss Priscilla Elliott will make an extended visit in Portland, Oregon, where Captain Elliott, U. S. N., recently went with his ship to attend the Rose Carnival.

Lieutenant Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bane left yesterday for West Point, where they will visit friends while awaiting orders for Lieutenant Bane's new station in the East.

Captain Harry Howland, U. S. A., sailed on the *Sheridan* for Alaska, where he has been assigned to duty.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGregor have gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Callaghan have arrived from their home in Salt Lake City and will make an indefinite stay at the Palace Hotel. They spent the week-end in Menlo Park with the Misses Ida and Viva Callaghan.

Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Captain Louis Chappelard, U. S. A., have been making a tour of inspection of the troops at Tia Juana, Campo, and Calexico, California, and Yuma, Arizona.

Miss Nina Blow has returned from Mare Island, where she was the guest of Mrs. Charles M. Ray.

Captain Horatio Lawrence, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lawrence are en route from Manila to this city.

Lieutenant J. A. Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond (formerly Miss Wynne Martin), are visiting Dr. William A. Martin and Mrs. Martin, awaiting orders from the Navy Department in Washington, D. C.

Major Frank B. Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham sailed Tuesday for Honolulu to reside. They arrived a few weeks ago from Washington, D. C., where Major Cheatham was head of the quartermaster's department. Mrs. Cheatham is a sister of Mr. William Denman of this city.

Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett has returned from a two weeks' visit in New York.

The Misses M. E. Williams, Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan, and Marguerite Barron have returned from Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness has returned to Paris after a few weeks' visit in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness have been residing for the past year in Paris, where they have taken an apartment.

Duels in France are often more costly than dangerous. The very lowest figure for which an encounter can be brought off is twenty dollars, and to do the thing in style considerably more must be spent. Arclien Scholl, the boulevardier journalist, once suffered. A friend of his sent a challenge and borrowed one hundred francs of Scholl for his expenses. This sum he never repaid. "The duel was a bloodless one," relates Scholl. "I was the only person touched."

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of this week were notably warm days in San Francisco, and they furnished legitimate cause for an indulgence in cooling drinks and ice-cream. On Sunday the mercury reached a warm weather mark, 93, and the record will be haggled about for years. Tuesday evening the absent cool fog came in as usual and the heated term was over.

Three poolrooms were dynamited Friday night, May 31, with trifling damage, but the intentions of the dynamiter were seemingly sincere, as neighboring business houses were shaken and their occupants stunned by the explosions. "The police are searching for clues."

Mayor Rolph has chosen seventy citizens to be members of a committee to arrange ceremonies for a fitting observance of the Fourth of July.

Ahraham Ruef, now serving a fourteen-year sentence in San Quentin, has been disharred as an attorney and counselor by an order made by the State Supreme Court en banc. The order was read by Presiding Justice Beatty. The disharment proceedings were perfunctory. Warren Olney, member of the disharment committee of the San Francisco Bar Association, presented a certified copy of Ruef's conviction of offering a bribe, and by law it was compulsory upon the Supreme Court to issue an order disharred Ruef. There was no hearing.

The companies of the coast artillery of the National Guard of California are encamped at Fort Winfield Scott, and for two weeks will go through military manœuvres and practice operating the big defensive batteries that overlook the Golden Gate. Colonel George A. Schastey is in command, and Captain Herbert Choyinski is adjutant.

Charles H. Bonner, a youth of nineteen, shot and killed Bernice Lillian Godair, a seventeen-year-old school girl, Monday evening, June 3. The boy fired four times at the girl, the last two shots while the pistol was

pressed against her breast. In explanation the murderer says that he was driven crazy by love for Miss Godair, though she had repulsed him. This is the second crime of the sort by precocious, weak minded boys in San Francisco during the past year.

The three historic caravels that were features of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 and that are exact counterparts of the fleet of Columbus are to be brought to this city for the 1915 exposition by the Chicago Knights of Columbus. They have been carefully preserved since 1893. It is planned to float them in the yacht harbor that is to be a feature of the exposition.

Dan W. Long has resigned his position as manager of the San Francisco baseball team, and is succeeded by William Reidy.

The Eleventh Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs will be here June 25 to July 5. Mrs. E. G. Denniston is chairman of the local board which has prepared for the biennial. The Sutter Street pavilion, Sutter and Pierce Streets, has been selected as the main auditorium of the great convention, and the Golden Gate Commandery Building, almost adjoining the pavilion, will be used for conferences.

Mrs. Alpha West, wife of John West, a grocer, has filed the will of the late Mrs. Mary Hoadley with the Superior Court for probate. The petitioner, who is a niece of the decedent, is named as sole legatee of the property, said to be valued at close to \$500,000. Mrs. Hoadley was a sister and the principal legatee of the late Reuben H. Lloyd, from whom practically all of her estate was obtained. She died May 26.

The Greek colony has decided to erect on Telegraph Hill in readiness for the 1915 Exposition a replica of the Parthenon.

When Arthur Nikisch, who is now on tour as leader of the London Symphony Orchestra, was twenty-four years of age he was appointed by Angelo Neumann to assist at the Nibelung rehearsals at Leipzig, and then occurred the incident which had its effect on the whole future career of Nikisch. The manager had gone to Salzburg for a few weeks, and Joseph Sucher, the conductor of the Leipzig opera, also was on a vacation trip. Before leaving, Neumann had arranged the repertory, which included "Tannhäuser." This opera, he had told his assistant, was to be conducted by Arthur Nikisch. But one day he got a dispatch from the assistant, saying: "Our orchestra refuses to play under so young a man as Nikisch. What shall I do?" Neumann telegraphed back that all he asked was that the orchestral players should attend one rehearsal, and that if, after the overture, they did not wish to proceed he would provide another conductor. The players considered that a fair proposition. They went to the rehearsal, convinced that it would be a very short one. But after the overture they all burst into applause and congratulations for their young conductor. The battle was won; the audience, at the public performance, was equally enthusiastic, and Nikisch had at a bound taken his place among Germany's leading conductors.

A great demonstration in honor of Maurice Maeterlinck was recently held in the Royal Opera House, Brussels. The King and Queen of Belgium were present, with many other notable persons. The poet himself was the centre of general observation and attention. Mme. Bartet of the Comédie Française recited a eulogy from the pen of M. Gérard Harry. Next Mme. Bartet read some pages from Maeterlinck's "Nuptial Flight of the Bee," which were enthusiastically applauded. This was followed by the performance of four acts of "Pelléas and Mélisande," with the incidental music written for it by Gabriel Fauré, the director of the Paris Conservatoire, who had come from France to conduct the orchestra. The poet's wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, appeared in the part of Mélisande, while MM. Alexandre and Ravet of the Comédie Française played the rôles of Gaud and Arkel.

Charles Frohman has secured the new comedy, "The Heart Decides," now running at the Athénée Theatre, Paris, under the title of "Le Cœur Dispose." The piece is by Francis de Croisset, author of "Arsène Lupin." It is a comedy in three acts and will be adapted for the English-speaking stage by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Its story, laid in the country, all about the love of young people, has the added advantage of developing characters that are drawn with rare sharpness and originality.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"My poor wife! Buried on a Friday, too!  
I hope it won't bring me bad luck!"—*Pele Mêle.*

"Did the specialists decide on anything in  
Banks' case?" "Oh, yes, on their fee."—*Balti-  
more American.*

*Missionary*—Why do you look at me so in-  
tently? *Cannibal*—I am the food inspector.—  
*Buffalo Commercial.*

"This enterprise is a promising one." "Is  
it? But what I'm looking for is a paying  
proposition."—*Baltimore American.*

"People think I married you for your  
money." "What makes them think that?"  
"Your looks, I suppose."—*Houston Post.*

"My dear girl," said her mother-in-law,  
"any woman would be satisfied with what John  
says he gives you." "So would I."—*Puck.*

"I am afraid, my poor man, you are some-  
thing of an invertbrate." "No, mum, I aint.  
I never tech a drop."—*Baltimore American.*

*First American Traveler*—Been to Europe  
this year? *Second Ditto*—Yep. *First Ameri-  
can Traveler*—Any new restaurants?—*Puck.*

*Stranger (in Lonelyville)*—What's all the  
excitement? *Native*—Rube Perkins jest put  
thirty-five dollars in the savings hank!—*Life.*

*Client*—So the jury gave me a thousand  
dollars. That's great, eh? *Lawyer*—Yes, my  
boy. You don't know how badly I needed it!  
—*Life.*

*Young Doctor*—Your pulse is 150. *Patient*  
—Impossible, doctor. *Young Doctor*—Of  
course. How stupid of me. I was counting  
both hands together.—*Satire.*

*Mother*—The teacher complains you have  
not had a correct lesson for a month; why is  
it? *Son*—She always kisses me when I get  
them right.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"Mawning', hoss—mawnin', sah. Has yo'  
got a joh widout a nigger 'tached to it any-  
whuhs 'round yuh dis mawnin'? Uh-kase it  
yo' has, sah, Ah's de nigger, if yo' please."—  
*Puck.*

*Larry*—I like Professor Whatsisname in  
Shakespeare. He brings things home to you  
that you never saw before. *Harry*—Huh!  
I've got a laundryman as good as that.—*Jack  
o' Lantern.*

"She had bim arrested for kissing her  
forchily, and he was fined \$200." "Yet they  
are good friends now." "Yes; he announced  
in open court that it was worth the money."  
—*Washington Herald.*

*Mrs. Nubbons*—My husband is a perfect  
brute. *Friend*—You amaze me! *Mrs. Nub-  
bons*—Since haby began teething nothing kept  
him quiet but pulling his pa's beard. Yester-  
day he shaved.—*Variety Life.*

*Landlady*—You helieve in mustard plasters,  
doctor? *M. D.*—Rather! I always order  
them for patients who call me out in the  
middle of the night when there's nothings the  
matter with 'em.—*The Scalpel.*

*Regular Customer*—I shall want a large  
quantity of flowers from you next week, for  
my daughter's coming-out. *Flower Woman*—  
Yes, mum. You shall 'ave the very best for  
'er, pore dear. Wot were she put in for?—  
*Punch.*

*Mrs. Newed*—Have you any nice slumps  
this morning? *Butcher*—Slumps? What are  
they? *Mrs. Newed*—Indeed, I don't know;  
but my husband is always talking about a  
slump in the market, so I thought I'd try one.  
—*Good Living.*

*Gabe*—Yes, Spinks had a good joh in Wash-  
ington. He was fiction editor of the *Congre-  
ssional Record*. *Steve*—Fiction editor?  
*Gabe*—Yes, he inserted (cheers), (laughter),  
and (applause) in the speeches published every  
day.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

*Judge (to jury)*—Have you agreed upon a  
verdict? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty  
of theft, as charged in the indictment? *Fore-  
man*—We have not yet reached a verdict, your  
honor. I missed my pocket-book in the night,  
and I would respectfully ask that each juror  
be searched.—*New York Sun.*

"What did Mrs. Kloseman give you for cut-  
ting her grass?" asked Tommy's mother.  
"Nothin'," replied Tommy. "Why, she prom-  
ised you 10 cents, didn't she?" "Yes, but I  
used her sickle to do it with and she charged  
me 10 cents for the use of it."—*Catholic  
Standard and Times.*

*Small Girl (entertaining her mother's  
caller)*—How is your little girl? *Caller*—I  
am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any  
little girl. *Small Girl (after a painful pause  
in conversation)*—How is your little boy?  
*Caller*—My dear, I haven't any little boy,  
either. *Small Girl*—What are yours?—*The  
Housekeeper.*

*Prison Warden*—It's just been found out  
that you didn't commit that crime you've been  
in for all these years, and so the governor  
has pardoned you. *Innocent Man*—Um—I'm  
pardoned, am I? *Prison Warden*—Y-c-s, but  
don't go yet. I'll have to telegraph for fur-

ther instructions. *Innocent Man*—What about?  
*Prison Warden*—Seems to me that considerin'  
you hadn't any business here, you ought to  
pay the state for your board?—*New York  
Weekly.*

*Friend*—Why do you wear those fearfully  
old-fashioned collars? *Winkers (a man of  
affairs)*—Because, when the washerwoman  
sends them to anybody else they send them  
back.—*New York Weekly.*

"I see somebody has suggested the possi-  
bility of erecting a statue to the inventor of  
rubber tires," said Whirtleberry. "Good!"  
said Gummiton. "I suppose from the general  
behavior of the tires it'll be a hust."—*Harper's  
Weekly.*

*Bouttown*—Better not go to the St. Fashion  
Hotel. Their bill of fare is in French. *Cultured Friend (indignantly)*—I can under-  
stand French. *Bouttown*—Yes, but the wait-  
ers can't, and neither can the cook.—*New  
York Weekly.*

*Wife*—You say I ought to practice economy,  
John. Now, what did your dinner down-  
town cost you today? *Husband (a trifle  
weakly)*—About three dollars. *Wife*—Heav-  
ens, John, three dollars just for a dinner!  
*Husband (a trifle indignantly)*—Well, that in-  
cluded a bottle of wine, of course. [More in-  
dignantly] You don't s'pose I would pay three  
dollars just for food, do you?—*New York  
Sun.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

In Torrid Climes.  
Full many a man, both young and old,  
Has gone to his sarcophagus  
By pouring water, icy cold,  
Adown his hot esophagus.  
—*Chemists' Club Percolator.*

Among the Higher-Ups.  
Our domestic was call'd Mary Ann,  
She came from the County Cavan;  
To lessen her toil  
She lit fires with oil;—  
Now we miss her, and also the can.  
—*Edward B. Manning.*

On a Packet of Seed.  
Unfathomable mystery.  
In panniered paper dress,  
Your pedigree or history  
No Sherlock Holmes could guess.  
'Tis true you bear in letters plain  
The legend "Hardy Pride,"  
But outward seeming oft is vain  
To show what is inside.  
And whether, when you come to sprout,  
You'll prove an onion set  
Or somewhat shyly should put out  
A spray of mignonette  
I can not answer. You may be  
Perhaps a summer squash,  
A cantaloupe, an apple tree,  
Or simply succotash.  
Oh, well! What is to be must be.  
I'll plant you in this row.  
The charm of sweet uncertainty  
We farmers only know!  
—*New York Sun.*

Taken In.  
Now the horny-handed farmer  
Calls his house a "bungalow,"  
Or rechristens it a "villa,"  
For the farmer isn't slow;  
Turns his barn into a "garage,"  
Calls his place "The Mountain View"  
Or some other rustic title  
That sounds pretty good to you.  
Now the farmer trims his whiskers,  
And puts on some fancy clothes,  
And his wife, too, is resplendent  
In her dresses, hats and bows.  
He puts canned goods in the cellar,  
Thinks it isn't any harm  
If he works them through the season  
As "fresh gathered from the farm."  
All the rooms have been repapered,  
And some fuzzy-wuzzy stuff  
Has been poked into bed ticking  
So's to show a little puff.  
There are also new wash basins,  
Some of stoneware, some of tin,  
And a sign down on the gate post  
Reading, "Boarders Taken In."  
—*New York Press.*

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Twin Peaks Reservoir.

Since we have heard no more about the condition of the Twin Peaks reservoir we may suppose that the state of affairs was not quite so bad as it was painted. The so-called disclosures certainly had a look of unreality about them at the time. The board of works refused to pay the contractors' bill on the ground that the work was not properly done and that the reservoir was found to be leaking after it had been experimentally filled. Probably the leaks were no more than might be expected in a new work, and the only thing to do was to stop them. But naturally the board of works had to justify its refusal to pay the bill, and equally naturally it made out a strong case for itself at the inquiry by the mayor. The inquiry was instigated by the contractors, and here at least we see the board of works as a protector of the city's interests and as insisting that public work shall be properly done. The mayor's inquiry may be said to have had little result except a recommendation to the board of works and to the contractors to talk it over, which they might just as well have done in the first place. There is still some talk of a committee of engineers to report upon the

faulty joints, but to talk of the reservoir as useless and to call it a sieve is arrant nonsense.

The Argonaut has expressed its opinion of the present board of works upon various occasions and with some freedom. It would like to see the McCarthy hold-overs replaced if it can be done in some orderly and regular way. But it would be well for the administration to do one of two things and to do it thoroughly. If it intends to dispense with Mr. Casey's services let it set about the change with vigor and determination. But if it does not intend to dispense with Mr. Casey's services, then let that fact be understood, so that there may be a lessening of the suspicion and distrust so fatal to public work. It is an open secret that the administration would like to be rid of Mr. Casey but that it can not find any one with the necessary technical knowledge and the necessary experience of men and affairs. Now so long as Mr. Casey is aware that he is holding his place only until a successor can be found he can hardly be expected to do his best work. And so long as the administration continues its present attitude towards him there must necessarily be a readiness to question his judgment and to give credence to every complaint against him. It is safe to assume that but for the tension between the administration and the board of works this dispute about the reservoir would not have been allowed to reach the point it did. Mr. Casey's demand that the work be properly finished before final payment was made would have been accepted, the contractors would not have appealed to the mayor, and we should have heard nothing about the reservoir being a sieve and no one would have suggested that it was useless. It may yet transpire that there is something fundamentally wrong with the construction, but at the moment the whole trouble seems to be no more than a trade dispute that should not have come before the mayor at all. In any case it is obvious that the board of works was defending the public interests.

### Ante-Convention Notes.

The political events of the past week have been distinctly favorable to Mr. Taft, and this may be said without any assumption of inside information or of a knowledge of facts not accessible to every one. Every contest, with one insignificant exception, has been decided in favor of the party of the President, and while it is easy to raise the cry of foul play no one has yet been found to say wherein this foul play consists. It was a foregone conclusion that such a cry would be raised, since no defeated litigant was ever known to admit that justice had been done. It is well to remember that these contests were argued in public, and it was by Mr. Taft's wish that they were so argued. A desire for publicity is not usually to be found in the same boat with bad intentions, and so we may assume in the absence of any positive evidence to the contrary that these contests were decided in substantial accord with the rules of the game. They may not always be good rules. Human devices are rarely perfect, but these rules are well understood, and however faulty they may be at least they are not underhand.

The indignation at the results of the contests is of course assumed and fictitious. There is no real indignation, nor was any other outcome expected by level-headed observers. Certainly Mr. Roosevelt himself was under no delusions whatever. The contests were declared as a part of a general policy of claiming everything in sight with the double purpose of appealing to chance, however vague, and of laying a basis for the protests that might be needed as excuse for some desperate act in the future. Mr. Roosevelt made a brave showing of resting his claims upon nothing but justice and right and of repudiating everything like a snatched advantage or political trickery, but it may be noted that as soon as some of his adherents took him at his word and voted against him in some of the more preposterous contests they were quickly hauled over

the coals and lashed into line by the telephone wire from Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt's principles are of the show-case variety and not for use.

The opposition to Mr. Root as temporary chairman was part and parcel of the same policy known colloquially as bluff. It needed only to be called. We were almost asked to believe that there would be some interposition of superhuman power to bar Mr. Root from the chair, but the opposition melted away like the foam that it was after the announcement that Mr. Root would certainly be the temporary chairman and would probably be the permanent chairman. It is well to remember that all such matters are decided by votes and not by threats. All sorts of emotional forces may make their appearance in the convention itself, but at least the preliminaries—contests and the like—are decided by men who are not to be thus moved and whose action it is easy to forecast. The matter of the contests was doubly easy to foresee, simply because they were not founded upon right or upon any real pretense of right. They were simply a part of the Roosevelt game.

It is perhaps natural that the political idealist and the novice should find much in convention methods that is undesirable and that they should complain of tactics that they try to damn with the name of "steamroller." After all, these methods mean nothing more than that a political convention is ruled by majorities and not by minorities and that the majority asserts its will as many times and as rapidly as may be necessary. All human affairs are ruled in pretty much the same way, and if majorities are sometimes unjust it is the fault of human nature and not of the system. Certainly Mr. Roosevelt should be the last to complain if the game is played against him with all the energy and resource allowed by the rules. It was he who taught us how remorseless that game might be. It was he who developed almost to the breaking point the system against which he now levels his impotent artillery. His warmest friend could not point to a single case in the whole of his career where he allowed an opportunity to escape him or failed to take advantage of any manœuvre open to him. The moral law, in Mr. Roosevelt's hands, is intended only to confound "the other fellow." It is never allowed to have any bearing upon himself or to forbid an advantage to himself. Every detail of the game of which he now complains was elaborated, perfected, and applied by him. The whole process may almost be described as his invention, since no one ever saw its possibilities quite so clearly or applied them more ruthlessly.

That this is actually the case will not bear denial. It is a matter of common knowledge among those whose memory of other campaigns is still fresh. Turning, for example, to the Argonaut of June 20, 1908, that is to say to a period corresponding precisely to the present one, we find the following editorial remarks that are as applicable now as they were then:

In the pre-convention campaign just ended the Southern vote has industriously been "rounded up" not indeed by open or covert bribery, but by the efforts of a leading official of the Postoffice Department detailed by the national administration for that purpose. The secret of Mr. Frank Hitchcock's potency at Chicago lies not so much in his personal powers, albeit he is a very capable man, as in the fact that he names the fourth-class postmasters all over the country, including the South, and that through his relations to the postal service and acting with and by the consent of the administration, he has easily gained control of the Southern contingent. In the national committee and elsewhere, when he has wanted to do things, he has had the power to do them because he has held practically a solid South within the hollow of an official hand. It isn't a nice fact; no, not from any standpoint. Even Mr. Roosevelt doesn't seem quite so virtuous in view of what we have seen during the past few weeks.

Now Mr. Hitchcock was the *fidus Achillis* of Mr. Roosevelt, his pupil, his tool, one might almost say his accomplice. Politically speaking, Mr. Hitchcock was a man after Mr. Roosevelt's own heart. Mr.



Roosevelt created him, aided and abetted him in all his political manoeuvres, and it need hardly be said that Mr. Hitchcock and the "steamroller" were convertible terms. Let it be admitted that the system is a bad one and that it ought to be reformed. But a furious tirade against it comes with a bad grace from the man who developed it, profited by it, and won by it.

A forecast of what the convention will do would be no more than a guess, no matter from whom it comes. To a great extent the issue will lie in the hands of men who have not yet made up their minds and whose action will be governed by events. To say that many of the Southern delegates are as unstable as water is only to say that they are Southern delegates and therefore usually to be found at the street corners waiting for bids. Then again, what will be the action of Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cummins when they find that no dark horse is riding in their direction, as they nearly certainly will find? It is hard to believe that any bridge can be built between Mr. La Follette and Mr. Roosevelt. No one is better aware than Mr. La Follette of the undignified position into which Mr. Roosevelt tried to thrust him in his effort to hoodwink the dear people, and Mr. La Follette is a man of deep resentments. The New York delegation is somewhat less of a problem, if indeed it is a problem at all, although when Mr. Barnes poses as a man of principle it is well to be on the lookout. Mr. Barnes is something of a specialist in hatreds, and certainly he hates Mr. Roosevelt.

So there are no foregone conclusions about the convention. To say that there are is to be ignorant or dishonest, probably both. There are solid and substantial reasons, plenty of them, to hope and expect that the convention will nominate Mr. Taft and so strike a blow in defense of orderly government. But there are other forces, forces of arrogance, cunning, and ill-repute, that can not be calculated. In the meantime the *Argonaut* will continue to believe that constitutional government as we now know it will continue upon its way and that it will be proof against the assaults of a Caesarism that is awaiting only the opportunity to declare itself.

#### More Explosions.

There have now been five dynamite explosions in San Francisco, all of them directed against the illegal poolrooms or against those connected with the poolrooms. It need hardly be said that no arrests have been made and that the police are still "without a clew." But we have an astonishing number of theories from which we may take our choice. After long deliberation the detectives have warned us against a tall man and a short man, which sounds something like fortune-telling, and if they would only include a middle-sized man we should have a fairly wide field for inquiry. It is the general impression among the police, we are told, that these explosions are intended to draw attention to the poolrooms and are therefore, in a sense, moral explosions. On the other hand the chief of police is of opinion that they are the work of Chicago operators and are due to trade rivalry. One of the poolroom victims takes the same view, and there is quite an assortment of other theories varied enough to suit the most fastidious. In the meantime the police have covered the whereabouts of the poolrooms by searching the telephone book or in some other equally mysterious way known only to the police. They have placed an officer upon guard over the poolrooms, the duty of this officer to feel for dynamite in the sacred precincts in the poolrooms. In consequence of this the poolrooms are not open, although we are assured that the poolrooms that have been damaged have been reopened for business. The poolroom owners are also employing special officers to guard their property. If San Francisco has ever witnessed an uglier farce than this it is not upon record, at least since the graft prosecution broke down.

Now every one knows that there are a great many poolrooms in San Francisco that have not yet been blown up. Any policeman can furnish their addresses if requested civilly to do so. What have property-owners in general to say to this bad business and to a terrorism that threatens at any moment to destroy their buildings? Chief White, deviating momentarily into facetiousness, describes these explosives as "mere clumsy firecrackers," but those who have witnessed the effects of these clumsy firecrackers are not likely to think their own property should be exposed to considering the ferment of hysteria into which it has been thrown by a few I. W. W. hoodlums it seems

strange that we should be so indifferent to dynamite bombs.

The attitude of the police toward the poolrooms is easily explained. Their illegality is open, glaring, and impudent, and their owners could have been laid by the heels long ago if there had been any wish to do so. But there was no such wish. The poolroom belongs to the class of sacred industries, like the saloon. It may please the legislature to surrender to a Puritanic sentiment and to pass laws against the poolroom, as it did in 1911, but it is quite understood that these laws are to be received with an official wink and to be put away where they will do no harm to any one. The law of 1911, the most drastic ever passed, has been virtually a dead letter. The best known addresses in the city are those of poolrooms. They are commonplaces like churches or railroad stations, and the Dinkenspiels and the Corbetts openly discuss their business as though there were no one to make them afraid, as indeed there is not. But when poolroom rivals begin to settle their quarrels with dynamite it seems time to do something and to urge the police to make some effort to realize their duty, or at least to invent some original reason for not doing so.

#### The Cuban Revolt.

The reports from Cuba seem to suggest that the negro revolutionists are getting the best of it. Waving on one side the usual stereotyped formulas to the effect that the authorities "have the situation well in hand" and that the reports of the trouble are "much exaggerated," we have a basis of facts that are formidable enough. The rebels have burned and pillaged to their hearts' content and are still doing so unchecked. The official air is full of wild demands for the suspension of the constitutional guaranties, a sonorous synonym for martial law, and for the establishment of reconcentration camps after the Weyler pattern. These show clearly enough that the Cuban is still a Cuban, and that the veneer of civilization is only a conventional covering for his political incapacities and natural ferocities. But more suggestive than all is the sudden proposal to repeal the law forbidding the formation of parties along racial lines and the announcement of President Gomez that he will need a loan in order to suppress the rebellion. If there is no money in the Cuban treasury we see at once that there must be some basis for the charge that the funds have been improperly used, in other words looted. It is a matter of common rumor that Gomez has used large sums of public money for purposes of bribery, and that any one who chose to make himself sufficiently unpleasant to the President might name his own price for keeping silent or leaving the country. Cuban finance has always resolved itself into a struggle for the custody of the funds, and the treasurership is usually supposed to confer the rights of private ownership.

The suggestion for the immediate repeal of the party law means an unconditional surrender to the demands of the rebels. Practically they are fighting for nothing else. The law itself was an extraordinarily foolish one, impossible to enforce, and certain to produce the racial war that has now developed and that it was fatuously supposed to prevent. But to repeal it in the face of the demands would be a confession of weakness that could at once make the negroes the dominant factor in Cuban affairs. The possibility of a colored party was supposed to be one of the perils confronting Cuban independence, but instead of warding off the danger by diplomatic methods and by an unflinching spirit of fair play between the races, the formation of racial parties was prohibited by law. Now the formation of parties is a thing that no law can prevent, seeing that they depend upon sympathy, conviction, and mutual interest. Nothing can be more exasperating than the attempt to prevent them, and so the negroes are now in arms after a long season of effort and expostulation.

But America has nothing to do with the rights and wrongs of a domestic quarrel. She has nothing to do with the grievances of Cuban negroes, with the looting of the Cuban treasury, or with the partiality that Gomez is supposed to have shown for the men who fought on the Spanish side. But she has the right to declare that she will not tolerate an open ulcer on her borders. Every possible allowance has been made for the growing pains of a young republic and for the discords that follow reorganization, but the time has now come when we must ask if Cuba possesses the possibilities of good government, if her people are fit for autonomy. The incessant turmoil of the last few years seems to show that she has learned nothing and that she has

become no more than a breeding place for the worst political vices of the Latin races. And if Cuba can not govern herself she must be governed.

#### Heney in Oregon.

It would be almost hypocritical to express surprise at the disclosures that have just been made in connection with the Oregon land trials. There may be a few simple-minded people still inclined to accept blatant pretensions as good coin of the realm who will be shocked by the story that comes from Washington, but no one who has observed Messrs. Heney and Burns at close quarters will be disposed to place any limit upon their nefarious methods. Indeed, no limit ought to be placed, for they themselves placed none. Wholly without scruples or conscience they subordinated every moral consideration to the supreme necessity of "getting" some one, and whether the unlucky victim was innocent or guilty seems not to have mattered at all. If he had a legal defense it was easy to juggle him out of it. Even the ordinary rights of a human being counted for nothing against the vindictive fury that found its opportunity in a momentarily inflamed state of an unreflecting public opinion.

But the conviction of Willard A. Jones, who has just been pardoned by President Taft on the advice of the Attorney-General, seems to have been a peculiarly iniquitous one. Probably we shall hear more about this, but in the meantime what we do know is enough to make the blood boil. It is stated from Washington and on the authority of the Department of Justice that the names of the grand jury that found this particular indictment were not drawn from the jury box, that they were not obtained in any legal way at all, that the grand jury was practically nominated by Heney and Burns and from a private list of men whose opinions and prejudices were already a matter of certainty. It is even stated that the foreman and secretary of the grand jury were selected by Heney in advance and that the whole body was therefore made up of his own creatures, who could be depended upon to come to heel at the snap of the fingers. More than a thousand names of prospective jurymen were canvassed in this way, and not a single name was allowed to appear on the jury panel unless its owner was known to be in favor of conviction without hearing the evidence. To any one unacquainted with Heney and Burns such statements would seem to be incredible. Certainly they are not incredible to those who watched the course of the graft prosecutions in San Francisco and the saturnalia of illegality and violence to which they gave rise. Be it noted, moreover, that they are now given to the public by the Department of Justice in Washington and that they are considered sufficiently grave to justify the President in issuing a pardon to the victim of proceedings so infamous.

What, it may be asked, is the value of any procedure that can be devised for the protection of human rights if such procedure can be overridden by any leather-lunged lawyer who has the audacity to make the attempt? How futile to speak of trial by jury as a protection to innocence if the names of a thousand men can be raked over in advance in order that ignorance, prejudice, and spite may be selected for the malign purposes of vengeance, in order that preconceived intentions alone shall be represented in the jury box. It is hard to acquit the people of Oregon of a certain passive connivance in this travesty of justice, just as it is hard to acquit the people of San Francisco of an acquiescence in the similar outrages upon decency that turned the city for months into a bear garden. In Oregon a man who is now presumably innocent has been in prison for years, railroaded there by two or three individuals who did not hesitate to commit deeds that would be almost impossible in Russia. How many other men are in a like plight and for a like cause?

There would be some consolation in the whole business if there were any guaranty against its repetition. But there is no guaranty. Everywhere we see the same willingness to put autocratic powers into the hands of any demagogue who will only shout the usual formulas with the usual impudence and noise. Heney and Burns could have convicted no innocent man in Oregon, they could have created no reign of terror in San Francisco, but for a certain section of hysterical public opinion, anarchist in precept and practice, that was ready to throw all laws to the winds and to applaud cruelty and crime in pursuance of the passion of the moment. The same spirit that produced these abominations in Oregon



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in national affairs, and it is a spirit that, unchecked, will lead inevitably to calamity and disaster.

We ought to hear more about these Oregon land cases. We ought to know whether this sort of thing can be done with impunity. We ought to know if the demagogue of the moment is actually above the law and if a lawless dictatorship over human liberties may actually be obtained by raucous shouts and prize-ring tactics. A "pardon" for the victim of these atrocities seems an inadequate remedy. We should like some assurance that there will be no more victims.

### Congress and Eight Hours.

The *Argonaut* is not among those who believe that the phenomenon of high prices can be explained by a formula, or that any single theory can solve an economic problem so intricate and complex as the cost of living. Probably no single argument has yet been advanced that can not be denied, or at least diluted, by a wider survey of the facts or a more extended reference to history. The high cost of living, or the cost of high living, is a condition that now involves the whole of civilization, and it is not to be explained by the isolated facts of any one country or period.

But at the same time we are not wholly without light. The current events of the day read in the light of common sense will go far to show us some of the causes operating to the general detriment and conducive to the general evil. Within the last few days, for example, an eight-hour law has passed Congress. This law applies to all government work and it will apply to the Panama Canal after it is in operation. Not one citizen in a hundred was aware that such a bill was before Congress. Probably not one citizen in a hundred is aware that it was passed. But every citizen without exception is aware that his weekly earnings will buy less than they did a few years ago and is wondering vaguely why this should be so. Here, then, is one of the reasons. As a result of this eight-hour law the value of the citizen's weekly earnings will shrink a little more and the cost of living will be correspondingly greater. And there is not a labor union in the world that is not constantly doing upon a small scale what Congress has just done upon a large scale, and done without any public demand and practically without public knowledge.

There is not a taxpayer in America whose burdens will not be somewhat increased by this eight-hour law. All kinds of public work will be a little more costly than they were before and the citizen will pay for them at the higher rate. Warships, national buildings, river conservation, irrigation, every public undertaking, whatever it may be, will demand more money for its completion and every cent of increased cost will be added to the taxes and the citizen will pay them. The cost of living will be increased to the precise extent of the diminution in labor and the aggregate sum will be a vast one. The public will pay it and will go on stupidly wondering at its fate.

The diminution in the hours of labor, which is the cause of the increase in the price of labor, is but one of many causes of the present condition, but it is an important cause. There is hardly a commodity in the world that has not advanced in price because of it. The shoe factory that is now paying for eight hours' work the wages that it previously paid for nine hours' work has naturally added the amount of its loss to the price of its shoes, and so on all down the line. We need hardly wonder at the high cost of living while the processes of increase, at least some of the chief ones, are going on right under our eyes and with the active aid of Congress.

It is equally obvious that the higher prices of labor fall not upon the employer, but upon the wage-earner himself, because the wage-earner is the only one who can not hand on the cost to some one dependent upon himself. Laborers in government employ who suppose that they will benefit from the new eight-hour law will themselves pay their proportion of the cost every time they enter a store, just as they are now paying their proportion of every increase in labor cost throughout the country. And the aggregate of what they are thus paying in increased labor cost is very much more than the increase in their own wages or the value of the time by which their hours are reduced. That is to say, all wage increases over and above the enhanced productivity of the land, and after making allowance for the growth in population are paid by the wage-earners themselves in addition to wastage and the losses caused by disorder and change.

The laborer has always made the same mistake when

agitating for artificial or law made "benefits." He supposes that he is paid for his labor in dollars, whereas he is not paid in dollars at all, but in commodities. There may be practically no limit to the number of dollars, but there is a very rigid limit to the amount of commodities, and it profits him not at all to receive twice the number of dollars if at the same time he can buy less than half the amount of commodities with those dollars. And this is precisely the process that leads to what is called the high price of living.

### Electioneering in Belgium.

The situation in Belgium is not to be judged by the ordinary standards. It would be rash to assume that the electoral defeat of the Socialists is a rebuff to Socialism or indeed that Socialism, as an economic theory, has much to do with it. Belgian Socialism, like the German variety, has become identified with a number of domestic policies that have grouped themselves under its somewhat elastic umbrella, but that have not even a remote connection with Marxism or with any special teachings on property or production. In fact it would be safe to say that the average liberal American, transplanted to Germany or Belgium, would vote the Socialist ticket or stay away from the polls altogether.

Socialism in Belgium means anti-clericalism, free and compulsory education on an unsectarian basis, an extension of the suffrage, and a large army. Belgium occupies a curious position politically. She is an artificial buffer state whose independence is guaranteed by the powers and who is obliged to maintain an army of sufficient size to enforce her own neutrality and to repel invading armies. Without such an army she would be instantly overrun and submerged in the event of a European war.

Belgium has been governed by the clerical party for twenty-nine years, and government by clericals has a specific and a hateful meaning in Belgium. It means that every national interest must subserve the interests of the church. It means that all education must conduce to the same end. It means that every priest is practically a state official and with the influence and authority belonging to a dominant caste. In fact it comes as near to the grim spectre of religious persecution as modern civilization would tolerate. And within the last few years the evil has grown very much worse. The expulsion of the religious organizations from France has resulted in an invasion of Belgium by large numbers of monks and nuns who have been encouraged to become Belgian subjects and who have, of course, thrown all their alien weight upon the side of the dominant class. It is estimated that as many as eighty-five thousand of these church people have crossed the frontier from France into Belgium, and as Belgium is a small country and was already well supplied with monks and nuns of her own it will be seen that the influx must have had a serious effect upon the centre of Belgian political gravity.

Such were the issues upon which the election was fought and the clerical party, which goes by the name of Socialists, it was actually a coalition between reformers of all kinds. It seems to have been beaten by a small majority, certain districts having gone unexpectedly in favor of the clericals. The education question may be said to have been the chief bone of contention, although the present warlike state of Europe also supplied a factor. Although Belgium was created for the purpose of supplying a neutral state, a sort of military no-man's-land, in the north of Europe, probably her neutrality in the event of war would be something of a fiction. She would throw her weight one way or the other, and so the Clericals are supposed to be friendly to Germany, while the Socialists and Liberals would sway the policies of the kingdom in the direction of England and France. And a friendly Belgium might well mean the salvation of England.

That fierce rioting should break out all over the country is a proof of the intense feeling created by the situation. Belgium's dense industrial population has made her a focus for revolutionary sentiment, and while the present crisis will doubtless be smoothed away it is just as well that Europe should have an occasional warning glance at the subterranean fires that are never very far from the surface.

### Editorial Notes.

Representative Raker shows a certain statistical fluency that would be enviable if buttressed by facts, but sometimes the facts are lacking. Speaking in Congress on May 29 Mr. Raker urged the passage of an

Asiatic exclusion act on the ground that "the Japanese population of the United States is increasing at the rate of 1500 a year." Now it may be that Mr. Raker has access to sources of information from which the United States Commissioner of Immigration is excluded. It may even be that he is favored with the opinions of Mr. Tveitmo and the San Francisco labor unions, but those less favorably situated are compelled to rely upon merely official returns. And these returns show that during the fiscal years 1910, 1911, and a part of 1912 the total decrease in the Japanese population of the United States was 4933, of whom 3701 were laborers. Mr. Raker gave a similar picture of the Japanese situation in Hawaii and a picture similarly at variance with the facts. It is just as well to be accurate, even for congressional purposes.

Harry Thaw can hardly be said to have returned to the limelight, seeing that he has never left it. From the moment when he fired his murderous shot there has been hardly a week without some report of some process tending toward his liberation. At the present time he has been removed from the asylum in order that a committee of so-called experts may earn large fees by pretending to a knowledge that they do not possess. Incidentally the public is furnished with a sensation and malcontents of all kinds with an excuse for saying that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. And it is certainly true that every legal step toward the liberation of this young ruffian has been purchased for hard cash and could not have been obtained without hard cash. In this matter of criminal insanity we might advantageously adopt the practice prevailing in some parts of Europe, where the man who is sufficiently insane to commit a murder is presumed to be too insane ever again to be liberated.

The plan for compelling citizens to vote seems to be just about silly enough to be immortal. Mr. Pillsbury is supposed to advocate the idea in California, and it may be said to be just about the sort of thing that Mr. Pillsbury would advocate. The scheme has lately been brought before the Kansas convention in the shape of a proposed tax to be levied upon citizens who did not vote. Now it is evident that the citizen who does not vote is lacking either in intelligence or in public spirit. Why, then, should we compel the unintelligent and the unpatriotic to vitiate the votes of those who have taken the trouble to form opinions and to express them at the polls? The mere fact that a citizen abstains from voting is fairly good evidence that his vote would be of no value. Why, then, should we go to any trouble to obtain what we are better without?

The Senate loses a useful member in the person of Senator Nixon of Nevada and President Taft loses a staunch supporter. Mr. Nixon had served one term in the Senate and began his second term last year, but his abilities had easily and early carried him into a responsible position, as is shown by his many and important committee appointments. But his greatest achievement was to secure a Taft delegation from Nevada, and he succeeded in doing this against the sturdy opposition of Governor Oddie, who stood committed to the Roosevelt faction and who will now nominate Mr. Nixon's successor to the Senate. The unexpired term. It need hardly be said that the deceased was a native Californian, having been born in Placer County in 1860 and for long identified with some of the leading clubs of San Francisco.

It is to be hoped that the agitation against the California poll-tax will be continued and that it will be successful. That the schools need the money has nothing to do with the present manner of its collection, which is unseemly and undignified, and unfitted to a civilized community. There are ways of raising whatever money is needed without resort to methods which not so long ago were violent and brutal and that are still almost without a parallel in civilization. A tax that can be usually evaded by a certain amount of physical agility and that can be collected only in the same way is not one that should commend itself to us at this stage of our progress.

Claim is made that more than 100,000 laborers have left Pittsburg and vicinity since 1907 to take advantage of openings in South America, and to return to Italy and Austria-Hungary. In Italy and Poland, it is said, the cost of living has not materially advanced, while wages in Italy have doubled in six years and in Poland quadrupled in the last ten years.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

We were under the impression, apparently erroneous, that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, was a Christian. What, then, is our pious consternation to find an account of a prayer offered up by the revolutionary leader before the grave of the founder of the Ming dynasty which disappeared 267 years ago. All the forms of ancestor worship were observed, which leads us regretfully to the opinion that Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Christianity is for revenue only. The Ming emperor was solemnly informed of "the glorious recapture of China from the alien Tartar dynasty," which must have given him great gratification, but Dr. Sun seems to have wisely curtailed his information at that point and to have refrained from informing his majesty that there is now no emperor at all in China. Probably the Ming potentate would rather see a Manchu on the throne than see no throne at all, and it might be distinctly unpleasant if the rival dynasties should agree to bury the hatchet, put their heads together in Hades, and collaborate for the overthrow of a republic that must be more hateful to both of them than either of them is to the other. But it is clear enough that Dr. Sun is still an ancestor worshiper. Perhaps he is also a Christian somewhat after the fashion of the converted Hindu, who explained that before his baptism he had a thousand gods and that now he had a thousand and one.

Some of the laws that regulated the Turkish press in the days of Abdul Hamid have just been published, and they are of a kind to satisfy us fully on the advantages of paternal government. Certain definite subjects were laid down for editorial treatment. The health of the Sultan must always be described as inestimably good, and this should be followed by news of the crops and the trade. It would be well for the editor to stop there and say nothing more about anything, but if seized by the *cacities scribendi* let him avoid all blank lines or dots, as these "give rise to wicked suspicions and disturb people's minds." So they do. We have noticed it ourselves. The editor must avoid "all matters of a personal character," and if he should hear that any official is in trouble for such paltry matters as murder or theft he should call his intuition to his aid, assure himself that such muckraking can not possibly be true, and refrain from publishing it. Above all, let him avoid all mention of revolutionary troubles in other lands, "since it is not good that such matters should be known to our loyal and peaceful people." If foreign rulers should be assassinated their death must always be ascribed to natural causes, and certain words must never be used at all. The list of prohibited words included "Armenia," "constitution," "revolution," "dynamite," "republic," "reforms," "Crete," and "autonomy," and, finally, no hint must be given of any such thing as the existence of press restrictions. On the whole these rules seem to be good ones and they ought to be generally adopted. It is true that they would at once obliterate all our daily newspapers, but then some of them might be indulgently modified. There would be no harm in talking about Crete, and even Armenia might be allowed with due supervision.

Europe has now reached a point where the size of her armies has become a matter for anxious comparison. So here are some of the figures that may play a part in a future Armageddon. Counting the active list and the reserves—that is to say, all trained men—England can put into the field 970,864 soldiers, France 4,477,000, Austria 2,690,365, Russia 6,739,418, and Germany 4,768,520. There are, of course, other nations that would try to be helpful in a smaller way and there are quite a number of warships that would give maritime variety to the scene. So that a rough estimate of the military strength of Europe in this "year of our Lord," 1912, shows the existence of some 20,000,000 men fostered and trained by science, art, and finance to regard killing each other as their chief aim in life. The reduction of armaments seems to be still some way off, unless indeed these same armaments are to be reduced in another way, by the *lex talionis*.

It is hardly surprising that an... have followed the prod... the Chatelet... for some... might even tax... not prepared for a mere exhibition... The signed criticism in the *Figaro* says... was neither graceful nor profound. We saw nothing but an unseemly fawn with vile movements and shameless gestures. The performance well deserved the hisses that greeted it, for the public never welcomes such animal realism." It is perhaps a sign of grace that the public should have hissed such a degrading performance, although it is said that the denunciation will have no other effect than to attract the lewd and to give a profitable advertisement to this unspeakable spectacle. But are there any lower depths to which a degraded drama can descend? We have no means of knowing if there were theatres in Sodom, but if there were then we may suppose that their audiences enjoyed just such performances as this.

The opponents of the disestablishment of the Episcopal church in Wales must regret that they ever drew upon their heads the concentrated fire of Mr. Lloyd George. The disestablishment proposal emanates, of course, from the fact that there are practically no Episcopalians in Wales, although the country is none the less called upon to sustain, at the public cost, an Episcopal church. None the less Mr. Lloyd George, who sponsors the bill, is loudly denounced for the "sacrilege" of attacking church property and for his effort to apply to the purposes. Having already shown that many of the opponents are actually in possession of property derived from the Catholic church by Henry VIII and finally enriched by its revenues, he now carries his

attack further home by the assertion that pre-reformation church property in the shape of vessels once consecrated to the sanctuary is actually upon their sideboards. "The mead dedicated to the altar," he says, "stocks their larders, and the very flowers adorning their buttonholes were plucked from land consecrated to the service of the altar. Yet they have the effrontery when we ask that money belonging to the poor be returned to charge us with robbing God." To Mr. George belongs the advantage of having the facts of history upon his side. Most of the endowments of the established Episcopal church of today were once the endowments of the Catholic church, and they were transferred to their present holders by the simple process of appropriation. And at the same time a large part of this property was transferred to private hands as rewards for political service or else was simply stolen at the time of the destruction of the monasteries. Among the lordly opponents of Mr. George, and who now accuse him of sacrilege are some of the men whose personal fortunes were based upon these thefts and whose sideboards are still decorated with the consecrated vessels of the sanctuary.

The German Socialists have at least the courage of their convictions and the audacity to state them. Those who suppose that to attack the emperor is necessarily followed by all the vague terrors of *lese majesté* would do well to note the speech of Herr Ledebour in the Reichstag a week or two ago. Denouncing the emperor's threats against Alsace-Lorraine, he asked: "What would happen in England if the king made such statements? Either the throne would be smashed in pieces or such a king would be forced, like Abdul Hamid, to lead a retired life in Balmoral, or perhaps a small castle on the Starnberger Lake." The comparison with Abdul Hamid was bad enough, but the reference to Starnberger Lake was worse. It was the Starnberger Lake in which the late King of Bavaria drowned himself, and so perhaps there is some justification for the complaint of "execrable taste" that was brought against the Socialist orator. Naturally there was an uproar in the Reichstag, and the chancellor had some difficulty in voicing his protest against the jeers of the hundred and ten Socialists who were bent upon drowning his voice.

Captain Amundsen, now at Montevideo, announces that he will sail from San Francisco for the North Pole during March or April of next year and that he will be accompanied by the members of his old expedition. Doubtless there will be a fitting welcome for Captain Amundsen when he reaches the city and a hearty farewell when he leaves it. There is no better seaman afloat and no manlier man.

Maurice Maeterlinck is grievously troubled by a fame that has overwhelmed him. He feels that there is something uncanny in this breaking of a precedent which decrees that a great man must be a long time dead before he is recognized as great. He says: "Is there a single poet worthy of the name to whom this has happened? It is not a good omen. When I think of men like Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and Barbey d'Aurevilly, who died without knowing a moment's glory, I feel I am no longer worthy to die. It has been impossible to work for weeks. If this is what they call glory nowadays, then the artist should long for death." Maeterlinck says that he will take refuge in some corner of England "till this tyranny be overpast."

The Berlin correspondent of the New York *Sun* reports an interview with Professor Hans Delbrück on some of the many problems now confronting civilization. The eminent historian has not much hope for China, whether her revolution succeed or not. He says: "I can not believe that the Republic of China will last very long. The mass of the people there is too enormous and the national feeling is too weak. The masses as yet are not ripe in a political sense. The leaders can hardly be relied upon. They do not agree among themselves and may soon hear of a great revolution which will lead to the annihilation of the present leaders. If China succeeds in forming a well organized government she will be a strong China would be desirable to us, but we must check the Russian ambition in the Far East, and we are not seeking anything there. Naturally, if China becomes a strong power the yellow peril will be intensified, but it is most likely that China will fall apart into anarchy." Of the Russian situation the professor says: "There is no doubt that there will be another revolution in Russia, but just how soon it is difficult to say. The reaction there now is stronger than ever before." In both of these forecasts Professor Delbrück may be said to have the opinion of reflecting humanity upon his side. SINEY G. P. CORVX.

It is only seventy-five years since the first Japanese came to America, it is said. He was Manjiro Nakahama, a boy of fourteen, who was picked up by the captain of a New England fishing smack in 1837. According to the report of that time young Nakahama, with four other lads, had set out from the shores of Japan to do some deep-sea fishing. A violent storm came up and washed them ashore on an island far out in the North Pacific. For several months they struggled against starvation and exposure, but finally were rescued by the American captain. Three of the boys were left at Hawaii, but Nakahama stayed on board and became a favorite of the captain and crew. They brought him to the states and put him in a New England school. Later he returned to his native land, and when Commodore Perry arrived in Japan some years later it was Manjiro Nakahama, the shipwrecked boy, who acted as interpreter between the American envoys and the Japanese federal government officers.

The first motor-car in Formosa was recently imported to the island. It was built in Japan.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Lady's Dream.

The lady lay in her bed,  
Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken still;  
For turning often and oft  
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,  
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she started up  
And gazed on the vacant air,  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there—  
And then in the pillow she buried her face  
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtains shook,  
Her terror was so extreme;  
And the light that fell on the brodered quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam;  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried,  
"Oh me, that awful dream!"

"That weary, weary walk  
In the churchyard's dismal ground!  
And those horrible things with shady wings  
That came and flitted around,—  
Death, death, and nothing but death  
In every light and sound!"

"And oh! those maidens young  
Who wrought in that dreary room,  
With figures drooping and spectre-thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom;  
And the voice that cried 'For the pomp of pride  
We haste to an early tomb!'"

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn a home at last  
Where yonder cypress waves,—  
And then they pointed—I never saw  
A ground so full of graves!"

"And still the coffins came  
With their sorrowful trains and slow;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show;  
From grief exempt, I had never dreamt  
Of such a world of woe!"

"Of the hearts that daily break.  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life  
That grieve this earthly ball—  
Disease and hunger and pain and want,—  
But now I dreamt of them all!"

"For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor  
Who begged—to hurry the dead;  
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,  
The famished I might have fed!"

"The sorrow I might have soothed,  
And the unregarded tears;  
For many a thronging shape was there  
From the long-forgotten years,  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor  
Who raised my childish fears!"

"Each pleading look that long ago  
I scanned with a heedless eye,  
Each face was gazing as plainly there  
As when I passed it by;  
Woe, woe for me if the past should be  
Thus present when I die!"

"No need of sulphurous lake,  
No need of fiery coal,  
But only that crowd of humankind  
Who wanted pity and dole—  
In everlasting retrospect—  
Will wring my sinful soul!"

"Alas! I have walked through life  
Too heedless where I trod;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm  
And fill the burial sod—  
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmarked of God!"

"I drank the richest draughts,  
And ate whatever is good—  
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood;  
But I never remembered the wretched ones  
That starved for want of food!"

"I dressed as the noble dress.  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold;  
But I never remembered the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold!"

"The wounds I might have healed!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part!  
But evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as by want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,  
And tears began to stream;  
Large and bitter and fast they fell,  
Remorse so extreme:  
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame  
Would dream the lady's dream!—Thomas Hood.

Within a short time the remnant of the Stockbridge tribe of Indians, numbering 600 men, women, and children, will abandon the ways of the tribe and become citizens of Wisconsin. They will locate east of Lake Winnebago, where they will adopt the white man's form of government, including his parliamentary practices. Originally the Stockbridge Indians were a part of the Mohican confederacy and were known under the name of Hoosatic. When the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, the Stockbridges occupied part of the Hoosatic Valley at Berkshire Hills, Massachusetts. Gradually they were driven westward, until they made a final stand in Wisconsin. Many of them are well educated.



## A FEAST OF FLOWERS.

The International Horticultural Exhibition in London.

Many as are the Londoner's shortcomings much may be forgiven him for his love of flowers. It is common to all grades of the social scale, as inherent in the plebeian of Bermondsey as in the patrician of Belgrave. With the advent of spring the window-boxes of West End mansions blossom into little gardens of foliage and flower, what time the beds of the public parks are radiant with the glow of tulip and hyacinth and iris. And the milder days stir the spirit of beauty even in the dwellers of mean streets, where in pickle jar or jam pot brave geraniums lend a touch of color to squalid lives. There is no more pathetic sight in all London than may be seen by the costermongers' barrows on Farringdon Road, where plants "all a-blowin' an' a-growin'" are purveyed at prices which do not over-tax the slenderest purse. Thither wend the natives of mean streets, poorly clad, poorly fed, exchanging for a clump of pansies or a handful of stocks those few scanty coppers which more utilitarian spirits would expend on loaves of bread.

Where, then, in Europe is there a capital more appropriate for the venue of such an International Horticultural Exhibition as that which has ministered delight to thousands of flower-loving Londoners during the past eight days? Given such a constituency, it might be imagined that such an occasion would be an annual event of the London season, and yet nearly half a century has passed since the British capital was graced by a similar exhibition. Perhaps the explanation is not far to seek; the planning of such an international exhibition, with participants from America and Canada and France and Holland and Belgium and Germany and Japan and Australia, is a task to daunt the most accomplished organizer, while on the side of the exhibitors the difficulties to be surmounted in conveying flowers and fruits from distant lands are sufficiently formidable to discourage a frequent repetition of the experience.

And yet what a reward crowned the labors of them all! A happy choice was made when the site of the exhibition was located in the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, that venerable haven for aged and invalid soldiers in which Herkomer laid the scene of his pathetic "The Last Muster," for the larger portion of the grounds of that institution consists of those lawns and terraces and walks which were the famous Ranelagh Gardens of the eighteenth century. To the informed imagination, then, those verdant pleasantries were peopled with the ghosts of the romantic patch and powder age, with the fastidious Horace Walpole mingling in the crowd, and the poet Gray sauntering to and fro on pleasant summer evenings, and Dr. Johnson rolling along in the company of Boswell, and Goldsmith and Reynolds promenading arm in arm, and Smollett's sentimental Lydia flitting over the lawns enraptured with everything. This was a shadowy background than which all London could not have furnished one more in harmony with memories revived by the floral emblem of old England.

In one nook, too, those tender thoughts of the romantic past were intensified by a marvelous replica of an old English rose garden, which, though but a few days in building, seemed richly touched with the golden stain of time. There were flagged paths looking as ancient as though laid in the "spacious days," all leading to a quaint sundial, and picturesque terraces grouped themselves around a quiet pond or ended in a rocky mound covered with alpine plants and overshadowed with clumps of trees. Nor were the queer devices of topiary work lacking, for there were groups of bushes trimmed into an endless variety of fantastic forms, one taking the semblance of a table on which stood a magnum of champagne flanked with four glasses. Here, too, one saw the perfection of box edging trimmed to a hair's breadth for flower-bed borders or shaped into railings and pillars on either side the entrance gate. In another corner there was a ravishing rock and water garden which took the mind away to the Derbyshire dales, so lifelike was its reproduction of the hills and trickling streams of that picturesque region.

Elsewhere, to accentuate the international character of the exhibition, a real garden of old Japan had been pieced together with infinite pains. Some two thousand tons of stones and boulders had been pressed into the service of the builders, and out of that material, plus a bewildering collection of dwarfed trees and bushes, they had created a horticultural paradise full of those curiosities and tortuous ways which are native to the land of the Mikado. The author of the "Tales of Old Japan" has been telling us recently that he is often chided for having introduced the garden of Japan into England, and had the impeachment been true he might have found his justification in the sample shown in the Chelsea grounds. It certainly won many admirers, for the graceful storks and the strangely fascinating dwarf trees of hoary age and picturesque line and mass were a revelation of the beauty which may be produced by abnormal means. Perhaps, then tori-gates and fantastic bronze animals and stone lanterns will henceforth take their place among the adornments of English gardens.

Difficult as it was to award the palm for the most remarkable exhibit of form and color amid the sensuous delights shown in the spacious tents where the more fragile plants were shown, few were prepared to contest the decision of the judges in bestowing the chief prize on Sir George Holford's wonderful group of

orchids. He had many rivals, including a New York enthusiast, but his collection shone like a barbaric Eastern jewel amid the vivid mass of color which transformed the spacious orchid tent into a bower of beauty. Pure yellow *Oncidium*s were suspended against a background of palms, while arching sprays of *Odonoglossum*s and heavy clusters of *Dendrobium*s flanked the centerpiece of Cattleyas and took a vivid contrast from the brilliant patches of scarlet *Masdevallias*. This was emphatically the millionaires' tent, with contributions from the orchid-houses of Leopold de Rothschild and Sir Jeremiah Colman, for it contained many unique seedlings which the owners would not part with under five thousand pounds apiece. But amid all those costly jewels of the floral kingdom none captured the popular imagination so completely as the strange *Bulbophyllum lobi* with that ceaselessly wagging tongue which has earned for it the ungallant nickname of the "lady orchid."

Spacious as was the orchid tent it seemed diminutive compared with the central pavilion, which covered three and a half acres and is said to have been the largest plant-tent ever erected. Its five spans represented forty thousand square feet of canvas, and the gangways provided accommodation for six thousand people. Under that vast canvas roof were housed the principal groups of roses, azaleas, rhododendrons, ferns, stove and greenhouse plants, and an impressive exhibit of fruit trees. Other special tents were allotted to the exhibits of France, Belgium, Japan, Canada, and Australia, with a corner in one for that New York orchidist above mentioned, who sent, in addition to his orchids, a notable collection of American ferns and greenhouse plants.

While the orchid tent was the most wonderful for its startling novelties, for its astounding collection of the freaks of nature, for its gleaming bits of color seen as through the dim light of tropical forests, and for its airy blossoms which seemed poised like fluttering insects ready for flight, it was the masses of roses elsewhere which appealed most to the majority of visitors. They were a banquet of color and perfume, ranging from petals soft and pure as new-fallen snow to the crimson flame of others or to the glowing sunset tones of their sisters. To catalogue the other fascinations of the exhibition would entail the writing of a ponderous tome on world-wide botany; as one foreign competitor remarked, since Adam first experimented with the culture of the apple-tree there has been no such display of the flowers and fruits of the earth as that shown in the ancient gardens of Ranelagh. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, May 28, 1912.

The city of Paris opened bids for a loan of \$41,000,000, the bonds carrying interest at 3 per cent and the issue price being fixed in advance at 95. It is announced that the loan was subscribed eighty times over and that the subscribers deposited \$115,000,000 in cash to guarantee their bids. The Paris bonds were helped by a lottery scheme and the prizes, spread over a series of years, must be reckoned into the ultimate rate of interest. But, with all allowances made, the transaction exemplifies the wonderful thrift and wealth which characterizes France. Certain it is that no other city on earth could evoke such a response from investors. It is equally certain that there is no other country where so large an amount of cash could be tied up, even for a few days, without cramping the money market. But, in this case, most of the cash came out of armories and stockings; the banks were, therefore, little affected, if at all.

Plutano, the last of the famous pair of "wild men of Borneo," died at the home of Mrs. H. A. Warner in Waltham, Massachusetts, a few days ago. Plutano is believed to have been about ninety-two years old, and with his brother, Wano, who died in 1905, had traveled all over the world. Plutano and Wano were among the most famous "freaks" exhibited by the late P. T. Barnum. The pair were brought on a ship to New York in the early 'fifties, and were said to have been captured on the island of Borneo. Since 1857 the wild men had been in the care of Captain Hanaford A. Warner or one of his descendants. Plutano and Wano were no larger than the average ten-year-old boy, but were possessed of prodigious strength, and each could lift with ease two heavy men, a feat that was a regular part of their exhibition. None of the Warner family were ever able to teach the wild men to speak English.

In the fiscal year of 1911-12 the people of the United States expended in the purchase of imported luxuries—works of art, diamonds and other precious stones, champagne and other wines, cigars and cigarettes, laces, embroideries, ostrich feathers, perfumes, cosmetics, etc.—more than \$200,000,000. "In many of these articles, especially the more important ones, the imports of the fiscal year will," the Bureau of Statistics tells us, "excel in value those of any earlier year."

Matthew Paris and Roger Wendover identified the Wandering Jew as Cartaphilus, a porter in the household of Pontius Pilate. Other authorities identify him as Ahasuerus, a cobbler of Jerusalem. The legend is far older than the events which it proposes as its central feature. In the course of its popularity throughout the middle ages it has acquired many foreign elements by accretion.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles H. Cramp, of the famous shipbuilding concern, has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday at his home in Philadelphia. He is still active mentally and physically, and is in touch with the details of the business handled by the firm.

Miss Sue Yi Yat, daughter of Jue Suc, one of the wealthiest merchants of Portland, Oregon, has received the unprecedented honor of a commission in the Chinese revolutionary army. She will command a company of soldiers. Miss Yat lives in China with her mother.

Anna E. MacDonald of Washington, D. C., for the third time in three years has been awarded a scholarship to pursue post-graduate study and special work at Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. She is a member of this season's graduating class of the Hopkins Hospital School for Nurses.

Nathaniel T. Meginniss, for years trust clerk to the Supreme Court of Maryland, is one of the oldest law graduates in this country. He has just received his diploma from the University of Maryland, and though reticent about his age, some of his relatives say he is sixty-seven. He is as active as some of his classmates who are less than half his age.

Joan Lloyd, a four-year-old English girl, has astonished the examiners of the Royal Academy and of the Royal College of Music by passing the first tests provided by the institutions. The average age of the candidates at this examination is twelve years. The test includes scales, exercises, and the performance of various pieces, all of which this child was able to play perfectly from memory.

The Hon. Robert Philp, ex-premier of Queensland, Australia, on the eve of his departure for a visit to England recently, was presented with a purse of \$6830, raised in Queensland in recognition of his political services to the district. He immediately gave the money to the Queensland University for the purpose of founding a scholarship fund. Philp is a native of Glasgow, where he spent his early boyhood. He first entered Parliament in 1886.

Henry Johnson, one of the largest and wealthiest farmers in Carroll County, Tennessee, is a negro. He began with little, but by saving, shrewd business ability, and gradual accumulation, now has acquired 1700 acres, which he has divided into seventeen farms, whose tenants make cotton their chief crop. Johnson has his own hay-halers, feed-crushers, and sorghum mills. He is about fifty years old, has little education, and knows little of the country outside the county in which he lives.

Dr. Yella Silbermark-Reissig, who recently came to this country with her husband, Dr. Victor Silbermark, a noted physician of Vienna, to attend the Red Cross exhibition in Washington, does not believe that a woman is fitted to be a surgeon. While she has assisted her husband in more than three thousand operations, she contends that it is the man's hand, with the man's nerve and brain behind it, that makes the surgeon. "No woman," she states, "is capable of becoming a great surgeon."

Horatio A. Foster, whose publication "Engineering and Valuation of Public Utilities," is awaited with interest, rose from a place in a cotton mill in Northampton, Massachusetts, to a commanding station in the world of electric engineering. He left high school to work in the cotton mills, and at the age of seventeen was superintendent of a mill. At the age of twenty-six he took up electrical work. Personally he worked out the details of the great Niagara Falls Power Company. For fifteen years he worked in collecting necessary data for his "Electrical Engineers' Pocketbook," the backbone of every electrician's library.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, undoubtedly the most interesting living representative of the family of Emperor Napoleon I, has great claims to distinction as a man of science, and has always been a munificent patron of scientific research. He recently celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday. Prince Roland is noted as a traveler. He is a giant in stature, but is extremely modest. Prince Roland is a Membre de l'Institut, and he is president of the French Geographical and other societies. His library contains over 200,000 volumes, and his botanical collection numbers over 2,000,000 plants from all parts of the world. Perhaps his best-known work is "Les Habitants de Surinam."

Miss Anna Murphy, who a year ago passed the civil service examination that entitled her to become one of the ward superintendents in Chicago, has in that time cleaned up ten square miles of the worst section of the city. Not only that, but her work has aroused the pride of the residents of the district to maintain the high standard of cleanliness so recently established. Miss Murphy undertook what seemed to be a hopeless task. She set up an office in the stockyards section, where few of the streets and none of the alleys were paved, and all the garbage imaginable, accumulation of years, lay in the alleys. Now the streets are paved, the alleys clean, garbage cans are in use, as well as whitewash, and every morning Miss Murphy is at her office, starting out with her squad of workmen on their rounds. She has been "on the job" ever since, person continually.



## THE 1827 TAMERLANE.

A Search for a Book and a Timely Reappearance.

Less than five minutes' walk from my hotel brought me to the street number. A ramshackle building plastered thick with vaudeville bills and breakfast-food advertisements confronted me. Had Vandergold's bibliomaniac nose for once got a wrong scent and dispatched me on a wild goose chase? I must have stared rather foolishly at the tottering house—a policeman took me for a sightseer and volunteered:

"That's the old Swan Tavern. One of the most interesting buildin's in the city. Said to have sheltered at one time or another most of the distinguished men of its day—Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Patrick Henry, Clay, Burr, Lee, Grant, Edgar Allan Poe, Calhoun. It's to be torn down before the year closes to make way for the new Bijou Theatre. It'll be a peach, that new Bijou. Philadelphia brick front, fireproof, a seatin' capacity of—"

I interrupted my too accommodating officer of the law to say that I wished to find one Poindexter. I referred to a memorandum, "William C. Poindexter."

"You're on the right track," assured the bluecoat. "He runs Jenn's second-hand bookstore in the right wing of the old Swan. Jenn uses the front rooms for storin' junk; they aint fit for anything else."

I set my hand to the street door, passed through a great sprawling hall that must have been the inn's public room, followed a transverse passage at the rear and found that of which my patron had sent me in search.

The bookseller was not after the accepted type. I found myself resenting his neat iron gray hair, which should have been a silver mane. Nor did the shop belong. No dust lay on its sparsely tenanted shelves and counters; cheerful sunshine fell through irreproachable panes.

Then I sensed the Tamerlane. It lay open on the desk before which the man sat, a neat desk with pens decorously in the rack and inkstand shining free of stains. In front of the Tamerlane was a little vase holding a slim cluster of white flowers in fresh water. I had a curious feeling of being the intruder, as one does having entered a church to view the oriel and coming upon a kneeling figure in the soft gloom. I walked about pretending to examine some worthless Virginiana at the opposite end of the room.

Common sense returning, I incised with the merciful directness of the surgeon's knife:

"I have come for the Tamerlane. I have brought Mr. Vandergold's certified check for the amount agreed upon in the correspondence."

The man did not go white or tremble; he did not spar for time. He turned on me his middle-aged blue gaze and held out the Tamerlane.

I turned fool again. It may have been the hint of a caress in the man's fingers as they held the tiny yellow paper book—

"There is no need for immediate delivery," I blurted out. "I am not going back to New York until the day after tomorrow. I—I wish to see more of the city. My train leaves about nine in the evening, I believe. I am stopping at the Jefferson. Suppose you bring the Tamerlane to me there some time Friday evening—say seven o'clock—"

A strange sound echoed through the tottering house, a curious tapping. The man made a gesture of silence to me; I turned and at once knew why the Tamerlane was in old Vandergold's reach. A child, a girl of twelve (she may have been a year older) balanced herself on crutches in the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Poindexter, I am late," she was saying in the voice of the coxalgic, the voice that torture has ground to an edge, "and you have not been to lunch!" She smiled the smile that has an edge on it too, and went on: "But see what I have for the vase. I slipped through the Hermitage Club gates when no one looked and picked them from the very spot you like them, under the twin trees."

Mahreeah thrust out her little bloodless hand and the room was suddenly graced with the subtle odor, so faint it is the ghost of perfume, that comes from nothing else under heaven but the white violet.

So it was white violets from the ancient Hermitage grounds, the spot where they grew in the poet's youth and where he picked them again after stressful years, that were in the little vase. Good God! how the man cured! And with what ease Vandergold could have done the trick, paid for the great surgeon for Mahreeah and left the Tamerlane there on the neat desk with the white violets in the vase offering incense.

That night at the club I learned from Isham the few facts I ever had of Poindexter's history. Then the next day at the lunch hour I slipped in the bookshop and found Mahreeah alone keeping shop. Piecing together the bits that came from her and Isham's sparse facts I made out the story.

Poindexter was a bachelor without near relatives. His patrimony had been sufficient to afford him the contemplative life, and from early manhood he had been a bibliophile in a modest way. He owned no incunabula, but a dozen first editions graced his comfortable room with the faded turkey carpet and open shelves. He had inherited the Tamerlane from his father, a famous belle and beauty of her day, to whom the poet had sent it the year it appeared, when she was a girl of sixteen in the midst of her first season at the White Sulphur.

After the financial crisis swept away the patrimony Poindexter had spent three years finding out that the great new progressive South has little need for the services of bookish gentlemen of fifty-odd. He wrote an elegant, clear hand, but in his letters of application for positions his semicolons and "Esquires" were against him. The open fire was no longer his; he gave up the comfortable room with the turkey carpet and the landlady who knew to a quarter-second how he liked his morning egg. He did not sell the Tamerlane. He was spared that. For when the tide had got to this ebb in the Jewish junk dealer's business had reached the point where the books secured at household "sales" needed a handler, and Poindexter was once more vouchsafed his quiet room with the faded turkey carpet and his morning egg exactly as he liked it, even though he must still forego the open fire and must wear a shiny coat. If Poindexter's blood had always been thin he on the other hand loved an old coat, so the case was by no means as hard as fate might have made it for him. But about this time the child entered.

The farthest stretch of Mahreeah's memory revealed no male protector, and on the death of her mother the child had been sent south from Dix Street to her mother's sole kinsman, who was reported to be doing well in junk. It is not improbable that Mahreeah first frequented the bookshop to escape the tongue of the junk dealer's wife, who was forever calling on high heaven to witness that she had done no evil to merit having fourteen mouths at table where by every right there should be but thirteen.

Poindexter taught Mahreeah to read; she dusted the shelves and kept shop while he went to lunch and dinner. He found out that she read tales of the happy-ever-after sort, where the heroine drew marriage and home and babies; she discovered that he liked white violets for the vase by the Tamerlane.

Did it come to him some morning while he shaved himself and nesting sparrows twittered in the Capitol Square a block away? Or was it in dim St. Paul's with the light from his grandaunt Clarissa's memorial window staining his neat iron-gray hair that he realized that in the tiny yellow pamphlet lay the possibility of life on equal terms with her fellows for Mahreeah, life with the tap-tap of the crutches forever silenced, life with a lover, a child's lips clinging to her breast?

It was a pretty tale surely, but sombre to my taste. I could not blot out the years that might stretch before this bookish gentleman of fifty-odd with Mahreeah and the Tamerlane both lost to him. I wished that the final act in the drama in which I played so unpleasant a part had ended.

At dusk of Friday I sat in my hotel room waiting for Poindexter to keep his appointment. He did not appear on the hour. The minutes crept by until the quarter had struck, then I heard his apologetic cough outside the door, that pathetic little hallmark of gentlemen of fifty-odd whom the world does not need in its work.

"I have not brought the Tamerlane," he began. "I thought that under the circumstances perhaps you would be lenient and let me keep it. But of course if you still wish to hold me I shall consider myself bound."

I hope I was not too disloyal to my employer in that my spirits rose.

"If you will kindly come to the bookshop with me I will explain why I dare to ask so great an indulgence," Poindexter was continuing, and he did explain before we had covered a block. But after all it was from the child I had the real story.

In the bookshop we found Mahreeah dancing on her crutches before a gaping hole in the wall, where I remembered a shelf on my last visit, her eyes star-shiny, her cheeks moon pale with round scarlet spots high up on the cheek bones; she held a tiny yellow paper-covered book tight to her flat little bosom and called to me effishly: "You can't take the Tamerlane away from him now, because I have one of my very own to give you in place of it. My nice man found it for me, my dear, precious, nice man—"

"Let us see the book, Mahreeah," interposed Poindexter gently.

The three of us moved into the circle of light under the swinging oil lamp and I took the book into my hands. There was not the smallest doubt of it. It bore all the hallmarks. "It is the fifth Tamerlane," I pronounced gravely.

"Oh, I knew it!" Mahreeah cried out. "My nice man wouldn't have smiled at me so beautifully when he found it for me if it hadn't been a really truly one—"

"Begin at the beginning, Mahreeah," Poindexter cut in, and she did.

It was not the first time she had seen her nice man in black buttoned close up to the chin. Oh, no. She did not know how long ago it was, that first time he opened the shop door and came in out of the dusk while she kept shop during the dinner hour. She must have been asleep and awakened when he came in—she usually did sleep at that hour because the warmth of the stove made her drowsy.

Maybe there had been times when he came that she did not awake, he walked so very softly. She could not recall ever hearing him make the least noise.

No, he had never spoken to her. He just looked over the books as people did. Often his lips curled as he read, but Mahreeah was not afraid of him. No, not in the least, even though his shoes were all holes and his cuffs fringed. She thought it was because of the smile that she was unafraid, for no matter how much

he sneered at the books he always smiled his wonderful smile at Mahreeah.

But this evening? Well, he must have come in as usual while she slept. When she awoke he was at the far shelf taking down a book. He must have dislodged the shelf when he took the book down—it had long been shaky—at any rate it fell, bringing the platter with it and exposing the cubby-hole in the wall.

Mahreeah thought the nice man must have known somehow about the cubby-hole being behind the shelf. His smile was so wonderfully wonderful when he pointed it out to her.

Of course when Mahreeah found the Tamerlane in the cubby-hole she was so glad and excited that she hugged it and hugged it. The nice man must have gone while she did this. At any rate when she turned around he was gone.

I looked at Poindexter. His middle-aged blue eyes were as gentle as ever, there may have been a slight moisture—I can not swear to it.

"Good God!" I said, "the shabby black coat buttoned to the chin, the sneers at the books, the wonderful smile—was not this the tavern the poet frequented?"

"This was the room he occupied," Poindexter answered quietly.

T. D. PENDLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1912.

## Wines of Old Rome.

Nearly fifty kinds of wine were known to the ancient Romans, including several varieties used for medicinal purposes. Falernian was a home wine, resembling the modern Madeira, and was not commonly used until it was ten years old. After it was twenty years old (says the *Ideal Grocer*), it affected the drinker unfavorably, causing headache.

Other wines were foreign. Chian, also called Ariusian, of which there were three varieties—austere, sweet, and intermediate—and the Lesbian, considered to be a diuretic, were of this kind. Some wines were named after their color, as white, dark, and red. The white were thought to be the thinnest and least heating; the dark colored and sweet the most nourishing; the red the most heating.

Certain wines, named Myndian, Halicarnassian, Rhodian, and Coan, were made with salt water. They were considered not to be intoxicating, but to promote digestion. Two wines, Cnidian and Adrian, were also medicinal. Mustum was a term applied to wine newly made, or the fresh juice of the grape. Protropum was the juice which runs from the grapes without pressing. Mulsum was a mixture of wine and honey. Sapa was mustum boiled down to a third. Defrutum was mustum reduced to half, and Carenum was the same reduced to a third. Passum was a sweet wine, prepared from grapes that had been dried in the sun. Passum creticum, also a sweet wine, is believed to have been the same as the wine which our forefathers called Malmsey, the wine in which the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward the Fourth, elected to be drowned.

A wine called Murrhina has a curious history. The Greeks had a wine of this kind which consisted of pure wine perfumed with odorous substances. The Romans had a wine similarly named, which is supposed to have been wine mingled with myrrh. It was administered to those who were about to suffer torture in order to intoxicate them and to remove the sense of suffering.

These ancient wines retained their place probably until the end of the Middle Ages, but there is no reliable evidence bearing upon this point. Very slowly the names, rather than the wines, changed generally. The ancient wines, even those in use in Shakespeare's time, seem to have been less charged with alcohol than the wines of the present day. Even Malmsey, the strongest of them, contained only about 12 per cent of spirit, and Sack a little more than half that amount.

Roy J. Meyers, the convict paroled from Florence penitentiary in Arizona by Governor Hunt to enable him to go to Washington to obtain patents on a machine for collecting electricity from the atmosphere, has returned to prison to finish his term, which will expire in ten months. He said: "The patent office experts laughed at me when I reached Washington and laid my drawing before them. They told me I would have to build a model and demonstrate my claims. There was little time to spare, as I had only twenty days left, but in a few days I was able to take a crude model around to the patent office to make a demonstration. The absorber was hoisted on two short poles and made to work. There was no trouble after that. The officials had seen the thing work and were forced to admit that I had something new. I hope to construct my first large machine in Phoenix."

Between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England, is the most remarkable canal in the world. It is underground, from end to end, and is sixteen miles long. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. The canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross pieces, and the men do the work of propulsion by lying on their backs on the coal and pushing with their feet against the cross-bars on the roof.



## THE YOSEMITE.

John Muir Writes an Enthusiastic Account of Many Years' Experience of the Valley.

John Muir tells us that it was something of an accident that led to his first visit to California in 1863. Failing to find a steamer from Cuba to South America, he determined to visit the Yosemite Valley. Arriving by the Panama steamer, he stopped one day in San Francisco and then inquired for the nearest way out of town. "But where do you want to go?" asked the man to whom he had applied for this important information. "To any place that is wild," was the reply, so the man directed him to the Oakland ferry. So on the first of April Mr. Muir set out afoot for the Yosemite. It was the bloom-time of the year, he tells us, over the lowlands and coast ranges; the landscapes of the Santa Clara Valley were fairly drenched with sunshine, all the air was quivering with the songs of the meadow-larks, and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. His progress was slow, but he knew that Yosemite Valley lay to the east and that he would surely find it.

The present fine volume is the result of that, and of many subsequent visits. No other man has made the Yosemite so peculiarly his own as has Mr. Muir. Certainly there is no one who writes of it with so full-hearted a sympathy and enthusiasm. His book is no dry collection of facts, although the facts are all there. It is an open door to an appreciation of the Yosemite, of its storms and floods, its trees, flowers, and birds. Nothing with life, voice, or color is left unnoted or unadmired.

A wild scene, but not a safe one, says Mr. Muir, is made by the moon as it appears through the edge of the Yosemite Fall when one is behind it. Upon one occasion, wishing to look at the moon through the meshes of some of the denser portions of the fall, he crept further behind it while it was gently wind-swayed, without taking sufficient thought about the consequences of its swaying back to its natural position after the removal of the wind pressure:

I was in fairyland between the dark wall and the wild throng of illumined waters, but suffered sudden disenchantment; for, like the witch-scene in Alloway Kirk, "in an instant all was dark." Down came a dash of spent comets, thin and harmless-looking in the distance, but they felt desperately solid and stony when they struck my shoulders, like a mixture of choking spray and gravel and big ballstones. Instinctively dropping on my knees, I gripped an angle of the rock, curled up like a young fern frond with my face pressed against my breast, and in this attitude submitted as best I could to my thundering bath. The heavier masses seemed to strike like cobblestones, and there was a confused noise of many waters about my ears—hissing, gurgling, clashing sounds that were not heard as music. The situation was quickly realized. How fast one's thoughts burn in such times of stress! I was weighing chances of escape. Would the column be swayed a few inches away from the wall, or would it come yet closer? The fall was in flood and not so lightly would its ponderous masses be swayed. My fate seemed to depend on a breath of the "idle wind." It was moved gently forward, the pounding ceased, and I was once more visited by glimpses of the moon. But fearing I might be caught at a disadvantage in making too hasty a retreat, I moved only a few feet along the hench to where a block of ice lay. I wedged myself between the ice and the wall, and lay face downwards, until the steadiness of the light gave encouragement to rise and get away. Somewhat nerve-shaken, drenched, and benumbed, I made out to build a fire, warmed myself, ran home, reached my cabin before daylight, got an hour or two of sleep, and awoke sound and comfortable, better, not worse, for my hard midnight bath.

The rocks and waters are seen to their full advantage only "when rare weather conditions meet to make them sing with floods." Only once during all the years Mr. Muir has lived in the valley has he seen it in full flood bloom. It was in 1871, when, awakened by the roar, he looked out and recognized the extraordinary character of the storm:

Thus for two days and nights in measureless extravagance the storm went on, and mostly without spectators, at least of a terrestrial kind. I saw nobody out—bird, bear, squirrel, or man. Tourists had vanished months before, and the hotel people and laborers were out of sight, careful about getting cold, and satisfied with views from windows. The bears, I suppose, were in their cañon-houlder dens, the squirrels in their knot-hole nests, the grouse in close fir groves, and the small singers in the Indian Cañon chaparral, trying to keep warm and dry. Strange to say, I did not see even the water-ouls, though they must have greatly enjoyed the storm.

This was the most sublime waterfall flood I ever saw—clouds, winds, rocks, waters, throbbing together as one. And then to contemplate what was going on simultaneously with all this in other mountain temples; the big Tuolumne Cañon—how the white waters and the winds were singing there! And in Hetch Hetchy Valley and the great King's River Yosemite, and in all the other Sierra cañons and valleys from Shasta to the southernmost fountains of the Kern, thousands of rejoicing flood waterfalls chanting together in jubilee dress.

Snow avalanches are rare in the Yosemite. They are rarely seen by visitors, and very few are they who know the exhilaration of riding on them. This has befallen the author upon one occasion only, and then the start was so sudden and the end came so soon that he had but little time to think of the danger that attends that sort of travel, though at such times one thinks fast. He had set out to climb to the top of a ridge a little over three thousand feet above the valley. After toiling all day the summit was still several hundred feet distant when deep trampling started an avalanche and he was swished down to the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment:

The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent only about a minute. When the avalanche started I threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon is very steep, it is not interrupted by precipices large enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or at times

a little below it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche swaged and came to rest I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without a bruise or scar. This was a fine experience. Hawthorne says somewhere that steam has spiritualized travel; though uninspired smells, smoke, etc., still attend steam travel. This flight in what might be called a milky way of snow-stars was the most spiritual and exhilarating of all the modes of motion I have ever experienced. Elijah's flight in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more gloriously exciting.

Mr. Muir tells us that he was long in doubt as to the origin of the avalanche taluses leaning against the walls of the valley at intervals of a mile or two. These are huge blocks of granite weighing thousands of tons and evidently derived from the cliffs above. But how and why did they fall? For years, he tells us, he left the question open, but at last all doubts as to their formation vanished. He was awakened one night by a succession of tremendous earthquakes, and was convinced before a single boulder had fallen that earthquakes were the talus-makers, and of this he was about to be an eye-witness:

It was a calm moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute or so, save low, muffled, underground, bubbling rumblings, and the whispering and rustling of the agitated trees, as if Nature were holding her breath. Then, suddenly, out of the strange silence and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock on the south wall, about a half a mile up the valley, gave way and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had so long been studying, pouring to the valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime spectacle—an arc of glowing, passionate fire, fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as serene in beauty as a rainbow in the midst of the stupendous, roaring rock-storm. The sound was so tremendously deep and broad and earnest the whole earth like a living creature seemed to have at last found a voice and to be calling to her sister planets. In trying to tell something of the size of this awful sound it seems to me that if all the thunder of all the storms I had ever heard were condensed into one roar it would not equal this rock-roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven at the simultaneous birth of all the thousands of ancient cañon-taluses throughout the length and breadth of the range!

Shortly after sunrise there was another series of shocks which made the cliffs and domes tremble like jelly and the big pines and oaks thrill and swish and wave their branches with startling effect:

During the third severe shock the trees were so violently shaken that the birds flew out with frightened cries. In particular, I noticed two robins flying in terror from a leafless oak, the branches of which swished and quivered as if struck by a heavy battering-ram. Exceedingly interesting were the flashing and quivering of the elastic needles of the pines in the sunlight and the wavering up and down of the branches while the trunks stood rigid. There was no swaying, waving or swiveling as in windstorms, but quick, quivering jerks, and at times the heavy tasseled branches moved as if they had all been pressed down against the trunk and suddenly let go, to spring up and vibrate until they came to rest again. Only the oaks seemed to be undisturbed. Before the rumbling echoes had died away a hollow-voiced owl began to hoot in philosophical tranquillity from near the edge of the new talus as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, although, perhaps, he was curious to know what all the noise was about. His "hoot-too-hoot-too-whoo" might have meant, "what's a' the steer, kimmer?"

Mr. Muir gives us a fine description of the trees of the valley, the most influential among them being the yellow pine. The largest that he ever measured was a little over eight feet in diameter and about 220 feet high. To climb one of these trees, we are told, "is like stepping up stairs through a blaze of white light, every needle thrilling and shining as if with religious ecstasy." The magnificent California Red Fir is the most symmetrical of all the Sierra giants, far surpassing its companion species in this respect:

It is from this tree, called Red Fir by the lumbermen, that mountaineers cut boughs to sleep on when they are so fortunate as to be within its limit. Two or three rows of the sumptuous plushy-fronded branches, overlapping along the middle, and a crescent of smaller plumes mixed to one's taste with ferns and flowers for a pillow, form the very best bed imaginable. The essence of the pressed leaves seems to fill every pore of one's body. Falling water makes a soothing hush, while the spaces between the grand spires afford noble openings through which to gaze dreamily into the starry sky. The fir woods are fine sauntering-grounds at almost any time of the year, but finest in autumn, when the noble trees are hushed in the hazy light and drip with balsam; and the flying, whirling seeds, escaping from the ripe cones, mottle the air like flocks of butterflies. Even in the richest part of these unrivaled forests, where so many noble trees challenge admiration, we linger fondly among the colossal firs and extol their beauty again and again, as if no other tree in the world could henceforth claim our love. It is in these woods the great granite domes arise that are so striking and characteristic a feature of the Sierra.

The Juniper or Red Cedar is a rock tree, occupying the baldest domes in the upper zones. In such situations, where there is scarcely a handful of soil, it is frequently over eight feet in diameter and not much more in height. The tops of old trees are almost always dead, and large limbs push out horizontally, most of them broken and dead at the ends, but densely covered:

Some trees are mere storm-beaten stumps about as broad as long, decorated with a few leafy sprays, reminding one of the crumbling towers of old castles scantily draped with ivy. Its homes on bare, barren dome and ridge-top seem to have been chosen for safety against fire, for, on isolated mounds of sand and gravel free from grass and bushes on which fire could feed, it is often found growing tall and unscathed to a height of forty to sixty feet, with scarce a trace of the rocky angularity and broken limbs so characteristic a feature throughout the greater part of its range. It never makes anything like a forest; seldom even a grove. Usually it stands out separate and independent, clinging by slight joints to the rocks, living chiefly on snow and thin air and maintaining sound health on this diet for 2000 years or more. Every feature or every gesture it makes expresses steadfast, dogged endurance. The bark is of a bright cinnamon color and is handsomely braided and reticulated on thrifty trees, flaking off in thin, shining ribbons that are sometimes used by the

Indians for tent matting. Its fine color and picturesqueness are appreciated by artists, but to me the juniper seems a singularly strange and taciturn tree. I have spent many a day and night in its company and always have found it silent and rigid. It seems to be a survivor of some ancient race, wholly unacquainted with its neighbors. Its broad stumpiness, of course, makes wind-waving or even shaking out of the question, but it is not this rocky rigidity that constitutes its silence. In calm, sun-days the sugar pine preaches like an enthusiastic apostle without moving a leaf. On level rocks the juniper dies standing and wastes insensibly out of existence like granite, the wind exerting about as little control over it, alive or dead, as it does over a glacier boulder.

We have some curious information on the action of the big trees in hoarding the water supply and causing it to run off slowly instead of in sudden floods. These big trees, we are told, seem to be immortal unless they are destroyed by accident:

There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Death is due to accidents, not, as that of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age. Their fall is foretold in their structure; but the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the essential organs—wood, roots, bark, buds. Most of the Sierra trees die of disease, insects, fungi, etc., but nothing hurts the big tree. I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. Barring accidents, it seems to be immortal. It is a curious fact that all the very old sequoias had lost their heads by lightning strokes. "All things come to him who waits." But of all living things, sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning.

The voices of the Yosemite winds and waterfalls are delightfully enriched with bird song, especially in the nesting time. The finest singer of all is the water-ouzel, that dives into foaming rapids and feeds at the bottom, holding on in a wonderful way and living a charmed life:

The short, cold days of winter are also sweetened with the music and hopeful chatter of a considerable number of birds. No cheerier choir ever sang in snow. First and best of all is the water-ouzel, a dainty, dusky little bird about the size of a robin, that sings a sweet fluty song all winter and all summer, in storms and calms, sunshine and shadow, haunting the rapids and waterfalls with marvelous constancy, building his nest in the cleft of a rock bathed in spray. He is not web-footed, yet he dives fearlessly into foaming rapids, seeming to take the greater delight the more boisterous the stream, always as cheerful and calm as any linnet in a grove. All his gestures are as flits about amid the loud uproar of the falls bespeak the utmost simplicity and confidence—bird and stream one and inseparable. What a pair! yet they are well related. A finer bloom than the foam bell in an eddying pool is this little bird. We may miss the meaning of the loud-resounding torrent, but the flute-like voice of the bird—only love is in it.

Among the larger birds are geese and eagles, and the former are often deceived in the height of the valley walls, rising to considerable height only to find that the task is beyond them and then descending with loud screams. They are strong of wind and limb, but starting from the bottom they can not reach the top:

A pair of golden eagles have lived in the valley ever since I first visited it, hunting all winter along the northern cliffs and down the river cañon. Their nest is on a ledge of the cliff over which pours the Nevada Fall. Perched on the top of a dead spar, they were always interested observers of the geese when they were being shot at. I once noticed one of the geese compelled to leave the flock on account of being sorely wounded, although it still seemed to fly pretty well. Immediately the eagles pursued it and no doubt struck it down, although I did not see the result of the hunt. Anyhow it flew past me up the valley, closely pursued.

Mr. Muir gives us a final but an almost unneeded word on the curative powers of the mountain air. Referring to the experiences of Mr. Galen Clark, he says:

The value of the mountain air in prolonging life is well exemplified in Mr. Clark's case. While working in the mines he contracted a severe cold that settled on his lungs and finally caused severe inflammation and bleeding, and none of his friends thought he would ever recover. The physicians told him he had but a short time to live. It was then that he repaired to the beautiful sugar pine woods at Wawona and took up a claim, including the fine meadows there, and building his cabin, began his life of wandering and exploring in the glorious mountains about him, usually going bareheaded. In a remarkably short time his lungs were healed.

Only those who read this volume from cover to cover can appreciate its poetic charm and its practical value to the visitor. Probably no better description of the valley will ever be written. Certainly the Yosemite will never have a more ardent lover.

THE YOSEMITE. By John Muir. With illustrations and maps. New York: The Century Company.

At La Coruna, in northern Spain, may be seen a fire tower which is, with the exception of the ruins of the Roman lighthouse at Dover, the oldest of all existing structures of this kind. The exact date of the erection of this tower is unknown. According to an ancient tradition it is accredited to Hercules, whence its name Torre de Hercules. Others say that Phoenicians, who had established several colonies in Spain, had erected this light tower for their northland cruises. However, judging from the inscription, it is more probable that the Roman Emperor Trajan (98 or 117 A. D.) erected this structure. The inscription also mentions the name of Servius Supus of Lusitania as the architect. The tower is built of ashlar and is nine metres square and forty metres in height. It has six separate stories, which can only be reached by a circular staircase around the exterior of the tower. The lighthouse was restored in 1684, but at the end of the eighteenth century was again in ruins. In 1797 it was rebuilt by the Spanish government, and still sends forth its beams.

Muskoka was the first strikingly successful summer resort in Canada. Its success assured the future of tourist traffic in Canada. Foreigners and native Canadians could not get enough of the rugged scenery of the Dominion.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A California Troubadour.

Mr. Urmey's new volume of verse is a worthy sequel to what has come before. Indeed he has so accustomed us to work that is elegant and simple that any declination would be a disappointment. His present volume, although a small one, contains seventy-seven selections, none of them over a page or two in length, but of a certain fine and dainty quality that seems specially consonant with brevity. Mr. Urmey's verse is saturated with the best spirit of California, with the romance and sentiment of the past, and with the natural beauties that seem too vast and too aloof ever to be tarnished with the lesser things of human life.

The author takes his mission seriously, as a poet should. Not only has he poetic ideas, but he takes care never himself to offend them. The verse, he tells us,

That neither soothes men's worldly pains and cares  
Nor lifts the thoughts of men by golden stairs,

is not worthy the name of poetry, but belongs rather to the domain of "idle songs and vulgar airs":

But call by name of Poetry the lines  
That show us stars where scarcely stars belong,  
That grow us golden fruit on barren vines,  
That fill deep silences with deeper song,  
And grant us glimpses of the worlds that lie  
Beyond the reach of human ear and eye.

Measured by Mr. Urmey's own high standard, it will be conceded that he has given us nearly a hundred pages of real poetry. Nowhere is there a line that does not pass the test. The imagery is always fine, the thought is always lofty, and the interpretation of nature is always delicate and true. California need not hesitate to offer Mr. Urmey's verse as an expression of some of the best things that she has, of the things most worthy of recognition and admiration.

A CALIFORNIA TROUBADOUR. By Clarence Thomas Urmey. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$2 net.

## Criminal Responsibility.

Dr. Ray Madding McConnell approaches the question of penology from the standpoint of determinism. If crime is "the consequence of certain great natural conditions over which the individual has little or no control," how shall we best change those natural conditions so that they no longer compel wrongdoing? Since determinism "takes people as they are and admits that they could not be different" how can we so change heredity and environment as to place them under a like compulsion of virtue?

Perhaps the author would have been better advised had he devoted the whole of his argument to an exposition of determinism, a philosophy, he said, from which the average mind revolts and which the average instinct denies. Admirable as are the author's incitements to an intelligent penology, to humanitarianism, and to benevolence—and we are all agreed about these—the fervor of our assent is always diluted by constant references to a basic philosophy which can best be described as fatalistic and which robs us all, sinner and saint alike, of the impetus of free will, effort, and aspiration. If the criminal "could not be different," then neither could we ourselves be different. We can not choose between reading Dr. McConnell's book and leaving it unread, which would be a pity, because it is worth reading, nor have we the free will to start the new causes to which he so finely incites us. In other words, the whole universe is under a law of blind necessity and may as well be allowed to go upon its course unchecked by effort and aspiration.

But fortunately we can all reach the most stable results from the most unstable bases. We can put upon one side the whole doctrine of determinism, if we wish to, and still recognize that the author has given us a plea for a rational penology of which ancient Rome itself was not more in need.

CRIMINAL RESPONSIBILITY AND SOCIAL RESTRAINT. By Ray Madding McConnell, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

## The Touchstone of Fortune.

Mr. Charles Major gives us a very successful historical novel, if indeed any historical novel can be successful in drawing a faithful picture of other times than our own. The habitual conversation of Nell Gwynn, for example, was probably unprintable, nor could we tolerate any accurate depiction of life at the court of Charles II.

"The Touchstone of Fortune" deals with the restoration period of English history, when those who had suffered for the royalist cause were eager to lodge their claims for recognition and were usually disappointed with the results. Frances Jennings, hearing that the Duchess of York will appoint her maid of honor on personal inspection, goes to court and secures the coveted position on the strength of her beauty. With her goes her cousin, Baron Clyde, and the story is mainly concerned with the vicissitudes of fortune that attend them. We have glimpses of the Duchess, Sarah Jennings, and of her husband, who became the Duke of Monmouth, although here the author concedes that he has slightly rearranged the

facts, which does not matter at all. We are also introduced to the Duke of Monmouth and we are inclined to wonder if he was quite so bad a man as the author represents. Charles himself makes an occasional appearance, and he, too, seems to be painted somewhat blacker than he deserved, if that be possible.

The story is eminently readable, whatever its historical failings may be. It is bright, dramatic, and of sustained interest, and therefore worthy to rank with the author's earlier story, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

THE TOUCHSTONE OF FORTUNE. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company.

## The English Constitution.

The author explains that the purpose of his book is to point out the feudal origin of the English constitution and to show that the function which the Great Charter actually performed was to effect the transition of the fundamental principle of feudalism into the fundamental principle of the modern constitution. The ground which he covers belongs, therefore, as much to American as to purely English history. American governmental ideas may be said to have originated to a large extent from that period when England severed her connection with the monarchy and became a republic. Hence the "surprising number of the political expedients which in our government seem departures from the English system." It would be hard to speak too much in praise of a volume marked as much by sound historical knowledge as by a power of clear and logical presentation.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By George Burton Adams. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2 net.

## The Blind Road.

If this is not a true story it is at least "founded upon fact." It professes to be the narrative of a disastrous marriage and therefore, but for its intimate revelations, it may be considered almost as commonplace.

Harry and Carmen are just ordinary people. Harry is a business man whose ideal of marriage is his own happiness in possessing an exquisite girl as wife and companion. Carmen is wholly hairless and heartless, and her complete selfishness is only veiled by her youthful charm and beauty. The ingredients of tragedy were never more visible.

And disaster comes. Carmen must be amused and petted and her every whim must be gratified. All service is her right and the idea of duty has never entered her head. Then comes the first quarrel and the slowly widening breach. Carmen must have admiration, and it must be fresh, so she seeks it away from home. Then come extravagance and the "fast life," and something very much like vice. And of course the end follows soon. A slightly unpleasant flavor about the book is a suspicion of self-righteousness on the part of the husband. He talks of love rather sickeningly, but it never seems to occur to him that he was attracted to Carmen by her physical charms only and that marital affection should go somewhat deeper than this. And he relates incidents about his wife that could not be dragged from an honest man by wild horses and that no anonymity can palliate. From start to finish he lacks manhood, and when manhood is most needed he slothers. The author states in his opening lines that "I can not put my true name at the head of this story," and so we may assume that it is autobiographical. In any case the verdict of his readers will be against the husband, although the more lenient among them will admit extenuating circumstances.

THE BLIND ROAD. By Hugh Gordon. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

## Beyond War.

Professor Vernon L. Kellogg of Leland Stanford University has never used his scientific knowledge to better purpose than in this demonstration that war is as much opposed to evolutionary intention as it is to the moral law. Humanity, he supposes, dates from the post tertiary period, which gives us an antiquity of from 100,000 to 500,000 years, "possibly a million." Those early men fought with each other, with animals, and with nature, and the instinct to fight would be just as strong as ever it was but for the mutability of human nature. For at a certain point, or within a certain period, appeared in human nature, "touching this matter of war, an aspect of soul." The fighting instinct became restrained, regulated, modified. Pity and sympathy lessened the horrors of combat. War was regarded at least as an evil to be lessened. A fighting class was set apart, the lesser quarrels were settled by discussion, the use of mercenaries was discouraged. All these facts became indices of evolutionary intention, of the unfolding of a plan, of progress toward some definite goal. Human nature, says the author, is still a good many different things at once. It contains vestiges of its whole history, survivals of its whole past. It contains also its newest recruit, an impulse towards altruism, and this distinguishes it from all other kingdoms of life. Shall we cultivate the best that is in us under the guidance of reason, or the worst that is in us under the guidance of primitive passion? Science having shown us the evolutionary goal, shall we advance toward it or turn our backs upon it? It is a strong and convincing

argument, and stated not only with scientific precision but with a pleasant warmth and energy.

BEYOND WAR. By Vernon L. Kellogg. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net.

## Toby.

This unusual story may put something of a strain upon the credulity, but certainly it will not be left half read. Toby has allowed drink to get so much the better of him that he sinks to the condition of a "poor white" in Kentucky. Unjustly suspected of robbing children of their pennies, he is arrested under an old law against vagrancy and sold by auction into a year's servitude to the highest bidder. The highest, and indeed the only, bidder is Miss Virginia Dare, who is shocked by the sight of a white man sold as a slave and so offers a dollar and finds herself the owner of Toby. Her uncle, Colonel Dare, receives Toby on his plantation and then we find that our instant suspicions were correct and that the poor derelict is actually a gentleman and that nothing but drink stands between him and his dignity. There is hardly any plot to the story. We know it all from the first chapter, but it is well told and from a useful knowledge of Kentucky life.

TOBY. By Credo Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## The Pipesmoke Carry.

We feel that we should like to go on a holiday tramp with the author of these delightful sketches. Certainly he would be good company, with his keen love of nature, his pleasant philosophies, and his eloquent silences. His little volume can not express the silences, but we feel that they are and that he can appreciate to the full those seasons and places where speech is out of order.

We are not quite sure where the author went on this particular occasion. Nor does it much matter. It was somewhere in the Canadian north among pine forests, and rivers, and lakes, and all the mysterious, gentle, lonely mystery of untrodden paths. To those of vulgar soul who long to kill things or who are anchored to a commissariat department his book will be useless, for we are told nothing about such matters. There is not even an itinerary, but we carry away with us an idea of tramping onward, of an equal enjoyment of sun and shower, and of a certain sacred carelessness of ways and means. Here, for example, is a little picture of a rainy day in the forest:

There are pictures that bite deep in the memory and rise long afterward with scarcely a line expunged. Such a picture the pipesmoke rings: a wet wisps of a tent swung in a huddle of young popples against a background of dead jackpines, fire-killed and waiting for the wind. Whenever it blows a full gale, as the sailors say, I see that weird array of blackened masts—waiting for the wind.

The life of the woods is a miniature of the larger life beyond. The harder the work of the day the more pleasant the evening campfire and the more welcome the long night's sleep. The memory of the trail is a pleasant one, but we would not willingly retrace our steps:

Into the weaving of this, gay tapestry some sober threads of thought may come. A man may reflect that his life is made up of many carries; that he sets out with a brave array of companions, who fall away with the years; and that middle age finds him footing the trail with a single comrade, sharing with her the good and the ill, the rough and the smooth, the sunlight and the shadow, the heat of the day and the cool of the evening. Then, if heaven be so unkind, he must make the last and longest carry alone. Happy the man who has so ordered his life that he can go this solitary way serene and unafraid.

Let us hope that Mr. Taylor has many carries ahead of him and that we shall hear something of them in other little volumes like this one.

THE PIPESMOKE CARRY. By Bert Leston Taylor. Decorations by C. B. Falls. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.

## The Chink in the Armour.

We can always rely upon Mrs. Belloc Lowndes for a good story, and in this case she gives us a particularly good one. She shows us a picture of life at a gambling centre a short distance from Paris, and it strikes us as a good picture because there is none of the effort to point the moral and adorn the tale that usually leads to exaggeration and distortion. Some of the denizens of Laville are certainly bad, as bad as they can be, but there are others whom we are allowed to admire in spite of the gambling spirit which becomes a positive obsession. The woman gambler is usually supposed to have reached the unfathomed depths, but we have an unfeigned liking for Anna Wolsky, who lives for nothing but the gaming tables and who is yet a good friend and with many of the decorations of human nature in full view. On the other hand there is that appalling woman, Mme. Wachner, whose vulgar good nature conceals the heart of a tiger and who lives by robbery and murder. We shall not soon forget Mme. Wachner, and we leave her in the comfortable assurance that retribution is at hand.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes is one of the few writers who know how to handle the super-

natural with the restraint that gives no offense. The picture of the fortune-teller's room in Paris is impressive, but still more effective is the suggestion of the vague presence that pervades the room of poor Anna Wolsky after that luckless lady had been inveigled to the house of Mme. Wachner, leaving no evidence of her fate except the mound of freshly turned earth in the dark forest behind. The heroine, Sylvia Bailey, very nearly meets the same horror, and so we see the fulfillment of the fortune-teller's prediction to the two friends that fatal danger awaits them if they leave Paris together. Altogether the story is a most successful one, a story that creates sensation without being sensational and one that successfully attempts the difficult feat of picturing the psychology of the gambler.

THE CHINK IN THE ARMOUR. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## The Nameless Thing.

This book is a little surprising because we suppose it to be a detective story and find instead that it is half a dozen detective stories cleverly cemented together. While the doctor, the priest, and the lawyer are waiting for expected developments in the initial mystery they recall other cases of a somewhat similar nature, and it must be admitted that they are ingenious and unusual. The chief interest centres around the theories of the priest who believes in certain fatalistic and unseen forces that are invoked by crime and that always seek their equilibrium in unexpected and often unforeseeable ways. And it seems to the intelligent reader that Father Jerome is in the right of it.

THE NAMELESS THING. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## French Literature.

Mr. G. L. Strachey's little volume on "Landmarks in French Literature," which appears in the Home University Library, gives us in brief outline and comment the story of French literature down to the death of Flaubert in 1880, a literature of a wealth so extraordinary that only in England do we find its parallel. The high principle, says Mr. Strachey, which has guided like a star the writers of France is the principle of deliberation, of intention, of a conscious search for ordered beauty, an unvarying, an indomitable pursuit of the endless glories of art.

LANDMARKS IN FRENCH LITERATURE. By G. L. Strachey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

## Briefier Reviews.

Among latest additions to the Ullstein Buecher, the series of monthly German novels now being issued by Brentano's, is "Mutter," by Heinz Tovote. Price, 25 cents.

A volume to delight the heart of the boy who lives near enough to the water to fall into it is "Harper's Boating Book for Boys" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.75). Over four hundred pages in length, its letterpress and illustrations leave nothing lacking.

"General Science," by Bertha M. Clark (American Book Company), is not intended so much for schools as for the general reader who is anxious to acquire such basic knowledge as will be useful for the home and business. It seems well adapted to that end.

Among late additions to the valuable Wisdom of the East series is "Ancient Jewish Proverbs," compiled and classified by the Rev. A. Cohen (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net). This series, almost unique in its scope, is one that should find a welcome among orientalists all over the world.

Dr. E. B. Lowry, already well and favorably known for his works on "Sex Hygiene," has written a little volume called "False Modesty" (Forbes & Co.; 50 cents net), an earnest appeal for the proper education of the young that should have its weight with parents and teachers.

The problem of the conservation of soil receives practical treatment by Mr. William C. Smith in his "How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil" (Steward & Kidd Company; \$1.25 net). The work is a practical one and must tend directly to the enrichment of the farmer.

A book for the entomologist is the "Butterfly and Moth Book," by Ellen Robertson-Miller (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net). It is based upon the author's personal studies and observations, and it is not only of great scientific value, but it is brightly and lucidly written and profusely illustrated with good drawings and photographs.

Those interested in the international politics of Europe will do well to read the "Chronique de l'an 1911," by M. Mermeix, and published by Bernard Grasset, Paris (3 fr. 50). In vigorous terms, and as one behind the scenes, the author describes the official and secret negotiations between France and Germany on the subject of Morocco, the diplomatic proceedings at Berlin, and the conferences between the ministers at Paris. M. Mermeix is certainly prolific in his revelations and there seems to be some justification for the claim that he knows everything and has told everything. It would be interesting to know the sources of his information.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Unknown Woman.

Anne Warwick succeeds in fascinating us with her characters, each one as though struck from a steel die, and yet she leaves us with a vague impression of insufficient motive. The "unknown woman" is Sandra, half Italian and half American, who has married a great sculptor only to find that the artistic temperament joined with physical perfections may be admirable enough in the lover, but is apt to lead to inconstancy in the husband. Sandra's problem is explained by herself in the second chapter. She says to her friend Joan:

I married Maury, a brilliant sculptor, who had spent all his life abroad; for three months he was madly in love with me. Then . . . why go on? Women have always run after him. You know Maury—a dear, delightful child; one bubble more or less in his champagne, what does it matter—now? Of course it did, once; but as I say, that is very long ago. And Muffet (who was horn when we had been married just a year)—Muffet had pneumonia when she was quite small. I was sitting up with her one night; she could hardly breathe at all, yet she managed to gasp, "Papa—I can't get my breath. I want papa." For me, Muffet died that night.

So Sandra shuts herself up in a casing of ice. As she says herself, "I love nobody; not one human soul." Without recrimination or domestic discord she does her whole duty, but all human feeling has been frozen out of her, or she thinks it has.

The thawing of the beautiful Sandra occupies the whole novel and a complete stage full of people help in the process, and very charming people most of them are. We move in an atmosphere of high art and we oscillate between Italy and America. Of course the exquisite Maury has to be awakened to a sense of sin, and he certainly is a good deal of a scamp, although a gentlemanly scamp, and irresponsible because of the artistic temperament. He allows himself to be betrayed into a few unguarded words that are interpreted by a listening reporter as confirming the authenticity of a fraudulent statue, and as he refuses to explain himself the damaging words nearly work his ruin. Suffering, as we all know, brings penitence, at least theoretically, and so at last Maury awakens to the wrongs that he is inflicting upon his wife.

The story is carefully and strongly told, but we do not altogether share what we suppose to be the author's feelings toward Sandra. That she should turn her husband out of her heart is perhaps natural enough, but that she should similarly expel her baby daughter seems to show a jealousy and a frigidity of temperament that are abnormal and almost repulsive.

THE UNKNOWN WOMAN. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30 net.

## The Lighted Way.

One of the charms of Mr. Oppenheim's stories is the easy and welcome way in which they persuade us that the improbable will probably happen. Those of us who are leading monotonous lives are easily persuaded of this, and we like to be reminded that adventure and romance may even now have their hands upon our door.

"The Lighted Way" is the story of a young man who occupies the position of junior clerk in the office of a London wholesale provision merchant. Being of good appearance, he is invited by his employer to fill an unexpectedly vacant place at his wife's bridge tables. The wife is young, beautiful, a Portuguese, with a mysterious past, and surrounded with interesting and rather criminal people who seem associated in some vague way with the Portuguese revolution. Much can be done from such a basis and Mr. Oppenheim lives up to his reputation. There are murders, anarchist outrages, ruffians with exquisite manners, and all those delightful happenings that we like to read about in books but would emigrate rather than meet in real life. And of course everything comes out right in the end with the repentance or destruction of the evil ones and a final curtain to the sound of the wedding march. Mr. Oppenheim is never cheap, and he always persuades us that somehow we are reading a page of real history.

THE LIGHTED WAY. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Initiative and Recall.

The sixteen chapters of this volume are by different writers and from different viewpoints, so that a review in the ordinary sense of the word is difficult. Among the contributors are Mr. Roosevelt, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Samuel W. McCall, Mr. Jonathan Bourne, Mr. Frederick V. Holman, and Mr. Charles Dwight Willard, and a statement of these names is in itself almost sufficient to indicate their lines of argument. The volume appears in the National Municipal League series.

THE INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, AND RECALL. Edited by William Bennett Munro. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

It is generally supposed that volumes of short stories, even by well-known writers, never sell, but Edna Ferber's first volume of tales, called "Buttered Side Down," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, has gone into a second printing, a short time

after its publication. At the same time, her novel, "Dawn O'Hara," published a year ago, has a steady sale, and has just gone into a sixth printing, though it was a "first novel."

The majority of the members of Owen Johnson's class, Yale, 1900, according to a poll taken by the *Yale News*, agree with his criticisms in "Stover at Yale" upon the social organization of the university, especially the fraternity and society system.

The authors of "White Ashes," published by the Macmillan Company, have had an interesting inquiry in connection with the conflagration which is supposed in the climax of the story to sweep the congested district of Boston in 1914. This is described exactly as it might happen, both of the authors, Messrs. Kennedy and Noble, being insurance engineers, and the realism of the tale seems to have made a decided impression on at least one insurance official. It seems that the manager of a large British fire insurance company after reading the book immediately wrote to his United States agent and said he wanted to know how much the company had at risk in the burned section. In order to verify the exact boundaries of this district the United States agent communicated with the authors, the somewhat amusing incident coming to their attention in this way.

After her sensational trial and acquittal, Mme. Steinheil left Paris and took refuge in London, whence she went about in quest of a tranquil and pleasant rural retreat. This she found, and in it she settled down to write the absorbing "My Memoirs" published by Sturgis & Walton Company, which have just been published here, in England, and in France. With her live her daughter and her son-in-law, who is an Italian and an artist of promise.

"The Friar of Wittenberg," by William Stearns Davis, just published by the Macmillan Company, gives a vivid picture of the times of Martin Luther, whose influence is the dominating element of the book, though the reformer himself does not occupy a prominent place among the characters.

A survey of Jewish life, thought, and achievement has been made by Dr. Abram Isaacs in a volume entitled "What Is Judaism?" which G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published. The author throws new light on the history, literature, services, and present status of the Jews.

The recent death of Major Butt on the *Titanic* gives especial interest to his book, "Both Sides of the Shield," a romance of a Northern newspaper correspondent on special duty in the South, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Don Giovanni de Candia, world famous in the nineteenth century as Mario, the tenor, is the subject of the biography, "The Romance of a Great Singer," published this summer by the Scribners. Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, his daughter, has collaborated with Frank Hird in the work, which is notable for its portrayals of eminent musicians as well as for the authentic details of Mario's life. Many of the elder generation still recall with pleasure Mario's appearance during his last concert tour in this country in 1872.

Frederick Palmer, author of "Over the Pass," in writing a novel follows the method of the painter who makes the skeleton of a figure, then puts on the flesh and the clothes, and finally sets the figure in its place in the composition. He first wrote "Over the Pass" in a draft of ten thousand words which he laid aside. Later he wrote a draft of thirty thousand words; after allowing this to incubate for a while he began writing the full story, which went rapidly. That is, it went rapidly for him. After the typewrist had copied the fourth revision the manuscript was ready for the printer.

Among the new novels to be brought out soon by Charles Scribner's Sons are "Davidée Birot," the latest by the French novelist, René Bazin, and "Mary Pechell," a story of English country life, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the author of "Jane Oglander," "The Chink in the Armour," etc.

Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Sangster, who died last week at her home in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, aged seventy-four, was not only the author of many poems and essays, volumes for the young and on the ethics of home life, but was for many years actively engaged in journalistic work. She had been at various times editor of *Hearth and Home*, *Christian at Work*, and *Christian Intelligence*. From 1889 to 1899 she was editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and before that had been for a long time connected with the several Harper periodicals. Few women writers have won so large a measure of appreciation and regard. Mrs. Sangster's verse was written through her long and busy life, and it was always musical and cheerful.

With its issue of June 8 the *Illustrated London News* presented its readers with a miniature reproduction of its first number, dated May 14, 1842. It is an interesting souvenir, for it may be read easily. Herbert Ingram, the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, and grandfather of the present editor, was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1811.

About 1834 he settled at Nottingham as a printer, bookseller, and news agent, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Nathaniel Cooke, and in 1842 they removed to London. The first number of the first illustrated newspaper was published on May 14 of that year. It was at once an immense success. In 1859 he visited the United States and Canada with his eldest son; but on September 8, 1860, both were drowned in a shipping disaster on Lake Michigan. Herbert Ingram's body was recovered and buried in his native town, where a statue to his memory was erected in 1862. He was succeeded in the management of the paper by his sons, William and Charles. Like his father, Sir William Ingram, who was made a baronet in 1893, has been Member of Parliament for Boston. He retired from the work of managing director of the *News* and *Sketch* some years ago, leaving his brother, Mr. Charles Ingram, as manager.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

THE FRONTIER. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net. A war story by the author of "Arsène Lupin."

THE GOLIATHS, FATHER AND SON. By Laurence North. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A story of London journalism.

SEGAR AND CIGARET. By Jack Hines. New York: George H. Doran Company; 50 cents. A story of two wolf dogs on the Alaskan trail.

THE PERMANENT UNCLE. By Douglas Goldring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE FRIAR OF WITTENBERG. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A novel of the days of Luther.

THE PENITENT. By René Bazin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE RATO OF THE GUERRILLA. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD. By Major Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net. A story by the late military aide to the President.

THE PRICE SHE PAID. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1912. By H. T. Montague Bell, B. A., and H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. I. New York: \$3.50 net. An annual work of reference devoted entirely to Chinese affairs.

A SHORT HISTORY OF EUROPE. By Charles San-

ford Terry, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

From the fall of the Eastern Empire to the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH PRINCE HOHENLOHE. By Baroness von Hedemann. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A page of autobiography.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SOUTH AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY. By T. Athol Joyce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50. An introduction to the archaeology of the South American continent with special reference to the early history of Peru.

THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net. "The only tourist's guide to Russia published in English."

HOW TO VISIT EUROPE ON NEXT TO NOTHING. By E. P. Prentiss. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1 net.

How an American girl made a long trip abroad for \$300.

ERIC'S BOOK OF BEASTS. By David Starr Jordan. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Done in water colors and accompanied with appropriate jingles.

RONBONS. By Francis P. Savinien. London: George Routledge & Sons. A volume of verse.

WOMAN AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Scott Nearing. Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A discussion of the biologic, domestic, industrial, and social possibilities of American women.

LONDON'S UNDERWORLD. By Thomas Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

The problem of destitution considered by one of the world's foremost authorities.

THE HEALTHY BABY. By Roger H. Dennett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net. Plain, practical, and sensible instructions on the care of infants.

CHILDREN AT PLAY. By Rose M. Bradley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net. Sketches of child life in Europe.

THE VIEWS OF VANOC. By Arnold White. Imported by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50 net.

An Englishman's outlook—essays.

STUDIES IN FRANKNESS. By Charles Whibley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net. Essays on some of the authors who have called a spade by its right name.

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## FOR SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West Heads a Movement for a Memorial Theatre.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West that is, Lady Randolph Churchill that was, has no taste for leisure as a vocation. Her enthusiasms are constant, her efforts unflagging, in many good causes. Her latest project is discussed at length in a recent article in the London *World*, from which the following paragraphs are taken:

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West makes no secret of the fact that with a son of thirty-seven she is not as young as she once was—as she laughingly tells you—yet Time has dealt so gently with her that it is difficult of belief, while her energy in the public weal has suffered no whit in diminution. Since the dark days of the Boer War, when she not only raised the funds for the purchase of the *Maine* hospital ship, but went out to South Africa in her and spent five months on board nursing our wounded soldiers, a dozen examples might be given of her energy in well-doing, and of the marvelous success which has always attended her efforts. To mention but one of them, the great Shakespeare Ball at the Albert Hall alone brought in a sum of ten thousand pounds towards the movement for erecting in London a living memorial to our national poet. And it is to this same end that her energies are now being directed, and in all probability will continue to be, until the proposed grandiose scheme is a solid bed-rock fact.

There are many people who cavil at the idea of a memorial to Shakespeare, who say in effect that so long as the English tongue endures Shakespeare needs no memorial wrought by man's hands. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West's answer to this criticism should not only convince these folk, but should assure her of a great meed of admiration for her single-heartedness and common sense. She says in reply: "People might just as well say there is no need to build churches to the honor of Almighty God because they believe in an ineffable truth." And herein lies the key-note of her resolve in this matter. She would raise a memorial to Shakespeare not only to show the pride of England in one of her greatest sons, but to be a national influence upon the life and thought of our own and succeeding generations. The objects of this scheme may be briefly set forth as follows: To build and endow in London a National Theatre which shall not only keep the immortal plays of the Bard of Avon in its repertory, but shall revive whatever else is vital in English classical drama; which shall prevent recent plays of great merit from falling into oblivion; which shall not only produce new plays and so further the development of the modern drama, but shall also produce translations of representative works of foreign authors, ancient and modern, and so stimulate the art of acting through the varied opportunities which it will offer to the members of the company. It is but four years to the centenary of Shakespeare's death, and in the world-wide enthusiasm for the great poet, Mrs. Cornwallis-West is confident that before that event comes round she will be successful in realizing this vast project.

For it is indeed an undertaking sufficient to daunt all but the boldest. The amount required to carry out the scheme in its entirety is no less than half a million pounds. At first sight this seems excessive, but when it is looked into it will be seen that it is but the bare minimum. One hundred thousand pounds is set aside for a suitable site, for a great national memorial must be in the heart of the capital of the empire; £150,000 for the theatre building and its equipment; and the remaining £250,000 for a permanent endowment, which will, it is estimated, produce an annual revenue of £10,000, an amount approximately equal to the subvention received from the state—or the private generosity of the monarch—by the *Comédie Française* and other foreign theatres of the kind. London is not only the one great capital, but the only great town, compared with those of the Continent, which is without a subsidized national theatre—and the reproach has lasted too long.

To remedy this Mrs. George Cornwallis-West has set herself, and the immediate outcome of her activity is to be seen this summer in "Shakespeare's England" at Earl's Court. When the idea first came to her, it was to have been merely a show for a few weeks held at Christmastide; but as the possibilities of the scheme developed it became imperative. And so it came about that Earl's Court was secured, and the present accurate representation of the life of England three hundred years ago, during the reigns of Good Queen Bess and her successor, grew into being. It is not an exhibition in the ordinary sense of the word, nor is it a pageant; it is a high endeavor to gain once more the atmosphere of England as it was in the lifetime of her greatest dramatic poet, who set the world at his feet by the beauty and truth of his work.

The main idea of the mover in all this is that an exhibition, popularly so called, should be educational and interesting, and should not only preserve and restore features of our national life which have become ob-

scured or lost. Chief among these are the old English dances, the Morris dances of Merrie England. Francis Bacon wrote, "Of Masques and Triumphs": "These things are but Joys to come amongst such serious observations. But since Princes will have such Things, it is better that they should be graced with Elegancy than daubed with Cost. Dancing to Song is a Thing of great State and pleasure. I understand it that the Song be in Quire placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken Musick, and the Ditty fitted to the Device." It is only half a dozen years ago that the Morris dance began to be investigated and revived. Yet it is of the highest interest: most probably a survival of a ceremonial in connection with a religion of Nature-worship older far than Christianity. Whether Morris dances came to England from Spain in the sixteenth century, whether John of Gaunt brought them here, whether we had them from our Gaelic neighbors, or even from the Flemings, is not known; but they can certainly be traced to the reign of Henry VII. This folk-dance is to be seen at Earl's Court, and has not been allowed to deteriorate into anything of a theatrical or academic nature. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West is shortly going to make public a scheme which will do much to revive popular interest in this, one of the most truly national of our old English customs.

But the *clou* of the summer show at Earl's Court is to be the great reproduction of the Eglinton Tournament, to be held on a night in July, which its originator is confident will even surpass in beauty and interest its ever-famous prototype. All of England's best and bravest will take part in it, a glittering feast of color and splendor which will go down to history linked with the name of its producer, and should go far to insure the success of this great Shakespeare memorial scheme which she has so much at heart.

Formerly the composer asked permission of the manager to play over the score for him on the piano. Otherwise he invited a number of managers simultaneously to bear what he had composed and either played his music on the piano or had somebody else perform it. Nowadays such a way of getting the ear of an impresario is too complicated. It takes too much time to get a hearing when there is a small army of composers knocking at his door. So there has been invented an entirely new way of letting a manager know what sort of a score is awaiting his investment. The most enterprising of the writers has bit on the idea of having the music played on the piano. Then the talking machine does the rest. After the records of every number are completed the whole score is sent to the office of the manager. He is able then to put it into his talking machine, start the apparatus, and listen to the complete score from the overture through the soli, concerted numbers and finales, and thus acquire a complete bearing of the work without the necessity of receiving the composer.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe announced a few days ago in Cleveland that after two more seasons they would retire permanently from the stage. For some time it has been their purpose to set a final limit to their dramatic activities and then say farewell to the stage. Mr. Sothern said for Miss Marlowe and himself that it was not their purpose to engage in noisy farewell tours, but they had decided after two more seasons to retire to private life and enjoy that domesticity which a dramatic career with its constant travel does not permit.

The broad back of Shakespeare has still another load to bear; it seems that he wrote the Psalms. The word "Shakespeare" contains four vowels and six consonants; 4 and 6 placed together signify 46; in the 46th psalm the 46th word is "shake," and the 46th word from the end is "spear."

## CURRENT VERSE

## The Song of Jethro the Potter.

Jethro the potter am I,  
Lord of no ancient line,  
Yet at my breath the clay  
Glow with the spark divine.  
Though at my bidding, men  
Bend not the servile knee,  
Yet in my hands dead earth  
Takes on eternity.  
Mounted on prancing steeds,  
Kings pass me by, nor guess  
How soon shall pomp and name  
Suffer forgetfulness;  
While I, all ragged clad,  
Shaping with fingers deft  
Urns for the dust of those  
Time has of life heretofore,  
Whistle my life away,  
Kingdoms and kings forgot,  
Sure that while time endures  
My art shall perish not.

—Reginald Dunderdale Forbes, in the Craftsman.

## Ode to Discord.

(Inspired by a Strauss Symphony.)

Hence loathed Melody, whose name recalls  
The mellow fluting of the nightingale  
In some sequestered vale,  
The murmur of the stream  
Heard in a dream,  
Or drowsy plash of distant waterfalls!  
But thou, divine Cacophony, assume  
The rightful overlordship in her room,  
And with Percussion's stimulating aid  
Expel the heavenly hut no longer youthful maid!  
Bestir ye, minions of the goddess new,  
And pay her homage due.  
First let the gong's reverberating clang  
With clash of shivering metal  
Inaugurate the reign of Sturm und Drang!  
Let drums (hass, side, and kettle)  
Add to the general welter, and conspire  
To set our senses furiously on fire.  
Noise, yet more noise, I say. Ye trumpets, hark!  
In unrelated keys and rend the affrighted air,  
Nor let the shrieking piccolo refrain  
To pierce the midstmost marrow of the brain.  
Bleat, cornets, bleat, and let the loud bassoon  
Bay like a bloodhound at an azure moon!  
Last, with stentorian roar,  
To consummate our musical Majuba,  
Let the profound bass tuba  
Emit one long and Broddingnagian snore.

—London Spectator.

## The Road-Song of the Race.

I have lived in the garden with Adam,  
And eaten the fruit of the tree;  
I have hidden, ashamed, from the face of God,  
For I dreamed that He could not see.  
The flaming sword of the Angel of Wrath  
Has driven me over the earth;  
I am marked with the mark of the murderer  
Cain;  
I have traveled at death and at birth.  
With patriarch, priest, and prophet, I seek for a  
Promised Land;  
Lead me, brother; follow me, brother; brother,  
Oh, take my hand!  
I am moving onward and ever on; O brother, I  
may not stand!  
I have made my children the slaves of trade,  
And scarred their backs with the rod;  
For a hag of gold with a sword of steel  
I have broken the laws of God.  
But whenever a cause demands my life,  
I have laid it down with a will;  
For honor and love and a heartwung cry  
I can play the hero still.  
My feet are firm on the steep, straight way, though  
I doubt if I understand;  
Whether you lead or follow me, brother, let us  
go hand in hand!  
And stay not behind, dear brother of mine, on  
the road to the Promised Land.  
—Irene P. McKechn, in the Century Magazine.

An unavailing effort has been made to find any descendants of Rousseau to represent him at the 200th anniversary of his birth, on June 25. As Rousseau left his children to be brought up by the founding asylums, it is no wonder that the world does not know anything about his posterity. A descendant of the great-uncle of Rousseau has been found, and he will have a conspicuous part in the coming celebration.

## Have You Thought About It?

How far does a street-car crew travel in a year? How many thousand miles are covered, how many thousand passengers safely carried by these captains and first mates of the humming trolley?

The exact figures could be obtained by careful and minute application, as it is known that the cars of the United Railroads last year traveled a distance of 22,077,429 miles. This is almost nine hundred times around the world. All but a very small percentage of these twenty-two million miles were reeled off inside the municipal corporation. The line to San Mateo is the only extension outside of the city itself.

The cars traveled this distance to carry 223,811,685 passengers.

Naturally in covering twenty-two million miles, some accidents were bound to occur, but they were few in number, owing to the alertness of motormen and conductors, trained to their positions. How many accidents to heedless pedestrians and to hurrying passengers alighting from and getting aboard cars were prevented by these keen-eyed carmen will never be known. Not a day passes that they do not prevent numerous careless persons from injury. Sometimes they are thanked, sometimes not; sometimes they are berated by the very person whom they have saved from his or her own carelessness.

There are real heroes in the service, but they regard it as being all in the day's work. No other class which comes in contact with the public has so much to contend against, so many different natures to meet. No other class of workmen occupies such a trying position. Not every man is fitted by temperament to be either a captain or a first mate aboard the trolley ship.

It is astonishing how pedestrians throw themselves in the way of danger. Stand opposite any busy safety station and observe how people dash in front of a moving car, probably failing to see it, owing to a passing van having hidden it from view. A false step would mean a dangerous accident, one which the car crew might be unable to prevent. Again passengers fail to observe the proper methods of alighting from a car. Some will not wait for it to come to a stop. They step straight out or get off backwards. Many a bad fall has resulted from just such actions. Women, especially, alight backwards, though the cars contain large illustrations of the right and the wrong way of stepping off. Repeated warnings on the part of the crews have small effect, although a fall generally results in the passenger blaming the carmen or the company itself. The pay-as-you-enter cars have prevented many such accidents, for passengers can not get on or off until the car comes to a dead stop, owing to the gate arrangement. The establishment of the traffic squad police in the downtown section has also had a most gratifying effect. Since the squad began to handle traffic in a metropolitan manner, its members are a compelling force in the safeguarding of hurrying, rushing, headlong men and flustered women, and their efforts are of essential assistance to the car crews.

To carry nearly two hundred and twenty-four million passengers last year required the services of 1800 platform men, for the United Railroads is the largest employer of labor in San Francisco.

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## BOOK PLAYS AND STAGE LIFE.

Florence Roberts is at the Orpheum this week in a little play which is not merely unworthy of her art but so absurd in motive and plan that it would not be taken seriously under ordinary circumstances. But Florence Roberts has earned the regard of San Francisco theatre-goers by long and sincere effort and the patient acquiring of a technique that informs a notable talent. She has been seen and admired in many rôles here, and in some of them she has presented memorable characterizations. Her friends are numerous, even in a vaudeville audience, and they would look and listen with respect, no matter how crude or trivial the composition in which she appeared.

"The Miracle," is the title given by the author, James H. Morrison, to his play, and he calls it a fantasy. It is really a modern psychological novel condensed to two scenes, and in the condensing such weighty issues as the desertion and death of a girl, other crimes that bring legal indictments, and suicide by the pistol route, are dismissed with a line or two for each, while a trumpery misunderstanding and a foolish promise, extorted by trickery, are made serious and high-piled obstacles to the culmination of an uncertain and long suppressed love affair. A popular novelist of the soul-searching sort could have made the story cover two hundred pages, and commend itself to readers who hunger for the details of a complication in which the husband and the other man are subjects of hesitating choice by the woman in the case. But it is not a play, and if it is a fantasy it is no miracle. By the way, the author, or one of the same name, plays the only part in the offering that can be regarded with sympathetic interest.

Just at this time, when everybody not practicing politics is writing a play, it is remarkable that good dramatic sketches are so rare. Novels are produced at a rate which provides a new one for every meal-hour, and there are among them occasional lapses from the usual. In this abundance there should be suggestions for acceptable scene and action plots. Suggestions is the word, for book life and stage life are quite different varieties of existence. There have been few dramatizations from stories that have acted well. Two of the most enduring—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Rip Van Winkle"—owe but little to the authors and a great deal to the playwrights. One of the reasons why the literary dramas of the time are not successful in the theatre may be discerned easily in this light.

Fortunately, there are other and lighter numbers on the current Orpheum programme. Al and Fannie Steadman give the sort of impudent, intimate, irresponsible fooling in their "Piano Capers" that laps the soul of the inert vaudeville habitué in sweet elysium. Al plays the piano, sings, and clowns, and Fannie sings, dances, and makes confidential advances to the audience. No little talent and a world of experience are indicated in the results they obtain.

The Weston and Bentley Company of four have an ingenious and elaborate setting for their musical act, and utilize it successfully. Their concluding novelty, a four-handed and harmoniously developed xylophone, is almost unobjectionable, the first variety of that fearful instrument which could be so described.

M. Georges Simondet is a French lyric tenor with a miniature voice, which he uses with art. La Petite Mignon is a restless, flashing singer and impersonator, with ability to mimic well but not to make her songs intelligible. The Five Sullys work hard in a farce, with little tickling success, but dance remarkably well. John Tiller's London Company of singers and dancers, twenty odd, nearly all girls and boys, are agile and industrious. They need better direction and an original master of dances. The Four Ritchies are clever comedy cyclists.

L. R. Stockwell, comedian and manager, is dead. A career of notable successes and vicissitudes is closed, but in any history of Pacific Coast dramatic progress it must form one of the important chapters. Mr. Stockwell was a member of the Boston Theatre stock company in his native city in 1869-70-71. Then he came to California, and for the forty years following his name was one of the most familiar to those interested in any way in the theatre. He was actor, star, and manager at various times, and always spurred on to theatrical enterprises beyond his capital or slowing public appreciation. His power as a comedian was seldom unequal to a fair representation, if it never rose to the highest artistic plane, but he has left few dramatic portraits in the memories of his admirers. He was, perhaps, greatest in his quick recognition of ability in others, and in his readiness to aid and advise sagaciously. He was manager of the old Alcazar Theatre for a time, and twenty years ago a new theatre on lower Powell Street, afterward the Columbia, for two or three seasons bore his name. Several stage notables began their stage life under his management and owe something to his early encouragement. Maude Adams and Blanche Bates are two of the stars who remember him gratefully for opportunities he afforded them at the beginning of their careers.

Six years ago blindness ended the comedian's active participation in the profession to which he had given all his serious efforts, and after that blow his days were not happy ones, yet he never lost his courage or his hope. The friends that he had made in earlier years, some of them at least, did not forget him, and though the thousands he had made during his prosperity had been almost as quickly put again into circulation, he always knew where to look for assistance. Mr. Stockwell is survived by a widow, Ethel Brandon, from whom he had long been separated, and a daughter, Polly Stockwell.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Helen Ware to Be Seen at the Columbia Theatre.

Helen Ware in "The Price" will appear at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night for a two weeks' engagement. This will be Miss Ware's first introduction to local theatre-goers as the star of her own company, but reviews of her artistic work in many prominent productions in the East have preceded her, and she will be welcomed. So marked was the success of this young actress in the rôle of Annie Jeffries in "The Third Degree" that Henry B. Harris bestowed upon her the distinction and honors of stardom. This season, as Ethel Toscani in "The Price," Miss Ware is said to justify clearly her elevation to the head of her own company. The same cast and production that were used at the Hudson Theatre, New York, will be seen here.

George Broadhurst, the author of "The Price," is said to have chosen well when he based his story upon the relentlessness with which Fate pursues an erring woman. He paints with the sure touch of a master in stagecraft an easily recognizable picture of a woman who is tortured in heart and soul by the ever-present knowledge of her guilt. He shows the constant fear of discovery of her secret which torments her, and he brings his principal characters to crises, slowly but surely, until suddenly they are confronted by the truth in nakedness. In the climax of the third act Miss Ware is said to rise to the heights in emotional acting. The cast includes Harrison Hunter, Jessie Ralph, Margaret McWade, George W. Barnum, Gertrude Dalton, and Robert W. Hudson.

## At the Orpheum.

The celebrated Mountain Ash Male Choir, composed of eighteen Welsh singers who have repeatedly won first prizes at the national Eisteddfod, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. Gwilym Taff and Harry Lewis, tenors, and Godfrey Price, basso, are the principal soloists. The choir has a large repertory and makes frequent changes of programme. It is unnecessary to eulogize these singers, for the furor they created some time ago, when they sang at the Scottish Rite Hall here, has become musical history. Monday night the Welsh residents of this city will attend the theatre in full force to do honor to their countrymen.

Bert Leslie, "the King of Slang," will present the newest of the Hogan series, "Hogan the Painter." This skit puts into circulation about fifty new phrases that will probably spread like wildfire. Leslie makes it his business to invent the slang which everybody uses, and his success is demonstrated by his strong following and great number of imitators. Last season Leslie was featured in Charles Frohman's production of "Our Miss Gibbs," and prior to that he played the principal comedy rôle in "Fluffy Ruffles." He was also a prominent member of Lew Fields's original presentation of "The Henpecks."

Salerno, "the Unusual Juggler," who also comes next week, is a favorite here. He never fails to make good and his stunts are original and difficult.

The Kremka Brothers, original, daring, and eccentric comedy gymnasts, will furnish a skillful and interesting act.

Next week will be the last of Al and Fannie Steadman; the Four Ritchies; La Petite Mignon, and Reba and Inez Kaufman. It will also conclude the engagement of Florence Roberts, who is scoring a success in James H. Morrison's one-act fantasy, "The Miracle."

## Kinemacolor Pictures at the Cort Theatre.

Any one who would have predicted a few years ago that any kind of motion pictures would be exhibited at a Broadway Theatre in New York at the dollar-and-a-half scale of prices and draw capacity audiences would

have been looked upon as a dreamer. Yet this remarkable thing is now happening at the New York Theatre, where the wonderful Kinemacolor Pictures of the gorgeous Durbar coronation in India are being shown. The invention of Kinemacolor has revolutionized photography and the cinematograph, and today it stands on a plane of popularity that is the subject of comment throughout the scientific and theatrical world.

The pictures of the Durbar in India, when King George and Queen Mary were proclaimed emperor and empress, are creating enthusiastic comment in London and New York, and words fail to describe the brilliant reproductions of the greatest Oriental pageant that the world has ever known. In viewing the Kinemacolor Pictures of the Durbar, one is impressed not only with the fidelity of motion and action, but chiefly by the perfect fidelity with which the colors are reproduced. Like scenes from the Arabian Nights, the gorgeous spectacle of the Durbar is presented with its hosts of distinguished personages, king-emperor, queen-empress, princes and rajahs of India, chieftains and officialism, thousands of British and Indian soldiers, and many hundreds of thousands of the people of that mighty empire, all attired in glowing colors of kaleidoscopic hues. Horses, elephants, sacred camels, and oxen, all glitteringly attired, fill the scenes, while overhead is the turquoise-blue sky, pulsating with the heat-rays of the glowing December sun.

The entire series of the Durbar in Kinemacolor, exactly as shown in New York, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre, beginning Monday evening, June 17. Performances will be given afternoons and evenings. The scale of prices for the engagement has been fixed at 25 and 50 cents.

Among the subjects to be shown in Kinemacolor will be the arrival of the king and queen at Bombay, the grand entry into Bombay, preparing for the coronation at the Durbar; the royal arrival at Delhi; the state entry into Delhi; rehearsing the Calcutta pageant; the coronation Durbar ceremony; the camp of the king at Delhi; the state garden party, horse races, etc.

## Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The entertaining bill at the Pantages Theatre is serving to crowd that home of vaudeville to the doors these afternoons and evenings, some of the good things offered being Frederick V. Bowers, the well-known singing comedian and song writer, and his company, in "Bright Smiles and Bright Songs"; Jessie Keller, the "Venus on Wheels," in her pretty act; Jewell and Jordan, the wonderful whistlers, and Don and O'Neal, "the captain and the kidnapper."

Next Sunday comes a bright aggregation of attractions, an interesting feature of which will be Arnoldo's Leopards, presenting the "act beautiful." The trainer has nearly a dozen of the beautiful though treacherous animals in a complete state of subjugation, and he gives a performance as interesting as it is daring. The six Celli Operatic Singers, from the Metropolitan and Chicago Grand Opera Companies, will appear in costume and a beautiful stage setting, in numbers from "Carmen," "Faust," and other standard operas. The singers, equally divided as to sex, are said to have splendid voices which they know how to use. Ramona Ortiz, known as the "Queen of the Wire," and a big feature with the Ringling Circus, will present a difficult and applause-compelling act, and Leon Yacklay and George Bunnell, announced as "two wandering but perfectly sane musicians," will offer the specialty that has gained them fame in the principal vaudeville houses of the country. Frank A. Trenor and his clever little company of farceurs will present "A Yellow Scoop," Oliver White's newspaper satire, said to be full of good fun; and Elsa Grosser, a young and talented violin virtuoso, will be heard for the first time in this city. Frank E. McNish, well remembered here by old-timers for his minstrel act of "Silence and Fun," and his son, Frank J., will appear in a bodge-podge of nonsense, entitled "Bonehead Frolics." Sunlight pictures will complete the programme.

## Juvenile Players in "Posterfolk."

The performance at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday evening, June 23, of "Posterfolk" gives promise of being one of the cleverest affairs of its kind ever given in San Francisco. Rehearsals have been going on for several weeks past, and the work has progressed with gratifying results. Miss L. Forsyth has been more than pleased with the good work to date from the hundred and fifty children participants, who have been under her guidance preparing the presentation of the operetta.

The programme, in addition to the performance of the dainty operetta, "Posterfolk," will contain many clever and entirely new specialties, which will also be offered by the juvenile players. In the cast of "Posterfolk" and in whose hands will rest the major portion of the comedy are Chester Cohan (a future George Cohan) and Joe Meyer (who is sure to be a rival of Sam Bernard for stage honors). Included also in the long list of principals is little Alma

Tuchler, who with Arline Levy will offer several specialties; Ruth Miller, the child wonder sourette; Harold Hartman, as the Dutch comedian; George Hanghy, a six-year-old stage aspirant; Alyce Conley, the juvenile character singer; Dorothy Wise, Pearl Peck, and Kenneth Kock, in whom Miss Forsyth believes she has found a baby Mikail Mordkin, will have important rôles in the operetta. Interpolated in the original score of "Posterfolk" are many of the popular songs and several compositions of the young participants in the performance. The toe ballet will be a feature, in which the youngest of the players will be seen. Jerome Bayer, fourteen years old, has written a prologue for "Posterfolk." An augmented orchestra will be used and is to be under the direction of Cantor Solomon. The performance has been arranged by the Progress Committee of the Bush Street Temple, who are in charge of all details.

Henrietta Crossman's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will come to a close with the performance of "The Real Thing" this Saturday evening.

James K. Hackett is to produce a new play by Booth Tarkington. Its première will take place at the Columbia Theatre in this city.

The Wednesday matinées during the Helen Ware engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be given at special bargain prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

Freedom from indigestion can be obtained by partaking of a glass of the Italian-Swiss Colony's delicious table wine, Tiro, with your meals.

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CELLI OPERATIC SEXTETTE, presenting "In  
Old Madrid"; RAMONA ORTIZ, Queen of the  
Wire; FRANK A. TRENOR and Co., presenting  
"A Yellow Scoop"; YACKLAY and BUNNELL,  
Two Wandering but Perfectly Sane Musicians;  
McNISH and McNISH, in "Bonehead Frolics";  
ELSA GROSSER, Violin Virtuoso, and SUN-  
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Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:30, 9:15. Sun-  
days and Holidays, mats. 1:30 and 3:30,  
continuous from 9:30. Prices, 25c to \$1.00.



VANITY FAIR.

If there are any wealthy American ladies who would like to be duchesses they have now an opportunity that may not occur again. There is also a vacancy for a queen, but something more than money will be needed to secure the place. It is, of course, unlikely that earthly titles can relax the rigidity of democratic principles among women who yearn for nothing but babies and votes, but there may be some rare exceptions who still hanker after titular distinctions.

It is like this. It is just possible that Portugal will go royalist if the monarchical party can buy enough bayonets and dynamite for the approaching primaries. They don't call them primaries in Portugal, but there is no practical difference if we may judge from the language. There are two possible kings, Manuel and Miguel, and, curiously enough, they are both in need of money and are ready to part with all kinds of titles at a great reduction for cash. Miguel has already secured an American wife, or been secured by an American wife, so that he can not offer a throne, there being absurd conventions about polygamy and divorce in Portugal. Manuel, on the other hand, is still unmarried, speaking in a technical sense, and is open to offers. Of course any transactions with these gentlemen imply a good deal of a gamble, but that should do no more than give a zest to the game. It will be necessary that they first secure control of the Portuguese convention and appoint the temporary chairman, but they believe that they have delegates enough for this purpose, admirably armed and ready at the first signal to pour over the frontier and loot the Republican towns. Then they will have to settle the matter of the nomination between themselves, and of course the only valid titles will be those conferred by the victor, so that there is quite a sporting element in the business. Both Manuel and Miguel are ready to allot the titles upon receipt of application accompanied with check, which will not be returned. Price lists are not issued, but preference will be given to those sending the largest contributions.

Every one knows that the French postage stamps are the most beautiful in the world, mainly because beauty is the chief idea underlying their design. But evidently the desire for beauty can be carried too far, as witness the horrid story that comes from French Indo-China. The stamps supplied to this far-off dependency have been of unusually fine design, the centrepieces being portrait and full-length studies of women carefully selected for their charms. It never occurred to any one in France to ask as to the identity of these women. It was enough that they were beautiful and that their portraits upon the stamps were decorative to the highest degree. But now comes an unpleasant revelation. It seems that these women are actually not respectable, and that the French postoffice has been directing its best efforts to the perpetuation of faces only too well known throughout gay life in Indo-China. So the stamps have been canceled in a hurry and henceforth the authorities will confine themselves to the safe lines of natural scenery.

But there is no reason why we should not have the faces of women upon our postage stamps, and it is a little surprising that women themselves have not attended to this matter. Why should we not commemorate in this way the immortal achievements of Mrs. Belmont, for example, or Carrie Nation, or any of the lesser Boadiceas who have submitted to the agonies of publicity in their zeal for the public good? There would be a certain delicate symbolism about such a change. Mrs. Belmont's head on a postage stamp would be a sort of reminder to her followers all over the world that they must stick to it if they expect to win.

The argument upon courtesy to women continues to rage in the New York Sun, but during the last few days the opinions have been somewhat less strenuous. The correspondents are unable to agree as to whether a man should remove his hat in an elevator when women are present. A woman who describes herself as a Southerner says she can see no earthly reason why he should, but in the course of the same letter she says "it is certainly very pleasing to have a man hold his hat in hand when engaged in a moment's conversation with a woman." But why should a man remove his hat in the street and keep it on his head while in an elevator? An elevator is not essentially different from a street-car, for example, and yet no one thinks of removing his hat in a street-car because women are present, and there are very few men who will even give up their seats in a street-car to a woman.

It is really quite difficult to know how to behave toward the modern woman, even when one has the best of intentions. A few days ago the writer was sharply reproved by a woman companion for offering two nickels in exchange for a street-car conductor. Perhaps I should not have offered the two nickels, but I would not have done so on a street-car where you paid after entering. I consequently had some opportunity to observe whether the woman preferred to

pay for herself. But somehow it goes against the grain to offer only one nickel to a pay-as-you-enter conductor when a woman companion is close at your side with her nickel in a purse, which is in a bag, which she can't open. But in this instance the woman was annoyed and spoke as though the votes-for-women principle had been in some way infringed.

Upon another occasion, but also within the last month, the writer was similarly reproved for leaving the street-car within a few blocks of his own destination in order to accompany a woman friend to her door. And it was late at night, too. He was told somewhat tartly that women are now able to take care of themselves and that they considered such attentions as a mark of their subservience. The former rebuke was administered by an elderly woman and the latter by a young and pretty woman who really should have had an escort, considering the lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the street. So what is one to do? The attitude of these particular women is typical of that of a good many. They have adopted a pose of resentment against the small chivalries that come automatically to the average man. They choose to regard them as marks of sex subservience and they resent them in a way that is a little abashing. And yet as soon as men begin to neglect these same chivalries they are soundly trounced for a decay of manners.

Another pose of the modern woman is the theory that sex is merely an external accident and therefore that she should be treated by men as a comrade. That time will never come, at least not this week. Chesterton was once told by a hostess that she expected him to treat her as he treated his male comrades. Madam, he said in effect, if I were to treat you as a comrade for two minutes you would turn me out of the house. And she would, too.

There is one thing that women overlook when they resent the small chivalries of life, and it is a thing by no means easy to state. Chivalry is a strand in the leash by which men restrain one of the cyclone forces in their own nature, a force that without the restraint of chivalry would make our civilization look like thirty cents. The wall of protection that surrounds the weakest and frailest woman among us is not civilization, nor laws, but the innate feeling of chivalry that shows itself in the small observances of life. Let that chivalry be removed and women are face to face with brute physical force. Perhaps that same idea was in the mind of Marie Corelli when she reminded the new kind of women that unless they behaved themselves they might find themselves shut up in harems. Unless and until women are prepared to defend themselves by physical force they would do well to encourage chivalry as one of those vague and impalpable powers that are yet able to chain up a destructive human force that, if unchained, could reduce the world to a saturnalia of barbarism within the week.

Some newspapers have been talking very absurdly because a fashionable hotel in Chicago charged 40 cents for a plate of eight stewed prunes, or at the rate of 5 cents a prune. The Santa Clara growers, we are reminded, get something like 5 cents a pound for their prunes, and there is a wide difference between 5 cents a prune and 5 cents a pound.

Of course there is, and there is a wide difference between prunes in the orchard and prunes in a Chicago hotel. As a matter of fact the diner at the Chicago hotel was not buying prunes at all. He was buying the hospitality of the hotel, and this included a sumptuous service, with all the accessories of table linen, silverware, the pay of a staff of cooks, probably flowers on the table, and the nuisance of an expensive orchestra in the background. An hotel does not sell prunes. It is not a grocery store. It supplies prunes, if ordered, as a small detail of a vast and extensive service for the comfort of its patrons. If the diner in question had been content to go to the nearest shop, buy his prunes there, and eat them in the street out of a paper bag he certainly would not have paid 5 cents apiece for them or anything like it. But he preferred to eat them cooked and in comfort, and probably he paid a fair price for what he received.

One of the most extraordinary reasons for suffragette indignation ever recorded was advanced in London by Dr. Ethel Smythe, who was invited by a court of law to explain why she had broken the windows of Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the secretary of state for the colonies. It appears that Mr. Harcourt's windows were not broken merely upon general principles. The beautiful Ethel Smythe "went for to do it," so to speak. She had determined that if no other windows were broken, these should be. She had marked them for her own. She had gone forth filled with fire and fury to wreak vengeance upon the luckless Harcourt.

But why? Let us give the reasons in the language of the fair Ethel herself. Mr. Har-

court, discussing the question of the suffrage, had said in public that he would be happy to give the vote to women if all of them were as intelligent and in every way admirable as his own wife. This had appeared to the window-breaking Ethel as the most impudent and the most fatuous thing she had ever heard, and she had determined that Mr. Harcourt's windows should pay the price for it. Did he then suppose that he had the pick of the basket, and that there were no other women whose virtues were equal to those of Mrs. Harcourt?

Now really this seems to be hard upon Harcourt. All decent men believe their wives to be the pick of the basket, and they are usually applauded for saying so. Of course we all

know that the other man's wife is not the pick of the basket, for the simple reason that we secured the pick ourselves, but all the same we smile indulgently upon him and recognize that in spite of the mistake the sentiment does him credit. But Ethel Smythe takes it as a personal insult that must be expiated in broken glass.

Now suppose Mr. Harcourt had reversed his statement. Would he have given any greater satisfaction? It is to be feared not. Suppose he had said that he would heartily oppose the suffrage if only he could be convinced that all women were as stupid, as ill-balanced, and as unreliable as his own wife. Would that have been any improvement? Would that have saved his windows?

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to hottle

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Having need of some small change, the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs. "Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?" "Yes'm—two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please m'm."

A cook has been going round a station in the south of India with the following "character," and is somewhat surprised he is not engaged: "Abdul has been my cook for three months; it seems much longer. He leaves on account of ill health—my ill health."

A famous art expert was talking at a dinner in Philadelphia about some of Sargent's cruelly realistic portraits. "Sargent once painted a Philadelphia woman," he said, "and when the work was finished the lady's coachman called for it. As the coachman was studying the portrait Sargent said to him: 'How do you like it?' The man answered thoughtfully: 'Well, sir, ye might have made it a little better lookin', mebbe, but if ye had, ye'd have spoilt it.'"

There was an Irishman who was in the habit of getting drunk. His wife told him that he must not come home when he was drunk. One night he became intoxicated, and remembered his wife's command. To appease her he bought some chrysanthemums. When he reached the bottom of the stairs she called out: "Have you been drinking?" "No," he answered, "I have been buying you some chrys—chrys—" and could go no further. "Oh," he murmured, "why didn't I get roses?"

A workman called at the home of President Taft's brother Charles in Cincinnati to perform some odd job, and he paused to note the priceless paintings in Brother Charles's private gallery. He was attracted to a small original Van Dyke and moved up closer to get a better look. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "I've got that same thing down home. Yes, it's exactly like that. My wife got it some place here in town. Are they worth much?" "That one is worth \$35,000," he was told. "Hum!" he murmured. "I guess I'll have ours framed."

Two tourists were traveling in Spain, but they could not speak the native language and found considerable difficulty in making known their wants. Eventually they came to a wayside inn and decided that they would partake of roast beef with the usual trimmings. "How shall we manage it?" asked one. "Oh, we'll draw a picture of a bull!" replied the other. The waiter was handed the drawing and left them, apparently to execute their order. Then he came back, but he had no steaming plate of roast beef and Yorkshire. Instead he calmly handed them two tickets for a bullfight.

A young Englishman applied to the head librarian of the New York Public Library for a position. The official questioned him regarding his knowledge of English literature. "Have you ever heard of W. M. Thackeray?" was the first query. "Ever heard of him?" exclaimed the applicant. "Why, I knew him well. We lived in the same neighborhood in London, and often took walks together Sunday afternoons." "Of course you know of Charles Dickens?" said the librarian. "I should say I do," replied the Englishman. "Mr. Dickens and I were on terms of the greatest intimacy in the old country." "And George Eliot?" continued the library head. "George Eliot?" ejaculated the young man. "Why, I used to room with him."

Clancy was working for the Illinois Central as switchman at the same time that Mr. Fish, a strict disciplinarian and a dignified gentleman, was serving the same company as president. One day Clancy entered the office of the president, his pipe in his mouth, his hat tilted on the side of his head, and he thus addressed the head of the road: "Mr. Fish," he began, "I am a switchman for your road and I want a pass to St. Louis." Mr. Fish looked at Clancy disapprovingly. "Now, look here, Clancy," he said, "I'm going to give you the pass, all right; but don't you think you ought to come in here a little more respectfully? Suppose you come back for the pass in an hour and come back with your hat in your hand, your pipe in your pocket."

In an hour Clancy came back, fire in his eye, and the following colloquy occurred: "Good-morning. Is this Mr. Fish, president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company?" "It is, and I think you are Mr. Clancy of the operating department. What can I do for you, Mr. Clancy?" "You can go straight to blue blazes. I've got a pass over the Wabash."

A small applicant for assistance was being interviewed by the charity worker. "What is your father?" asked the latter. "E's me father." "Yes, but what is he?" "Oh! 'E's me stepfather." "Yes, yes, but what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys or drive buses, or what?" "O-o-w!" exclaimed the small applicant, with dawning light of comprehension. "No, 'e aint done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im."

Henry Watterson, in an interview in Washington, praised the American journalist of the old school. "The journalist of the old school," said Mr. Watterson, with his hearty laugh, "was remarkable above all things for versatility. He, unlike your college-bred journalist of today, never knew, when he turned up at the office, whether he'd be handed a mop, an opera ticket, or a pair of shears—and he was equally at home with all three."

Augustus Thomas, the guest of honor at a recent Lotos Club dinner in New York, was talking about certain "advanced" dramatists. "The trouble with these men," said Mr. Thomas, "is that they don't tell the truth. They look at life with cynical, morbid eyes. Their view of life, in fact, is about as true as the old bachelor's view of marriage. 'They say,' growled the old bachelor, 'that marriage is a lottery, but that's a lie; for in a lottery you do have a chance.'"

Joh E. Hedges, at the St. Andrew's Society dinner in New York, was talking to a neighbor about Scotch economy. "The Scotch," he said, "are economical and honest. They live on principle—and interest. But the desire to economize is not allowed by the Scotch to affect their honor. It wasn't a Scotch economist who said one day to a friend: 'It is wonderful how I make things last. Do you see this umbrella? Well, I bought it eleven years ago. I had it recovered in 1902 and 1907, got three new ribs put in it in 1908, and exchanged it for a new one at a restaurant last November.'"

The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazzarin without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous; a less skillful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. The duke entered briskly and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence," and the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal and was, six months afterwards, Marshal of France.

There was a New York man whose daughter, during a winter in Nice, got engaged to a certain Count Beau de Beaumont. The New York man was rich at the time, but a few weeks before the date set for the wedding he went to smash. "My dear Count Beau de Beaumont," he groaned that night, "I'm very sorry for you. You are to marry my daughter—you were to have had \$35,000 a year—but the crash has come. I'm ruined now. How sorry I am, count!" But Count Beau de Beaumont gave the New York man a reassuring slap on the back. "Oh, don't you worry about me, sir," he said, with an easy laugh. "With a title like mine, you know, I can find another heiress tomorrow."

While spending the winter in Georgia before his inauguration as President Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a stanch Democrat—who said: "Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but I wanted to see you win." Judge Taft replied: "You remind me of the story of Br'er Jasper and Br'er Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shiloh Baptist Church, although avowed enemies. Br'er Jasper died and the other deacons told Br'er Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented. Sunday night, when time for the eu-

logy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and sisteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper tonight, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we know he aint.'"

Judge M. W. Pinckney at a recent banquet recalled an incident to show that there is some humor associated with such a serious thing as the law. In Dawson City a colored man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him. "No, sah," said Sam. "I'se gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote."

An old farmer went to a cattle show to exhibit a favorite cow, with which he had high hopes of winning the first prize. On learning the result, and that his cow had been placed fifth, his anger knew no bounds, and, rushing into the ring, he attacked the judges. "Why is my cow not first. What are her faults, I'd like to know?" At this point one of the judges approached him and answered: "Her faults, my good man, are somewhat akin to your own. She lacks good breeding."



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. George F. Ashton has announced the engagement of her younger daughter, Miss Bessie Ashton, to Mr. John T. Pigott of this city. Miss Ashton is a sister of Miss Helen Ashton and Mr. Raymond Ashton, a niece of Mrs. William Renwick Smedberg and the late Colonel William Renwick Smedberg, U. S. A., and a cousin of Mrs. George W. McIvor of Manila, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Captain William Renwick Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A. Mr. Pigott is the son of Judge William T. Pigott and Mrs. Pigott of Helena, Montana, and a brother of Miss Winifred Pigott, and the Messrs. Curtis and William T. Pigott. The wedding will be a social event in September.

Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Julia Langhorne, to Lieutenant James Parker, U. S. N. Miss Langhorne is a sister of Mrs. Richard Hammond (formerly Miss Maizie Langhorne) and Mr. James Potter Langhorne, Jr. She is a cousin of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and a niece of Captain George Langhorne, U. S. A., of Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and Mrs. Powell Clayton (formerly Miss Nannie Langhorne), whose husband, Captain Clayton, U. S. A., is also stationed at Fort Oglethorpe. Lieutenant Parker is the son of Colonel James Parker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker, and a brother of Mrs. Cushman, wife of Captain Guy Cushman, U. S. A. Lieutenant Parker is stationed at Newport, where he is connected with the submarine service.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Williams of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Monroe Eyre Pinckard of San Rafael was announced Monday in this city, where Miss Williams is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein (formerly Miss Frances Williams). Miss Williams is the daughter of Mr. Gardner Williams and the late Mrs. Williams and a sister of Mrs. Harry Faust of Washington, D. C. (formerly Miss Gertrude Williams), and Mr. Alpheus Williams of South Africa. She is a niece of Mrs. E. B. Clement and Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness, and a cousin of Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. John T. Taylor of Boston, and the Messrs. Frank and Thomas Van Ness. Mr. Pinckard is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard of San Rafael, a grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, and a nephew of Mrs. Richard Girvin and Miss Mary Eyre, and the Messrs. Edward Liburn, Perry, and Robert Eyre. His cousins are Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Elena Eyre, and the Messrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., Edward Eyre, Jr., and Atherton Eyre.

From New York comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Grace Violet Reynolds and Mr. William Jacques Adams of Menlo Park. Miss Reynolds is the daughter of Mrs. Reynolds and the late Mr. George Osman Reynolds of Pelham Manor, New York, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. George Huntington Reynolds. Mr. Adams is the son of Dr. William L. Adams of Menlo Park, a grandson of Mrs. Wunam Adams and the late Mr. William James Adams, and a nephew of Mrs. A. Palmer Dudley (formerly Mrs. Cassie Adams Conn) of New York, Mrs. Ansel M. Easton of Millbrae, and Mr. Charles Adams of this city.

The engagement of Miss Adelaide Deming and Mr. N. Lincoln Green of Boston has been announced. Miss Deming is the daughter of Mrs. Deming and the late Mr. E. O. Deming of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry George Weisbrod of Los Angeles have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Pearl Margaret Weisbrod, to Mr. Edward Hammond Hoag, brother of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Mrs. George A. Schultz has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Elise Schultz, to Mr. Samuel Hopkins, who will be married at Trinity Episcopal Church at nine o'clock Wednesday evening, June 26. Mrs. Harold Law will attend her sister as matron of honor, and Miss Enid Gregg will be the maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Ethel Gregg, Cora Kennedy, Alice Warner of Monterey, and Jeanne Hill of New York. Mr. John Gallois will be Mr. Hopkins' best man and the Messrs. Ferdinand Theriot, Kenneth Moore, Stewart Lowry, and Charles Freeborn will be the ushers.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Ide and Mr. Shane Leslie took place Tuesday at the country home, the Cedars, at Port Washington, Long Island, of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran (formerly Miss Anne Ide). Mrs. Cockran was her sister's only attendant. Mr. William Seymour Leslie was his brother's best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. Frank Gray Griswold, Peter F. Dunne, J. Norman De R. Whitehouse, and Representative Nicholas Longworth. Mrs. Shane and Mrs. Cockran are the daughters of Mr. Henry C. Ide, American minister to Spain.

The wedding of Mrs. Gustav Amsinck and Mr. Hamilton Fish will take place June 25 in New York. Mr. Fish is a brother of Mrs. William Lawrence Breeze of San Mateo.

Miss Helen V. Wheeler was hostess Friday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Julia Langhorne, whose engagement to Lieutenant Parker, U. S. N., of Newport, is announced.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin was hostess at a tea Sunday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. John Drury Tallant, who is here from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke gave a dinner recently at the Waverly Country Club in Portland, Oregon, in honor of their house guest, Mrs. Germaine Vincent, formerly Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman of this city.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Eleanor de Fremery, who was married Sunday to Mr. Giulio Minetti.

Mrs. Thomas Olney gave a luncheon at her home in Oakland complimentary to Miss de Fremery.

Mrs. J. K. Armsby entertained a large number of guests Wednesday at a musicale tea for the benefit of St. John's Church in Ross.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps was hostess Thursday at a garden party at her home in San Carlos.

Mrs. Coleman Nockolds entertained at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Edward McClelland, wife of Colonel McClelland, U. S. A. Colonel McClelland has recently come from Rock Island arsenal to join his regiment at the Presidio.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson was host at a stag dinner Saturday evening at his home in Burlingame. Mrs. J. B. Crocker entertained the wives of Mr. Wilson's guests the same evening at a dinner at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Aveni gave a dinner Monday evening at their home on Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner at her home on Broadway, complimentary to Miss Isabel Donahue and Mr. William Laurence Pool of New York, whose engagement was announced to Mr. and Mrs. William Burke, who left the following day for their future home in Dublin.

Dr. E. E. Curtis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Curtis gave a dinner at their home on Yerba Buena prior to their departure for Yosemite Valley.

Captain Clarence B. Stone, U. S. N., was host at a dinner at Mare Island on board the *Buffalo* in honor of Captain Oscar W. Koester, U. S. N., and Mrs. Koester, who were also the complimented guests at a dinner given by Dr. Henry F. Odell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Odell.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayo entertained a number of friends at a tug party and picnic which were followed by a supper at their home on Mare Island.

The Sorosis of San Francisco has issued invitations to a reception Monday, June 24, from four until six o'clock at 536 Sutter Street. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. Philip Carpenter of New York Sorosis.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have closed their town house on Washington Street and moved Saturday to Woodside, where they are occupying their new country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy are established in their new home in Burlingame.

Miss Ruth Winslow spent the week-end in Woodside with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their two little daughters are spending a few weeks with relatives in the East.

Miss Dorothy Williams of Washington, D. C., is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein at their home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Maynie McNutt Potter and her little daughter, Marie Louise Potter, left this week for Colorado Springs, where they will remain until September. They will be joined there by Miss Grace Potter of New York.

Mr. Charles N. Black and his daughter, Miss Marie Louise Black, have rented Mrs. Potter's house on Washington Street. Miss Black has recently graduated from a school in New York.

Mrs. J. Langdon Erving and Mrs. Philip Kearney have come out from New York to spend the summer in Santa Barbara. They will be remembered as Miss Alice Rutherford and Miss Birdie Rutherford, daughters of the late Mrs. George Crocker and the late Mr. Alexander Rutherford of this city.

Miss Esther Denny has been spending a few days in Stockton with Miss Anne Peters.

Mrs. Peter Dunn of San Jose has been spending a few days in town at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Philip Gordon.

Mrs. A. Gerberding has returned from the East and is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr.

and Mrs. Albert Bates. Miss Beatrice Gerberding, who is attending an Eastern school, will return home to spend the summer.

Mrs. Edwin W. Newball and her daughter, Miss Virginia Newball, have gone East to visit relatives.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan have returned to Monterey from Grass Valley, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Joseph Norris has returned from Rome, Italy, where she was called by the serious illness of her son, Mr. John McMullin, who is now convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods spent a few days last week as the guests of Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove at Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monserrat are established for the summer in their new bungalow near Los Gatos. Mrs. Monserrat's sons, the Messrs. George and William Leib, will go down for the week-ends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler left Tuesday for New York to meet their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Jean Wheeler, who have arrived from Florence, where they have been attending school. Miss Lilias Wheeler, who graduated from Vassar, will spend the summer with relatives in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Mr. George H. Hellman is recovering from his recent serious illness.

Miss Martha Calhoun has been spending a few days with Miss Marian Newhall in Palo Alto.

Miss Gertrude Ballard is camping with friends at Camp Meeker.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Oge, left last week for Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellborn Burnett are established for the season in their bungalow at Novato.

Mrs. Worthington Ames and her children have gone to Miramar for the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Kittredge and their son will leave here the last week of June to spend the summer at their country home in the East.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have gone to Santa Barbara, where it is hoped the climate will benefit the health of Mrs. Blair, who is recovering from a severe illness.

Miss May Mullen of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. Russell Lukens, with whom she will spend the summer. Mrs. Lukens may later go to Washington to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne will spend the summer in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough have gone to Palo Alto, where they will spend a month with Mrs. Chesebrough's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newball.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas have leased for three years the country place in Ross of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin.

Miss Lily O'Connor will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel. She has recently been the guest of Baroness von Schroder at her ranch, Eagle's Nest, San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. William H. Crocker recently arrived in New York from London after a few weeks' visit with Mrs. Crocker and the Misses Ethel Mary and Helen Crocker.

Miss Louise Boyd is in Portland, Oregon, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy of this city).

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague, Miss Isabel Donahue, and her fiancé, Mr. William Poole of New York, left a few days ago for Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Jane W. Bothin and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, have decided to occupy their San Mateo home instead of renting it, as they had planned, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Miss Madeline Cummins has gone to Seattle to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Harry Childs.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and their daughters, the Misses Lupita and Anita Borel, will spend a few weeks at the Tavern on Lake Tahoe.

Miss Edith Treanor has been spending the past week in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson (formerly Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins) has arrived from Philadelphia and will be the guest in Menlo Park of her father, ex-Senator Charles N. Felton. She spent the week-end in San Mateo with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emily Tubbs, who have been spending the winter at the Hotel Bellevue, have gone East to attend the graduation at Yale of Mr. Chapin Tubbs.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow have gone to Applegate to spend a few weeks.

Miss Arabella Schwerin returned Monday from an Eastern school and is in San Mateo with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Miss Johanna Volkmann returned to town Tuesday from Woodside, where she has been visiting Miss Elsa Seibling.

Mrs. Irvin J. Wiel and son Robert arrived from New York last Monday and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wiel at 1817 Jackson Street. Mr. Irvin J. Wiel will join them here early in August.

Mrs. John Simpson has returned from Kansas City, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Bishop Sidney C. Partridge and Mrs. Partridge.

Miss Marion Zeile and Mr. Frank King were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker at their country home in Woodside.

Miss Martha Foster of San Rafael has been spending a few days in town with her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Draper.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon has returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bradford Leonard left Monday for their home in New York after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Lane Leonard and little Miss Jean Leonard. They will spend the summer at Briar-Cliff-on-the-Hudson.

Mr. W. F. Herrin and his daughters, the Misses Kate and Alice Herrin, have returned from a month's visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell are again at the Fairmont Hotel after a visit to Webber Lake.

Mrs. Fannie McCreary, the Misses Mildred Baldwin and Gladys Buchanan, have returned from the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin are spending a few weeks in Monterey. Miss Lee Girvin will not return from Europe until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe (formerly Miss Emily Johnson) left Tuesday for their future home in Raymond, Washington.

Mrs. Richard Hammond has arrived from Colorado Springs, where she spent a few days en route home from the East. She is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, and has as her guest Miss Carpenter of Colorado Springs, who accompanied her on her homeward trip.

Mrs. Jesse G. Langdon, formerly Miss Ruth Dunham, has recently been visiting her sister, Miss Mary Dunham, in Los Gatos. Captain Langdon, U. S. A., will shortly join his wife in this city, where they will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Henry P. Schmiedell left Monday for Monterey, where she will spend the summer. She will be joined by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard of San Mateo, who with their sons, the Messrs. George H., Jr., and Harry Howard, will spend the early part of July in Monterey.

Rear-Admiral Uriel Sebree, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Sebree have returned from the East and are at the Fairmont Hotel for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and her daughters, the Misses Eudora and Beatrice Clover, arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and with Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), are established for the summer in their country home near St. Helena.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins has returned to her home in the Presidio after a visit with friends in Palo Alto. She has as her guest her sister, Mrs. Horatio Lawrence (formerly Miss Bessie Cole), who arrived this week from the Philippines.

Mrs. Pope, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Pope of the U. S. S. *Maryland*, is established in an apartment on Bush and Taylor Streets.

Mrs. G. W. Beaver and the Misses Beaver have taken a house in Los Gatos for the summer. They expect to return to town September 1.

Commander De Witt Blamer, former executive officer of the battleship *Wisconsin*, has arrived at Mare Island, where he is in command of the cruiser *Buffalo*.

## Celebration of Bunker Hill Day.

A patriotic musical programme will be arranged by Director Charles H. Cassasa of Golden Gate Park Band for Monday afternoon, June 17, in honor of the 137th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, under the auspices of Bunker Hill Association, Mr. S. M. Holliday, president, at Golden Gate Park.

Bunker Hill Association was organized during the Civil War and rendered valuable services at that time in sanitary work, and has always since that time, under the leadership of Mr. William G. Badger, who was president for over forty years, commemorated annually by patriotic exercises the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The home in San Rafael of Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Foster has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Murphy has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

## SUMMER RESORTS

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

C. C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company, will address the dinner meeting of the Civic League of Improvement Clubs, Thursday evening, June 13, upon the subject, "What the Exposition Company Is Doing."

Twenty-one dentists, three doctors, and four expert chemists comprised the graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, who received their parchments last Thursday night at graduating exercises held at Commandery Hall.

The fifth annual picnic and outing of the San Francisco Postoffice Clerks' Union will be held on Sunday, June 16, at East Shore Park, near Stege.

The estate of the late Nathaniel J. Brittan will be distributed according to his wishes as a result of the finding of his will, written six years ago on wrapping paper and tucked away in a cigar box under a pile of rubbish in one corner of the basement of his home in Redwood City. The will leaves the \$100,000 estate, consisting of property in San Mateo and San Francisco counties, to Brittan's three daughters, Mrs. Carmelita B. Kendall of San Carlos, Mrs. Natalie Newson of Los Angeles, and Miss Belle Brittan of San Francisco. Brittan died May 27.

Mayor Rolph has appointed Dr. A. P. O'Brien to the Board of Health, to succeed Dr. Thomas W. Huntington, resigned. The mayor at the same time announced the appointment of Dr. Hugh Lagan as surgeon to the Fire Department.

When the Olympic Club members take possession of their new clubhouse Saturday night they will be installed in the finest quarters of any athletic club in the West, if not in America. It is estimated that the new building on Post Street represents an outlay of \$500,000. There are accommodations for 3000 members, and with 2000 at present enrolled the directors of the club expect to have the capacity of the building tested within the next year. It has three stories below the street level and four above. The gymnasium is fully equipped with all of the newest contrivances and capable instructors. There are 330 dressing-rooms in the new building and 600 steel lockers. Many of the members of the club will take up their residence within the building, as seventy-six living rooms have been provided, and practically all of them have been spoken for already. The swimming tank is a larger one even than they had in the old building previous to the fire, measuring 100 feet by 30 feet. A reception for members and their friends was held at the new clubhouse Wednesday.

Last Sunday the Hamilton Square Baptist Church dedicated its new structure on the old site on Post Street near Steiner, which has cost \$45,000. The greater part of the funds for the building was acquired under the pastorate of the Rev. Louis J. Sawyer.

The Rev. George A. Hough, pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of San Francisco, and former associate pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, died in Paris June 7, following an operation for

appendicitis. Dr. Hough and his wife were on a tour of the world.

A mammoth building for the 1915 exposition, representing all of the New England states, and costing about \$2,000,000, is the plan now being fostered by the New England Association of California. Obediah Rich, manager of the Palace Hotel, and his wife, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lysander Carson, will lead the grand march at the Bunker Hill ball, June 17. An informal reception for New Englanders will be held at the Palace Hotel, June 17, from two to four p. m. All who ever made their home in New England are invited to this and to the ball and supper.

By a vote of its members the San Francisco Bar Association has refused to endorse Judge William P. Lawlor's candidacy for reelection to succeed himself. It refuses to endorse Lawlor as a candidate at the September primary, when he must make a contest for a place on the ballot at the general election in November. Emil Pohli, who has never held political office, received more votes from the members of the bar than any other of the eight men whose names were submitted for approval or disapproval. His total vote was 234. Judge J. V. Coffey was second highest, receiving 223 votes. Judge E. P. Mogan is third with 163 votes. Judge Graham is fourth on the ticket with a total of 146 votes. Judge Lawlor was sixth on the list, receiving but 105 votes.

Mary O'Neill, who had lived at the Alms-house more than five years as a pauper, and later at St. Mary's Hospital, was discovered to be the possessor of \$15,000, deposited in a bank. The woman died two weeks ago, and after deductions were made for her board during her stay in the public institutions more than \$10,000 remains, for which there are no known heirs.

Fort San Joaquin, an adobe building, erected in 1776 by the Spanish troops under Lieutenant Moraga, the first commandant of the Presidio, has been found by R. E. Wilson, secretary of the Army Men's Christian Association, on a rocky headland above old Fort Point. It was while exploring the Presidio grounds in search of data for a history of the reservation that he came upon the old structure. It is established beyond a doubt that his find once was Fort San Joaquin, constructed in September, 1776, and in use until after the Mexicans threw off the yoke of Spain, more than a century ago. General Vallejo was next to command the fort. He was followed by General Louis Antonio Arguello. Many romances are said to be connected with the old fort, among them being the story of the wooing of Arguello's daughter, Concepcion, by a Russian count sent to this country to ascertain what possibility there was of his country gaining a foothold in California. The count went to Russia to obtain the czar's consent to the match. He did not return and Concepcion entered a convent. Those familiar with the early history of California say that, had the count returned to this state, the entire history of California might have been changed. Bret Harte wrote a poem founded on this story.

"What I enjoy best when I am at leisure is to live in some lovely country place near the city," said Otis Skinner in a recent interview. "There's England. Some one has said of England, 'when she gets up in the morning she grooms and arrays herself, and when you yourself get up she lies there sweetly for you.' The same poet said of America that, although she gets up, she neither washes nor dresses! England is quiet and peaceful, and that is one reason why I like it," he went on, a hunted expression coming over his face. "I live now on Madison Square. When I am in my apartments the blasting, the steam drills, the bel's and whistles and general bedlam make the noises of the stage here seem like a whispering silence."

With an eye to business and striking scenic effect a scheme is on foot to create an artificial island in the centre of the lake of Neuchatel in Switzerland. In the lake there is a submerged mountain, the top of which comes to within six or seven feet of the top of the water, and it is on this mountain that the island will be constructed. A large hotel will be erected on it.

Charles H. Bradshaw, aged sixty-seven, a comedian, who for a number of years was Lotta's leading man, died June 3 at the home of relatives in Montclair, New Jersey.

The home in Oakland of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hall (formerly Miss Ruth Houghton) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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**READERS** who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the *Argonaut* will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## Clubbing List.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

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Week-End New York Tribune Former and Argonaut.....	4.25

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Servant*—Please, sir, there's a man at the door with a bill. *Mr. Owens*—Tell him we are well supplied.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Stella*—Has she an impediment in her speech? *Bella*—Yes; there are only twenty-four hours in a day.—*Harper's Bazar*.

*Bobby*—O-oh! Mamma! Here's a green snake! *Mamma*—Keep away from it, dear. It may be just as dangerous as a ripe one.—*Life*.

*Ethel*—Maud says she uses lemon juice on her face for her complexion. *Morie*—I wondered where she got that sour look.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mrs. Newedd*—Jack, dear, I want you to get your life insured. *Newedd*—Why? Are you going to do your own cooking?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Have you any distant relatives?" "I should say so! My Uncle Tobias wouldn't live in the same town with me."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I guess that doctor knows his business all right." "Why?" "He looked me up in Bradstreet before he prescribed."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Manager*—Yes, we need a man; it's in our packing department. Had any experience? *Applicant*—I've taken lessons in boxing, sir.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Does he love her?" "Does he love her? I should think he does. He's promised to march with her in the suffragette parade."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Does a college education help a man in after life?" "Big leaguers seem to think it makes a man quicker on the bases."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Boss Barber*—What? You have cut the gentleman four times? Well, just for punishment, you must shave him all over again, right away!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

*Singleton*—Well, now that you are married I suppose your wife expects you to live up to your ideals. *Wedmore* (sadly)—No, to her ideals.—*Boston Transcript*.

*The Politician*—What is the next question to bring before the American people? *The Voter*—They have had questions enough. What they want is a few answers.—*Puck*.

*Waitress*—Have another glass, sir? *Husband* (to his wife)—Shall I have another glass, Friedrike? *Wife* (to her mother)—Shall he have another, mother?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"How does this noted healer who cures his patients by touching them differ from a regular physician?" "Why, he touches them before he cures them."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Years ago Dobson told me that he wanted to lead a life of obscurity." "Well, his dream has come true." "How so?" "He is now the husband of a famous woman."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*The Prisoner*—There goes my hat. Shall I run after it? *Policeman Cosey*—Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"So you refuse to buy my car, do you?" said Whitley. "I certainly do. Whih," said Hinkley. "When I want a car like yours I'll go to the five-and-ten-cent store and get a new one."—*Harper's Weekly*.

*Hicks*—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day? *Wicks*—Well, I always have, but it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.—*Tit-Bits*.

"How do you like my dialect?" the young author asked. "It seems," replied the publisher, "to be a mixture of Yankee, cowboy, Swede, and plantation darkey." "Well, that's all right for a Georgia story, isn't it?" "Sure."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

*Mrs. Justin de Bunch*—Has your baby learned to talk yet? *Mrs. Al De Mustahd*—No, and his nurse is so stupid that I'm afraid he never will. But you must let me show you new tricks I have taught Fido since you were here last. Play dead, Fido.—*Milwaukee News*.

"Thief! Robber! Stop him!" shouted the grandstand fan who had turned his head just in time to see a pickpocket making away with his purse. But the big policeman thought he was reviling the umpire, and dragged him, despite his sputtering protests, outside the grounds.—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Mr. Summerson*—Is it true that since coming up here you've engaged yourself to Billy, Harry, Ed, and George, as well as to myself? *Miss Sweetly*—What if it is? *Mr. Summerson*—Then I'd like to know if you have any objection to all of us chipping in to buy the engagement ring?—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"You never see a lot of women staring at a man," said the striking blonde lady. "You don't, eh?" replied Mr. Growcher. "You ought to notice what happens to a man who

keeps his seat in a crowded street-car."—*Washington Star*.

"You wish to marry my only daughter," murmured the magnate. "Would you take from me all that I have to solace me in my old age?" "By no means," declared the duke warmly. "We want you to keep at least \$50,000."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

### Immune.

He laughed with glee, and said, said he,  
 "I care not; no, not I.  
 The price of beef brings me no grief,  
 Let it go to the sky;  
 And butter may go all the way  
 To sixty cents a pound,  
 While folk may beg to get an egg,  
 Serene I shall be found.

"Were folk like me you'd quickly see  
 Food prices take a fall,  
 For trusts so bold, with goods unsold,  
 Would soon begin to crawl.  
 They'd make a flop and rates would drop  
 Be cheap as cheap could be;  
 The way to bust each wicked trust  
 Is to become like me.

"I do not care for food that's rare,  
 Care not for food that's plain;  
 Why, its mere sight upsets me quite,  
 To taste it gives me pain.  
 What do I eat? I simply heat  
 Some water in a pan  
 And melt in it a gluten grit;  
 I've got dyspepsia, man."

—*New York Press*.

### The Reedy Kamaroon.

'Twas in the swampy afternoon,  
 When first the Nottab fritters forth,  
 I came upon a Kamaroon—  
 Believe me, by the harvest moon  
 I thought it was a Snorth!

Since morning in the net he lay,  
 Enveloped in a massive tome  
 (That well might flourish for a day);  
 But what amazed me was the way  
 It vitrified his dome.

"Can this be only as it should?"  
 I asked the man who held the score.  
 He peered across the pickle wood,  
 And answered, as he backward stood,  
 "He'll swallow many more!"

And now the Wood took up the grind  
 Of bookworms in the mango trees,  
 Nor any trace was left behind.  
 "Long might I search," I mused, "to find  
 Such pure events as these.

"Far better, if the tokens lie,  
 And all within my noodle's soup,  
 Or concentrated mustard pie,  
 To circulate my hat, and die  
 Of cerebral crop."

—*G. C. C., in New York Life*.

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 And he always thought twice ere he spoke,  
 But he never got much for the crops that he reaped  
 And few were the records he broke.

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 He endeavored to practice the things that he preached,  
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—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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## THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Hetch Hetchy and the Engineers.

For a business community San Francisco is amazingly indifferent to the way in which the public money is spent and the way in which the city officials spend their time. It will be remembered that a week or so ago there were certain so-called exposures as to the leaky condition of the Twin Peaks reservoir, which was facetiously described as a sieve. The mayor called a meeting to discuss the matter, and as no one seemed to know whether this costly structure would hold water, or indeed anything at all about it, it was suggested that one of the city engineers should stroll up that way and have a look at it. But the suggestion was promptly negatived. There were no engineers available. The entire staff was so busily engaged in drawing up reports about Hetch Hetchy that it was out of the question to spare a single engineer to determine whether a city reservoir constructed at great cost would or would not hold water.

It might be possible to ascertain how many engineers are now engaged in drawing up reports and making surveys of Hetch Hetchy. The records might disgorge the number if properly approached, but certainly the public knows nothing about it and apparently cares less.

The city's regular engineering staff is apparently doing nothing else and can find time for nothing else, and in addition to the regular staff there is a little army of special experts enjoying the Hetch Hetchy scenery and naming their own salaries. One of these experts is said to enjoy a trifling remuneration of \$250 a day, and in fact there is no reason why any engineer should be out of work so long as Casey is at the bat and Hetch Hetchy remains as a refuge for the unemployed. The public, of course, pays the bills, grumbles at the high cost of living, but makes no effort to ascertain the causes. Hetch Hetchy is one of those causes.

### At Chicago.

The first sentiment of every decently ordered mind as it reviews the proceedings of the first day of the Chicago convention—we write on Wednesday morning—is a compound of disgust and chagrin. It is a pitiful, even a shameful spectacle. It weakens faith in the integrity and right spirit of the American political mind; it raises doubts as to the much-exploited ability of "the people" to govern themselves. It is the reflection of every sober mind that if out of this turmoil of vulgar ambitions and vulgar passion there shall proceed any rational and fortunate outcome it will be an effect of chance, a happy accident, rather than a product of sober and ordered wisdom.

Mr. Root's speech in taking the chair was admirable as a presentment of the claims of the Republican party, if the party were indeed a serious and coherent force. The weakness of Mr. Root's utterance was that it dealt with a theory, that it ignored the facts—the confusion, the mutual hatreds, and the broken ranks of a party which there represented appeared lost to self-control, even to self-respect. We have in this speech a view of the Republican party not as it is, but as Mr. Root in his wisdom knows that it ought to be. That it is possible after what has happened at Chicago and in the weeks preceding to abate the antagonisms and to clear up the confusions—to get back upon the plane defined by Mr. Root—is hardly to be assumed. In its clarity, in its verbal propriety, in its limitation to essential matters, the speech was everything that it ought to be. But we must repeat that it was based upon ideals rather than upon conditions as they presented themselves under the very eye of the speaker.

It is a possibility as matters stand on Wednesday morning that the convention may, dismissing both leading candidates, select a man disconnected with the passion and bitterness of the past few weeks. Either Judge Hughes of New York or Mr. Cummins of Iowa would do; and there are other able and moderate men in plenty. But such an outcome rests upon chance. All the indications are against it. Almost certainly one or the other of the leading contestants will be named—probably Mr. Taft—only to meet at the polls in November so much of the resentment which rules the present hour as to insure defeat. Probably it is to be the old story of passions so overwrought as to overwhelm all suggestions of prudence. Verily, madness goeth before destruction.

That Roosevelt will bolt in the event of defeat, now almost an assurance, we doubt. Loudly as he shouts, brave as he represents himself, he is at heart a coward. With more than enough audacity for spectacular exhibitions, he lacks the cold nerve to lead a hopeless cause. His way has ever been to pose, to bluster, to bully; but never in his career has he faced a situation with steadfast resolution and sober devotion without the inspiration of hope. Mr. Roosevelt, we think, will not lead a bolt. He may, indeed, be carried by forces beyond his control into a spasmodic movement of desperation and revenge. But mark this prophecy: He will not abide with it; when the first fury is past he will quibble, then cower, then shirk. Mr. Roosevelt has not in the foundation of his character the stuff of which martyrs are made. His emotionalism, his malevolence,

his vanity, may carry him for an hour upon a foolish course, but he will not sustain it.

Every Californian of moderation and decent pride must suffer under a sense of chagrin and shame at the part being played in the convention by those who represent our state. Governor Johnson's puerile course as related to the adjudications of the national committee would have been silly enough under any circumstances. Under the special circumstances of the case his whole attitude is contemptible. How pitifully small appears this little coxcomb in his efforts to strut and pose in a turmoil of large affairs! Perhaps it is just as well that our own people should get a view in perspective of this preposterous creature who in our folly we have endowed with a representative character colossally out of proportion to his powers—to everything connected with him, in fact, unless it be his vanity. Mr. Heney's part at Chicago is hardly to be regretted, since it exposes upon a larger stage those mental and moral infirmities which have made his name odious at home and the man himself a problem and a burden even to those who for various reasons must submit to association with him.

### The Danger in China.

From three different and well-informed sources comes a warning that China is about to do something volcanic, something that will dwarf all her previous performances. The London *Daily Telegraph* says that "more surprises are inevitable," and draws attention to the grim silence that followed Yuan Shi Kai's announcement that it would be necessary to place foreigners in the highest governmental positions. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail* draws the same conclusions from different data. The powers, he says, have determined to force upon China a loan so vast that she will be unable to pay the interest and will thus be compelled to submit to partition. It does not matter whether such a plan actually exists so long as Chinese patriots believe that it exists. Finally we have the correspondent of the Paris *Humanité*, who says that the explosion may come at any moment, and that it must come as soon as the masses of the people awake to the fact that the foreigner is somewhat nearer than he ever was before.

The reason given by all these correspondents is therefore the same. The fear of foreign aggression is the one thing that touches the Chinese mind to the quick. It is the one thing that guided the foreign policy of the Manchus and the rock upon which they split, and it is the one thing that made the revolution a possibility and a success. Anywhere but in China the same sentiment would be regarded as patriotism and it would be applauded to the skies. But the plunder of China has become so far a vested right that we have learned to look upon Chinese patriotism very much as we look upon the Mafia, as something containing a threat to the order of the world. China alone is rebuked for her patriotism as for a sentiment unnatural and unreasonable.

There was certainly something suspiciously easy about the establishment of the republic. No one of intelligence imagined for a moment that China had deliberately chosen a republican form of government because she believed it preferable to any other. Not one Chinaman in a hundred has ever heard of republicanism or would view it other than with horror if he had. The Chinese revolution owed its success to two causes. From the domestic point of view the Chinese hoped to escape from the extortions of a dynasty foreign to themselves in race and temperament. From the national point of view they hoped that foreign aggression would cease with the expulsion of the Manchus, whom they blamed for that aggression. But of a radical change in the system of government they never dreamed. The people ceased to pay taxes as soon as the revolution was declared, and they now find to their regret that payments must be resumed. They are so that



the foreigner has pushed open the door wider than ever, that he intends to take upon himself the official life of the country, and that he proposes also to become the money-lender with an eye to the inevitable foreclosure. No wonder the Chinaman should ask himself what the revolution was for.

It is hard to resist the conviction that the powers are sowing the wind in China and that they may reap the whirlwind. Nothing is so terrible as an aroused lethargy, and while China's vast size and immemorial traditions are a guaranty of quiescence up to a certain point, beyond that point they become fraught with immeasurable dangers. The statecraft of the world should be wise enough to avoid them.

### The California Case.

The fundamental principle of representation in Republican conventions is in conformity with the principle governing representation in Congress. The representation is of two distinct kinds—one by the state as in the case of senators in Congress, another by districts as in the case of representatives in Congress. The ratio is two to one—that is, there is allowance to every state of two delegates to each senator, such delegates to be chosen "at large" or as representing the whole state; and two delegates for each district chosen by such district under the principle of district representation. Prior to 1880 it was left to the party authorities in the several states to choose delegates to national conventions under any procedure satisfactory to themselves. But under this practice there grew up abuses in denial of the principle of district representation. Factions in control of party affairs changed the procedure to suit the exigencies of their own interest; where a faction was strong in the state at large but weak in particular districts, delegates to convention were chosen "at large," district representation being practically nullified. To correct this abuse—to establish and secure district representation—it was decreed by party authority that members of the party in each congressional district should choose two delegates, and that other delegates apportioned to the state should be chosen "at large."

Since 1880—more than thirty years—the practice has been, in issuing a call for a national convention, to define the methods of selection in accordance with the plan above outlined. All this as a purely party matter with which state authority as distinguished from party authority has nothing at all to do. In the call for the convention of 1912 the usual rules were laid down specifically. Delegates were to be chosen "at large" and for the several congressional districts in accordance with party usage.

In California it was decreed last year by the state legislature at the instigation of Governor Johnson that delegates to national conventions should be elected "at large"—that is, that all voters should have an opportunity to vote for all candidates. The motive is in plain view. Governor Johnson knew his faction to be strong in the state; he feared it might be weak in certain districts. To the end of taking to the Chicago convention a solid delegation he so juggled state law as to negate the rule of district representation required by party rule, and as later especially defined in the call for the convention of 1912. At the time, there were protests against this action with warnings that the party would surely decline to allow its affairs to be regulated by any authority save its own.

In the primary election of two months ago candidates were named for each congressional district; but instead of being submitted directly to district vote, as required by the call issued by the National Republican Committee, they were put up as candidates at large. The majority for the Roosevelt ticket in the whole state was heavy—some seventy-seven thousand in round numbers—and in ten of the eleven congressional districts the Roosevelt nominees received locally a majority over the Taft nominees. But in one district—the fourth—the Taft nominees got a majority over the Roosevelt nominees.

Under strict construction of party rules the whole delegation from California must have been thrown out, because nobody was elected under the terms and conditions prescribed by party authority. But in considering the question, as to California the national committee decided to regard the case in relation to its equities and in a far less possible upon its points of conformity with the prescribed procedure. It seated the four Roosevelt delegates elected at large, they having a clear title. Like-wise it seated twenty Roosevelt delegates who had received a majority in their own districts. Applying

the same principle to the result in the fourth district, it seated the two Taft delegates who in that particular district had received a majority over the Roosevelt candidates.

Governor Johnson and others of his faction plead the state law as against the law of the party. In rebuttal it is declared that the party has the right to make its own laws; that it is in no wise under the jurisdiction of state laws. It is argued that the party has the right to reject at its own pleasure delegates elected by any other procedure than that which it has prescribed.

This is the whole story as to the now famous California contest at Chicago. The party authorities having called for district representation awarded seats to two Taft delegates from the fourth California district who had a clear majority within the said district over two Roosevelt candidates. The decision was in conformity with the principle of district representation and in all respects equitable and legal—unless indeed the committee had decided to throw out all the delegates from California since the procedure of election was not in precise conformity with the call for the convention.

An anomalous fact in this matter is that a faction which avows devotion to "rule of the people" should be so insistent in its purpose to enforce a rule which would deny to the Republicans of the fourth district of California representation through delegates of their own selection. The fact, however, is not more anomalous than many another developed under the auspices of the reform movement in California. Mouthings in season and out of season catch phrases under the principle of "rule of the people," its acts stigmatize it as the most arbitrary and autocratic scheme of politics ever enforced in California or any other American state.

### Ruef and the Pardons Board.

The application made to the pardons board on behalf of Ruef was summarily rejected, as it ought to have been. No one has yet advanced the faintest reason why clemency should be directed toward this particular criminal except the inanely weak plea that there are bad men outside the prison as well as in and that there are other malefactors who just managed to escape the whip of justice. The claim that is made on behalf of Ruef might be made with equal force for every prisoner in San Quentin. Upon just the same ground we might be asked to liberate every murderer, burglar, and thug now in durance because there are other murderers, burglars, and thugs who managed to slip through the meshes. The only valid plea that could be made in favor of Ruef is the plea that he was innocent, but among his many soft-headed champions there is none quite so soft-headed as this.

The rejection of the application to the pardons board is satisfactory in its way, but it would be still more satisfactory if we could be assured of its finality. No such assurance is apparent now. Indeed there is cause to believe that Ruef had his own reasons to think that the time was ripe for his application and that his disappointment is due less to the right of the case than to some sense of inexpediency on the part of the board or of some of its members.

But if the application of last week should turn out to be merely a diplomatic move and intended to pave the way for other action later on there will be a dangerous feeling of resentment. It is certain that a number of more or less influential people are moving in the matter and that considerable sums of money are being spent in printing and publishing. Why any one should be interested in Ruef except for good pay it is hard to understand, but probably the pay is very good. It is certainly hard to believe that any one has been frightened by the absurd "disclosures" that have been making their periodical appearance. They read more like a child's history of California than anything else.

### The Teachers' Amendment.

Dr. Burk may not have been technically accurate when he said at the annual dinner of the Commonwealth Club that various book publishers had financed the preposterous amendment that would give each school district the power to choose its own text-books. But when Mr. Keppel, superintendent of schools for Los Angeles, responded by calling Dr. Burk a liar we can only wonder at a warmth and an energy rarely displayed in matters purely scholastic. Mr. Keppel's assurance that the expenses were defrayed by himself and a few friends may be accepted without demur. There is no reason why another eccentric vagary

should not be added to the already long list from Los Angeles, but while the fact may be a curious sidelight upon the psychology of Mr. Keppel it certainly does not constitute a plea in stay of execution for the absurd amendment itself.

It is very certain that the book publishers would have gladly defrayed the cost of the amendment if they had been asked to do so. And if any small balance had still remained it would have been delightedly raised by the Catholic, Methodist, and Episcopal churches who are naturally keenly interested in the capture of the schools either by way of the front door or over the back fence. The so-called teachers' amendment would turn the whole of California into a happy hunting ground for the publishers, who would like nothing so well as to deal with hundreds of purchasing agents instead of one. The churches, on the other hand, would be equally eager for a fray that would have every schoolhouse for a centre and that would open up endless vistas for proselytism. In one school district we should have history books with a strong Catholic bias, while next door a corresponding twist would be given in favor of Protestantism. Doubtless the publishers would be sublimely impartial. It would be a case of pay your money and take your choice, but above all else pay your money.

While the proposition is far below the level either of discussion or patience it is well to remember that the crank always votes and that the wise man often forgets to do so. This amendment will pass unless it is overwhelmed by adverse votes, and the votes should be there. There is no need to say that it is inspired by the spirit of graft, because probably it is inspired only by the spirit of folly. But graft would result from it and religious war would result from it, and the causes of these evils are so naturally indigenous that we need hardly go out of our way to create new ones.

### EDITORIAL LETTER.

The Situation Reviewed a Week Before the Convention.

NEW YORK CITY, June 10th.

The most striking fact in the campaign which is now within a week of its climax is the indifference of the public towards what we used to call vital issues. One element declares itself in quiet ways for Taft, dwelling in broad terms upon his poise, his industry, and the decorum of his administration. Another element under other inspirations shouts for Roosevelt chiefly upon considerations related to his temperamental qualities. It has come to be almost warfare in a way, but it is a warfare based upon no tangible principle, warfare inspired by nothing which calmer and wiser times would have regarded as vital or important. The interest is overwhelmingly personal, wholly apart from anything worthy to be named as issues. No one of the many with whom I have talked in half a dozen states this week past appears to care anything about issues; nobody in fact appears to know where or upon what principles at least one of the candidates stands. It seems chiefly if not wholly a matter of personality, a matter of names, a matter disconnected with anything tangible, or in any matter impersonally significant.

If I were required to define the fundamental fact in this warfare I should say that it was the high and higher cost of living. Not indeed that much is made of this fact in current discussions, for it seems to have been lost sight of in the contest between rival candidates. None the less it is the increased and increasing cost of living which more or less unconsciously inspires the discontent which seeks on the one hand a scapegoat and on the other a champion. The echoes of five years of muckraking have, too, something to do with it, for they reflect a universal decline in respect alike for our established traditions and for the existing organization of affairs political; also they reflect a widespread sense of dissatisfaction with whatever and whoever may have to do with the existing order of things.

The curious enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt which is a very marked aspect of the situation is due not to any principles which he professes, for it is evident that he has no opinions or judgments which he is not prepared to modify over night or between meals to meet the exigency which the shifting public mood may demand. It is due rather to the adroitness with which he has any discussion of serious issues and the further business with which he contrives to impress considerable numbers with his activity on the one hand and his earnestness on the other. That his activity is stage play and that his moral earnestness is the buncombe are facts plain enough to discerning eyes. But the multitude or a considerable part of it is blind and deaf to anything it does not wish to hear. We seem to have reached a stage in our politics comparable in another sphere of interest



to that once characterized by a famous showman as a desire to be humbugged.

By temperament and on principle I am indisposed to accredit scandalous suggestions. And so when at various times and in many ways within the past three months it has been declared that the "interests" were backing ex-President Roosevelt, I have been a doubter. Recalling the erstwhile resentment of the "magnates" against Mr. Roosevelt, I have believed the thing impossible. But observation at close hand has shaken faith in the consistency of a sentiment which was real enough a year or two back. Today there is not a doubt in my mind that Mr. Roosevelt has the positive support of certain great interests and that the amazing sums being spent in his campaign are supplied by men who only a little while ago were apparently uncompromising critics of the man and all his doings. Evidence to this effect takes a thousand significant forms. First of all, there is the palpable fact that money in unlimited amounts is being expended wherever there is a chance of accomplishing anything for Roosevelt by its use. In Illinois, in Pennsylvania, in Massachusetts, in Ohio, in New Jersey—wherever there has been an active contest—there have been literally barrels of money on tap. I am told by a man whose opportunities of information are the best, and whose judgment I would accept with respect to any practical matter, that up to now—I am writing one week before the time set for the convention—at least two millions of dollars have been put into the Roosevelt campaign. This includes the cost of running the "headquarters" in New York City, estimated at eight thousand dollars per day, of the half-score or more hot fights in the several states, and of the efforts making throughout the South to win over or buy over delegations organized in behalf of President Taft. Two million dollars is indeed a prodigious sum of money; but the figures do not seem excessive in view of the many and costly activities in progress this three months and more in promotion of Roosevelt's candidacy.

Within the past ten days I have been surprised again and again, upon meeting men prominent in "large business," hitherto fierce critics of Mr. Roosevelt, who in more or less shamefaced ways have betrayed friendliness towards his candidacy. I say betrayed because in most cases the changed attitude has declared itself in this way. And perhaps in most instances the altered mood is founded in policy rather than in feeling. In other words, I find many associated with large business who in their hearts disliking Mr. Roosevelt intensely are nevertheless apologists for and in effect champions of his candidacy. So often within the last few days have I encountered this sort of thing that I have been led to a little study of the men in relation to their connections, and the result has pointed to a definite conclusion. It is this, that the interests which have been prosecuted by the national administration under the Sherman anti-trust law during the past three years have entered into a tacit conspiracy to defeat Taft, and that they are backing Roosevelt to this end. Definite proof of such a conspiracy is of course out of the question. Such movements do not formulate definite records nor leave in their wake concrete evidences. But I am able to report from my own contact with men and things during the past ten days that scores of men connected in important ways with the American Steel Company, the great insurance associations, the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil Company, etc., are actually if not sympathetically supporting Mr. Roosevelt. I have yet to meet one man in close relations with what may be termed the Morgan interests who in one way or another has not betrayed either a surprising friendliness to Mr. Roosevelt in his third-term aspirations or a new and amazing toleration of his purposes and vagaries. So general is this spirit among men affiliated with the Morgan interests that in my mind there is not left a doubt that the most powerful capitalistic organizations of the country are behind the Roosevelt movement. In its essential character this movement is not so much for Roosevelt as against Taft. Of course there are Roosevelt enthusiasts in plenty. It is they who do the shouting, and they are no doubt in dead earnest; but it is not this element which supplies the motive powers of the campaign.

Talking today with a man of large affairs who avowed his support of Roosevelt, I asked how about the radicalisms of the Roosevelt programme. His reply was in a tone of absolute assurance: "Oh," he said, "it takes that sort of guff to get votes, and Roosevelt is pastmaster of that game. The country will find that his bite is not as bad as his bark. Haven't you noticed that in most of his speeches he throws in a little something about the necessity of restoring prosperity to the country? This is not by accident. He is very carefully making a record which will justify a conservative course when the time comes for action. He may indeed, if he shall be elected, have it in for a few of his enemies, but the country will find, for all his

talk, that his course in office will be more restrained—more conservative, if that phrase suits you better—than ever before. That is understood by those who are supplying him with money. I would not call it exactly a bargain; men don't make bargains about such matters. But the understanding is definite enough for all practical purposes. If Roosevelt gets into the White House again the very first political necessity will be to make the country prosperous. That can be done only by calming the waters, and nobody on the inside of things doubts that Roosevelt will find ways to halt proceedings under the Sherman law and to allow big business to take a long breath and go ahead. He may have to do a bit of florid talk to satisfy the 'long-hairs,' of whom I understand you have more than enough out in your state; but the main purpose of his administration will be to encourage business by making its operations secure. Teddy is no fool. He knows that while the country likes radical talk, it likes prosperity still better; he knows, too, on which side to butter his own bread. The interests, if you choose to use that phrase, are not afraid of the Colonel, because they know that most of what he says in his speeches is not designed as a working programme, but only for popular effect." These remarks with others of the same import heard in various places have left no doubt in my mind that there is a tacit if not a definite understanding between a large element representative of big business and the Hotspur of Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt is playing a very old game; he is running with the hare and he is chasing with the hounds. The hounds understand the play; they are willing that the candidate shall say anything he likes if when it comes to action he shall remember his friends. They regard his acceptance of campaign money as a definite contract; and they do not forget that by his own statement in a famous letter to Mr. Harriman he once declared himself "a practical man."

Of many points of contrast between the Roosevelt and Taft campaigns, as waged during the past three months, one of the most significant relates to finances. While Roosevelt's managers have had money to burn, the Taft men have been shy almost to poverty. Within twenty years there has not been carried on a leading presidential candidacy with so little expenditure of money. It would be a mistake to accredit the poverty of the Taft campaign to a superior political virtue. Manager McKinley and his aids would have been glad enough to receive cash subscriptions in sums large or small, and they would have been willing enough to put out money where it might do the most good. Nobody representing any scheme of politics has as yet attained a degree of moral rectitude involving contempt for the resources of war. The truth is that Mr. Taft's campaign has been poor because nobody has come forward to enrich it. The protected interests, great and small, which used to put up liberally in support of whoever was in the way of a successful campaign, are out of the game, for they have not been able to see anywhere an opportunity to put in their money to advantage. Big business has put its contributions back of Mr. Roosevelt. The railroads, under the eye of the Commerce Commission, are practically out of politics—at least, so I am informed, they are doing nothing for anybody. Individual men of wealth, who aforesaid found opportunities to their hand of one kind or another through campaign liberality, can find under the new order of things no advantage in giving for political uses. Brother Charles, who put up so liberally for Brother Will four years ago, is not this year a contributor, for reasons, it is whispered over Washington tea-tables, growing out of the social disappointments of his women folk, who expected more than they got in the way of White House recognition. Be the reasons as here suggested, or what they may, the Taft campaign chest has been all but empty from the beginning, and Mr. McKinley and his aids have been compelled to scratch along upon the slenderest possible schedule of expenditure. Where the Roosevelt boomers have had ten dollars to put out, the Taftites have had not more than one. This estimate comes from so many sources and so attested by circumstances as to leave little room for questioning its substantial accuracy.

The plain truth is that nobody, excepting a few close personal friends, of whom our own "Jack" Hammond is easily the most devoted and liberal, has had any real enthusiasm in behalf of Mr. Taft. Officials, anxious to hold their jobs, have put into the campaign whatever of energy and spirit have been exhibited in it. Its strength, in so far as it has been strong, has been the power of official patronage in working combination with the fear and dislike of Roosevelt. The more conservative elements, the elements which respect regularity, moderation, decency, and reasonable efficiency, the country over, have been and are for Taft. But these elements do not put up money in considerable sums nor do they shout in chorus. It is ever the way of those who respect regularity, moderation, decency, and reasonable efficiency to carry them-

selves under the inspirations of regularity, moderation, decency, and reasonableness; and this does not tend to a loud or a hot campaign. Perhaps in entire frankness I ought to add that Mr. Taft's lack of tact in dealing with men and things have tended to lukewarmness in some quarters. And beyond a doubt it is still held against him by many that he came to the presidency as the personal choice of Theodore Roosevelt, with a considerable sentiment of prejudice and some odor of contempt attaching to his official mantle. Then there are those who, while feeling kindly towards Mr. Taft, resent his recently published letter to Roosevelt upon the latter's departure for Africa with its too-humble acknowledgment of personal obligation, and who further resent Mr. Taft's ineffectual descent into the vulgar "ring" of campaign politics last month. Viewing the situation broadly a week before the convention meets: while Mr. Taft is far from being without support, and while at this writing it looks to me as if he would be nominated at Chicago next week, his campaign lacks backing and vitality, and as a candidate he is not likely to prove strong. To put it briefly, nobody, barring a few personal friends, is devotedly and enthusiastically for Taft.

Talking with men of many kinds and from many places, I grow in the opinion that if either Taft or Roosevelt shall be nominated it will be a signal for Republican defeat. Quiet men of decent instincts, affiliated with one side or the other, profoundly resent the degradation to which the pre-convention campaign has fallen. If Roosevelt as the initiator of the rough-and-tumble campaign fight is most grievously at fault, the fact does not justify Taft in his descent into the "ring" of vulgar personal combat. The shame of the spectacle presented by this "fight" has sunk deep into the consciousness of quiet people everywhere. There are many to declare that both candidates should be rebuked. There grows a feeling that it would be a good thing for the Republican party to undergo the discipline of defeat; that it would be a good thing for the country to bring into authority a party which has learned the lesson of humility, and which in learning it has cast off personal elements more ambitious of success and of personal exploitation than for the integrity, the welfare, and the honor of the republic. The best possible outcome of the situation, from the Republican standpoint, would be to wipe the slate clean of Roosevelt and Taft and all their works and to bring forward new men of defined and approved character. Even this, I fear, if it were practicable—all the political doctors say it is not—would hardly save the party against the growing resentment of the non-political elements of the country. It looks to me, from whatever standpoint I can view it, as if the Republican party, whatever may happen at Chicago, were foredoomed to a humiliating defeat. Unless the Democrats at Baltimore shall make a stupendous blunder, either in their candidate or in their declaration of principles, I am of the opinion that they will name the next President and Vice-President of the United States. A. H.

#### Mr. Roosevelt's Indignation.

Mr. Roosevelt seems bent upon compensating for the weakness of his case by the violence of his language. But if he has actually suffered so grievous an injustice under the weight of the steam roller how comes it that his own friends upon the committee are found with their shoulders to the wheel and making common cause with the supposed enemies of fair play? The Indiana contest is a case in point, and representative of many others. In this instance the committee was unanimous in repudiating the Roosevelt delegates. The Roosevelt minority and the Taft majority were of one mind in rejecting a claim that was patently spurious, and yet Mr. Roosevelt had almost exhausted his capacity for invective in protesting against the "fraud" of which he was the victim. "Mr. Taft," he said, "knows well that the delegates elected for him represent barefaced frauds." But he was unable to persuade his own committeemen of the fact. He had already stated that the Indiana convention had been won "by fraudulent action which can only be called brutal in its utter defiance of decency." But his own henchmen on the committee were unable to see any "fraudulent action" or any "defiance of decency." On the contrary they asserted by their votes that the Indiana proceedings were regular and orderly and that the Roosevelt contest had not a leg to stand on. They would have been quick enough to support the contest had there been a shadow of justification for their support, but their unanimous action shows that there was none. As a matter of fact Mr. Roosevelt is neither surprised nor indignant. He claimed everything in sight merely that he might enlarge the basis for his intended cry of fraud, but even his own committeemen were unable to go so far or so far.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Some English publishers have recently been asked to explain why the trade in books should vary from period to period. The most interesting reply comes from Mr. John Long. People have only a certain amount of time and money to devote to literature, and whatever curtails either their time or their money is felt by the book trade. Seasons of commercial depression and of strikes invariably cause domestic retrenchment, and books, of course, are the first things to go. Railroad strikes are especially bad for the trade, because people buy books to read on trains, and if they can not go upon journeys they do not buy the books. Then again the newspaper is a rival of the book. When newspapers are interesting—and how rarely that is the case—the novel is not so much needed, and as an illustration Mr. Long cites the *Titanic* disaster. Why should people buy fiction when the truth was so much more strange and furnished by the broadside for a cent or two? Another publisher, Mr. Heinemann, draws attention to the fact that there are only two great publishing centres in Great Britain, London and Edinburgh. Germany, on the other hand, has publishers in all university towns and in many others, and publishers are also numerous in France and Italy. But the largest number of publishers in Europe, says Mr. Heinemann, and the largest number of booksellers are probably to be found in Holland, where the trade is highly organized on the German model.

The Lisbon correspondent of the *London Standard*—an unusually well-informed newspaper upon foreign affairs—speaks of a Royalist revolution as being "imminent at any hour." The people in general, he says, are tired of the reign of terror and of a condition where no man is safe unless he is physically strong. One wave of extremist force has followed another, each more violent than its predecessor, and the men who steered the first revolt against the king are now regarded as reactionaries and their lives are threatened. The supreme power is now in the hands of the Carbonario, an organization half political, half brigand, and wholly terrorist, and its chief, Afonso Costa, is now the dictator of the country. There is no trade and the hotels are empty or closed. Portugal made the mistake of supposing that a government by democracy was the same thing as a government by labor unions, and perhaps it is. But the net result is anarchy and a present state of public opinion that would welcome any kind of a change that promised authority and order.

We were under a vague impression that the great Camorra trial had come to an end through the death by exhaustion of prisoners and prosecutors alike. But it seems that this is not so. The proceedings have continued without intermission, the accused are still in their iron cage—and how well they must know it by this time—and the eternal flood of oratory has not abated. But we may expect a verdict within a week or two, thanks to the self-denying moderation of the chief counsel for the prosecution, who spoke for only twenty days. How long he was expected to speak is not stated, but it seems that the attorneys for the defense are in some way bound to limit their eloquence in proportion. Fourteen prisoners have already been liberated because they had actually served the maximum penalty, and two of the fourteen died at once.

If, or rather when, Ireland gets home rule she must have a flag, and already the patriots are busy making their choice, and quarreling a little over the process—*cela va sans dire*. It seems that there are ten Irish flags from which a selection may be made, and those who suppose that green will necessarily be the color had better prepare to deceive themselves. One of the favorites is the flag of the O'Neills, a red hand on a white ground, and another is the flag of Munster, three crowns on a blue field. Of course the green flag has its supporters because it flew at the battle of the Boyne, but on the other hand we are reminded that Mr. Parnell believed green to be unlucky and favored the golden harp on a blue ground. There is, of course, no actual hurry in the matter, since the House of Lords must be allowed its pound of flesh in the shape of an enforced delay. At the same time it is well to be in time. A self-governing Ireland without a flag to wave would be a sorry spectacle.

Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent*, has just returned from Japan and hastens to give his impressions to a waiting world. He says that Christianity is probably falling behind the growth of population and that the religion of the West "has hardly touched the upper and lower classes." The chief hindrances to Christianity are the antagonism of denominations and the discrepancy between Christian profession and practice. The practice is, of course, one of frank rapacity, and as a result "the educated Japanese is tempted to smile." Nevertheless we are told that Christian ethical standards have permeated the nation, but Mr. Holt does not tell us what are these ethical standards or in what way they differ from the ethical standards of other Japanese. We were under the impression that they were identical.

France is still impotent in the matter of babies, in fact more impotent than ever, since the recently published figures are worse than ever. Last year the deaths exceeded the births by 35,000, and although the total population has slightly increased this is due to an influx of foreigners. The favorite reasons are the dwindling of religious education and the sense of insecurity as to the future, although Dr. Bertillon thinks that all might yet be well if France would only abandon her practice of looking upon marriage as a comprehensible process of course it is—and allow the would-be father to pursue his wild career in the interminable uncertainties that are now supposed to surround the sacred state, and not allow the Sunday wedding. Bertillon. Why

compel poor people to lose a day's work simply because they wish to commit matrimony? Why make the path of bliss so difficult that irregularity becomes the lesser of two evils? Every one knows that irregular unions are unfruitful, and so Dr. Bertillon has great hopes that if the law will only be a little less of an ass the army will not have to suffer from its present dearth of recruits. But fancy imploring the potential mother to consider the needs of the army. She is doing so already. That is why she takes care to have no children.

Since outsiders usually see most of the game we may perhaps get some instruction and profit from Countess N. Tolstoy's opinions of Mr. Roosevelt. These were published in 1910 and the following extract is worth a quotation: "I have heard from Kaiser Wilhelm and the King of England that Roosevelt is a very interesting man—aristocratic and imperialistic in one way, but very strange and democratic in his manners. I have heard from the people who meet him intimately that Mr. Roosevelt's ambition is to be elected a President for life. He has a wonderful power to dominate the American people."

The general opinion of the Egyptian fellaheen is not a flattering one. We have generally looked upon him as a beast of burden whose only idea of retaliation for the blows showered upon him is to find some one even more abject than himself and repeat the castigation with interest. But Lord Kitchener in his first report has a good word to say for the fellah. He speaks of him as "one of the best and most hard-worked types of humanity," so we will willingly revise our estimate and stand corrected. Incidentally Lord Kitchener tells us that the population of the Soudan was about nine millions before the Mahdist rebellion, that after the rebellion it was reduced to two millions, and that it is now over three millions. The trifling reduction of seven millions of people was due to war and starvation. That is to say they were killed.

How anxious we are to prove that the statements made by some one else are incorrect. No sooner has the Marquise Arconati Visconti presented to the National Museum of the United States the chair in which Lafayette was seated on the day of his death than some wiseacre rushes frantically into print to prove the contrary. And of course fails. Lafayette, we are told, died in bed, and as he was very weak and ill he had probably been in bed for several days. Now the marquise did not say that Lafayette died in the historic chair. She said only that he sat in it on the day of his death, and probably he did. Possibly it was the day before. Possibly the week before. What does it matter? The chair was undeniably in his room and there can hardly be any valid evidence that he did not sit in it on the day he died. But this sort of captious nonsense is described as a love of historical accuracy. At least it is so described by those who practice it. Other people call it folly or the *cacathies scribendi*.

Recollections of Justin McCarthy are numerous just now. One of them speaks of a conversation between McCarthy and Dean Stanley. While they were talking Matthew Arnold was announced, and the dean, addressing the new arrival, said: "Come here, Matt, and let me bring you face to face with the man who says you are only a miniature Goethe." McCarthy was naturally embarrassed at the repetition of a remark that seemed to be ill-natured. "Oh, come, now, I didn't say *only* a miniature Goethe," he stammered, but Arnold promptly relieved the situation by remarking with a winning smile: "If he could only convince me that I *am* a miniature Goethe, how proud of myself he would make me."

The *London Daily Chronicle* points out that there is a certain irony in the fact that the town which produced the "Marseillaise" is now German territory. The song dates from April 24, 1792, when Rouget de Lisle, then quartered at Strasburg as a captain of engineers, composed it in response to the mayor of Strasburg's request for a patriotic song. At Strasburg the song was printed under the title, "Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin." It owes its present title to the volunteers from Marseilles, who sang it as they marched on Paris.

Belgium has an electoral system that is probably unique and that certainly throws some light upon her recent disturbances. She classifies her citizens according to their supposed value to the state and endows them with votes accordingly. The one-vote man must be twenty-five years of age and he must have lived for a year in the same district. That, of course, disfranchises what may be called the migratory trades. A second vote is given to the man who has at least one child and who pays a certain amount in taxes, but this second vote is given also to all owners of real estate or of capital that produces \$20 a year income. An additional vote is also given to those who hold college degrees or who belong to certain professions, such as the army or navy, for which special education is needed. It will be seen, therefore, that a large number of Belgians have no vote at all, that a still larger number have only one vote, and that a certain favored minority has an electoral strength equal to that of the majority. We could have no better example of the mischief that can be wrought by good intentions. The original intention was evidently to place a premium upon thrift and education. The actual result has been to create a privileged caste, solidified by conservative self-interest, and able to exercise a power irrespective of numbers. Progressive countries have long abandoned the idea that education and political wisdom go hand in hand. The professors themselves have destroyed that futility, and while wealth still confers electoral power in every country in the world, it is probably only in Belgium that a voter can present his banknote and be credited with votes in proportion to his balance. It seems crude.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Fairies.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkil he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly hack,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lakes,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig one up in spite,  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his hed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!  
—William Allingham.

## Castles in the Air.

The honnie, honnie hairn, who sits poking in the ase,  
Glowering in the fire with his wee round face;  
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?  
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.  
His wee chubby face and his touzie curly pow,  
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe;  
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,  
Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!  
He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' down!  
Wor'ds whomping up and down, hleezing wi' a flare,  
See how he lous! as they glimmer in the air.  
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?  
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men,  
A wee thing makes us think, a sma' think makes us stare,  
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld:  
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;  
His brow is hrent sae braid, oh, pray that daddy Care  
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.  
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!  
But mony sparking stars are swallow'd up by night;  
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,  
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air.  
—James Ballantyne.

## Fairy Days.

Beside the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,  
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!  
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,  
And my heart would heat to bear—their loves and their distresses;  
And many a quiet night—in slumber sweet and deep,  
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,  
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-horn hahe they bless'd;  
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,  
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.  
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,  
But the king he only laughs—and hids the dance begin.

The hahe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,  
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,  
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown:  
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down:  
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,  
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,  
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,  
A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright;  
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.  
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark mustache:  
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!"—he shouts in accents clear.  
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.  
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,  
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.  
I see them in my dreams—his blade give stroke on stroke,  
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—she falls upon his knee  
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, "You are free!"  
Ah! bappy childish tales—of knight and faerie!  
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me;  
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be  
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!  
—W. M. Thackeray.



## "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

London's First Hearing of Wolf-Ferrari's New Opera.

Hammersteinism is beginning to take effect. Not alone in educating the cockney to appreciate and pay for grand opera, but also in galvanizing the lethargy of Covent Garden. Which is the greater triumph might be difficult to decide. It is certainly a rare achievement for Mr. Hammerstein to have created such a constituency as that which now gives its loyal support to the performances at the London Opera House. On the last visit I paid to that spacious and handsome auditorium I elected to sit in one of the cheaper portions of the house, a huge gallery which will accommodate probably seven hundred people. It is cheaper only by comparison with grand opera prices; relatively to the seats in the musical comedy theatres the cost is high. And yet that section of the house was densely filled by just those types of Londoners who have hitherto, at half the outlay, confined their patronage to such shallow entertainments as are provided at the Gaiety Theatre and similar places of amusement. This is a notable victory.

And yet, bearing in mind how gregarious Londoners are, Mr. Hammerstein's success in stirring the dry bones of the rival house of opera is probably a finer triumph. Officialism in London has an impervious hide. It has a rare conceit of itself, whether in business, art, or literature. What it has been doing for a hundred years it regards as a law more unalterable than the statutes of the Medes and Persians. And nowhere is convention so securely entrenched as in the Royal Italian Opera House of Covent Garden. Until the advent of Mr. Hammerstein the authorities had no fear of competition; it was the only temple of grand opera in the British capital, and the patrons of that type of music had to take its programme or leave it. So the Covent Garden house followed the line of least resistance; year by year it filled its bill at the lowest possible cost and rarely indulged in the experiment of a novelty which entailed a possible loss.

But the opposition of the London Opera House has changed all that, one proof of which was provided the other night by the first performance in England of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "I Gijelli della Madonna." It was a brilliant occasion, a gala night which will become historic in the annals of Covent Garden. Not since "La Bohème" had its first performance in the same building has there been witnessed a scene of equal splendor. The house was sold out to its last seat, and the list of patrons included all the best-known members of London society. For half an hour before the curtain went up the wide portico at the main entrance was a dazzling spectacle of beauty and fashion, while the entrances to all the other portions of the house had been assailed for hours by a dense crowd of more plebeian persons.

One explanation of this exceptional eagerness to hear a new opera is afforded by the fact that Signor Wolf-Ferrari is not a stranger to London musical audiences. His short opera, "The Secret of Susanna," given here last year for the first time, won him many admirers by its admirable contrapuntal treatment of melodies and its charming atmosphere of irresponsibility. That recollection, then, plus the fame already won in other lands by "The Jewels of the Madonna," accounted for the highly keyed audience.

Besides, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Hammerstein, there was the added element of curiosity. What would "The Jewels of the Madonna" prove to be—another example of the Italian opera which aims at being primarily a pleasure-giving entertainment, or an opera of realism? Was it to be a mere collection of separate formal pieces or a work dominated by a *Leit-motif* and characterized by coherent development? The action had not proceeded far before it became obvious that Signor Wolf-Ferrari has added to the store of those operas which blend musical themes with dramatic ideas and persons, and that impression survived even the distracting effects of his two intermezzi. Those links between the first and second and the second and third acts sounded like a concession to the renown won by Mascagni by his famous intermezzo; they may soon find a place in the popular repertory of the concert-room, perhaps because of their cloying qualities, but as part and parcel of the opera they undoubtedly weaken the intensity of the action.

For intensity is perhaps the most dominant characteristic of the work. It is true the theme is love, but the love-making is violent and leads to tragedy. It is true, also, that the larger portion of the first act gives little indication of the strain of emotion which is to follow. The setting of that first act in an open square by the sea was a triumph of stage picturesqueness, radiant with the unclouded sunshine of an Italian sky and alive with the animation of a Neapolitan crowd in holiday attire and mood. It was the festival of the Madonna, and it brought together the woman and the two men who were to be the focus of the plot. One of the men was the blacksmith Gennaro, the other was Rafaele, the chief of the lawless Camorristi, and both had fallen victims to the charms of the maiden Maliella, a girl of that village type which aspires for knowledge of the wider life of the great city world.

And now the passing of the procession of the Madonna, richly arrayed with costly gems, provides the key to the action. Rafaele, with the bravado common to his brigand race, loudly avers that to win the love of Maliella he would even dare to steal the jewels from

that sacred figure; Gennaro, startled by the suggestion, takes a secret resolve to forestall his rival in giving such a supreme proof of his love. And all the while the irresponsible crowd shouts and sings and dances as though no tragedy were a-brewing. It was difficult, indeed, to realize that fact amid the whistles and drums and hands playing in different keys with a tune on the stage being executed in E flat major while the orchestra interposed with a strain in E (natural) minor!

For the second act the scene changes to a garden, and here the tragedy begins to develop more clearly. For there is a stormy interview between Maliella and Gennaro, which so stirs the young blacksmith that he determines to put in execution at once his resolve to purloin the jewels of the Madonna. His knowledge of locks and bars and bolts stands him in good stead in his enterprise, and ere the curtain falls he returns with the fatal gems, and Maliella, as she twines them about her neck, surrenders herself to her lover's arms. Gennaro has conquered by translating into action what with Rafaele was no more than a vainglorious boast.

But the third and last act brings the inevitable nemesis. True to the superstitious nature of the Neapolitan peasant, Signor Wolf-Ferrari starts remorse a-working in both Maliella and Gennaro. The scene of the catastrophe is set in the cave of the Camorristi by the sea, whither Maliella finds her way to triumph for a moment in the devotion of her lover, but to be swiftly overwhelmed with anguish for the sacrifice of which she has been the cause. The consciousness of that sin is borne in upon her by the Camorristi themselves, lawless men who would condone any offense save one against the church. And when Maliella has thrown herself into the sea Gennaro, too, pays the penalty of his sin by stabbing himself before a fresco of the Virgin.

Obviously, then, "The Jewels of the Madonna" is a music drama rather than grand opera in the strict meaning of the term, but for that very reason it takes its place naturally in the modern movement which insists upon coherent development. It has, also, many other qualities which should insure its success in an age intolerant of classical models. It is a well-built opera in the Sardou sense of the term; it is simple, human, and direct; it is eminently tuneful; it has great variety of action and glows with movement from start to finish. In its accessories, too, it is rich in those details which help to convey atmosphere—showers of confetti and streamers, picturesque costumes, serenades, dances, and all the by-play of a vivacious Italian crowd. For the interpretation of the score a whole battery of instruments was marshaled—mandoline and xylophone and celesta and quaint Neapolitan instruments—and the effect of the whole, especially in the ensembles, was electrical. And none of the audience were more generous in applause than Bradley Martin and Lloyd George, both of whom have been somewhat conspicuous of late for their denunciations of the amusements of the "idle rich."

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, June 4, 1912.

Chicago is a convention city in every sense of the term and is just as glad to have Democratic as Republican conventions. It has many large halls, but the national conventions are held in the Coliseum, specially provided for big assemblages. Three Republican conventions have been held in it in previous campaigns, and three Presidents nominated there. In 1904 the Republicans nominated Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for President in this building, and in 1908, under the same roof, William H. Taft was chosen as the party's standard-bearer. The Coliseum is on Wabash Avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, less than a mile from the centre of Chicago's great retail shopping and hotel district, and is accessible from all parts of the city by elevated roads and surface lines. The Coliseum is 305 feet long, 170 feet wide, and 70 feet in height, built of stone, brick, steel, and concrete, and is fireproof. It is of modern Romanesque combined with English castellated type of architecture and cost \$800,000. It has been the scene of many notable assemblages. It has eleven large exits and can be emptied in five minutes in an emergency. The building has 11,188 seats, of which 7988 are on the main floor and 3200 in the balcony. The speaker's platform is built against the south wall of the structure and extends across the entire width of the building. It is 75 feet deep and contains 1932 seats.

That a man is not too old to work after he is sixty years of age is proved by the figures just made public by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has in active service 4717 employees who are between the ages of sixty and seventy. Under the road's pension system, an employee may retire at the age of seventy, and there are now 172 men receiving pensions who have served forty years or more in the company's service. But there are even more active employees than that who have worked for the road forty years or longer, the total number being 2040.

Discussing the iceberg question, Professor John Milne of London writes that the year he visited Newfoundland one of these ice mountains had stuck in the Narrows, which is the entrance to St. John's harbor. The capital of Newfoundland was bottled up. "A fort pounded at the intruder for a time, but they might as well have pounded at the Karakoram Mountains. The monster stopped all traffic either in or out. On the third day, however, it heeled over and sailed away."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Jerome Dwelly, who first demonstrated the use of ether as an anæsthetic, in Fall River, Massachusetts, which he did in a surgical case in 1847, is still a resident of that city. He is now in his ninetieth year, but it was not until recently that he retired from active practice.

Miss Margaret Moore Ellis, a young woman aged twenty, is assisting the supervisor of Frankstown township, Pennsylvania, in making good roads. She had watched the bad roads and read about good roads so much that when he was elected she offered her services, which were accepted.

Queen Olga of Greece, closely related to the Czar of Russia, is the only woman admiral in the world. For years she has assisted Russian sailors who have become stranded in Athens. Partially in acknowledgment of this generosity, and partly because of the fact that her father, Duke Constantine Nicolaievitch, was an admiral in the Russian navy, the Czar conferred this exceptional honor upon the queen. He gave her command of the armored cruiser *Admiral Makarov*.

Bishop J. Albert Johnson, a missionary in South Africa, now on a visit to this country, undoubtedly preaches to the largest congregations in the world. In the Dark Continent he is heard by an audience ranging from 10,000 to 16,000. The services are conducted outdoors, interpreters being used to make the sermons intelligible to the natives, of whom only a small percentage are members of the church. Bishop Johnson is a Harvard graduate, and has been in the missionary service since 1878.

Michael B. Olbrich, of Madison, Wisconsin, who presented Senator La Follette's name to the Chicago convention this week, is only thirty, but he has already had a remarkable career. As a student at the University of Wisconsin several years ago Olbrich showed magnetic powers as an orator and debater, and represented the institution in all important forensic contests. To assist him in the completion of his college course, La Follette when governor gave Olbrich, who was working his way through school, a clerical position in the capital.

The two wealthiest young people in England, it is said, are now Sybil and Philip Sassoon, children of Sir Edward A. Sassoon, who has just died. The name of Sassoon is not familiar in this country, yet it has been a power in money affairs for more than two centuries. The earliest known Sassoons were Mesopotamian Jews and the family's relation to Eastern finance has been not unlike that of the Rothschilds in western Europe. The two families are related through the marriage of the late Sir Edward to a daughter of Baron Gustave Rothschild of Paris.

George C. Minard, whose work as superintendent of the Boston Parental School is attracting attention, is a Boston man who has made his own way in the world. He taught school to pay his way through Bowdoin College, entering with the class of 1900, and upon graduation took up the study of law. He progressed only far enough in the law to realize that teaching was his life work, and for fifteen years he has devoted himself to it. The Boston Parental School is an institution for boys not old enough to be sent to the reformatories, and yet in need of corrective influences.

Andrew A. Allen, who has just retired from the presidency of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, began life as a messenger boy at \$3 a week. An operator taught him the Morse code, and at fourteen he was sending messages over the wires. His rise was gradual, but sure, and in 1883 he became manager of the Chicago and Northwestern Pacific and the Chicago, Calumet and Terminal Company lines. Three years ago he was chosen president of the line with which he has severed connections, though he had been in its service since 1893. He is fifty-four years of age.

Benjamin Berinstein, blind from infancy, has just completed his law course at Columbia University and received his degree. He is twenty-four years of age, and has confidence in his ability to succeed in his profession. Berinstein was graduated from the East High School, in Rochester, and then entered the university, from which he was graduated last year, but remained to complete his law course. Although his parents were willing to pay for his education, Berinstein worked his way through college by reading proof for a magazine for the blind. He is an expert with a typewriter, and prepared his own answers to the questions in his final examinations.

J. Henri Fabre, the great French entomologist, greatest of the present day, has lived to be nearly ninety before coming into the fame to which his labors from childhood so richly entitled him. Born of poor parents, he was forced to begin work early in life, but managed to obtain a free education at the college at Rodez, in return for his services in the church choir. He studied Latin and never forgot it. He became an instructor in physics and other studies in the College of Ajaccio, to keep body and soul together. For over forty years his life was one of continuous privations. He wrote books on natural history, but they brought him little financial return. Only recently his true worth became known to the world, and now his writings are well paid for and the lifelong student has a comfortable home near Serignan, France, where he is supremely happy with his beasts and insects.



## JERRY DONOVAN, SALMON PIRATE.

His Little Deal in the Rescue Line.

President Gunn, of the Inter-Bay Packing Company, saw Donovan when he struck the fellow. This was on Saturday morning in front of the Light House saloon and directly opposite the offices of the packing company. If the whole affair had been planned it could not have been more forcibly brought to the attention of the head of the company. He noticed the men as he approached—caught a hasty word and then Jerry Donovan struck a blow that sent the man with the whiskers staggering backward. Some one rushed between them—the president hesitated an instant to assure himself the man was Donovan—the fellow who had cost him and the company many a dollar.

"I see Donovan is in town again," President Gunn spoke to the secretary of the company, as he entered the office. "He just took a smash at some fellow as I came across the street." The secretary remarked that he had seen the scrimmage.

"I wish I could get a watchman on that West Coast trap who would drill a hole through Donovan if he went around there. He'll be there or at some of our other traps and tearing things loose as soon as the salmon run commences. He got a lot of fish out of us last year. The P. & P. took five thousand 'Humpies' from him one morning. Donovan never caught them himself."

The secretary laughed.

"That is the morning we had one thousand in the trap and our neighbors had all the way up to fifteen thousand fish—and fish selling for 20 cents each."

"The watchman was bought!" The president was sure of this. "Donovan bought that fellow off—what was his name—Kelly? Well, you can just put it down that an Irishman is going to stick up for an Irishman, and Donovan can jolly them all along. If we had fired that fellow and put another man there we would have been money ahead."

The secretary's reply was interrupted by a hesitating knock at the door. The president shouted, irritably: "Come in!"

"You want a faller for watching yore trap?"

President Gunn looked to the secretary as the speaker cautiously drew himself into the room.

"Ever watch trap before—know anything about fishing?"

The president questioned the applicant.

"You're a Norwegian, ar'nt you and the fellow who let Jerry Donovan hit you in the jaw?"

"Ay bane a Norwegian faller," The man hung his head. "That faller soak at me, but he did not hurt me much. Some day Ay fix him plenty. Ay bane fis'in, but my shack burn three week ago and my gear burn with h'em. Ay bane in hard luck all right."

"Do you know where our West Coast trap is—you don't but think you know? Well, I guess you know all right. I want you to watch that trap, and if you let a sucker take a fish out of the trap without an order—I'll—I'll—well, I'll probably kill you myself. The fellow that cracked you this morning—Jerry Donovan—is the bird you have to look out for. He's been robbing our traps regularly and it has got to be stopped. You'll be furnished with a rifle and—drill 'em. Drill a hole through any one who comes monkeying around that trap. There is two hundred a month in it as long as you are honest and look after our business. There is trouble for you if you try any crooked work. Understand? Remember the company is back of you. Let 'em have it."

"Ay," The Norwegian grinned and rubbed the side of his face. "Ay bane keep a watch for that Donovan faller all right sure. Ay tank Ay know him."

"That's all!" The president motioned him toward the door. "You can go down on the trap tender this afternoon. The secretary here, Mr. Gale, will give you an order on the store for what you want. But watch that trap!"

The new trap watchman passed out and the head of the Inter-Bay Packing Company congratulated the secretary on their securing a good trustworthy man to look after their main trap.

"Take a Norwegian and he will fight his head off for the people he works for. It seems to me I have seen that fellow somewhere, but I can't place him. He was probably fishing in the days when I pulled an oar."

"Those were the days when you knew Donovan?" The secretary looked inquiringly and believed he caught suspicion in the glance the head of the firm gave him.

"Yes, I knew Donovan." The president's tone forbade further question.

The secretary knew something of the old relations existing between President Gunn and the salmon pirate, Jerry Donovan. There had been disputes as to the ownership of the West Coast trap site and the wreck of one of Donovan's seine boats by the company's steam tug caused more trouble. The old scores did not worry the head of the company greatly. He had risen from the ranks, and though this upward climb had been accomplished by knocking down a few of the old-time fishermen what was the difference? They had all forgotten their wrongs—Donovan and Olaf Admensen excepted. Admensen had been down on the Columbia River bar and Donovan doubt pass out before long—providing he didn't get shot by the new watchman a good shot.

The big run was on—the sockeye salmon crowded the sea. The canneries were working night and day, and the traps were delivering their loads with the greatest regularity. The first morning the West Coast trap sent in fifteen thousand fish against twelve thousand from the other traps. The day following the official force of the Inter-Bay Packing Company assured themselves the pack would be a banner one and they would clear thousands of dollars.

The next morning found a big drop in the catch of the West Coast trap, but this was followed by a corresponding increase. The catch of the trap fluctuated badly, but the watchman vowed, when questioned by the president, that "there bane no Donovan faller by dose trap."

The catch of the trap was so far above those of former seasons that President Gunn felt an interest in it strong enough to look toward the light on the end of the trap as the company's launch came opposite it this night. He passed out of the launch's cabin, where his little daughter was giving her friends the pleasure of a night ride on the water and to the stern deck. Here he watched the lanterns gleam. It was not far away. The night's business should be good, he thought, as he turned to enter the cabin.

He turned, but a treacherous rope was there under foot. He stepped on it and felt the hard line roll beneath his feet. He tried to catch the rail—missed it and his cry was lost to all ears amidst the laughter of the children.

When President Gunn found his bearings the launch looked as far away as the trap. He might make the trap, and so put his efforts toward reaching it. There were little dashes of swell to bother him as they struck his face. The chill of the water quickly made itself manifest. Already the lower part of his body felt numb. But the Norwegian was at the trap and would have a fire.

The trap was drawing nearer—there was a current helping him. He recalled the eddy that set along shore here with the low tide. There seemed to be a light low down on the trap—or was that a reflection of the top light? Fifty feet farther now would carry him to the trap. He could catch the web and hold on until he got his breath. He would then call to the watchman.

There was something in the trap. He could see it—yes—it was a boat. There was a low light! He must make the web hanging there just to the left. It was so near—so near. He reached out—another stroke—and he felt the heavy cords of the net. He gripped them and then, in the subdued light of the boat, inside the trap he saw—Donovan.

It was blind rage that gave President Gunn strength to cry out and partially raise himself on the web. It was Donovan who heard the cry—looked and bent toward him. He flashed the light which showed the deadly hate in the salmon pirate's face and echoed in his call.

"Olaf—Olaf, me lad! Look as who we have visitin' us. One Man walked upon the wa'ther and made a success of it. Now we have the likes of President Gunn, of the Inter-Bay Packing Company, tryin' the same trick, and wid a reputation like he's got. The very nerve of the man!"

The very thought apparently put an extra bit of brougue in Donovan's speech.

The Norwegian had clambered over the thwarts of the boat to Donovan's side.

"Ay tank Ay'll be damned!" He stared in astonishment, not unmixed with mirth, at his employer.

"At last, Mister President Gunn—you and Jerry Donovan meet on a common footin', with Donovan a bit the better. Ah—ha—now! Holy Moses, what a bit of luck!"

"Donovan, damn you!" the man clinging to the net gasped. He had drawn himself up, waist high. "Donovan, you are going to pay for this—you and that Norwegian. I'll fix you both! I've been waiting for a chance to get you, and now I've got you both—right in the act."

"Not so fast, President Gunn, of the Inter-Bay Packing Company—not so fast. What might I not do to you? It's only a crack with me gobstick here or a poke through the net with me picaroon into that lyin' heart of your's and who'd be the wiser? It's not Jerry Donovan who knows how ye got here, but it's an Irishman for a guess. We don't think ye tried walkin', and if ye drifts ashore with a bump on your head who's to say, when you hits ground, but what ye kicks overboard somewhere and was accidentally drowned?"

The water was cold, bitter cold, now, and it slapped at times nearly to the president's neck. He looked about, then secured a firmer grip on the cords.

"I'll get you, Donovan! I'll run you out of here now if it's the last act of my life. You stealing cur!"

"So? Well, then, Mr. President, hang onto your trap, for Ole and me have a few more fish to git before we leaves you. No! Don't try climbing any higher, as I can't stand for that. Then yer feeling kind of weak, too, aint ye?"

President Gunn had changed his hold as a heavier wave struck him.

"Let's be to it, Ole. I know the president never stole anything and he wants to see how it's done. He's an honest man, Ole. We know that, don't we?"

The Norwegian laughed easily. "Ay do not tank he remember this faller, Olaf Admensen, with his whiskers. The paper says Olaf bane drowned. Ay wonder what hare paper say about Maister Gunn. Ay gass

dose paper say ha' bane honest faller and never cheat no fis'ermans."

There was a harsh sound from the man clinging to the net. "I'll run you out of here—I'll kill you—I'll—I'll—! Donovan! Damn you!"

Donovan turned to him. "Sorry we aint got an office boy here to show you in. But you understand how it is. We're just fishermen, me lad, and robbed of what little we had by the thieves in the big companies. They say we're pirates, but you know better than that."

"But what I wanted to explain to you is this, and take it from Jerry Donovan and Olaf Admensen, honest fishermen: I want five thousand dollars for my interest in this trap location. This is what you cheated me out of. Then you must pay Olaf for the little deal you played him—a matter of two thousand dollars. Then there is eight hundred dollars for my boat. That is letting you off at cost, President Gunn, me lad. For all this I will quit working my trap here—you say stealing from the Inter-Bay Packing Company, of which you are the fine president. If you don't want to take our terms you can dig out for the shore any old way you want to—walk, swim, or float. I'm not supposin' that it matters to you as long as you gits there."

"Now think fast, me lad, for we're leavin' you. The devil may take care of you and you may make the beach, but you're takin' a chance. Under our terms, remember, you are free of us and it will be a savin' to the company. My share last year amounted to something like four thousand dollars clear of what I had to pay for buying off your watchman. Business is business and 'rason is rason,' Mr. Gunn, and it's Jerry Donovan that says you should listen to both."

President Gunn was swaying in the swell. "You—! Square anything! You cursed little Irishman! You shrimp! I'd—"

Suddenly he raised his voice and shouted for help. Again and again his cry rang out, though growing weaker with each effort. Donovan made no movement to help him.

"It's not the likes of Olaf or meself to keep any one from coming to give ye a hand, Gunn. But then we know there aint much chance of any one showing up. If the devil decides to take ye—why—we aint stoppin' him. I looks on it as his Christian duty. But ye better not forgit that little girl of yours—she favors her mother."

President Gunn made a movement to secure a new hold, but missed and dropped back until supported by the water. Donovan slipped his hand through the mesh and caught him by the collar.

"What's it, president, try for shore on your own hook or square up with us old lads and play fair after this? It's up to you, I'm a-thinkin', and when hell's ticklin' your toes it's a good time to think right." The president's head moved. "I takes as he agrees with us. Ole, you go around and get him in the skiff. He'll go to the bottom if I let go."

A half-hour later, when the searching party in the launch reached the trap they found President Gunn comfortable. Secretary Gale and a newspaper representative listened with interest when he told how Jerry Donovan and the trap watchman, at great risk to themselves, had rescued him from a watery grave. The secretary wondered if there might be a threat when Donovan warned the head of the company not to forget the experience, and that it was an Irishman named Donovan who said that "history might repeat itself."

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1912. JAMES BASHFORD.

No stranger theft was ever committed than the "lifting" of an entire railroad, twelve and one-half miles in length, which once connected Birr and Portumna in Ireland. The line had cost \$450,000, and for years it did service for the Great Southern and Western Railway Company until the year 1876, when the company, which had been running it at a loss, washed its hands of it. The line was derelict. Nobody wanted it. For a few years it stretched its useless length through North Tipperary; then its neighbors began to turn covetous eyes on it. Bolts and screws and other portable trifles began to vanish. A few prosecutions were instituted, but the charges were withdrawn. Nobody seemed to care. The thieves, thus encouraged, grew bolder. Farmers brought their carts and horses and loaded them with spoil of rails, sleepers, switches, and semaphores. One goodly station vanished, to its last brick and door, in a single night. They were great times for Tipperary! Boatloads of booty, hundreds of tons of rails, were sent away from Portumna by unlicensed "contractors," and the work of spoliation went on until not as much as a turntable was left.

When Sherman left Atlanta on the march to the sea more than one-half of his army were boys under age and over thirty of his colonels were not twenty-five, several of his generals no older. Lieutenant-General MacArthur, who won on the field of Franklin the name of "the bravest man in the army," given him by General Stanley, came home leading the Twenty-Fourth Wisconsin, not twenty years old by a full month.

In the very early days the French had their "Cri de guerre," the Scotch their slogan, and the English their war cries, but so many cries were launched by the different great British lords that in 1495 Parliament passed a special law forbidding these cries, on the ground that they produced disorder, allowing but one battle cry, "St. George and the King."



## THE PROMISED LAND.

Mary Antin Writes an Autobiography That Unites the Middle Ages with Today.

Mary Antin, the author of one of the remarkable books of the day, tells us that she is not yet thirty years of age, that she began life in the Middle Ages, and that she is now in the twentieth century and thrilling with its latest thought. She tells us further that she is one whose life has spanned the eddies of historic transitions and that she can testify to things beyond memory. Born in a Jewish "Pale" in the mediæval atmosphere of a dark corner of Russia, she early fled from the scourge of despotism and took shelter under the American flag, bringing nothing with her but memories of an old order of things and a great hunger for freedom. How she was fed and taught and helped till the scars of her early martyrdom were effaced, how American institutions carried her in a decade through as many centuries of progress—that is the story of her life and the story that she tells in her book. It is a cheering story because it reminds us of the abiding basis of American life, a basis that we allow ourselves to lose sight of amid the clamorous colors of less worthy things.

The Russian village of Polotzk was the "pale" that is among the earliest of the author's recollections. It was very strange, she thought, that the Czar and the police should want all Russia for themselves and that because a man was a Jew he should be seized like a criminal and forced to live in a particular place:

There was no time in my life when I did not hear and see and feel the truth—the reason why Polotzk was cut off from the rest of Russia. It was the first lesson a little girl in Polotzk had to learn. But for a long while I did not understand. Then there came a time when I knew that Polotzk and Vitebsk and Vilna and some other places were grouped together as the "Pale of Settlement," and within this area the Czar commanded me to stay, with my father and mother and friends, and all other people like us. We must not be found outside the Pale, because we were Jews.

So there was a fence around Polotzk, after all. The world was divided into Jews and Gentiles. This knowledge came so gradually that it could not shock me. It trickled into my consciousness drop by drop. By the time I fully understood that I was a prisoner, the shackles had grown familiar to my flesh.

The first time Vanka threw mud at me, I ran home and complained to my mother, who brushed off my dress and said, quite resignedly, "How can I help you, my poor child? Vanka is a Gentile. The Gentiles do as they like with us Jews." The next time Vanka abused me, I did not cry, but ran for shelter, saying to myself, "Vanka is a Gentile." The third time, when Vanka spat on me, I wiped my face and thought nothing at all. I accepted ill-usage from the Gentiles as one accepts the weather. The world was made in a certain way, and I had to live in it.

It was the custom to kidnap the Jewish boys and bring them up in Gentile families in order that they might enjoy the double blessings of Christian baptism and military service. When they refused to be baptized they were tortured, but it was not possible to decline the military service:

My father knew of one who was taken as a small boy, who never yielded to the priests under the most hideous tortures. As he was a very bright boy, the priests were particularly eager to convert him. They tried him with bribes that would appeal to his ambition. They promised to make a great man of him—a general, a noble. The boy turned away and said his prayers. Then they tortured him, and threw him into a cell; and when he lay asleep from exhaustion, the priest came and baptized him. When he awoke, they told him he was a Christian, and brought him the crucifix to kiss. He protested, threw the crucifix from him, but they held him to it that he was a baptized Jew, and belonged to the church; and the rest of his life he spent between the prison and the hospital, always clinging to his faith, saying the Hebrew prayers in defiance of his tormentors, and paying for it with his flesh.

It is a hideous story, and one of the most hideous parts of it was the compulsory "rejoicing" on the Czar's birthday and other festive occasions.

Seeing a notice affixed to a lamp-post a woman with a ragged shawl reads it to the author and explains to her that she must rejoice. "The chief of police bids you rejoice. . . . Come and watch the poor people pawn their samovars and candlesticks to raise money for a pretty flag. It is a holiday, little girl. Rejoice!"

"How much does it take?" somebody asks. "May I know no more of sin than I know of flags," another replies. "How is it put together?" "Do you have to have all three colors?" One customer puts down a few kopecks on the counter, saying, "Give me a piece of flag. This is all the money I have. Give me the red and the blue; I'll tear up my shirt for the white."

And yet there was some happiness in Polotzk, a happiness due to a mystic and imaginative vision rather than to material blessings. The Russian Jew must live in the past and the future if he would not allow himself to be overwhelmed by the miseries of the present:

I was fed on dreams, instructed by means of prophecies, trained to hear and see mystical things that callous senses could not perceive. I was taught to call myself a princess, in memory of my forefathers who had ruled a nation. Though I went in the disguise of an outcast, I felt a halo resting on my brow. Sat upon by brutal enemies, unjustly hated, annihilated a hundred times, I yet arose and held my head high, sure that I should find my kingdom in the end, although I had lost my way in exile; for He who had brought my ancestors safe through a thousand perils was guiding my feet as well. God needed me and I needed Him, for we two together had a work to do, according to an ancient covenant between Him and my forefathers.

Small wonder that a child so reared should see visions and dream dreams and that life itself should seem more real than its material vesture. In her fifth chapter the author tells us of one such ecstatic moment. It came to her on the bank of the river and she tells

us that she would plant a flowering bush in memory of the life that bloomed in her upon that great day:

A market garden lay on the opposite slope, yellow-green with first growth. In the long black furrows yet unsworn a peasant pushed his plow. I watched him go up and down, leaving a new black line on the bank for every turn. Suddenly he began to sing, a rude plowman's song. Only the melody reached me, but the meaning sprang up in my heart to fit it—a song of the earth and the hopes of the earth. I sat a long time listening, looking, tense with attention. I felt myself discovering things. Something in me gasped for life, and lay still. I was but a little body, and Life Universal had suddenly burst upon me. For a moment I had my little hand on the Great Pulse, but my fingers slipped, empty. For the space of a wild heartbeat I knew, and then I was again a simple child, looking to my earthly senses for life. But the sky had stretched for me, the earth had expanded; a greater life had dawned in me.

We are not born all at once, but by bits. The body first, and the spirit later; and the birth and growth of the spirit, in those who are attentive to their own inner life, are slow and exceedingly painful. Our mothers are racked with the pains of our physical birth; we ourselves suffer the longer pains of our spiritual growth. Our souls are scarred with the struggles of successive births, and the process is recorded also by the wrinkles in our brains, by the lines in our faces. Look at me, and you will see that I have been born many times. And my first self-birth happened, as I have told, that spring day of my early springs. Therefore would I plant a rose on the green bank of the Polota, there to bloom in token of eternal life.

Educational standards were narrow in Polotzk. Where Jews may not be both intellectuals and Jews, says the author, they prefer to remain Jews. It is only religious toleration that causes them to lose their fear of secular science and to step out boldly on the path to knowledge. But the child's mind was already prolific of questions, the wholesome fruit of wonder, but she was evidently something of a terror to her teachers:

It was inevitable, as we came to Genesis, that I should ask questions:

*Rebbe (translating)*—In the beginning God created the earth.

*Pupil (repeating)*—In the beginning—Rebbe, when was the beginning?

*Rebbe (losing the place in amazement)*—*S' gehert a kasse?* (Ever hear such a question?) The beginning was—the beginning—the beginning was in the beginning, of course! *Nu!* Go on.

*Pupil (resuming)*—In the beginning God made the earth. Rebbe, what did He make it out of?

*Rebbe (dropping his pointer in astonishment)*—What did—? What sort of a girl is this, that asks questions? Go on, go on!

The lesson continues to the end. The book is closed, the pointer put away. The rebbe exchanges his skull-cap for his street cap, is about to go.

*Pupil (timidly, but determinedly, detaining him)*—Reb' Lebe, who made God?

The rebbe regards the pupil in amazement mixed with anxiety. His emotion is beyond speech. He turns and leaves the room. In his perturbation he even forgets to kiss the *mezuzah* on the doorpost. The pupil feels reproved and yet somehow in the right. Who did make God? But if the rebbe will not tell—will not tell? Or, perhaps, he does not know? The rebbe—?

The exodus to America occurred about fifteen years ago, and we have a vivid account of the arrival in Boston and the delightful pain of a first introduction to freedom. Everything was free—light, music, and, above all, education:

Education was free. That subject my father had written about repeatedly, as comprising his chief hope for us children, the essence of American opportunity, the treasure that no thief could touch, not even misfortune or poverty. It was the one thing that he was able to promise us when he sent for us; surer, safer than bread or shelter. On our second day I was thrilled with the realization of what this freedom of education meant. A little girl from across the alley came and offered to conduct us to school. My father was out, but we five between us had a few words of English by this time. We knew the word school. We understood. This child, who had never seen us till yesterday, who could not pronounce our names, who was not much better dressed than we, was able to offer us the freedom of the schools of Boston! No application made, no questions asked, no examinations, rulings, exclusions; no machinations, no fees. The doors stood open for every one of us. The smallest child could show us the way.

And what a boundless gratitude was the reward of the public school teacher who must first of all teach English to her pupils. The author tells us that she loves English so much that it seems to her that in any other language happiness is not so sweet, nor logic so clear:

Whenever the teachers did anything special to help me over my private difficulties my gratitude went out to them, silently. It meant so much to me that they halted the lesson to give me a lift, that I needs must love them for it. Dear Miss Carroll, of the second grade, would be amazed to hear what small things I remember, all because I was so impressed at the time with her readiness and sweetness in taking notice of my difficulties.

Says Miss Carroll, looking straight at me: "If Johnnie has three marbles, and Charlie has twice as many, how many marbles has Charlie?"

I raise my hand for permission to speak.

"Teacher, I don't know what is twice."

Teacher beckons me to her, and whispers to me the meaning of the strange word, and I am able to write the sum correctly. It's all in the day's work with her; with me it is a special act of kindness and efficiency.

The idea of patriotism came as a revelation to a Russian child to whom all the ordinary symbols of patriotism were naturally associated with a degrading tyranny. When she learned to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" with some dawning idea of its new and strange meaning she tells us that delicious tremors run up and down her spine and she was faint with suppressed enthusiasm:

So it came to pass that we did not know what my country could mean to a man. And as we had no country, so we had no flag to love. It was by no far-fetched symbolism that the banner of the House of Romanov became the emblem of our latter-day bondage in our eyes. Even a child would know how to hate the flag that we were forced, on pain of severe penalties, to hoist above our housetops, in celebration of the

advent of one of our oppressors. And as it was with country and flag, so it was with heroes of war. We hated the uniform of the soldier, to the last brass button. On the person of a Gentile, it was the symbol of tyranny; on the person of a Jew, it was the emblem of shame.

On the day of the Washington celebration the little scholar recited a poem that she had composed in her enthusiasm. Her father was overcome with emotion when he read it and her teacher said many kind things and told her that she must read her poem to the class. It was an ordeal, but even the bad boys were hypnotized by the solemnity of the poet's demeanor:

I fixed their eighty eyes with my single stare, and gave it to them, stanza after stanza, with such emphasis as the lameness of the lines permitted:

He whose courage, will, amazing bravery,  
Did free his land from a despot's rule,  
From man's greatest evil, almost slavery,  
And all that's taught in tyranny's school,  
Who gave his land its liberty,  
Who was he?

'Twas he whose'er will be our pride,  
Immortal Washington!  
Who always did in truth confide.  
We hail our Washington!

The best of the verses were no better than these, but the children listened. They had to. Presently I gave them news, declaring that Washington

Wrote the famous Constitution; sacred's the hand  
That this blessed guide to man had given, which says, "One  
And all of mankind are alike, excepting none."

This was received in respectful silence, possibly because the other fellow-citizens were as hazy about historical facts as I at this point. "Hurrah for Washington!" they understood, and "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" was only to be expected on that occasion. But there ran a special note through my poem—a thought that only Israel Rubinstein or Beekie Aronovitch could have fully understood, besides myself. For I made myself the spokesman of the "luckless sons of Abraham," saying:

Then we weary Hebrew children at last found rest  
In the land where reigned Freedom, and like a nest  
To homeless birds your land proved to us, and therefore  
Will we gratefully sing your praise evermore.

The boys and girls who had never been turned away from any door because of their father's religion sat as if fascinated in their places. But they woke up and applauded heartily when I was done, following the example of Miss Dwight, who wore the happy face which meant that one of her pupils had done well.

And the little pupil assuredly had done well and deserved the applause of the teachers and of the other scholars, who invariably asked, "How could you think of all those words?" Naturally enough, her father said that the great work must be published, and so we see the little maiden in the office of the *Boston Transcript* and offering her effusion to editorial scrutiny. She explained to the great man that it was a poem about George Washington now offered for the first time for speedy publication. But the editor restrained his enthusiasm:

There was something queer about that particular editor. The way he stared and smiled made me feel about eleven inches high, and my voice kept growing smaller and smaller as I neared the end of my speech. At last he spoke, laying down his pipe, and sitting back at his ease.

"So you have brought us a poem, my child?"

"It's about George Washington," I repeated impressively. "Don't you want to read it?"

"I should be delighted, my dear, but the fact is—"

He did not take my paper. He stood up and called across the room.

"Say, Jack! here is a young lady who has brought us a poem—about George Washington.—Wrote it yourself, my dear?—Wrote it all herself. What shall we do with her?"

Mr. Jack came over, and another man. My editor made me repeat my business, and they all looked interested, but nobody took my paper from me. They put their hands into their pockets, and my hand kept growing clammy all the time. The three seemed to be consulting, but I could not understand what they said, or why Mr. Jack laughed.

A fourth man, who had been writing busily at a desk near by, broke in on the consultation.

"That's enough, boys," he said, "that's enough. Take the young lady to Mr. Hurd."

Mr. Hurd, it was found, was away on a vacation, and of several other editors in several offices, to whom I was referred, none proved to be the proper editor to take charge of a poem about George Washington. At last an elderly editor suggested that as Mr. Hurd would be away for some time, I would do well to give up the *Transcript* and try the *Herald* across the way.

The authorities on the *Herald* evidently knew a good thing when they saw it, for the first editor interviewed accepted the poem at once, asked some questions about it "and made notes on a slip of paper which he pinned to my manuscript." And when the poem actually appeared the author's father emptied the cash drawer in order to buy the complete edition of the *Herald*, or at least as much of it as the finances would allow.

And here we must leave a book that may fairly be described as wonderful. As literature it occupies a front rank. As the story of a life it is almost without a parallel. It unites the Middle Ages with the high-water mark of civilization, and in the person of a young woman not yet thirty years of age we see the transition of humanity from cruelty and mediæval barbarism into the light of modern intelligence and modern freedom.

THE PROMISED LAND: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUSSIAN EMIGRANT. By Mary Antin. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

With the completion of the new \$35,000,000 depot at Leipzig, that city will be able to lay claim to the largest railroad station in Europe. It has long been one of the dingiest in the country. For ten years artists and architects put their heads together to make it the acme of beauty and convenience, and now for ten years the builder has been busy. It has a frontage of 350 yards; 26 lines of rail run into it; it will see 400 trains a day; there are 50 clocks to tell the time. The finishing touches will take till 1915.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Friar of Wittenberg.

Opinions of this fine novel will vary somewhat according to the expectations that we give to it. As a romance, as a social picture of Luther's Germany it should satisfy the most exacting. The story is told by Walter von Lichtenstein, who may therefore be said to be the hero. The love interest centres around him, and for those who judge every novel by its love interest—and there is nothing to be said against such a standard—the work will appeal powerfully. It is written with vivacity, with deep feeling, and there is not a careless situation, nor a careless sentence, from cover to cover.

And yet a novel that professes to be historical can hardly escape an historical judgment. It is Mr. Davis's bad fortune that within the last few years we have had several lives of Luther written with the dispassion consonant with the waning of religious hatreds. We are no longer satisfied to look upon Luther simply as an apostle. Luther is no longer a fetish nor even a creed, and as superstition has weakened, the critical attitude has grown stronger. Luther was responsible to a large extent for the Peasants' War, if only because he broke up the moulds of mind which are among the greatest of restraining social forces. But when the peasants began to do the things that it was inevitable they should do they had nothing but denunciations from Luther. This point is entirely overlooked in the novel. And here we have its historical shortcomings. The author's Luther is not quite the Luther of history. He is not so much of a sinful man. He is too mild, too "good." We are indeed told that he drank a good deal of beer, and perhaps this may suggest other and unutterable things to the New England consciences. But the Recording Angel has other things against Luther than beer-drinking, and a novel should be as candid as a history. We feel somehow that the author has chosen a hero and intends that he shall be heroic, and that he uses a certain amount of fictional license which perhaps no historical novelist ever renounces or can wholly renounce.

But the average reader will feel no tendency to be censorious. He will recognize that Mr. Davis has written an impressive story in an impressive way, that he is a master of plot, incident, and dialogue, and that his picture of mediaeval Germany and of the religious abuses of the period is superior to anything else of the kind that has ever been cast into the form of a novel.

THE FRIAR OF WITTENBERG. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

## Return to Nature.

Adolf Just's substantial volume has now been translated into English by H. A. Nesbitt, M. A., after many editions in the original German. In America the "return to nature" has usually a specific meaning. It implies the purchase of a country home and the abandonment of the city, things that most of us have neither the power nor the will to do. The unnatural life can be lived anywhere, on the ranch as well as in the city. It is an internal rather than an external condition, and the author is to be congratulated upon a basic idea that lifts us at once beyond the reach of externalities. He does indeed devote a portion of his work to diseases, and he shows us his enthusiasm for vegetarianism and what may be called the earth cure, but these are rather as particular applications of universal principles.

The author's idea of nature seems to be the original creative idea in the divine mind, an idea superseded by the deviations of the human mind which ought to have followed the archetypal plan. From these deviations spring all our woes, individual and communal. Man has so far isolated himself from nature as to regard the universe as unfriendly and to imagine himself as occupying a beleaguered citadel and in danger of a thousand external foes. Mr. Just would have us regard nature as friends and ourselves as parts of a sympathetic whole of which all the parts are in co-operation and union. How he applies his principles to our complex social life must be left for the reader to ascertain for himself, but it may be said that the work is eminently an ingratiating one, written from a standpoint of lofty benevolence and obviously worthy of the high place that it occupies in its native land. It can not fail of a welcome in English-speaking countries.

RETURN TO NATURE. By Adolf Just. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## About Algeria.

Mr. Thomas-Stanford's delightful book about Algeria reminds us forcibly of the predicted awakening of the Moslem world. It is certainly hard to believe that nature knows anything of superior or inferior in her geographical distributions, while the author tells us so much of the ancient glories of Algeria. It is so much of the remains of those glories that awaken a feeling of expectation that must be a revival, and of recognition that the wheel turns unceasingly. The author, it is now in his dark night in his heart he is ever looking for

the Messiah who will call him anew to nationality. Our best hope for him is a revival of his religion upon its spiritual side, and from this may spring ideals of citizenship and toleration. Without this we may expect the Jihad, the Holy War, and a fierce and reckless assault upon the dominance of the white man.

Many great changes are already evident. The Jew, who can make a living anywhere except in Aberdeen, has so far outlived the unique persecution accorded to him in Algeria as to be master of the situation, and the author illustrates this by a story. A Jew entered an Algerian railroad car and somewhat roughly pushed aside an Arab to make room for himself. The Arab turned on him and said, "What is the matter? Do you want to eat me?" "Eat you? I?" replied the other; "I am a Jew"; but there was no retaliation for this refined and pointed insult.

Mr. Thomas-Stanford's volume is interesting from cover to cover. He makes Algeria live, in her past, her present, and her future, and in this task he calls to his aid thirty-two unusual illustrations, mainly devoted to the impressive antiquities of which the country is so full.

ABOUT ALGERIA. By Charles Thomas-Stanford. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

## Her Word of Honor.

Edith Macvane gives us a delightfully simple narrative made up of romance and sentiment in liberal measure. A little French aristocrat, left penniless and an orphan, is adopted by her English aunt, the Duchess of Porthaven. Not liking the position of upper housemaid, to which she is relegated, she runs away to New York. On the steamer she meets Mrs. Cobb, an American lady with social ambitions, and Mrs. Cobb recognizes at a glance how much she might profit from the aid of a girl with a title of her own and titled relatives in England and France. So Mlle. Elise-Florence-Marie de Vauquères de Clugny agrees in advance to marry Mrs. Cobb's son in return for a home. Of course the marriage never comes off, but we find ourselves interested in a much better arrangement toward the end of this vivacious and clever little story.

HER WORD OF HONOR. By Edith Macvane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

## Eloquence.

Mr. Serviss does not go so far as to tell us that eloquence can be learned. Some natural and unacquired faculty must certainly form the basis, and we must actually have something to say before we can hope to say it gracefully or oratorically. But much can be done to improve what may be called the mechanism of eloquence. There are a hundred "tricks of the trade" that we may call to our help in our need, and even though we can not all be orators there are few among us that can not at least make a presentable appearance on the public platform.

Let it be said that Mr. Serviss has done all that can be done for the aspirant. Dividing his book into "The Instinct," "The Preparation," and "The Practice," he does at least give us heart of grace for the attempt and be persuades us that we need not be failures. No one can read his book without encouragement and an abundance of practical aid.

ELOQUENCE. By Garrett P. Serviss. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

## The Civil War.

This little volume, which appears in the already extensive Home University Library, is from the competent pen of Professor Frederic L. Paxson of the University of Wisconsin. Among the wealth of literature called forth by the Civil War it can hardly be expected that any new points will be advanced in 248 small pages of large type nor indeed does the author make any claim to novelty. He merely gives us a condensed account of "a struggle between two civilizations," rather than between armies, one of these civilizations being reactionary, although "honesty and intelligence were about equally divided in the contest." Professor Paxson has little to say about controverted points, but he has written a useful little book, one that may be described as an elegant statement of facts.

THE CIVIL WAR. By Frederic L. Paxson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

## Who's Who.

Volume VII of "Who's Who in America" has just made its appearance with a gratifying number of additional pages to prove the increase in the number of the famous. Nearly three thousand new sketches have in fact been added, and we have a comprehensive index divided into states and cities, by means of which we can make comparisons of social weight between different parts of the country. The present volume contains 18,794 biographies without counting 8091 cross references to earlier editions.

It is probably impossible to examine a copy of "Who's Who" without wondering at some of the inclusions and some of the exclusions. So much depends upon the point of view, but it may be said that the present edition comes near enough to perfection to satisfy the aver-

age mind, while of its utility there can be no question.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, 1912-1913. Volume VII. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.; \$5.

## Vistas of New York.

Professor Brander Matthews is hardly at his best in these twelve sketches of New York life. They cover a period of a quarter of a century and each one bears the date to which it applies. Some two or three of them would be notable as short stories, but we do not see that they are particularly illustrative of New York or that they might not have been written about almost any other city. We miss the atmosphere. Every city has an individuality of its own, and such sketches as these should display distinctively some aspect of that individuality. In other words, they should deal with incidents that could not well have occurred elsewhere. Whatever Professor Matthews writes is worth reading. That goes without saying, but in this instance the reader will recognize a certain irrelevance between the title and the subject matter.

VISTAS OF NEW YORK. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

## Briefer Reviews.

An abundance of genuine humor is to be found in "My Demon Motor-Boat," by George Fitch (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.10 net). Mr. Fitch was recognized as a real humorist when he wrote "At Good Old Siwash" and his reputation will not suffer from his latest work.

"Manual of Navigation Laws," by Edwin M. Bacon, A. M. (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net), is an historical summary of the codes of the maritime nations, "an impartial and unprejudiced presentation of the facts drawn from the records or from authoritative sources."

Since no one loves a fat man, it would be well for fat men to set about the task of getting thin. "The Fun of Getting Thin," by Samuel G. Blythe (Forbes & Co.; 35 cents), not only tells us how this may be done, but it even suggests that there may be a certain amount of fun in the process, at least for the spectator.

"The Great Star Map," by H. H. Turner, D. Sc., D. C. L., F. R. S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net), is a history of the development of astronomical photography and a general account of the international project known as the astrographic chart. The author writes in such a way as to appeal to the layman and with an avoidance of all technical difficulties.

Constance d'Arcy Mackay has identified herself with the admirable work of producing one-act plays for children so designed as to develop the dramatic instinct while inculcating ethical and patriotic lessons. Her latest production is "Patriotic Plays and Pageants for Young People" (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35

net). The volume contains a considerable number of these plays and pageants, well selected and charmingly written.

"Sporting Firearms," by Horace Kepbart, has just been issued among the Outing Handbooks (70 cents). Rifles and shotguns are considered as tools of sport to be judged strictly on their merits, and the author reminds us that the "make" of a gun may be of good or ill repute, but it is not a final guaranty of merit.

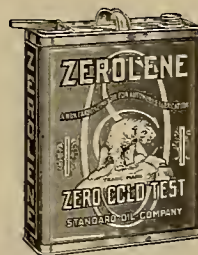
The unemployed, or the partially employed, woman would do well to read "Pin-Money Suggestions," by Lilian W. Babcock (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net). The author sets forth about four hundred ways in which a woman can employ her spare time to good advantage, and most of them seem to be both sensible and practical.

One student who works his or her way through college contains a greater promise of public usefulness than a hundred whose way is paid for them. In "Working One's Way Through College and University" Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson tells us how this has been done by hundreds of poor students. Much of the matter has been obtained from beads of colleges and all of it is authentic. No more useful book of its kind has appeared. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1 net.

One would hardly suppose that there was sufficient demand for commercial and other information about Russia to justify so large and detailed a volume as "The Russian Year Book for 1912," by Howard P. Kennard, M. D. (the Macmillan Company; \$5 net). But since the work has reached a second issue it evidently supplies a need. Certainly nothing could be more complete. Its four hundred pages seem to omit nothing that the enquirer is likely to need either in the way of trade statistics or the general information useful alike to the merchant and to the traveler.

"A Yosemite Flora," by Harvey Monroe Hall and Carlotta Case Hall (Paul Elder & Co.), is a finely prepared volume professing to be "a descriptive account of the ferns and flowering plants, including the trees, of the Yosemite National Park, with simple keys for their identification; designed to be useful throughout the Sierra Nevada Mountains." The volume is not only of an attractive exterior, but it fully carries out its purpose of a complete and elaborate guide of much scientific value and enriched with eleven plates and one hundred and seventy figures in the text.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Guests of Hercules.

The Williamsons have added one more ingenious story to a list already long and that contains no failures. Mary Grant is a pupil in a convent school in Scotland and likely to take the final vows. But a stirring of worldly blood in her veins causes her to renounce the project, and finding that she has inherited a considerable fortune she decides to leave the convent and travel in Europe. She has no near relatives and no one to advise her, but she is aware that she must have inherited the gambling instinct, and so she buys her ticket through to Italy and registers a vow that Monte Carlo shall not beguile her.

But it does. Sudden impulses are notoriously the tools of fate, and so Mary Grant finds herself leaving the train at Monte Carlo, asking her way to the best hotel, and setting her feet on the broad and enticing road that is supposed to lead to destruction. And all this in defiance of her carefully formed resolutions.

It is a clever situation, for Mary has lived in a convent all her life, knows nothing of the world, and is wholly unaware that any one could possibly wish to injure her. And now she is alone in Monte Carlo with an abundance of money and a resolve to experience the joys of life. Certainly there was never a clearer call upon the good offices of a protecting Providence.

The story is capitally told, and Monte Carlo was never better pictured. Mary Grant nearly breaks the bank upon her first day, and, what is more important still, she attracts the attention of Prince Della Rohbia, who can not make up his mind whether Mary is an innocent school girl or a demimondaine. We witness the gradual infatuation of the prince, his final avowal, and then the tragedy that threatens to shatter love's young dream when Mary allows herself to be identified with another Mary Grant, who was also at the convent and who ran away with a married man and subsequently married the prince's brother. There are plenty of minor characters, all useful parts of the picture and uniting in a story that is cleverly conceived and carefully executed.

THE GUESTS OF HERCULES. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35.

## Statesman's Year-Book.

This valuable publication makes its forty-ninth annual appearance, and with every sign of careful revision. The history of the world is brought up to date, and history has been moving somewhat rapidly during the last year. India, China, Morocco, and Tripoli have all contributed their quota, but every event almost to the day of publication is duly and adequately chronicled. The results of the various censuses are included, we have minute particulars of labor legislation, old-age and insurance schemes and the progress of democracy, while the ordinary statistical information is unusually complete. The volume contains 1428 pages, and even the most casual examination discovers an amplitude and an attention to detail that must largely lessen the labors of every student of public affairs. "The Statesman's Year-Book" is one of the conveniences that we can not do without.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1912. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

## Socialism.

Mr. John Spargo and Dr. George Louis Arner are well qualified for the task that they have undertaken. Mr. Spargo has been long recognized as one of the chief living exponents of Socialist economics, while Dr. Arner is equipped alike by knowledge and temper for an exposition of this kind. Under their joint authorship we have a text-book of 381 pages divided into five parts devoted respectively to "Socialism as a Criticism," "Socialist Theory," "The Socialist Ideal," "The Socialist Movement," and "Policy and Programme." Without containing any elements of novelty the work is a comprehensive and moderate presentation and plea, arranged under subheads after the manner of a text-book and with summaries and questions at the end of each chapter.

ELEMENTS OF SOCIALISM. By John Spargo and George Louis Arner, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Against Home Rule.

This volume comes appropriately at a critical moment for Irish nationalism. That it presents the best possible case against Home Rule is evident from the list of distinguished men who have contributed to its authorship and which includes the names of Mr. Bal-four, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Charles Beresford, the Marquis of Londonderry, Earl Percy and Sir Edward Carson. And yet their collective arguments are unconvincing, at least to the American mind. They seem to be not so much an effort to grapple with facts as to defend prejudices, not so much an attempt to settle a problem as to resist a particular way to settle it. The reader will, however, have a certain satisfaction in the presentation offered to him. He will know that it is the best that can ever be offered, and that the

whole case against Home Rule has been set forth by the ablest minds opposed to it.

AGAINST HOME RULE. By various British statesmen. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.; 50 cents net.

## In the Beginning.

There will probably always be a welcome for the well-written story of adventure and of the man who wins the woman by fighting for her. In this case we find Sidney Grenville undertaking a journey to Canton, China, in order to give his escort to the fair Elaine, who is to be the wife of Grenville's friend Fenton. It is always a mistake to send a friend upon such an errand. It is far better to go one's self. On the way home the ship is wrecked and Grenville and Elaine find themselves cast upon a desert island that would be a veritable Garden of Eden but for a band of head-hunting Dyaks who make things decidedly interesting for the castaways. There are long and ferocious fights and when the Dyaks are finally routed and the survivors rescued Grenville and Elaine have experienced the usual effects of propinquity and poor Fenton is forgotten. It is an old story, but capitally retold.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING. By Philip Ver-rill Michels. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.25 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Eastern critics are finding Samuel J. Alexander's poems, in "The Inverted Torch," published in May by A. M. Robertson, of sufficient value to induce extended reviews, critical, but appreciative. The volume is receiving more attention than any other recent book of verse.

Gertrude Atherton's "Julia France and Her Times," has gone into its third edition.

Thomas Hardy, who forswore fiction writing about the time the recent thin-paper edition of all his novels was published, has made public a poem on the Titanic disaster which pictured the twin growth of ship and destroying iceberg, "and consummation comes and jars two hemispheres." Verse has been Hardy's only medium of writing since he completed the Wessex novels which gave him a world-wide following.

Anna Alice Chapin, the author of "The Under Trail," is also an accomplished actress, and at the present time she is a member of Maude Adams's company.

Basil King, among whose novels are "In the Garden of Charity" and "The Giant's Strength," declared last week to a Boston audience that it should be a novelist's duty—as well as his pleasure—to leave his readers with a distinct sense of uplift and hopefulness at the close of a book. As most of Mr. King's auditors were authors his remarks naturally precipitated the question of the happy ending. Mr. King held that the power, brilliancy, and technic of the modern English novelist was to be admired, but not his pessimism.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, author of "Everybody's St. Francis," now appearing serially in the *Century Magazine*, has been United States Minister to Denmark since 1907; formerly professor of English language and literature at the Catholic University of America.

The Century Company now announces June 26 as the definite date of issue of W. Morgan Shuster's "The Strangling of Persia." This chronicle, by the ex-treasurer-general of Persia, of his experience in Persia during the stormy eight months when he fought vainly to help Persia to her place among nations, has the startling facts substantiated by the British and Persian state papers, supplemented by a private diary kept by the writer during the entire period of his sojourn in Persia.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

LULU, ALICE AND JIMMIE WIBBLEWOBLE. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Bedtime stories.

MENE TEKEL. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

A detective story.

THE MYSTERIOUS CARD AND THE MYSTERIOUS CARD UNVEILED. By Cleveland Moffett. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; 50 cents.

Two stories of mystery.

WILHELMINA CHANGES HER MIND. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

A novel.

ON THE WATCHTOWER. By Asenath Carver Coolidge. Published by the author at Boston, Massachusetts.

A little story with a moral.

THE ISLE OF STRIFE. By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

ELSIE LINOTNER. By Karin Michaelis Stangeland. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.20 net.

A sequel to "The Dangerous Age."

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING. By Philip Ver-rill Michels. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

MASTERING FLAME. New York: Mitchell Ken-nerley; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE WORLD'S LEADING PAINTERS. By George B. Rose. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. Issued in the World's Leaders.

THE WORLD'S LEADING POETS. By H. W. Boynton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe. Issued in the World's Leaders.

DAVID GARRICK AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS. By Frank A. Hedgecock. New York: Duffield & Co. The story of a cosmopolitan actor.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1912. By H. T. Montague Bell, B. A., and H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. F. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

An annual work of reference devoted entirely to Chinese affairs.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

Statistical and historical annual of the states of the world for the year 1912.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

WHITE MOUNTAIN TRAILS. By Winthrop Packard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$3 net.

To the summit of Mount Washington and other summits of the White Hills.

BYWAYS OF PARIS. By Georges Cain. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Some side lights on the French metropolis. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton.

SHAKESPEARE'S "LOVE'S LABOR LOST." Edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

THE GREAT ANALYSIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A plea for a rational world order. With a preface by Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt, F. B. A.

TRIPOLI THE MYSTERIOUS. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.

An account of the bone of contention between Italy and Turkey.

IN FORBIDDEN CHINA. By Viscount d'Ollone. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$3.50 net.

An account of the D'Ollone Mission, now for the first time published.

OUR JUDICIAL OLIGARCHY. By Gilbert E. Roe. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1 net.

With an introduction by Mr. La Follette.

APPLIED SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

A study of the application of Socialistic principles to the state.

THE BURDEN OF POVERTY. By Charles F. Dole. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Art of Life series.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Logan Pearsall Smith, M. A.; PSYCHOLOGY, by William McDougall, M. B., F. R. S.; BUDDHISM, by Mrs. Rhys Davids, M. A.; THE PRINCIPLES OF PHYSI-

LOGY, by John Gray McKendrick, M. D., LL. D.; ENGLISH LITERATURE: MEDIEVAL, by W. P. Ker, M. A.; RECONSTRUCTION AND UNION, 1865-1912, by Paul Leland Haworth, Ph. D.; ENGLISH SECTS, by W. B. Selbie, M. A., Ph. D.; MATTER AND ENERGY, by Frederick Soddy, M. A., F. R. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net per vol.

Issued in the Home University Library.

FOLK FESTIVALS. By Mary Master Needham. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.25 net.

Their growth and how to give them. Intended for teachers, social workers, and civic organizations.

ILLUSTRATED KEY TO THE WILD AND COMMONLY CULTIVATED TREES OF THE NORTHEASTERN UNITED STATES AND ADJACENT CANADA. By J. Franklin Collins and Howard W. Preston. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Based primarily upon leaf characters.

THE SUPER RACE. By Scott Nearing. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Art of Life series.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY. By R. Fulton Cutting, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Issued in the American Social Progress series.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION AND STYLE. By William T. Brewster, A. M. New York: The Century Company.

A handbook for college students.

UP IN ALASKA. By Esther Birdsall Darling. Sacramento: Jo Anderson Press.

A book of verse.

CONCENTRATION AND CONTROL. By Charles R. Van Hise. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A solution of the trust problem in the United States.

THE SCOT IN AMERICA AND THE ULSTER SCOT. By Whitelaw Reid. New York: The Macmillan Company; 40 cents net.

The substance of addresses before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution and the Presbyterian Historical Society.

THE AGE OF ALFREDO. By F. J. Snell, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Issued in the Handbooks of English Literature, edited by Professor Hales.

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HELEN WARE IN "THE PRICE."

Wonders will never cease! It is only the unexpected that happens. Two plays, each of which is genuine, serious, high-class drama, follow in our local theatres one upon the heels of the other. It nearly unmans us, and all but brings tears of gratitude to eyes unused to weep.

And to add to our sense of surprise, pleasure, and gratitude to the gods of our dramatic destinies, we are suddenly plumped up against a star who is really remarkable for the power, the finish, and the impressiveness of her acting.

It has been something of a question, with those interested in theatrical history, as to who was going to succeed our waning stars. Julia Marlowe speaks of a comparatively early retirement from the stage; Margaret Anglin grows too plump for the sorrows of a leading lady, and wastes herself upon the trivialities of "Green Stockings," and, moreover, introduces a farcical squeak into her voice; Mrs. Fiske is hard up for plays, and Viola Allen buries her talents in the mechanical romance of such stuff as "The White Sister."

And then, suddenly, we see Helen Ware in "The Price" and all is well.

"The Price" marks a distinct advance in George Broadhurst's play-writing ability, which is already well established. It is a problem play, and although the modern attitude in this matter is changing there is nothing new in the subject: the old one of man's harshness to the woman who has transgressed, as compared to the world's indulgence to the male sinner.

Curiously enough, it is men who seem to be taking up the cudgels for women in this particular and advocating a change in the attitude of universal reprobation. In "Madame X" we were, in witnessing the blasting effect of twenty years' irregular life upon a gently nurtured woman trying desperately to keep alive, brought face to face with the terrible consequences resulting from the husband's un-forgiveness of the faithless wife. The Continental dramatists, indeed, in Germany as well as in France, are trying to train the collective mind of reading humanity to the perception that woman is not an angel, but simply human, and subject, although in less degree, to the same storms of emotionally amatory disturbance that frequently sweep men far away from the balance of a carefully planned life.

George Broadhurst's play shows the influence of European dramatists. There were expressions noticeably so inspired. The woman's self-exculpation to the old professor was simple and eloquent, and his musing comment (I can not remember, I fear, the exact expression), "the spring-tide of sex," recalled Turgenev's "Torrents of Spring"; that sad story of nature's cruel impulses wrecking the lives of her helpless children. So, too, Ethel Toscani's remark to the artist when she said, speaking of the unloved wife, "She did not then exist; we two were the only beings on earth."

In fact, in running over mentally all the scenes of the play, one realizes that the American author, so thoroughly identified at one time with typical farce of the purest American brand, has, in his artistic treatment of his theme, put himself in line with the dramatic authors of France and Germany. And, though Russia is now coming forward, no one disputes the supremacy in their line of these two nations in the field of dramatic literature.

There is no mercy advocated for the sinner, and none meted out for her, in "The Price." It is simply a profoundly absorbing rehearsal of one of the incidents that happen in human lives, that end in the tragic severance of destinies that nature meant to run in a parallel. The author has disdained to placate the superficial sentimentality of the public, and the end is extremely artistic.

As in "A Doll's House," we may, if we wish, infer that there is a faint gleam of hope lightening the livid storm-clouds that darken the conjugal horizon, because, after all is said, the husband deeply loves the offender, and her offense preceded the union of their loves.

But the cynical remark of Susan, as she saved the wife from the fatal consequences of her despair—"There is not one of them worth it"—would seem to intimate on the part of the author a total rejection of any sentimentality of attitude toward the unforgiving husband.

How we are seemingly to be justified in inferring that all the rest. Woman stands as the supreme man is the supreme egoist.

No matter whether or not his character or plan of life is impeccable, his wife, the woman of his choice, must be the one entire and perfect chrysolite.

It is the old dream of male humanity. Whether his standards reach high, and firm, or totter, or fall, he longs to feel that there is on earth one gentle being whose purity and love are consecrated to his service; and not only longs, but demands it as his right. We do not grudge him the dream. Woman, perhaps, needs to feel that wasting, sinning man idealizes her, just as man feels, in the attitude of the more dependent sex, a spur to his courage, his resource, and his chivalry.

The character of the emotional heroine of "The Price," with her warm Italian blood and quick impulses, leading her to extremes of action, was really magnificently acted by Helen Ware. This, to us, hitherto unknown actress played like an experienced star; except, perhaps, that the flood of rich feeling that shook her as the tempest shakes the reed seemed, perhaps, to have the freshness and force of powers as yet unworn. She was like a harp giving forth strangely moving chords and discords; the tones and harmonies of a nature rich in emotional possibilities.

Miss Ware is not a beautiful woman, but after she has been two minutes on the stage that lack is an insignificant detail, and ceases to matter. She has a face cast in the mould of tragedy, a deep and expressive voice, beautiful eyes, and a well-moulded figure which adapts each movement and pose to the expression of the feelings that agitate the soul it enshrines.

Not only has this unusually talented player power, personality, and dramatic impressiveness to an unusual degree, but her acting is beautifully finished. Every detail expresses to a shade what it seeks to express. So that, to the emotional force of, say, a Nance O'Neil she unites the intellectually inspired virtuosity of a Sarah Bernhardt or a Nazimova. In fact, Helen Ware has a quondam awaiting her on the American stage.

She repays close study. One lingers over the details, the quick changes in her features, the constraint that wrapped the wife like a garment when the terrifying apparition of the woman she had wronged was projected into her life; the lighter play of acting, when she rallied Florence, or indulged in the instinctive tenderness of mood, and tone, and caress toward the man she loved. And when the tempest of anguish and despair rended her body and soul, each look, tone, gesture, was the epitome of art backed by appealing nature. The force of the woman's passionate plea seemed to make her grow to the body of the cruel being she loved, as if in that contact she desperately warded off the parting whose shadow she felt descending. Her emotion rose to a terrible climax, then subsided to the heavy inertia of despair. And the voice, the tears, the sobs, seemed all so desperately sincere that we recognized that the drama of emotion had secured for itself a new and powerful exponent.

Harrison Hunter played the part of the husband with the ability and poise that we expected in an actor of his standing and reputation. A long experience in pronouncedly character parts has not caused this sterling player to overemphasize, and in the trying scenes of emotional abandon he was an admirable second to Miss Ware.

An exceedingly fine piece of acting was that done by Jessie Ralph, in the rôle of Mrs. Dole. The contrast between the two leading female characters is very marked, and Miss Ralph brought to the depiction of the character of the artist's wife a keen and penetrating intelligence that made that practical, hard, shrewd, cutting nature seem singularly real.

George W. Barnum, in the character of the old professor, offered a character sketch in artistically softened colors; in comparison it was like a pastel placed beside a sharp, clear etching.

Roy Gordon's assumption of the rôle of the artist was on more conventional lines. Gertrude Dalton's Florence was prettily acted, and the actress showed a very pleasing talent for instinctively graceful and natural poses. Margaret McWade's Susan, by its technical completeness in a comparatively minor rôle, evidenced how satisfactorily high is the standard of the company, which is small, only one more member completing the cast.

To her gifts as a player Miss Ware adds the further accomplishment of vocalism. She sings, during one or two of the scenes, a couple of tunes, incidental to the movement of the drama, in a full-toned contralto whose warmly sympathetic and richly individual tone is in accord with the actress's high powers in histrionic expression.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Shubert attractions coming to the Cort Theatre next season before the holidays will include Gaby Deslys, "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Kiss Waltz," James T. Powers, the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, "Bunny Pulls the Strings," "Whirl of Society," and "The Master of the House."

Tirol (red or white) is the crowning achievement of the Italian-Swiss Colony, which has made California's wines famous.

#### "Posterfolk" at the Columbia Theatre.

There is every indication that the juvenile performance of "Posterfolk" at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday evening, June 23, will prove a highly successful one. Taking part in the entertainment of the evening will be some 150 players. In addition to the performance of the musical extravaganza, "Posterfolk," there will be sixteen special numbers. The principal rôles in "Posterfolk" will be entrusted to Chester Cohen, Alma Tuchler, Arline Levy, Joe Meyer, William Schwarz, Marie Gutemann, Isadore Harris, and Etta Mayer. The majority of the above have appeared in numerous performances of this kind.

The extravaganza is in five scenes, which have been especially huilt for the occasion. An augmented orchestra will be under the direction of Cantor M. Salomon. Included in the long list of special features are Mrs. Rey Del Valle in operatic selections; "Niohe," another San Francisco girl who has won fame in the art of classic dancing, will offer "The Dance of the Hours" and "The Blue Danube"; Elsie Peck and Lorraine Wise, assisted by ten boys and ten girls, will sing "Won't You Be My Husband?"; the Egyptian Ballet by Alma Tuchler, assisted by Phyllis Coleman, Earl Haughey, and Dorothy Wise. The performance will begin promptly at 8:15.

#### Ethel Barrymore an Orpheum Circuit Star.

It has been definitely arranged between Martin Beck and Charles Frohman for Miss Ethel Barrymore to be seen next season over the Orpheum Circuit in J. M. Barrie's remarkable one-act play, "A Twelve Pound Look." The contract, which has just been signed, calls for a long season at a huge salary. The exact figures, as in the case of Mme. Bernhardt, have not been made known. Miss Barrymore's advent in vaudeville increases in its importance because she is bringing with her one of the few playlets written by J. M. Barrie, whose "Little Minister," "What Every Woman Knows," "Peter Pan," and various other wonderfully successful plays have given him precedence in the literary world.

Mr. Beck has long been ambitious to present over the Orpheum Circuit a playlet by J. M. Barrie, and several times made the author such tempting offers that refusal would seem impossible. Mr. Barrie, however, explained that the American rights for everything he had written or might write were controlled by Charles Frohman, consequently the prospect of securing a Barrie playlet seemed exceedingly vague.

Ethel Barrymore in vaudeville, regardless of what she might play, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable achievements of those responsible for the evolution of the "two-day."

The London theatrical world is discussing the remarkable good fortune of Macdonald Hastings, the young War Office clerk, who has only written two plays—"The New Sin" and "Love—and What Then?"—and had them produced almost as soon as they were finished. H. Hamilton Fyfe, writing of them in a London daily, says: "Nothing quite so sudden has been known in theatre-land before. And it is only the limitations imposed upon him by having only one brain and one right hand that prevent Mr. Hastings from filing the bill at several other theatres besides the Playhouse and the Criterion. Half a dozen managers are ready to put up plays by him—if they could get them. They are struck by the freshness of his observation, his disregard of dusty convention, the flow of real blood in his characters' veins. They see that playgoers are delighted by the natural humors of every-day life which he reproduces with such irresistible effect. But greedy as they are for it, Mr. Hastings has nothing to give them. He can not pull open drawers and distribute early attempts. He has none. The two pieces now running are the only two he has ever written. It sounds incredible—all the more so because he had no connection with the theatre, no influence, no 'pull.'"

"Richard III" was not the only one of Shakespeare's plays to receive the attention of the censor. At least one other example can be found, for during the illness of George III performances of "King Lear" were banned. And even in his lifetime producers of his plays were not always free from censorship. There was, for instance, the performance of the "Comedy of Errors" at the Gray's Inn revels in 1594, for which a hurlerous court the following day tried Bacon (as organizer of the revels) for foisting in a company of base and common fellows, who made the disorder of the evening worse by their "play of 'Errors and Confusions.'"

It is announced that the season of grand opera at the Metropolitan in New York will commence next fall with the rendition of Mozart's "Magic Flute," "Die Zauberflöte," or, as it will be played in Italian, "Il Flauto Magico." It was brought out first at Vienna in 1791, and, although Mozart was one of the greatest operatic composers the world ever knew, and, although "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Magic Flute" were his world-famous works, they have been discarded in this country in the rage for novelties.

## Progress Blocked by Charter

San Francisco, destined to become one of the greatest cities in the world, needs an amended charter, if she would have the street-car system extend in keeping with the future growth of outlying districts.

Capital is willing to invest in street railroad extension, but finds itself facing the impossible under the present conditions of the city charter. Financial men plainly see the opportunity here for putting money at work on such an undertaking, but they shake their heads and point out the reasons which ripe wisdom tells them are highly prejudicial to any kind of an investment of this character.

What is the matter with the charter? Briefly here are the stumpling blocks, and they interest every resident of San Francisco, whether he rides in the street-car or in his own high-power auto:

First—Franchises are limited to twenty-five years, and the successful bidder must pay the city at least 3 per cent of the gross receipts for the first five years, 4 per cent for the next ten years, and 5 per cent for the last ten years.

Second—The city reserves the right to take over all the tangible property and plant upon a valuation to be fixed by arbitrators, plus a bonus of from 10 to 20 per cent, provided the property is taken within first ten years, or a bonus of 10 per cent if the property is taken during the last fifteen years, and in arriving at the valuation no account can be taken of franchise valuation, earning power, or any losses which may have occurred during the construction period, or during the early years of the operation of the franchise.

Third—All labor, whether skilled or common, must be paid not less than \$3 per day for eight hours or less, and if any employee is called upon to work over eight hours, he is entitled to time and a half for all overtime worked.

Fourth—Failure to comply with any of the conditions of the charter works as an immediate forfeiture of the franchise.

Here are four barriers to the extension of the present street railroad systems. They require no further elaboration to answer the cry which now and then arises for more miles of rails to outlying districts which, no doubt, will be inconvenienced later on. Capital can afford to take no risks such as would be involved under the present charter. While it is looking for investment opportunities, it can not be expected to do that which is contrary to sound judgment.

Men who have devoted their lives to a study of street railroads have found that such extensions, under the most favorable conditions, could not be expected to pay even operating expenses, not to mention any interest on the capital invested, during the first five years.

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## CHARLES KENYON'S "KINDLING."

A play, they say, always passes through many changes before it is placed before the public. Do they not say of "Kindling" that it was a mere sketch, at first? But whatever its predecessors may have been, and however many of them there are, it is its author's first play set upon the stage, in acted guise, before the public, so far as we know. And when we consider that, we must take off our hats to the young playwright.

For the play has no weak spots that require bolstering up, no stretching of improbabilities to the breaking point, no foolish concessions to hidebound traditions; and the theme dares to be so serious as to make people pause long enough to think and to realize something of the sorrows and problems of life in the slums.

Charles Kenyon has a viewpoint above that of the average of our American dramatists. He sees life as it is, and dares to paint it so. Not a single scene is superfluously interpolated for the purpose of bringing evening gorgeousness, white shoulders, and diamond necklaces upon the stage. Not a scrap of purely stage sentimentality offends our judgment and dissatisfies our taste. The characters, as originally conceived, are real, and admirably natural; concise dialogue, reinforced by excellent acting, makes them seem more so.

Strange to say, the comparatively untried dramatist scarcely wastes a word. The utterances of the various characters are thoroughly consistent, the vernacular in which they are couched entirely appropriate to the environment in which their lives are presumed to have been cast.

Maggie and Heinie are a young couple in the tenement districts to whom the conditions of life are too hard to have permitted a demonstrativeness appropriate, according to stage standards, of the tender affection that existed between them to survive. They do not melt in each other's arms at frequent intervals, nor does Maggie, the dependent nature, automatically assume stage poses on a footstool at Heinie's feet.

The villain is not a conventional villain. We know, from the growing familiarity of the public with the conditions prevailing in the white slave trade, that his kind not only exists but is only too venomously prevalent over the face of the earth. Steve is a smiling, good-natured knave. He loves his little joke, and although his sense of humor has a decided twist to it, his sinister mirth undoubtedly has its share in preventing the sombreness of the theme from spreading a sense of gloom.

For, curiously enough, the atmosphere of "Kindling" is neither greswome nor sombire. The people are so real; nobody strikes melodramatic poses. While there's life there's hope, and while we live we joke. The people in "Kindling" are simple and realistic in tone, and action, and mood. Life is too strenuous, as the author conceives it, for them to pitch their note on a stony key.

There has been, no doubt, a lot of careful excision in the play, for the dialogue is unburdened with superfluities, and every syllable in Mrs. Bates's pithy comments—Steve certainly inherited a sense of humor from his mother—is apt to the moment and spontaneous in its humor.

The presence of the detective brings a sense of thrill upon the scene. But the quiet, tense realism of the scenes in which he figures, and the temperamental reticence with which he deals out words like hoarded gold, cause the audience to hang almost breathless upon his accents.

Another point, by the way, to the author's account: the interest does not slacken. Maggie seems such a poor little deserving figure of domesticity and instinctive womanliness that her primitive deviation from the established standards of honesty is forgiven at once. We recognize that she is a victim of the hard conditions of life, and that the expectant motherhood in her soul, in thus impelling her into lawbreaking and peril, in reality marks her as superior to the dejected, unrevolving mothers around her. The dying infant points one moral; Steve, the evil survivor of hard conditions, points another. Maggie, simple, literal, and loving, yet she has fighting blood in her veins, and she dares danger for the sake of her unborn child.

So the audience follows with close interest and sympathy the sombire mood of the young wife who must face, thus hopelessly, the great trial and the crowning joy of womanhood, and understands what Heinie, what the detective, do not at first. Even Steve has a faint conception of the truth. It is his evil trade to play upon feminine humanity's more gentle and primitively loving instincts with an eye to profit. And that hnd of divinity timidly opening out within the confines of poor Maggie's he would ruthlessly consign to the bleakness of a prison atmosphere.

All this part of the play is well outlined, and, by the exceptionally competent company supporting Margaret Illington, admirably presented. The only characters in the piece that are sketched in with a diminution of vigor and force in the stroke are those of the philanthropists from Fifth Avenue who are seeking to relieve tenement-house conditions.

There is a certain conventionality of treatment here, as if the author were not so sure of his ground. Neither Alice, nor the doctor, nor Mr. Howland, has the vigorous lifelikeness of the other characters. Mrs. Burke-Smith, although not individualistic, may be recognizable as a type, and Florence Robinson's upright and downright style may always be relied upon to breathe life into the characters she represents.

Margaret Illington's Maggie is a very creditable piece of work. The actress has shed the New York stage accent, and all the trained graces of the leading lady. Maggie talks and walks and moves like a denizen of the slums. Her raw American accent, with its unfinished consonants and its flat vowels, is the real thing. And the tone of childish dependence toward Heinie, the rays of youth and hope which play prettily in transient gleams over Maggie's youthful despair, are pleasing elements in a carefully studied conception.

The author, however, departed somewhat from his tone of consistent realism when he allowed Maggie, in her crisis of expressed revolt and despair, to become too wordy. Women of Maggie's type do not reason things out in logical protest. They either endure, or they act.

As a consequence this scene in its crisis and climax lacked the emotional suggestion of the more reticent ones. Nor did it seem to me that the acting of Miss Illington was so moving in it as when she indicated, with quieter effects, the revolt of the expectant mother and her desperate efforts to plan the future salvation of her coming child.

There are four other prominent characters in the play that are played in the best style of which the American stage is capable. These are Rafferty, the detective, played by Frank E. Camp; Steve, by Frank Campeau; Heinie, by Byron Beasley, and Mrs. Bates, by Ida Lewis. All four shed upon each scene in which they figured that effect of vivid reality which is so rare in our drama of sentimentality and stereotype. They backed up the author by lending real, restrained, unmelodramatic life to the tense consciousness of his lines. Ida Lewis's Irish brogue was not allowed to throw the lines in which it was expressed into inartistic prominence for the sake of the ready laugh. Nor did Frank Camp or Frank Campeau shed one single melodramatic glare over the characters of the robber or the detective.

Heinie was the young American workman personified. To see this type of simple, woman-sheltering manhood thus helpless in the iron bonds of poverty made us realize something of the fierce rebellion that urges the poverty-stricken toilers into leagued revolt.

In the real emotional climax of the play, Heinie shared. That was the scene in which the young husband, outraged by the discovery of his wife's desperate theft, accuses her of thieving for the love of it. And suddenly, realization comes. The flood of hot words abruptly ceases, and with a murmur of compunction, pity, and love, he gathers the poor little transgressor in his arms. The audience wept freely at this scene, which may be interpreted as a triumph for both playwright and players.

The youth and beauty of Ruth Tomlinson, and the angelic attitude of Alice toward the denizens of the slums, made the young actress in the rôle very acceptable to the audience. As yet, however, the acting of Miss Tomlinson, which is conscience incarnate, lacks the stamp of individuality. She is much younger than her associates, and as yet is the child of training. Only experience will enable her to depart from the prescribed tone and gesture, and put greater spontaneity of expression into her work.

Mr. Kenyon's Dr. Taylor is agreeable, but similarly limited in expression, but the clean, characteristic American type of the young couple pleased the audience, and possibly made them overlook the fact that the dramatist handled his love scene with some stiffness. Also, that Alice, being a creature almost too bright and good for human nature's daily food, needed a little leaven of humor, or some more earthly quality, to put her in more simple and natural relations with the scenes in which she figured.

On the whole, after seeing the play, we feel somewhat enlightened as to the act of the group of *literati* who spontaneously sent forth a numerous signed round-robin proclaiming their belief in the excellence of "Kindling." Mr. Kenyon's play has a fundamental basis of truth. It is founded upon the tragic potentialities of life in the slums; it bears, too, upon the topics which are starting great currents of truth from the thinkers of the day.

Maggie's simple definition of the difference between what is "good" and what is "right" shows that Mr. Kenyon has mastered his psychology and recognizes that the point of view and the sense of ethics of the man who toils in the fetters of poverty must offer considerable modification to the well-worn, polished-by-usage theories of the more fortunate ones who hand them down from the warm, bright heights of inherited prosperity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

## Helen Ware at the Columbia Theatre.

That Helen Ware can well afford to feel proud of the reception which is being accorded her on this, her first stellar appearance in her native city, is being proved by the large audiences drawn to the Columbia Theatre, where she is appearing in "The Price."

But Miss Ware is not alone in the play. Indeed the drama is exceptionally presented. Jessie Ralph, first as the frumpish wife, then as the vengeful widow, subtly seeking to undermine the happiness of the woman who has wronged her, does character acting that stands out impressively. Harrison Hunter presents a splendid picture of the manly doctor. The rest of the cast is equally capable. The engagement of Miss Ware in "The Price" will continue for a second week. The summer scale of prices will prevail at all evening and matinee performances. Bargain matinee on Wednesdays, prices \$1 to 25c. Evening and Saturday matinee, prices \$1.50 to 25c.

## At the Orpheum.

Frank Keenan, who is recognized as a great character actor, will head the Orpheum bill next week in Oliver White's one-act play of New York life, "Man to Man." Mr. Keenan has raised "Man to Man" to the position of a classic by his performance of the rôle of the laborer, educated, virile, and honest, but crushed in spirit. The story is interesting and valuable as a study of sociological conditions.

The widely heralded and much discussed dancer, Princess Rajah, will make her first appearance here. In London, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg she proved a sensation. The princess is an Egyptian, possessed of beauty and all the grace of her race. Her dances, two in number and both Oriental, are her own creation. Her Cleopatra dance may be briefly summed up as a tahlid terpsichorean tragedy. The Arabian Chair Dance is little short of marvelous.

Ed Wynn, "the Boy with the Funny Hat," is one of the best comedians in vaudeville, and his portrayal of an exaggerated type of college boy is clever. This season Mr. Wynn is assisted by Edmond Russon, a capable English comedian, and the skit they present is appropriately called "Joy and Gloom."

Tom Waters, who originated the idea of the pianologue, and who is also an admirable mimic, and the Boudini Brothers, wizards of the accordion, will be the other new attractions.

Next week will be the last of Bert Leslie and company; Salerno, and the Mountain Ash Choir of Male Singers. The latter will be heard in new numbers.

## A Wonderful Pageant at the Cort Theatre.

The kinemacolor reproduction of the Durbar has created what may be truly termed a genuine sensation at the Cort Theatre, where it enters upon the second week of its limited engagement tomorrow. Words are vain to describe the beauty of these pictures, which, in motion and natural color, reproduce the most gorgeous spectacle the world has ever known. They invite three-ply superlatives in their praise.

Beginning with the arrival of the imperial party at Bombay the eye of the camera has followed not only the two chief figures of the historic drama, but it has recorded the various preparations that were made by the native authorities—the erection of triumphal buildings, the decoration of the great structures that line the route of passage of the procession, and the adorning of the elephants and sacred animals.

The state entry into Delhi is an interesting spectacle, showing as it does the princes and soldiery of India and the various peoples who had gathered to behold George and Mary crowned Emperor and Empress of India.

Possibly one could have described what he saw at Delhi with less assurance than a telling of what the kinemacolor pictures disclose on the screen at the Cort. Yet it is hard to give a pen picture of the semi-barbaric and ultra-civilized mixture of statecraft, militarism, and the varied phases of life seen in India when the chieftains of the East came to pay homage at the feet of the fifth George of England. Something like six miles of film are filled with the visual record of the brilliant doings on this occasion of the imperial visit.

Any one who fails to see the Durbar in kinemacolor will miss a portion of his education that should not be wanting. It is one of the greatest achievements of modern science.

An augmented orchestra renders Oriental melodies and British martial airs played at the Durbar, and a special lecture which accompanies the throwing of the pictures on the screen is interesting. Matinees are given daily in addition to the evening performances.

## The Pantages Theatre Vaudeville.

There is diversity enough to suit every taste in the current bill at the Pantages Theatre, and large audiences are in evidence every afternoon and evening enjoying the many good things offered, which include Arnold's Leopards, the Celli Operatic Singers in their

selections from popular operas, McNish and McNish in their nonsensical "Frolic," and Elsa Grosser, the young and talented violin virtuoso.

There will be another complete change of programme on Sunday, the headline feature being "The Flying Dreadnought," a condensed musical comedy in three scenes, presented by Arthur La Vine and Company. There are nearly a dozen clever people in the organization, including six agile and comely "hroilers," and the action jumps from Coney Island to the region around the North Pole, affording an opportunity for novel and beautiful costume and scenic effects. The Royal Italian Four, a quartet of instrumentalists, will make their first appearance in this city, playing selections both classical and popular, and Victor Leroy and Mae Cahill, singers and entertainers "de luxe," promise an agreeable interlude. An announcement that will be received with pleasure is that of the return of Charles King, Virginia Thorn, and their company, presenting for the first time here their comedietta, "A Cheerful Liar." That favorite haritone, Tom Kelly, of Kelly and Violette, will receive a warm welcome and will be heard in a few of the best songs of his immense repertory; and the Ernest Alvo troupe of comedy har experts will furnish an act as ludicrous as it is difficult. Sam Hood, known as "the Man from Kentucky," will offer the latest drolleries, and Sunlight pictures, showing a series of surprises, will complete an entertaining bill.

"Louisiana Lou," with Barney Bernard and Sophie Tucker, comes to the Columbia July 4.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The ultimate possibilities of impudence seem to have been reached when the striking waiters of New York ask for the sympathy of the public. By all means let us aid the poor waiter, aid him to be more insolent, more greedy, and more incompetent than before. Encourage him to persevere into the soup, to leave his thumb print identification mark upon the plate edge, to bring the coffee without the spoon and the spoon without the coffee, and to throw the tip of poverty with scorn to the ground. Aid the waiter, indeed! If we could aid him to another world where no one ever complains of cold viands how cheerfully would we do so.

No, we will go to the cafeteria, where there are no waiters, or we will eat under our own vines and fig trees, or we will carry our lunch down town in a violin case and try to look like virtuosi, or we will go without food altogether and save the cash. But we will shed no scalding tears for the waiter whose pay has been furnished by ourselves for these many moons past and who proposes now to escape from even such attenuated control as the restaurant proprietor has been pleased to exercise over him.

And really the cafeteria is not so bad when you get used to it. It is, of course, a little humiliating—although there is really no reason why it should be—to meet a lady friend while you are carrying a well-laden tray and trying to keep your coffee inside its cup, but these little tribulations are only mortal mind and should be disregarded. At least you have an exultant consciousness that there is no waiter lurking in the background, and that compensates for much. Come to think of it, we can't boast much of a civilization that refuses to allow a man to do so elemental a thing as eat his dinner without the horrid ordeal of the waiter. A horse in a stable is somewhat better off in this respect.

What a marvelous newspaper is the New York *Sun*, but in case the editor's cheeks may be prematurely incarnadined by that mantling blush that is ever the mark of greatness let us say that we are referring more especially to the letters from correspondents. No matter what may be our grievance for the moment, no matter what may be the immediate cause of our conviction that life is just one d—d thing after another, we are sure to find a fellow-sufferer writing to the *Sun* and bedewing its manly bosom with his tears. Of course we are writing metaphorically, in parables, so to speak, but the fact will be apparent underneath the beauteous language. For example, we lately had occasion to inquire as to the whereabouts of a suit that we had momentarily laid aside after several years of faithful service. That it was a valuable suit is evidenced by the fact of its long fidelity, but was that suit forthcoming? Not a bit of it. It had been traded away at the door in exchange for a pot of ferns. Now even Adam could have found no use for a fern. Its leaves are but ill adapted even to the most rudimentary sartorial use, but there was that irritating flower-pot, the sole representative of a perfectly coherent suit of clothes.

Now this is where the *Sun* comes in. Smarting under our loss, and with a new and fervent belief that this world is a vale of tears and that heaven is our home, we turned to the *Sun*, and there, sure enough, is a letter advocating the formation of a new society wherein every one must take a solemn oath to wear one suit for three years, to wipe his pen upon his sleeve, and to regard a surface and an acquired glossiness as a mark of sartorial sanity. We intend to join that society.

Women, says this highly intelligent writer, are to blame for the torments that we now undergo. A woman absolutely hates her husband's old clothes. He himself has a suit that is to him as a second skin, but how he has to watch over it. He never dares to leave it at home and he rarely ventures to sleep. A moment's negligence might undo the vigilance of years, and then he would have to buy a new suit with none of the dear old wrinkles and creases and that would have to be broken in and coerced from the start. By all means let us have this association, but we are—we are almost afraid that at least the charter members must be bachelors.

An Eastern newspaper asks why the hobble walk remains after the hobble skirt has disappeared. As heaven is our witness, we know nothing of such gear, but there appears to be plenty of room inside the skirt for a fair straightforward step, but no such step is forthcoming. Has the mince become an acquired habit not easily to be discarded?

This, we are told, is not the case. The hobble skirt has disappeared, but what may be called the hobble corset has not disappeared. It is still the rule that the hips and the waist must be the same size, and the corset is designed with the intention of seeing to it that they are the same size. Now if you take a pair of compasses and apply firm pressure below the hinge you will find the radius of the points is lessened. Do you have the idea.

There is something else. Did you ever

notice—in the shop-windows of course—the long elastic attachments that depend from somewhere near the edge of the corset and that hang down in a purposeless sort of way? Well, those are garters. We have often wondered what they were, but did not like to ask, but now we have seen it so stated in a newspaper, so it must be right. Whatever is in print is true. They look harmless enough, those garters, in a shop-window, but you should see them on. That is to say, you should not see them on except in the mind's eye, Horatio, with the eye of faith and imagination. Imagine those strong elastic garters stretched from about where the waist used to be in the dear, dead days beyond recall, and hitched on to the edge of the stocking. You will see that they then form a figure something like the car ropes of a balloon or a parachute, and of an exceeding rigidity. Imagine that the body is a coat of mail down to the hips and that from the hips to the knees is surrounded by these elastic guy ropes, stretched tight enough almost to haul the wearer out of her boots. Now do you think you could walk like a human being under such circumstances. Of course you could not. You would have to mince along just like these women do, and you could sit down just about as easily as a telegraph post. To give information, to add to the knowledge and wisdom of the world, is a holy mission, and we are thankful that we happened to see an explanation of the continuing hobble walk after the apparent cause for it had disappeared and so to spread the light among a wondering and a perplexed mankind.

English shopkeepers are arousing themselves to the fact that the American tourist goes to Paris to do her shopping, and they are wondering why this should be so. There is, of course, a certain mythical glamour about Paris fashions that has always attracted the moths, but England, on the other hand, has the advantage over Paris in practical values. Then again they speak a sort of human language in England that can be readily understood by the American after a few days' familiarity. These things ought to give the advantage to the English shops, and yet the tourists flock steadily to Paris with their money in their pockets and flock steadily back again without it.

The explanation is to be found in the difference in the shops themselves. The visitor to Paris is allowed, invited, and urged to buy on approval. The larger the amount of goods sent to the hotel the better the shopkeeper is pleased. He understands clearly that he is sending the goods for a closer inspection than can be given in the shop and only for purposes of selection. When the goods are returned in whole or in part they are invariably received with a smile and the money is refunded in the same cheery and satisfied way. Now while the English shopkeeper professes to do the same thing, he does it grudgingly and without a smile. He likes to think that the transaction is closed as soon as the cash is in the drawer and the goods delivered. He feels that the commercial proprieties have been outraged when he is asked to undo the transaction, to put the goods back upon his shelves and to surrender the money.

The difference in attitude is easily explained. The English shopkeeper is the owner of the goods that he sells while the Paris shopkeeper is not. The Paris shop is a sort of clearing-house and its owner is a broker. The many manufacturers send him their goods and he does his best to sell them, his own profit being in the form of a commission. He himself returns whatever he can not dispose of and he is more than willing to apply the same method to his customers.

And it is the right method when dealing with women, whose purchases are of so complicated a nature that they can hardly be expected to make a final decision while sitting at a shop counter. They want to study the goods at leisure and in different lights, and they want the opinions of their friends. It need hardly be said that a woman will ultimately buy much more if she is allowed to be leisurely than if she is hurried. She will tentatively buy almost anything if she knows that she is only paying her money on deposit and that she can have it back at any moment, but when the wares are once in her room her natural covetousness of pretty things will make it hard for her to give them up again. Of course there are drawbacks. Garments are apt to be worn and then returned, and delicate fabrics may suffer from overmuch handling, but the system pays.

In the days of the Arabian Nights, the possessor of the ring or lamp had only to rub to evoke the appearance of the Genie, who would get whatever was required in the twinkling of an eye. Something not unlike this magic will take place at the new hotel, "Electra-Feria," which is to be built in Paris by M. George Knap, a well-known electrician, whose whole house, appropriately called "La Villa Ferie Electrique," is a laboratory of electrical service apparatus (according to the London *Sketch*). In this hotel servants will be conspicuous by their absence and the guest will be served with immeasurably greater rapidity than by human hands. On awaken-

ing he will press a button near the bed, when from that part of the hotel devoted to the service he will hear a voice asking for orders, for part of the ceiling acts as a telephone. Speaking in that direction, without using a telephone, the visitor will say, "I want my windows opened or closed; I want a cup of coffee or tea," etc. In a few seconds, by means of apparatus worked electrically, the windows are opened or closed, and proof that the order for *petit djeuner* has been executed is forthcoming by the automatic appearance of these articles on a table which stands conveniently near the bed.

The restaurant of the hotel is served in the same way. At a corner of each table is a bronze arm, about three feet high, carrying a lamp. This stand contains a specially designed telephone, with a microphone for intensifying sound. When the guests take their seats, the host rings the bell at his side. Immediately the waiter in the restaurant below answers and asks for the order. This is given without having to use the telephone in the usual way, but merely by speaking in the ordinary tone of voice near the lampstand.

When the dish is ready, it makes its appearance in the centre of the table on a silver tray which has descended on an electrically worked lift into the kitchen. As soon as this dish is removed, the tray descends again and returns in less than twenty seconds bearing whatever has been ordered for the occupier of the other seat. The course finished, the plates are once more placed on the tray, the bell is touched, and the soiled things descend into the lower regions that the next course may be served. While most of the tables are arranged for two or four guests, much larger parties can be equally well accommodated.

As there are no waiters, there will presumably be no tips!

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes makes on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs, I'm all horse; when I have on my business suit my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress my mind takes a purely social turn. She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank?—*Stray Stories.*

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STORYETTES.

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The old caretaker of an Episcopal church, as he sat on a tombstone in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title. "The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "though they may change the words they use. Look at me: here I used to be the janitor. Then we had a parson who called me the sextant. Dr. Thirdly gave me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says I'm the sacrilege."

The Rev. James Hamilton, minister of Liverpool, while on holiday in Scotland, had a narrow escape from drowning. Accompanied by a boy, Mr. Hamilton was fishing for sea-trout, when he slipped on a stone, lost balance, and being encumbered with heavy wading hoots, had great difficulty in keeping his head above water. Finally he managed to get back to the shore, although in a very exhausted state, and said to the boy: "I noticed that you never tried to help me." "Na," was the deliberate response, "but I was thinkin' o't."

His curiosity had led him to visit one of the largest of our lunatic asylums. He became deeply interested in one of the patients, who was evidently a highly educated man and apparently very intelligent. The visitor began to think it a scandal he should be detained. "Sit down," he said, "and we will talk your case over." The inmate continued to stand. "Why don't you sit down?" the visitor asked. "I can't sit down—there isn't any toast," replied the other. "Not any toast?" echoed the visitor, in astonishment. "No. You see, I'm a poached egg," was the reply.

Owen Johnson says that the best example of repartee he has ever heard came from a New Haven hook agent, who still, as in Johnson's day at Yale, is called "John Drew" by the students, because of his society manner. Johnson was a Freshman then, living in Pierson Hall. The hook dealer knocked, entered, looked suavely about, and remarked, "Ah, I see some new faces this year." A would-be wit of Johnson's class responded, "Why, yes, we change them every year." Instantly the hook agent replies, still more suavely, "Ah! I trust that you will get a better face next year, young sir!"

The rector was sitting in his study hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon, when a visitor was announced. She was a hard, muscular-looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she opened fire somewhat brusquely: "You are Mr. Jenkins, ain't you?" "I am," replied the good man. "Well, maybe you'll remember o' marryin' a couple of strangers at your church a month ago?" "What were the names?" asked the clergyman. "Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, "and I'm Eliza." "Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remembered seeing your face before, hut—" "Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, all right, an' I thought as how I ought to drop in an' tell you that Peter's escaped."

A business man in Boston said to a reporter: "A few days before the election a little incident happened which mortified me deeply. It happened in this way: You see, I had some business to transact with one of the candidates for the legislature, and, as it was something important, I was forced to go out to his house to see him. It was quite late when I got there, and I guess he had gone to bed. At any rate, the servant who opened the door showed me into the parlor to wait for his master. I was obliged to wait some time, and while doing this I amused myself looking at the pictures and other ornaments about the room. On the centre-table, among hooks and other hric-à-hrac, stood a big fancy decanter filled with liquor which looked like whisky. It was a curious-looking decanter, and on one side was some fancy lettering, which I could not make out. Being rather curious to find out what it said, I lifted the decanter up from the table and tipped it up so that the light fell on the lettering. It said: 'If you touch me I'll tell.' Curious, wasn't it? But, sure enough, it did tell, for I had scarcely had time to read the lettering when my ears were greeted with the tones of 'Johnny Get Your Gun.' There was a music-box, hidden in the bottom of the decanter, and when it is tipped the machinery starts and the music begins. You can judge

for yourself how surprised and chagrined I was, for I had never seen the master of the house before, and he would have a fine opinion of me for my meddling qualities. Right in the middle of the tune he walked into the parlor, and gave me a curious smile when he heard that music-box. It seemed as if it would never stop. I tried to make some sort of apology, hut made a hull of it I know, though now I can not think for the life of me what I said. He saw how confused I was, and laughed it off, saying that it was an oddity he had found in New York."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sat at a dinner on one of his visits to New York beside a lady who asked leave to consult him about some thefts. "My detective powers," he replied, "are at your service, madam." "Well," said the lady, "frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus, there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding hoot, a dictionary, and half a dozen tin plates." "Ah," said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, "the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat."

A good woman's husband was dismembered and eaten by an African tribe. She, desirous of giving him Christian burial, was left no other alternative hut that of exterminating, with the assistance of certain accommodating friends armed with the destructive weapons of our advanced civilization, the tribe in question, which had shown such a receptive attitude toward her husband. The bodies of the savages were brought back to civilization by the avenging expedition and were placed in one grave, surmounted by a modest slah, placed there by the widow and hearing the following inscription: "The remains of the Rev. —, beloved husband of —."

Jones, ahle seaman of H. M. S. *Vermont*, gazed into the face of his commander pleadingly. "You are always on leave," exclaimed the officer. "What on earth do you require extra leave for now?" "My sister's baby's goin' to be waxinated, sir," replied Jones. "And what has that to do with you?" "She's my sister, d'ye see, sir?" exclaimed Jones, with a hurt look. "What, the baby?" "No, sir. The baby's sister's my brother—I mean, I'm the mother's baby—er—the father's my mother—no—I mean—" "You mean!" broke in the commanding officer, angrily. "What do they want you for—that's the point?" "P-p-please, sir," stuttered Jones, "they want m-m-me t-to stand as god-m-mother."

THE MERRY MUSE.


"Closed for the Game."

"Me grandmother's dead," the office boy said, Caressing his eyes with his sleeve; "Too bad," said his boss, with a shake of the head; "You must take a day off for to grieve." "I've a pain in me dome," was the bill clerk's moan, As he rubbed his knob, which was hairless; "You'd better lay off," said the boss, with a cough; "Your headache might make you careless."

The rest of the force, with no sign of remorse, Killed their relatives off. 'Twas a shame! And the boss, with a glance at his calendar askance, Hung a sign out: "Closed for the game." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Bigness of a Nickel.

A nickel then was bigger than a million dollars now; A nickel then could buy a world of happiness, somehow; A nickel then was all a lad could sometimes hope to get, And, ah, how wide with human joy his little eyes were set! A nickel back in those old times was bigger than a mint; A nickel then was like a dream of riches, with its glint; A nickel then was all a child expected at the best, And, ah, how glad it made his heart beat in his little breast! A nickel then was bigger than a fortune seems these days; A nickel then could fill the mind with fancy's gilded maze; A nickel then could buy the earth, in childhood's dream at least, And, oh, that we could taste again that sense of childhood feast! —Baltimore Sun.



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Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,631,282.84  
Employees' Pension Fund..... 131,748.47  
Deposits December 30, 1911..... 46,205,741.40  
Total assets..... 48,837,024.24

Officers—N. Ohlandt, President; George Tourny, Vice-President and Manager; J. W. Van Bergen, Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; A. H. Muller, Secretary; G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse, Assistant Secretaries; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.

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Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Surplus to Policyholders..... 3,117,286  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Louise Knowlton and Mr. Buell Hollister. Miss Knowlton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Danford Henry Knowlton, and a sister of Mrs. J. Insley Blair, and of Miss Madeline Knowlton who will be married June 25 to Mr. John Cowdin, father of Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin. The engagement of Miss Ethel Wickson and Dr. John N. Force of the University of California was announced Saturday. Miss Wickson is the daughter of Professor E. J. Wickson and Mrs. Wickson of Berkeley.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. George J. Peers to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Jennie Peers, to Mr. Edwin White Newhall, Jr., of this city. The wedding will take place Tuesday morning, July 2, at nine o'clock, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Wallingford, Connecticut.

The wedding of Miss Muriel Williams and Mr. Walter H. Radcliff, Jr., took place Wednesday evening, at nine o'clock at the home in Berkeley of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams. The Misses Florence and Corona Williams were their sister's maids of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Isabel Beaver, Dorothy Woodward, Marian Crocker, and Mary Gayley. The Misses Audrey Williams and Betty Gayley were flower girls. Mr. Radcliff was attended by Mr. Louis McFarland, and the ushers were the Messrs. Samuel Day, Alan Van Fleet, Lionel Linsey, William Crittenden, and Kenneth Williams. Mrs. Radcliff is the granddaughter of Mrs. Henry Alston Williams and the late Mr. Henry Alston Williams, and of Mrs. Caduc and the late Commodore Philip Caduc. Mr. Radcliff is the son of the Rev. Walter H. Radcliff of Berkeley, who officiated at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff will reside in Berkeley upon their return from a wedding trip.

Miss Marian Jansen and Mr. Carl Martin were married Saturday at the home on Pierce Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bromley Jansen. Owing to the serious illness of Mr. Martin's mother, only immediate relatives were present at the ceremony. The bride is the granddaughter of the late Mr. George Bromley.

Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop was hostess Friday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Anne Henry of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Henry was the complimented guest at a luncheon and bridge party given by Mrs. Frank P. Deering.

Miss Ivy Wilson gave a bridge party Wednesday evening at her home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Muriel Williams and Mr. Walter Radcliff.

Miss Marian Huntington entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at her home on Maple Street in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Huntington, of Los Angeles.

Miss May Gayley was hostess Monday evening at a dinner-dance at her home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Muriel Williams and Mr. Walter Radcliff.

The members of the Marin County Country Club entertained their friends Thursday at a luncheon and bridge-tea.

Mrs. Harold Law was hostess at a luncheon Monday, when she entertained her sister, Miss Elyse Schultze, and her bridesmaids.

Mrs. Covington Pringle was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner complimentary to Mrs. Mary Johnstone of Los Angeles.

Miss Nellie Grant, who has recently returned from Europe, was the guest of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening at the home on Broadway of Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Scott Hendricks was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at her home on Locust Street in honor of her mother, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, who arrived last week from Europe.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols entertained a number of friends at their home on Webster Street, complimentary to the members of the guild of St. Barnabas. A musical and literary programme was presented to the guests.

Mrs. J. J. Driscoll was hostess at an informal tea at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of her niece, Miss Alice Dolan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson gave a dinner at their home on Washington Street in honor of Dr. George H. Martin and Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Frank Butler of Portland, Oregon, was hostess recently at a tea complimentary to Mrs. John Jerome Alexander, who was formerly Miss Albertine Detrick of Oakland.

Mrs. R. P. Merillon entertained a number of guests at a tea at the Sequoia Club in honor of Mrs. D. C. Hegger.

Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Yerba Buena.

Lieutenant Charles Huff, U. S. N., and Mrs.

Huff entertained a number of friends at a dance at their home in Yerba Buena.

The San Francisco Yacht Club gave a dance last Saturday evening at the club house in Sausalito. Mrs. Frank Hough, wife of Medical Inspector Hough, U. S. N., was hostess Tuesday at a bridge-tea at her home in Yerba Buena.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John B. Casserly and her children are in Southern California for a few weeks' visit.

Viscount Philippe de Tristan, Viscountess de Tristan, and their two children will leave July 1 for their home in Paris.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer has returned from Europe, where she has been spending the past six months. She was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Lucio Mintzer, who went to New York to meet her. They will remain in town until the first week in July, when they will go to San Rafael for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. Ralph Hope Vere left Monday for Santa Barbara after having spent the week-end in Palo Alto with Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader have returned from a month's visit in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and are established in their home on Jackson Street.

Miss Esther Denny has joined her mother, Mrs. Frank P. Denny, at Applegate, after a week's visit with Miss Anne Peters in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop have returned from New York, where they went recently to see their daughter, Miss Hermine Lathrop, who sailed with friends for Europe.

Mrs. S. L. Amsden is here from her home in Kentucky to spend a few weeks with her relatives. She is the sister of the late Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and is an aunt of Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. William S. Tevis.

Miss Jennie Crocker returned Sunday from New York and made a brief visit in Napa County with Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin before going to her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Miss Marjorie Josselyn were guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick are at the Burlingame Country Club. They have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. George H. Howard returned from Monterey to meet her son, Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., who arrived Monday from Yale.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams left Wednesday with their children for their country home on the Russian River.

Miss Sallie Maynard and Miss Mary Crosby of New York have returned from Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Howard are again occupying their home in San Mateo, having returned recently from their ranch, where they spent the winter.

Mrs. John Leary has returned to her home in Virginia after a visit here with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. S. Haskett Derby.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, the Messrs. William S., Jr., Gordon, and Lansing, left last Saturday for Lake Tahoe, where they are occupying their villa. Mr. Lloyd Tevis joined his family there today.

Dr. William F. Blake and Mrs. Blake have been spending the past week at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Earl Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller) has arrived from Annapolis and is the guest of her parents, Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William B. Bourn, Sr., and her daughters, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker and Miss Ida Bourn, are established for the summer in their country home near St. Helena.

Miss Floride Hunt is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter and her daughter, Miss Nina Jones, have returned to Santa Barbara after a two weeks' visit in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Janet Peck, sister of Mr. Orrin Peck of this city, has recently disposed of her home on Tite Street, in Chelsea, England, which was formerly the residence of the artist Whistler.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe, and Miss Josephine Johnson of Racine, Wisconsin, motored to Monterey last week for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick and their children will spend the summer in Santa Cruz, where their new cottage is nearing completion. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns Henderson and Miss Anne Henry will be their guests for several weeks.

Mrs. George de Latour and her children are at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Margaret Casserly is at the Hotel Peninsula for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone and their daughters, the Misses Harriet and Marion Stone, have

closed their home on Broadway and are established in their country place on the Russian River.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels has returned to New York.

Miss Virginia Walsh of Los Angeles has recently been the guest of Miss Arabella Morrow, and is now visiting her aunt, Mrs. Edward Axtell Jones, in Piedmont.

Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse of San Jose spent several days last week in town with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin have arrived in Tromsø, Norway, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Harry Francis Davis has returned from Yosemite Valley, where she was the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, and Dr. Herbert Carolan left Tuesday for Santa Barbara, where they will remain until August 1.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and her niece, Miss Bessie Zane, have returned from Europe and are again at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, Sr., and Mrs. Boor of England, are established in Monterey for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf are visiting Miss Helen Wheeler at her ranch in Mendocino County.

Mr. James V. Coleman has recovered from his recent illness and left Monday for the East. He may go abroad before returning home.

Mrs. George B. Kelham and her little son, Bruce Kelham, have gone to the Santa Cruz Mountains for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby have come up from their home near Los Angeles and are visiting relatives in Berkeley.

Miss Marian Crocker has returned to Cloverdale after a few days' visit in town. Miss Crocker came down to attend the wedding Wednesday of Miss Muriel Williams and Mr. Walter H. Radcliff, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillman of New York are visiting Mrs. Stillman's mother, Mrs. William Reding, at her home on Presidio Avenue.

Miss Elyse Schultze and Mr. Samuel Hopkins spent the week-end in Monterey as the guests of Miss Alice Warner.

Mrs. Claude Boettcher and her daughter, Miss Ruth Boettcher, have returned to their home in Colorado after having spent the winter in California. They spent the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin returned to Burlingame Monday after a few days' visit in Sonoma County with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland at their home in Burlingame, and has gone to Lake Tahoe to visit her sister, Mrs. Herber C. Moffitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling (formerly Miss Alexandra Hamilton) have returned from their wedding trip in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett have closed their home on Washington Street and with their children are occupying their cottage in Capitola.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin (formerly Miss Florence Hopkins) left last Friday for the East, where they will remain until August, when they will return to Menlo Park to spend two months before establishing themselves in this city.

Mrs. John Breckenridge of Paris and her little son, John Breckenridge, Jr., have arrived from Washington, D. C., where they have been visiting relatives, and are at the Fairmont Hotel for an indefinite stay. Mrs. Breckenridge, who was formerly Miss Adelaide Murphy, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy.

Mrs. Temple Bridgman and her little son arrived last week from Tennessee and will spend several weeks with Mrs. Bridgman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mailliard, at their country home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker returned Monday on the *Mongolia* from Honolulu, where they spent a month with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Richara Hammond, Miss Julia Langhorne, and Miss Martha Calhoun left Wednesday for a visit in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills spent the week-end in Ross as the guests of Mrs. Edward Griffith.

Mrs. Lewis Meyerstein is visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Howard Huntington of Los Angeles (formerly Miss Leslie Green) is here with her three children, visiting Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington. They will leave July 1 for Lake Tahoe, where they will occupy the Black cottage.

Captain H. L. Wigmore, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wigmore are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John P. Wade, who is en route from Texas to the Philippines, is the guest of Colonel Walter L. Finley, U. S. A., and Mrs. Finley at their home in the Presidio. Mrs. Wade is the wife of Captain Wade, U. S. A.

Miss Norma Burling is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Henry C. Gearing, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gearing at Vallejo.

Captain Frank D. Ely, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ely are at the Hotel Normandie. Mrs. Ely has recently returned from a visit in the East.

Mrs. George Klink will spend July in Washington, D. C., with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Robert L. Irvine, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irvine (formerly Miss Janet Klink).

Lieutenant Bruce Butler, U. S. A., and Mrs. Butler are the guests of Mrs. Butler's mother, Mrs. A. C. Hinz, in Mill Valley.

Lieutenant-Commander Clarence S. Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff are stationed in Vallejo, where they expect to reside during the next year. Mrs. Kempff, who was formerly Miss Alice Brigham, is the daughter of Mrs. Charles B. Brigham of this city.

Among the guests of the Hotel Court are Rear-Admiral U. R. Harris, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Harris; Mrs. Edward Woods, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Woods of the U. S. battleship *South Dakota*; Mrs. L. C. Allen, widow of the late Colonel L. C. Allen, U. S. A., of the Twelfth Infantry; Lieutenant S. M. Rock, commander of the U. S. revenue cutter *Golden Gate*, and Mrs. Rock.

Children's horoscopes accurately cast, \$5. Address Robert R. Hill, 1618 Steiner St., S. F.

## The Harp That Once.

In Paris the harp is still considerably in vogue, and the fact that Princess Mary is to learn to play it may make for its renewed popularity in England. Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is an expert harp player. Marie Antoinette was the same, and so were the royal princesses in Paris in the heyday of the royal houses, as well as Queen Henriette of Belgium and her daughter, Princess Stephanie, the former Crown Princess of Austria. The general neglect of the harp today is the more surprising in view of the fact that modern composers have written many interesting pieces and orchestral parts for it. The French, in particular, have paid it much attention, from the day of Berlioz, who, in his "Danse des Sylphes," uses the harmonics of the harp most effectively; to Debussy, who wrote interestingly for this instrument in his "Danse sacrée et profane." Between these two come Saint-Saëns, with two splendid fantasies for harp alone, and for harp with violin; Pierné, with a "Concertstück" and an "Impromptu Caprice"; Ravel, with an "Introduction and Allegro"; Fauré, with an effective "Impromptu," and many others.

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## THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The new extension of the Hayes Street car line to Ninth Avenue and Pacheco Street was opened Monday, and celebration exercises were held by the residents of the upper Sunset District.

"I see in sight fully \$16,750,000 to begin with in building the Panama-Pacific Universal Exposition, and we have nothing to hide in the work that is being done. In fact, we court the fullest publicity and ask your co-operation in all respects," said President C. C. Moore to the members of the Civic League of Improvement Clubs at a dinner given last Thursday evening.

Joseph Havelock Wilson, a noted labor leader of London, spoke before the Commonwealth Club at its luncheon last Saturday.

The New England reception and ball Monday evening at the Palace Hotel was largely attended.

Fifteen days' manoeuvres by 500 members of the Coast Artillery Corps, National Guard of California, came to an end last Saturday at Fort Winfield Scott. The men had made excellent records in big gun practice.

Frank W. Healy, the well-known theatrical man, has returned from New York and will be the manager of the San Francisco Orchestra. W. L. Greenbaum had resigned the position, his time being fully occupied with his various concert enterprises.

James de La Montanya, formerly a San Francisco merchant and widely known in racing circles as "the Marquis," died suddenly in this city June 17. The tragic death of his wife, three years ago, during the progress of a suit for divorce, is still fresh in the memory of acquaintances. Mr. Montanya is survived by his son, Jacques, a daughter, Mrs. Lorraine Davis, his mother, and a sister, Mrs. N. A. Dorn.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors Monday ordinances were passed to print fixing the gas rate at 75 cents for the coming year. Water, telephone, and electricity rates are substantially the same as at present.

Mr. and Mrs. David Warfield have come from New York to spend the summer vacation with Mr. Warfield's mother and sister in this city, the old home of the famous actor.

Postmaster Arthur G. Fisk's re-appointment as postmaster of San Francisco has been confirmed by the Senate. His new term will expire June 14, 1916, and his salary has been increased \$3000.

The official programme of the social diversions of the Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which will convene in this city from June 25 to July 5, has been issued by the local biennial board, but the intellectual activities it is announced will overshadow in importance even the most delightful of the purely social part of the arrangements.

For the first time in the history of the Bohemian Club the annual outdoor play, heretofore given only for the benefit of members and a few invited guests in the redwood grove owned by the club near Guerneville, will be given a public presentation. This year's play, "The Atonement of Pan," from the pen of Joseph D. Redding, will be seen at the Greek Theatre on the University of California campus, August 24, two weeks after its initial performance in the grove. The Greek Theatre performance will be given in the evening. Its date is one week after the opening of the university's fall term. The title-role, that of Pan, will be essayed by David Bispham. The music carrying the hook was written by Henry Hadley, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and that entire organization will furnish the music at the performance of the play. The cast for the production this year, as in the past, will be composed solely of members of the club.

Patti has been taking lessons of Jean de Reszke lately. This is not a joke, but an actual fact. Noticing some time ago that her throat no longer responded to her efforts, she complained about it to the great tenor. He suggested a special set of exercises, and lo and behold, her voice came back. As M. de Reszke himself said, "it is as beautiful as ever." She sang in the cozy little theatre which forms part of his residence, and all who heard her were delighted. Jean is looking remarkably young and well; the very embodiment, as always, of robust manliness. His brother Edouard is with him now, also looking well again, having fully recovered from his illness, though he still has his dietetic régime.

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## Jessie Busley in Vaudeville.

Jessie Busley is in vaudeville now, and proud of it. These are some of her reasons: "At the New Theatre I played everything from comic rôles to heavy tragedy. Of course, I was proud of the post, but what did it get me? Languid applause and chary words of praise, and not overmuch emolument. In vaudeville I am a headliner, which means that I am the star feature of any bill in which I appear, and the wage is quite commensurate. I find vaudeville artists courteous, helpful, and appreciative. It is a joy to play the music halls and hear from the wings the staccato praise of the other actors who gather to see the newcomer work. In vaudeville I am independent. As long as I make good I can work. There are no half salaries on slight pretexts and no huddling stage managers. The coercion of sex does not enter into the game. All that the vaudeville magnates ask of one is to entertain. They want the best there is in you and they want it twice a day. True, it is not an easy matter to become a recognized drawing card in vaudeville, but just as soon as you have proved yourself things are made easy. Vaudeville is loyal to its own; salaries are high and the theatres are lovely. I like the alert, snappy audiences of the variety houses; they come back at you with the quick fire of laughs and they reward you richly with their applause for pleasing them."

A Rubinstein museum has been founded in Moscow. It was dedicated on the anniversary of the death of Nicolas Rubinstein. This museum contains many interesting mementoes of the two famous brothers, Anton and Nicolas, such as portraits of the two artists at all ages and also of their parents; autograph letters and manuscripts of Anton Rubinstein, also of Beethoven, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Arensky, Pauline Viardot Garcia. Furthermore, there are portraits of Turgenev and Tolstoy with autograph dedications to Rubinstein. Of great interest is the musical library of Nicolas Rubinstein and also the entire furnishings of his home, which are contained in the museum. The library contains works by 6300 composers and literary men in all languages. Among the musical works are complete editions of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Gluck, Rameau, and Grieg. This museum, which is open free to the public three times a week, is at present attracting a great deal of attention in Moscow.

Preliminary to the opening of the summer school at Berkeley on June 20, when music will again be a main feature, a musical session was held last Saturday. The programme included lectures by M. A. Surratt and Thomas Whitney, with vocal illustrations by Miss Anna Miller Wood, who has recently arrived from Boston. She was notably instrumental last summer in making the music section a success in aid to Arthur Foote, who was in charge of the music of which Professor Rieber is dean this year. Miss Elizabeth Simpson gave an exposition on four-hand symphonies for the piano, and violin solos were played by Hother Wismer as follows: Brahms' "Sonata" in G minor; Haydn "Sonata" in G major, and a Bach number in G minor. He was accompanied by Miss Blanche Ashley.

Regina Vicarino, the coloratura soprano who made such a splendid impression here with the Bevan Opera Company two years ago, was recently married to George A. Guyer, formerly of this city. The wedding took place in the Church of the Ascension, New York, and before sailing for Europe Mrs. Guyer signed a five-year contract with W. Spencer Jones. She will return to America late this summer to resume her concert and opera work. She will also be heard again next season with the Sigaldi Opera Company, in which she scored a success in the City of Mexico. Alessandro Bonci will be a member of the company also and will make concert appearances with Miss Vicarino. Guyer, now of Mexico City, met his bride in San Francisco when she was singing here.

Pierre Loti, although holding a commission in the French navy, is probably the most secluded and reticent of authors. So great is his desire for solitude that when he wished to collaborate with Mme. Judith Gautier in writing "The Daughter of Heaven," which is to be next season's Century Theatre production, he could not bring himself to journey to Paris nor was he willing that Mme. Gautier should intrude upon his hermit-like retreat in Hendaye, near the Spanish frontier. The two writers decided to collaborate by correspondence. During the time the play was being written they never saw each other. They exchanged ideas by post or by telegraph and each one would submit to the other suggestions for changes and improvements.

"Will the ladies move up front, please," said the conductor on a car crowded with matinee girls. There was little response, so he spoke again. "Move forward, please, ladies; the motorman is a great deal better looking man than I am." Smiling, the ladies moved up.—Traffic.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Post*—Is her father a country gentleman? *Parker*—I really can't say. I've only seen his behavior in town.—*Satire*.

"Run carefully here, chauffeur. Don't run over any babies." "I won't, sir. Them nursing bottles plays the very dickens with tires."—*Washington Herald*.

"Congratulations, old man. I hear you have been speculating successfully." "No; I lost money." "Well, you ought to know better than to gamble."—*Courier-Journal*.

"What are you crying about, Willie?" "One of th' boys called me 'teacher's pet,' an' I went an' told her, an' she licked me to prove I wasn't."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What on earth d'you keep clapping for? That last singer was awful!" "I know, but I liked the style of her clothes and I want another look at them."—*London Opinion*.

*Casey (watching the golfers)*—Oi don't see anny difference bechune that an' wor-rk. *O'Brien*—Yez don't, eh? Well yez would whin pay day kem around.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mr. Wombat, I have always heard of you as a good loser." "I try to deserve that reputation, young man, but you can't sell me any bum stock of any sort."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Father*—Tom, go and fetch the old horse. *Tom*—Why the old one, father? *Father*—Wear out the old one first, that's my motto. *Tom*—Well, father, then you fetch the horse.—*Punch*.

*Mrs. Benham*—Did you ever have more money than you knew what to do with? *Benham*—I don't remember it; but I must have had, or I wouldn't have got married.—*Capitala Capital*.

"Who on earth is that fat old person who wants to tell every one their fortune by palmistry?" "That's Goldstein, the banker. He lost a diamond ring half an hour ago!"—*London Opinion*.

"What is your name?" "Ephraim Ebenezer," replied the small colored boy. "How do you spell it?" "Tain' no use to worry 'bout dat. Jes' suit yohself. I aint putic'lar."—*Washington Star*.

*Commander Sponson*—Christen him as you will, my dear, but remember he's only a baby and not a dashed battleship, and I won't have the parson breaking champagne bottles over his little head.—*Life*.

"Would you die for me?" she murmured. "Gladly, darling," he answered. "And would there," she continued, softly, "be anything left for me after the undertaker's bill was paid?"—*The Bachelor's Casket*.

*Customer (sarcastically)*—I've managed to cut this steak, but I'm bothered if I can chew it. *Waiter*—Yes, sir. We guarantee our knives, but our responsibility does not extend to our customers' teeth.—*Punch*.

"That young lady is angry with me. The episode happened at a reception. I couldn't see her face under her big hat." "And you mistook her for another young lady, eh? Nothing in that to get mad about." "I mistook her for a piano lamp."—*Washington Herald*.

*She*—I don't see any sense in your objecting to Mr. DeBumville being invited to the house. *He*—Why, you know he's been shown to be a man of no principle or character, a man who had to leave his country to escape the law. *She (impatiently)*—That's very true; but no one can say he's not a perfect gentleman.—*Time*.

*Friend*—Given up housekeeping and gone to a hotel, eh? How do you like hotel life? *McTiff*—First rate. Never was so happy in my life. *Friend*—Indeed! And how does your wife like it? *McTiff*—First class. *Friend*—Where are you staying? *McTiff*—I'm at the St. Charles and she's at the St. James.—*New York Weekly*.

*Mistress of the House (widow)*—Well, Johnson, of course I'm very sorry to lose you, at the same time I must congratulate you on your good fortune in having this money left you. (Pleasantly.) I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now. *Johnson*—Well, mum, beggin' your pardon, and I'm sure I feel greatly honored at what you propose, but—er—I'm engaged to a young woman already.—*Grip*.

*Judge Blueclay*—Sheriff, convene the co't. Where is the jury? *Sheriff*—Back in the jail-yard, your honah. We happened to get three Frenches and a couple of Eversoles on it, an' they're fightin' it out, if it please the co't. *Judge*—Where is the prisoner in this horse-stealing case? *Sheriff*—The Barnard boys got him out last evenin' while I was at supper and hanged him. *Judge*—Strike off the case, Mr. Clerk. Are the parties to the Salt Lick Road case ready to proceed? *Sheriff*—It was settled early this morning; they're gettin' the defendant ready for burial now. *Judge*—Well, then, if the district attorney is ready, we will proceed with the State versus Hiram Garrard. *Sheriff*—If it please the co't, the district at-

torney is not ready. Garrard's counsel carved him with a bowie-knife right after breakfast. *Judge (wearily)*—Adjourn the co't.—*Braoklyn Eagle*.

"I once thought seriously of marrying for money." "Why didn't you, then?" "The girl in the case was a thinker, too."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Alice*—Does Edith's husband ever take her out to dinner as he did before they were married? *Kate*—Oh, yes; but not to the same restaurants.—*Boston Transcript*.

*The Duke of Mudbury*—Now, Miss Manhattan, I'll wager you know your Burke better than I do. *Miss Manhattan*—Ah, but I dare say your grace could stump me on Bradstreet.—*Life*.

"Harry proposed last night! I was so —" "I knew he would. I played a joke on him." "What!" "I told him you would inherit a fortune when you came of age."—*Houston Post*.

"He's one of our most successful financiers." "That so? I didn't know he was rich." "He isn't. But he's supporting a family of five on twelve dollars a week."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"My father talked me into taking this course in domestic science." "And how do you like domestic science?" "Well, it looks like ordinary kitchen work to me. If my suspicions are confirmed, I shall drop the course and make father buy me a \$50 hat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*First Burglar (in dining-room)*—Faith, Din-nis, here's some foine cold mate. Oime hungry, too, after goin' t'rough de house. *Second Burglar (catching sight of the clerk)*—Sure and we can't ate it, Bill. It's Friday mornin', begobs! *First Burglar*—Well, that's too bloimed bad! Whoi didn't we hurry up a bit?—*Life*.

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**The McNamaras and the Recall.**

Mr. W. B. Hornblower, addressing the Yale Law School on the judiciary recall, asked very appositely what would have been the fate of a judge who had convicted the McNamaras in the absence of a confession. The question answers itself. That judge would have been recalled. At least the machinery of the recall would have been invoked against him and the pressure would have been so intense that it would probably have succeeded. We need not have any doubt that this would have been done. It was already determined before the trial had begun, and not only determined but loudly and impudently announced. Any judge convicting the McNamaras, no matter what the evidence, was to be punished under the new law. This can be proved by a reference to the *Appcal to Reason* issued just before the trial, where we find these words in reference to the recall:

Under the provisions of the recall amendment the judges of the Supreme Court of California can be retired. These are men who will decide the fate of the kidnaped workers! Don't you see what it means, comrades, to have in the hands

of an intelligent, militant working class the political power to recall the present capitalist judges and put on the bench our own men.

Not a word of evidence had been heard when these lines were printed. But evidence did not matter. Innocent or guilty, the McNamaras were to be acquitted because they belonged to a caste large enough and powerful enough to punish any judge daring to convict them. And this caste, and other castes, are still with us and as determined as ever to "put on the bench our own men."

**The Republican Convention.**

If there were no other testimony to the compelling power of established principles in the political sphere as contrasted with mere personalism, the proceedings at Chicago would merit historic exploitation. From the beginning to the end the course of the forces which supported President Taft was conventional, consistent, stable, relatively impersonal, relatively dispassionate. From the beginning to the end the course of the forces behind Mr. Roosevelt was passionate and eccentric, and incidentally marked by vainglorious exhibitions and by successive and contradictory changes of plan. The elements which rallied under the Taft banner were characterized by an obvious sense of responsibility so positive as to hold them to their representative character and to control their action within the lines of legality and regularity. Some measure of resentment, some bitterness, there was on the Taft side; but it was worthily repressed. The feelings of the majority were at all stages subordinated to a sense of obligation to duty. It is this that gives to the completed work of the convention a very special and particular title to approval and respect. A result which comes out of conflicts so fierce, sustained, and embittered without taint of irregularity, free from any circumstance which calls for explanation or apology, carries within itself an endowment of moral power.

The issue upon which Mr. Roosevelt and his followers based their contest was the personal composition of the convention. Some weeks before the day of convention it became plain that in the preliminary contests in the several states Roosevelt had been beaten. The margin for Taft was not large, but it was sufficient. A fair fighter in Mr. Roosevelt's position, looking the situation in the face, respecting himself and his party, would either have retired from the field, or, remaining in it, have sought amid the chances of the convention legitimate means of increasing his strength. But Mr. Roosevelt, while ever prating of square dealing, never applies the rules of square dealing to his own affairs. In the immediate instance he adopted the policy of discrediting wholesale the delegations committed to Taft. Upon trumped-up presentments he or his agents denied or questioned the representative rights of about one-third of the delegates making up the Taft forces. Inquiry into these charges made by the national committee in open session some days before the date of convention revealed the triviality and malice of the contests. One group after another of the challenged delegates were seated by the unanimous vote of the committee; for even those who avowed themselves champions of the Roosevelt cause, finding no ground of protest, were compelled to vote down the challenges. Only in a few instances, where circumstances of some complication gave a pretext, the members committed to Roosevelt voted to sustain the contests. The number of delegates under final challenge was relatively small, but large enough to put in question the balance of power in the convention. And here it should be said that while respecting this group of contests there were at issue questions worthy of consideration, these questions in every instance were by the majority disposed of in accordance with convention practice running through a period of more than thirty years, a practice in which Mr. Roosevelt had many times participated

and which in two very notable instances had been operated under his hand and to his personal advantage.

The California case may be taken as illustrating the whole: California had twenty-six delegates to Chicago, only four of which had been chosen under the precise conditions and methods of regular party practice and in response to the terms of the call for the convention. Of the twenty-two thus irregularly chosen, twenty favorable to Roosevelt were given seats in the convention upon a showing that they had duly received a majority, each in the congressional district represented by him. Two favorable to Taft were likewise given seats upon the same showing of fact. The point at issue was one of conflicting authority between the national committee and the authorities of the State of California. The committee had prescribed district election for district delegates. A California statute (dictated by Governor Johnson in pursuance of his own political purposes) prescribed state-wide election for all delegates. The points of conflict were whether party authority or state authority should control; whether an established principle of party action should be set aside by the act of the legislature of one state. The national committee, acting for the party, decided this point in favor of party authority. The two Taft delegates from the fourth district of California, having each a majority within the district, were duly seated. The Roosevelt delegates, having a clear majority in the whole state but lacking a majority in their own particular district, were denied seats. This instance, loudly exploited as "the most flagrant case," may be taken to illustrate the general issue. There was argument on both sides. The case was submitted to the only competent authority and decided against Roosevelt. Then it was carried to the floor of the convention, where it was again decided against Roosevelt.

Men of manly character who fairly lose in any game, under its own rules, accept the result with such philosophy as they can command. But in this instance Roosevelt and his followers lost their heads, their self-control, their self-respect. In the practical try-out of a practical issue they had been fairly and openly beaten. But instead of accepting defeat in manful spirit they cried out, railed, berated in terms first puerile, then vulgar beyond precedent.

It was in the face of this situation, complicated by every possible device of obstruction and by every conceivable outcry of disappointment and rage, that the convention dominated by the Taft forces proceeded to go forward with its work. The procedure was, indeed, marred by many incidents tending to shame and reproach. But these incidents were developed not through any action on the part of the dominating majority. For whatever in the proceedings of this convention has brought shame and reproach to the convention or to the American character, blame is due to the Roosevelt faction, which made no effort to control or to conceal its resentments and its rages. For the most part, the doings most tending by their unreasonableness and vulgarity to the common discredit were enacted not in the convention itself, where decorum was enforced with tolerable success by Chairman Root, but in the meetings and public exhibitions of the enraged Roosevelt factionists.

The formal results of the convention merit, we think, the respect of the party and of the country. Mr. Taft stands upon a record of respectable, even of notable achievement. It would be want of candor to say that he has made no mistakes; it would be want of honesty to deny that he has sustained the responsibilities of government successfully and with dignity. He has enforced with rigorous impartiality against powerful interests laws designed to protect the country against abuses of capitalistic and special power. He has distinctly advanced the state of



administrative efficiency, substituting system for confusion and a wholesome subordination for habits of carelessness and assumption developed under his predecessor. Though Mr. Taft has made mistakes, and serious mistakes, he still deserves well of his party and of the country. He merits friendship and support, too, on the score of the enemies he has made. It was because he would not yield to dictation and accept the guidance of official leading-strings that he had to meet the animosity, the obstructive courses, and ultimately the embittered rivalry of Theodore Roosevelt. It was because he enforced the Sherman law against conspiracies and monopolies in trade that he had to meet the opposition of the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil Company, the Meat Trust, and what not other associations of powerful political connections. It was because of his successful efforts to purge the postal service of hoary abuses that he had to face the enmity of Frank Munsey and some other publishers angered by rulings which required them to pay certain freight charges formerly imposed upon the Postoffice Department. We do not claim for Mr. Taft that he is an all-wise master of all the arts of statecraft, that he has supreme genius for administration, that he has unfailing resolution against pressure, or that he is a marvel of individual tact. Mr. Taft is human like the rest of us, and he lacks some elements of character which would be desirable in the presidential office. But this can be said for Mr. Taft, that he has exceptional knowledge of the men and affairs of the world, an exceptional sense of responsibility, integrity of mind, industry, earnestness, the will to do right and the courage to propose and to oppose in emergencies. He has, furthermore, a fine sense of proportion and of balance, with the poise and caution essential to safe and wise dealing with great affairs. Something, too, is due to Mr. Taft on the score of the bad usage to which he has been subjected on the part of men who should have been his friends for the sole reason that he would not meet their demands by sacrifice of his obligations as an official. There are multiplied reasons why Mr. Taft should have the support of his party; there is no reason why he should be opposed by any citizen avowing his support of Republican ideas and traditionally affiliated with the Republican party.

Of the movement for a new party inaugurated last Saturday night at Chicago little, we think, needs to be said. It was the act of a handful of disappointed and embittered men under the inspiration of a leader cut to the heart by the collapse of hopes unjustified and unjustifiable, of pretensions utterly preposterous, and of vanities swollen to a species of insanity. That Mr. Roosevelt himself will stand by this movement when time shall have abated the heat of his anger and when he finds, as he surely will, that he has no substantial following, we do not believe. In all his career Mr. Roosevelt has never followed a definite plan or sustained a fixed course against odds. His plan has ever been to "jump in" upon the crest of the wave and to draw out the moment he is not sustained by the shout and clamor of the hour. Despite high pretensions of courage, despite the impression in many minds that he is a man of moral resolution, the fact remains that Mr. Roosevelt never at any period of his life has exhibited the quality of courage as apart from an emotional audacity. More than once he has taken first steps towards rebellion against party; but in every instance he has thought better of it before wholly committing himself. Only last week he advanced twice or thrice to the verge of revolt against the procedure of the convention, only to draw back and try again to grasp the throttle of party authority. Finally, while under the spell of a disappointment too bitter to be sustained with self-control and of a rage too acute for a mind easily thrown from its balance, he gave himself to a movement which appealed in terms he was powerless to resist. That Mr. Roosevelt will stay with this movement whose course can lead only to further disappointment and deeper humiliation is not believable. A more resolute man, a less emotional man, a man of fixed and deliberated judgments, a man of firm moral constitution, might do it. But Mr. Roosevelt, we think, will disappoint his friends, even as he has disappointed other friends in times past. He lacks, we think, the qualities of moral resolution and of devotion to fixed purposes essential to leadership in a prolonged and losing struggle. Without the sustaining force of popular approval and of immediate success, his spirits flag, his courage oozes out. Beyond a question Mr. Roosevelt

is a man of a certain force. But it is a kind of force which animates the rough-house bully, not the kind of force which sustains continued efforts under discouragement and which gains vitality and power under adversity. The *Argonaut* makes this prophecy: that for one reason or another, under one plea or another, Mr. Roosevelt will abandon and permit to die out the movement for a third party founded in frenzy and folly in his interest and upon his name. We predict that if the convention proposed to be held in Denver in August shall come together it will be a trivial affair, vital with no element of worthy and effective representation. It will need all the consolation of the Twenty-Third Psalm, and its appropriate musical accompaniment will be the Doxology. Probably there will be no meeting at all. Before the time shall have come around the third-party movement in the interest of a third-term candidate will have flickered to extinction.

The founding of a political party, unless it be as an expedient in support of some transient cause making powerful appeal to the emotions, is a very serious business. It calls first of all for a motive founded in moral purpose, nourished and developed through moral aspirations, vitalized by moral resentment, ennobled and sanctified by moral inspiration. Incidentally it calls under the present conditions of society in the United States either for spontaneous offerings of personal service or for enormous supplies of money. No such movement was ever successful upon a basis of personal disappointment, wounded vanity, anger, and malevolence. Already it is evident that there will be no spontaneous popular response. Probably the interests which sought to defeat Taft by backing Roosevelt will not supply money. The movement will fail out of hand. It can not succeed because it has not in it the first essential element of success. It takes something more than a disappointed madman, a boy governor, a wild ass from the desert (to use Mr. Roosevelt's own refined phrase), and a negro psalm-singer to arouse, to inspire, to start into vital action the forces essential to a national movement in politics. On Sunday it appeared as a political menace; on Monday it was a mere threat; on Tuesday it was spurned when it sought alliance with the Democrats in Baltimore; in a month it will be a joke.

A political party is something more than an organization. It has in it some of the elements of a religion; it is sustained and carried forward by nothing less potent than a fixed habit of mind. Most men get their party affiliations through inheritance or association. These be powerful and vital influences. They yield slowly—very slowly indeed—to assault or persuasion, unless as above suggested they meet the appeal of some powerful, elemental, all-pervading moral influence. The career of the Democratic party illustrates the principle. Now for nearly sixty years with two brief interludes it has been in eclipse, much of the time even in contempt. It has been debauched, beaten, and betrayed; it has been beaten, betrayed, and debauched. It has suffered every species of misfortune that can be named or imagined. It has been abandoned to hope, until its very name has become a symbol of blundering and of failure. Yet the Democratic party survives and finds the courage and the resource for repeated efforts. It even thrives and grows under the influences of blight and ill-fortune. The Democratic party in its continuing life and its growing anticipations illustrates a principle. It is this, namely, that political propensities are in the blood of men. They live and flourish and sustain their allegiance against discouragements even from generation to generation. Yet in view of this principle, and of the countless examples illustrating it, there are those who imagine that the Republican party will lose its coherency and vitality because one ambitious man has suffered a rebuke and because a few disappointed and angered partisans have in their vanity imagined themselves possessed of the power to remove mountains.

If the movement for a third party in support of the third-term candidate ever had the breath of life in it, it was lost spiritually when Senator Borah of Idaho declined to brother it, and when Governor Deneen of Illinois first shied and then side-stepped. And its seal was set and its grave duly closed when Governor Hadley of Missouri tendered his "regrets." The governor's remarks are worth quoting, because they are calculated to serve the mood and purpose of many like him devoted to Republican principles and hopeful of their continued control in governmental affairs, like

him sincerely friendly to Mr. Roosevelt upon mistaken estimates of his character, and again like him practically minded with respect to the forms and expedencies of political action. Governor Hadley's public declaration is as follows:

I believe I can render more useful public service as a member of the Republican party than by joining in the formation of a third party.

While I have in no way changed my mind as to the correctness of that for which I contended, I undertake to say that no political party ever did or ever will exist in which at times men will not use authority unfairly and to accomplish selfish and improper ends.

In my opinion the best way successfully to fight such men and methods, and also the best way in which to fight for correct principles of government, is within the party rather than by leaving it.

Even though Governor Hadley may even yet be sentimentally attached to Mr. Roosevelt personally and to the cause he believes Mr. Roosevelt to represent, he knows as a practical man that to affiliate with the projected third party would be to aid in destroying the Republican party. He knows that a vote for Roosevelt would in effect be a vote in favor of turning the government over to the Democratic party. And as a rising statesman with many possibilities before him, he probably realizes that the election of Roosevelt, conceding for illustration the possibility of the impossible, would be the elevation to power of a man of inflated vanities and of vitriolic hatreds and that it would lead inevitably to an immediate and possibly to a permanent dictatorship.

The term dictator sounds harsh in American ears, but have we not seen something of the real thing in Mr. Roosevelt's attitude during this campaign and even within the past week? What about his threat four years ago to the national convention that if it did not accept his programme it would have to "take me"? What about his menacing message to President Taft that if he did not follow certain courses and promote certain men he would meet determined opposition to his renomination? What about the breach of faith implied in his own record in his pre-convention candidacy? And coming down to very recent days, what about the threat made to Governor Deneen on Monday of last week that if he did not whip all the Illinois delegates into line there would be a Roosevelt nominee against him in his own state next November? Governor Deneen had already carried the Illinois primary on the same day that Roosevelt had carried it two months ago. The people of Illinois had spoken for him. His renomination already won was based on the principle of popular rule which Mr. Roosevelt declares to be sacred. Yet when for an instant Governor Deneen's action or lack of action stood between him and his purposes Mr. Roosevelt threatened, even with clenched fist, to undo the work of the people, to subvert a result already achieved under the popular will. If there be any other name which fits this character so well as that of dictator we should like somebody to point it out.

A San Franciscan who spent two days in Chicago last week declares that for the first time in his life he was ashamed of being a Californian. "When a man who sat next me in the convention hall asked where I was from," he said, "I reflected I would sacrifice less in a white lie than confessing the truth, and so I boldly answered 'Maine,' that being the most distant state I could think of which had not lost its virtue." Really it comes easy to pardon a man who in the midst of all the caterwauling done by our own Hiram and by wild-ass-from-the-desert Heney, not to mention Mr. Kent and some others, felt for the moment ashamed of being a Californian. It does not so much matter that Johnson and his clique were essentially wrong in their view of things, for worthy men are oftentimes mistaken. But why in the name of all the graces could not our precious outfit of misrepresentatives have gone wrong in a gentlemanlike way? Senator Borah was wrong, but he carried himself with dignity and propriety and he comes out of the mêlée with public respect. Governor Deneen was wrong; but he, too, kept his temper, his poise, and preserved his character as a gentleman. Governor Hadley of Missouri was wrong, but in a winning way. His address to the convention, even when he pleaded a wrong cause, was in ingratiating terms. It made him a hero upon the moment, and it won him a respect which may some day make him President of the United States. Governor Johnson had equal or better opportunity than any of these men. Others dealt with borrowed grievances; he had his own. His friends are forever telling



us of his eloquence. Why when the occasion offered did it not serve him as a means to approval and respect rather than degrade him to the level of the sockless Simpsons and the middle-of-the-road Kelleys? It is in emergencies that breeding, self-respect, the graces of gentlemanlike character serve men. Such an occasion fell to Hiram Johnson last week, and instead of rising upon it he bent under it. From start to finish he played the part of a mean-spirited, bad-tempered, spoiled boy, minus manners, minus fairness, minus poise, minus any trace of manly dignity or grace. He left upon the convention and upon the country the impression of a creature made up of insolence and vulgarity. In more than one mind he revived the tradition of the sand lot—and he a man of some education, with pretensions as a moralist and posing as a man of earnestness and of right sensibilities. Opportunity, it is said, brings out the real qualities of a man, as in the case of Governor Hadley. Opportunity at Chicago, by displaying the real qualities of Hiram Johnson, played him a shabby trick. True, he it said in mitigation, he was in bad company. Association with wild-ass-of-the-desert Heney, it must be admitted, puts the graces of character under a heavy strain. It ought not, however, to have stimulated the spirit of rivalry. Mr. Johnson might to his credit have followed the precedent which Scripture ascribes to Balaam, who, as we recall the story, himself kept a decent silence and let the ass do all the braying.

Seriously, California has just cause to be ashamed of the part played by those who assumed to represent her. A dignified attitude on the part of Governor Johnson and his associates would have been in a certain way to the credit of California. Furthermore the demands made in the name of justice would have been more effective if presented in parliamentary language and in good temper. Mr. Wheeler, who had a personal interest at stake, could easily have won the admiration of everybody. Why in the name of every consideration that is reasonable and worthy was the case of California left to be presented by a bellow and a brayer? The record classifies California in the mind of the country with Oklahoma and Texas. The pity of it, the shame of it, are grievous indeed.

In his arguments against the "steam roller" Mr. Johnson was perhaps under a very natural embarrassment. For was there ever a more expert director of that pleasing implement of politics than himself? We have only to turn back the pages of our local history a little way to exhibit his more or less excellent excellency with hand on the lever proceeding at reckless pace down devious paths over the prostrate carcasses of Senator-elect Spaulding and Bank Commissioner Anderson. In protesting against the steam roller it is just possible that the words stuck in his throat.

#### Mr. Hearst's Defense.

It is evident that Mr. Hearst is still smarting under a sense of injustice and anxious to enlist the sympathy of the public in his struggle with the Pressmen's Union. That he has been treated unjustly there need be no doubt. He could hardly have dealings with a labor union without being treated unjustly, but a public that remembers Mr. Hearst's sycophancy toward organized labor is rather more likely to laugh than to commiserate.

The facts are easily recalled. The president of the Pressmen's Union in Chicago ordered a strike on the Chicago *American*, and then a sympathetic strike on all the other Hearst properties throughout the country. This order was disobeyed everywhere except in San Francisco. Mr. Hearst remonstrated, but without effect. He printed and displayed his remonstrance in all his newspapers, he reviewed his many services to organized labor, and he stated at some length the causes of the quarrel that led to the strike in Chicago. The Pressmen's Union, he said, had discriminated against him, seeking to impose conditions that had never been demanded from any other newspaper. So far from recognizing him as an ally, they had treated him as an enemy. So far from according to him the most favorable terms, they had made their terms exceptionally arduous and exacting. It is hard to say whether Mr. Hearst's sentiment in the matter was one of anger or of grief. Possibly it was a mixture of the two, but the strike continued, and if the public had any feeling in the matter it was one of amusement coupled with a sense of relief at the reduced size of some of Mr. Hearst's newspapers.

Now we have another long letter addressed to the international president of the union in Chicago. Once

more Mr. Hearst recounts his services to organized labor—such of them as will bear the light; once more he dwells upon his boundless love for the working man, a love so ill requited, and once more he registers his resolve to pay him well, to lessen his labors, and to treat him as a brother. But there are limits. The Chicago *American* belongs to Mr. Hearst and not to the Pressmen's Union, although the union seems to misapprehend that fact. Wages are no more than a method of profit-sharing, and if there are no profits there can be no wages. And there will be no profits if the union continues on its present course, if it "insists upon imposing so many burdens and restrictions and discriminations upon the employer as to interfere with the successful conduct of his business." That is the strait to which Mr. Hearst finds himself reduced. If he accedes to the demands made upon him, and upon him alone, the *American* will soon be no more than a fragrant memory, and its wage list a thing of the past. So far as Mr. Hearst is concerned this would not, of course, matter at all. Long ago he consecrated himself to the service of humanity in general and of labor unions in particular, but it is in the interest of the workers themselves that he is now forced to resist. His devotion to the sacred cause is the same as it ever was. His enthusiasm for short hours and long pay is unquenched, but henceforth his devotion and his enthusiasm will show themselves in another way. It hurts him to say so, and indeed we can hear the break in his democratic voice, but he has felt himself compelled to join the Publishers' Association to which the other Chicago newspapers belong, and henceforth he must act with his associates.

So at last the cat is out of the bag. At last we understand why the *American* was singled out for attack and asked to assent to conditions from which its competitors were exempt. In spite of its adhesion to the labor cause the fact remained that it offered a comparatively easy prey because it was undefended by association and combination. Its devotion counted for nothing except to earn for it the covetous contempt of those whom it served so unscrupulously.

But why should the public be expected to sympathize? Organized labor as at present constituted is a public enemy and Mr. Hearst was its ally. The public may congratulate itself that some of the wages of sin have at last been paid to the Hearst newspapers and that to some slight extent they have seen the light, but it seems to be hardly a case for sympathy.

#### The Baltimore Convention.

By a vote of 579 to 506 the Democratic convention in the first day of its session at Baltimore has chosen Judge Parker for its temporary chairman as against Bre'r Bryan. This result is being exploited—as we write on Wednesday morning—by the bright young gentlemen of the press on duty at Baltimore as a "turn-down" for Mr. Bryan. So it was in a sense, but we suspect not in a sense wholly disconcerting to the wily and resourceful Nebraskan. The most patent fact at Baltimore is this, namely, that of the thousand-and-more delegates to the convention, an overwhelming majority is "progressively" inclined—indeed, progressively committed. Mr. Bryan's contention in opposing Judge Parker was that a progressive convention, representing a progressive party, aiming at progressive policies, ought in consistency to choose a progressive chairman and listen to a progressive keynote speech. But as against this contention there was another theory. It was to the effect that the party needed to conciliate all its elements, including that represented by Judge Parker, and that bestowal of the temporary chairmanship upon Judge Parker would be a proper and harmless recognition. The national committee had arranged it in advance; all the avowed candidates excepting Professor Wilson had given assent. Bryan, backed by Wilson, stood against the proposal, and after a fervid speech was beaten by a narrow majority.

In the view of all the reporters, Mr. Bryan is presumed to have met with a rebuff. But—we write on Wednesday morning, be it remembered—in the view of the *Argonaut* he has by his opposition to Parker established himself before the convention as the preëminent champion of the progressive spirit. And, be it remembered, most of the members of the convention are imbued with this spirit, fixed in the idea of presenting to the country a candidate reflecting their own state of mind. Now, was it not a shrewd move on the part of Mr. Bryan, assuming that as usual he is "willin'" and

even anxious, to manoeuvre into the position of a foremost and uncompromising progressive? Does not an astute commander sometimes find it necessary to lose a skirmish in getting into a position to win a battle?

Likewise in the opinion of the Baltimore reporters, Mr. Clark by lending his support to Judge Parker has won the favor of Tammany Hall and the "reactionaries" and is "assured of the nomination." Now, isn't the favor of Tammany Hall and the reactionaries the very heaviest load possible to be carried during the next two days? Isn't Mr. Clark in danger of losing the favor of the majority of the convention for having conciliated the minority element?

We propound these questions in suggestion of the idea that Mr. Bryan may not have been wholly foolish in his course and that the final result may not be fatal to his now manifest hopes of a fourth nomination for the presidency of the United States. May not the convention, progressive as it is in its makeup, having given a gracious but empty compliment to the reactionaries, now in a similar spirit of good-will turn and bestow its substantial blessings upon some reliable progressive? And who so reliable as the good old Doctor Bryan of case-hardened experience and of tried and approved record?

The situation as we write on Wednesday morning is one wholly dominated by speculation. It takes a two-thirds vote to nominate. Clark is the leading candidate, but Bryan is the foremost figure. Clark gained some friendship in the opening day by supporting Parker. But may he not by this course have lost something of the progressive flavor hitherto attaching to his name? May he not now be potentially weaker for his alliance with the reactionaries?

Of course, there remains to be considered the fixed tradition that the Democratic party in any crisis is certain to do the foolish rather than the wise thing.

#### Editorial Notes.

The several public appearances of Mr. Francis J. Heney—beautifully and appropriately characterized by Mr. Roosevelt as wild-ass-from-the-desert—in and out of the convention at Chicago reflected most unpleasantly upon California. Yet, upon the whole, there is cause for local self-congratulation upon the circumstance that Mr. Heney has exhibited upon a national stage those qualities of mind and character which at home have made him a butt of universal contempt. One of the difficulties in reëstablishing the character of California for sanity and morality, following our so-called graft prosecution, has been a disposition at the East to accept Mr. Heney upon his own high pretensions and acclamations. Now, Mr. Heney by his appearances at Chicago having betrayed the assertion, the vulgarity, the egregious vanity and the essential coarseness of his character before the eyes of the whole American people, he will stand no longer as a false light of virtue and morality. He will no longer be a stumbling-block in the path of a true understanding of conditions as they have existed in California during the last half-dozen years.

#### "As We Were Saying."

[From the *Argonaut*, April 6, 1912.]

#### After the Chicago Convention.

When, by methods which I can only characterize as infamous, the Chicago convention refused to nominate me, this meant that it refused to listen to the voice of the people, for I am the voice of the people.

When, after my Columbus speech, I declared that I would support the nominee of the Republican convention, I mean, of course, that I would support that nominee if it were myself.

No honest-minded person could have misunderstood my language, and anybody who asserts that it is capable of any other meaning is guilty of willful and deliberate falsehood.

I consented to be a candidate for the presidency in response to a universal demand. That universal demand was not listened to at Chicago—therefore the Chicago nomination is utterly without significance.

Accordingly, strongly against my own inclination, but in response to this universal demand, and to the will of the people of the United States, whom I not only represent but am, I will not be a candidate for but will accept an independent nomination for the presidency.

In Woodbrook cemetery, at Woburn, Massachusetts, may be seen one of the most unusual headstones ever erected. It is a railroad tie, above the grave of Waterman Brown, who helped build the Boston and Lowell line. The tie is of granite, no wooden ties having been used in the construction of the road, which was the first in the state to be chartered. A portion of it was smoothed off for the inscription it now bears. At the time the road was built it connected Boston with the north country.



## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The establishment of a new fact about the Battle of Waterloo would be an event of some historical importance, but it is actually a fact that Napoleon stood upon a scaffold sixty feet high in order that he might better survey the field? It seems impossible that such a thing should be forgotten or that it should escape the microscopic vision of the historians, but the *Cornhill Magazine* draws attention to the contemporary account of Sir Charles Bell, who says that he saw this scaffold and that he climbed it after the battle. He was filled with admiration, he adds, for a man of Napoleon's habit of life who could stand perched on such a height and contemplate, see, and manage such a scene. Sir Charles Bell certainly believed what he said, and certainly he must have seen and climbed something, and yet we must suppose that he was mistaken as to the use to which the scaffold was put. It would have been visible all over the field of battle and the identity of its solitary occupant would have been unmistakable. No one else speaks of such a thing. Apparently no one else saw it. And almost every word said by the rival commanders on that day has been recorded. Wellington was on his horse from dawn till dark and in constant motion, but Napoleon remained at the same point throughout the day. We are told by many eye witnesses that he sat for hours at a time in front of a table and that he often slept for short periods. But no one refers to the scaffold, surely an impossible omission if such a fact actually occurred.

Every community has its "topic of the day," and by a study of such topics we may learn something of the character of the people themselves. Just at present the "topic of the day" in Russia takes the form of a question. It is this: Did the Jews of Kieff on the occasion of the last Passover abduct a Christian child, Andrew Yushinsky by name, and torture him to death for the purpose of using his blood in their religious ceremonies? Incidentally it is asked how many other children were similarly murdered and if such practices form a part of the regular Passover routine? These questions are not merely of street-corner interest. They are of a living and palpitating interest. Educated people discuss them and learned editors take sides about them and at least one arrest has been made. The newspapers described it as an "irrefutable fact" that Christian children are regularly stolen and murdered and that they are left bleeding for hours before death comes. It need hardly be said that there is plenty of evidence. Nothing on earth is so easy to get as evidence. The body of the boy was found in a hole in the ground. It was nearly naked and covered with wounds. Now would Christians be likely to murder a Christian child? Obviously not. The murder of children is deprecated by all the leading theologians as likely to lead to Sabbath-breaking or procrastination. Then Andrew Yushinsky must have been killed by the Jews, seeing that all the people of Kieff are either one or the other. The thing is quite clear as soon as analytic intelligence is brought to bear upon it, and so there is nothing to be done except to murder all the Jews in sight, which, we may shrewdly suspect, was the original intention.

Professor Fred Newton Scott of the University of Michigan has something to say about mental aversions to particular words. We all have them, and to call them prejudices does not help us much to their comprehension. Cardinal Newman said: "Rationally or irrationally, I have an undying, never-dying hatred to 'is being' (in such a connection as 'the house is being built'), whatever arguments are brought in its favor." Lowell speaks of that abominable word "reliable," while William James said that his pet aversion "is postal card for postcard." Professor Scott found that eighty-one persons out of two hundred and fifty were displeased by the word "victuals," and it may be said that the man who is not displeased by this shameful word would be capable of robbing the dead. No less than ten persons said that the use of the word at table would take away their appetite. People of fine sensibilities, these. But why do we hate certain words? Probably the professor is on the right line when he suggests that all sounds correspond with ideas and that certain minds are sensitive to the connection. The cries of babies and of animals vary according to their mental condition, and there must be a reason for this. Probably language was originally built upon this correspondence between sounds and ideas, and although it has been distorted by art and necessity we are sometimes reminded of its existence by such nauseating words as "victuals." But many of these aversions are, of course, caused by association with unpleasant memories, even though the memories may sometimes be subconscious.

Mayor Caynor of New York has written the following letter to Mr. C. E. Baird, secretary of the National Publicity Bureau of Scranton, Pennsylvania: "You ask me to give an interview, saying 'what I would say to the readers of 2000 newspapers.' I would say to them to be very careful about believing all they see in the newspaper."

A battle between the Italians and the Turks has been fought at Homs. As authentic reports have been received from both sides there should be no difficulty in determining the precise facts. The Turks say that the battle lasted several hours, that the Italians were beaten, leaving large numbers of dead upon the field and losing a great quantity of cannon, rifles, ammunition, and stores. The Turks lost 50 killed and 150 wounded. Turning for confirmation to the Italian reports, we learn that after a fierce battle the Turks were beaten with heavy loss. The bodies of 421 Turks and 150 Italians were found in one part of the field alone, while the Turks lost only 31 killed and 50 wounded. The numerical superiority of the Italian story may be duly noted. The bodies of their enemies were found in one part of the field

only, while they themselves lost 31 killed. Fractions are not yet being used. A battle was evidently fought at Homs, but this is all that can be said with certainty. We do not even know where Homs is to be found. It is not in the list of holiday resorts.

One of the minor discomforts of living in proximity to a volcano is described in a dispatch from Cordova, Alaska. Smoke and ash from the Katmai eruption continued for many days, but a still greater annoyance was experienced when rain began to fall. The water mixed with the ash in the air and produced sulphuric acid, which fell upon the righteous as well as the unrighteous and produced painful skin burns. Many people were hurt, and now it is necessary to put lime into the drinking water in order to counteract the acid.

Sir Sidney Lee is receiving numerous remonstrances on the fidelity of the biographical sketch of King Edward that he contributes to the "Dictionary of National Biography." The captious tell the author that he has said too much, and presumably they mean that nothing that is not *couleur de rose* should have been admitted. Sir Sidney Lee replies in effect that a biography is a biography, and that to be useful it must be accurate. There is always the restraint imposed by good taste, but beyond these proper limitations there should be none other. As an example of Sir Sidney's style we have his references to the royal effort to heal the breach between the Lords and the Commons: "He found no comfort in the action of any of the parties to the strife. The blank refusal of the Conservative leaders to entertain his warnings was unwelcome to his *amour propre*. The prospect of straining his prerogatives by creating peers solely for voting purposes could not be other than uncongenial. . . . To the last he privately cherished the conviction that peace would be reached by some less violent means." It is suggested elsewhere that King Edward's diplomatic successes were largely due to his love of comfort. It was personally inconvenient to be on bad terms with France, for example, and so the king addressed himself to the task of removing all possible causes for friction. We shall probably hear more of this biography when there has been time for its full inwardness to penetrate the popular mind.

Evidently we must revise our idea that Socialist agitation is due to social injustice and that it is the cry of the disinherited and neglected that makes itself heard in the Socialist vote. It is nothing of the kind. The Socialist increase is due to the universal desire for more, now stimulated by the conviction that more can be obtained. When Oliver Twist asked for more porridge are we to believe that his greedy and grasping nature would have been satisfied by another bowlful. Not at all. He would have demanded ham and eggs or truffles. A writer in the *World's Work* tells us what the German government does for its citizens, who now supply half the Socialist vote of the world. It would be more easy to tell us what it does not do for them. It shepherds them with state aid from birth to death. It pays the doctor and the clergyman. It lends them money, insures their lives, cares for their wives and children, pensions them, arbitrates for them, furnishes legal advice, saves their earnings, finds them work. The government does everything for them except think, which is perhaps the one thing that they are wholly unable to do for themselves, and yet it is in Germany that the demand for more state aid is louder than anywhere upon earth.

Herbert G. Ponting, photographer to the Scott polar expedition, has just returned to London firm in the conviction that Captain Scott has reached the South Pole. Ponting accompanied the final party to a spot about 700 miles distant from their destination and took cinematograph pictures of the explorers as they passed away over the ice field. Lieutenant Evans accompanied his leader to within 145 miles of the Pole and left him making good progress and well supplied with all that he needed. This was on January 3, 1912, Captain Amundsen having reached the goal on December 14, 1911, but whether successful or not Captain Scott intends to remain in the polar regions for another year in order to complete his scientific notes.

When a party of Chinese suffragettes stormed the Assembly room and compelled the celestial legislators to reconsider their rejection of woman suffrage it was evident that the ladies of China needed no encouragement to press ever onward towards liberty. But they are to have encouragement all the same. Mrs. Chapman Catt and Dr. Aletta Jacobs are now on their way to the East after a journey that has carried them to most other parts of the world. It is their mission to see that China begins her new life upon the right lines and that women have their own way in Chinese politics. The ladies will also visit Japan in order to advance the cause. In spite of the militancy of a few Chinese ladies we may doubt if the suffrage will make much advance in the East, where the status of women is so much a matter of religious determination. Possibly the Chinese might "point with pride" to the fact that the greatest ruler the country has ever known was a woman, whereas America—and Mrs. Catt is an American—has never had a woman president.

Suicide among schoolboys (says the *London Chronicle*) appears to be more prevalent in Russia than in any other country, although Germany used at one time to top the list. But Hungary holds the record for old age among attempted suicides. In 1888 Janos Meryessi, who was eighty-four years old, jumped off the suspension bridge at Budapest into the Danube. He was rescued, and then explained that he wished to end his life, as he was becoming too decrepit to support his father and mother. This statement proved to be true, Meryessi's parents being aged 115 and 110 respectively, and a public subscription was organized to set them all three above want.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Baroness D'Anethan, who has lately published her diary of "Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan," is the sister of Sir Rider Haggard, the novelist, and was the wife of Baron Albert D'Anethan, Belgian minister to the Court of Tokyo from 1893 to 1910, when he died at his post.

The Rev. James O'Hannay, a Catholic priest who has just been elected a canon to St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, is the author of a number of interesting books, and has written a comedy, "General John Regan," pertaining to Irish life, which will be introduced in London by Charles Hawtrey.

Wendell Sooy, who has been selling newspapers on a Philadelphia street-corner for twelve years, has saved \$2600, which he will use to obtain a college education. He will enter the University of Pennsylvania in the fall. During twelve years he has handled but one local newspaper, and in that time has sold more than 1,000,000 copies.

The Duchess of Marlborough and the Marchioness of Crewe (Lord Rosebery's daughter) sold flowers at their stall outside the London Stock Exchange on Alexandra Day (Wednesday of this week) for the benefit of the London Hospital fund. Stationed at other points of the metropolis 1000 society women did the same thing.

William F. Newman, at the head of the Lake Shore and the New York Central, and the roads bound up in the Vanderbilt bundle, began life in a Southern city. He became a railroad man, and was station agent, telegraph operator, ticket seller, and switchman, at Shreveport, Louisiana. Today his one hundred and twelve directorates occupy his time thoroughly.

Miss Mabelle Kelso of Seattle is probably the first woman wireless operator afloat. Recently she passed the examinations, receiving the highest marks at the government's naval wireless training school, at the Puget Sound navy yard. Miss Kelso has been assigned to the steamer *Mariposa*, sailing for Alaska on July 1. She is twenty-five years old, and is thoroughly familiar with the wireless instruments and work.

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth of New York, president of the Pioneer Workers, now in San Francisco in attendance at the National Convention of Women's Clubs, has the distinction of belonging to more organizations than any other woman in the federation. She has badges from women's organizations all over the world. She is seventy-five years of age, but is as active and bright as a woman twenty years younger. Her husband was a surgeon.

William Flinn, heralded as the new "Progressive" boss of Pennsylvania, worked and fought his way up from the ranks. He was born in England of Irish parents, but has lived in Pittsburgh from an early age. He worked as a bricklayer, gradually becoming interested in contracting and ward politics. In time he built up a powerful machine. The contracting business also prospered, and Flinn has made a fortune out of it. His ambition is to enter the United States Senate.

Mary Melvin, blind from infancy, has just been graduated from Goucher College, and was awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key, the symbol of scholarly work. Her classmates selected her from all the graduates to deliver the ivy oration at the commencement, one of the highest honors that can come to a Goucher girl. She is an accomplished athlete, a singer of considerable ability, and plays her own accompaniment on the piano. She intends to do graduate work at Johns Hopkins.

Mrs. Anna B. Pitzer, who will cast the Colorado vote for Champ Clark at the Baltimore convention, is the Speaker's sister-in-law. Her home is at Colorado Springs. Mrs. Pitzer has never figured in public affairs before. She is a widow who went to Colorado for her health some years ago and who has busied herself making a home there for her daughter. But the leaders of the Clark movement thought it would be a fine idea to have Mrs. Pitzer on the delegation. So they elected her a delegate-at-large and in the interest of her brother-in-law she accepted.

John C. Milne, editor and proprietor of the Fall River (Massachusetts) *Daily News*, has been working for eighty years, a record that is likely to stand. He is now eighty-eight, and still vigorous, appears at his desk every morning, contributing his share of the editorial matter. He began the *News* as a weekly in 1845, doing much of the typesetting and presswork himself. At the age of eight he started to learn the trade of a printer in a Pictou (Nova Scotia) shop. The veteran editor is a native of Scotland, has been a member of the state legislature, is a bank director, and is also interested in cotton mills and other interests.

Joseph H. Choate, former United States Ambassador to Great Britain, made his latest big public appearance at the recent Harvard dinner in New York, when he officiated brilliantly as toastmaster, despite his eighty years. He was the oldest of the 2000 graduates assembled, having been a member of the class of 1852. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, he was educated at home and abroad, and decided on a legal career. He took part in many famous cases, and was a member of the committee of seventy which broke up the Tweed ring in 1871. In 1899 he went to England as ambassador, remaining until 1905. He has been honored by prominent societies here and in England.



## A THREE-MILLION-DOLLAR SALE.

A Paris Auction Establishes Some New Records.

Loiterers in the vicinity of the Galerie Georges Petit must have known for several days that something portentous was pending. That auction-room of art, which is off the Boulevard de la Madeleine on the corner of the junction of the Rue de Sèze with the Rue Godot de Mauroy, does not fulfill its functions as modestly as those old stalls on the quays by the Seine which used to be the hunting ground of vertu collectors. No, the Galerie Georges Petit is modern in its methods, and when it has secured a sale option on good things it proclaims the fact from the house-tops.

Not merely the loiterers, then, but all Paris—especially Tout Paris which has a weakness for art—was well advised in advance that from June 5 to June 8 it would be worth while stepping into the Galerie Georges Petit. For on those days, the rare treasures of Jacques Doucet were to change ownership in the true spirit of modern democracy—that is, any one was to be at liberty to buy provided he could pay the piper.

Now art auctions on such a scale are not common in Paris. Other art deals are. There be still Salon aspirants in the Latin Quarter who are ready to emulate Murger's comrade in accepting a low price for a masterpiece of Moses crossing the Red Sea, just as there are many cafés where one can command the genius of a portrait sketcher for a franc; but an exchange of pictures and busts likely to involve a million or so francs is a sufficient event to give Parisians a nine days' wonder. As soon, then, as the treasures of M. Doucet had been arranged in the Galerie Georges Petit, and the announcement made that they would be on view for three days prior to the sale, the Rue Godot de Mauroy began to be a distinctly busy place. For word had gone forth that the experts had valued this drawing at twelve thousand, and that water-color at a hundred thousand, and the other painting at three hundred thousand francs. Such money "talks" in Paris. Do you wonder, then, that the three days of preliminary exhibition attracted forty thousand people, and that when the doors had to be closed on the last day the attendants had a hard task in clearing the gallery?

All that excitement gave a forecast of what was to happen on the first day of the sale. A big crowd of fashionables and wealthy amateurs awaited the opening of the doors; the street was lined with motor-cars; and when two o'clock struck there was a scramble for seats such as would have done justice to any bargain-sale of an American store.

How serious the business was to prove few could anticipate. Many looked over the catalogue and smiled at the reports of the expert valuations. In the gross the total predicted for the four days' sale was eight million francs, or a million and a half dollars; the knowing looked askance and staked their reputation that such a figure would never be reached. Nor were they much perturbed when a Boucher drawing, "Love Carried by the Graces," which the experts valued at twelve thousand francs, realized twenty-one thousand. But that was merely the beginning; it struck the keynote, as it were, for thenceforward all the estimates of the experts went by the board. In rapid succession drawings and water-colors by Portail, Baudoin, Watteau, and Fragonard were put up, and in every case the prices realized—ranging from twenty to forty thousand francs—were largely in excess of the sums at which they had been valued.

In fine it was a gala day for what the French call "Dix-Huitième." M. Doucet is credited, and justly, with rare taste and judgment in forming his collection—Mr. Pierpont Morgan recently paid him the compliment of purchasing some Fragonard panels for three hundred thousand dollars—but even he could hardly have foreseen such a boom for eighteenth-century art in the early years of the twentieth century. Besides, have not the critics for many years reserved their fiercest scorn for the Rococo period, for the art which first used the secrets of the toilette to enhance sensual charm, which pressed into its service scraps of dainty lace that revealed while they pretended to hide, which made the female nude its ideal, which in its reaction from the rigidity and bombast of the age of Louis XIV went to the other extreme of laxity and frivolity, which abandoned dignified ornament for a free and easy grace of line that was soon carried to excess?

Not so difficult is it to understand modern appreciation of one phase of the "Dix-Huitième." When Rosalba Carriera made pastel-painting fashionable in Paris she set in motion a mode of art which is peculiarly unliable to the fluctuations of fortune. Her success has been attributed to the fanciful cause that the effect of oil painting was too heavy and material for the salons of the Rococo, too oily and moist for the fragrant-powder sentiment; but what in the pastel commended itself to the Regency age of France, its spiritual technic, its catching of the more fleeting phases of emotion, its suggestion rather than its amplification, its palette composed as it were of the pollen of flowers and the glorious dust of the butterfly's wing, may be relied upon to maintain the supremacy of the medium as long as beauty is a thing of joy.

Certainly the pastel triumphed in the Galerie Georges Petit. When the turn came for the sale of a famous example by Maurice de la Tour, a portrait of Duval de l'Épinay, measuring some three feet by three feet ten inches, the crowded audience had been wrought to a pitch of intense excitement. It was known that nine

years ago it had been sold for six thousand francs (twelve hundred dollars), but now it was valued at a hundred thousand francs. Nor was that all. Speculators confessed that the price might rise to two hundred and fifty or even three hundred thousand francs. But even the higher figure was soon left behind, and at last the bidding, which had been fairly general, resolved itself into a duel between Mme. Arnaux Vêron and Baron Henri de Rothschild. It was an exciting contest; the bids rose by ten-thousand-franc offers, and then by five-thousand, and finally one-thousand advances. As madame's representative lowered and lowered his bids the baron, who spoke for himself, became more and more confident in tone, until, at last, he electrified the crowd by an offer of six hundred thousand francs, that is, a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The audience gasped and then murmured and cheered in astonishment; the auctioneer was speechless for a moment; but, as no other bid was forthcoming, the hammer soon fell on a price which, with the commission, established a record figure for a pastel of a hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars.

Nor did the surprises of the first day exhaust the exciting incidents of this phenomenal sale. On each succeeding day, and especially on the second, the crowds grew still larger and more fashionable, and on the Thursday the spectators had the satisfaction of witnessing a rare triumph for the sculptor Houdon, the same who was a guest at Mount Vernon when he executed his statue of Washington, and was the friend and sculptor of Benjamin Franklin. It was but a small example of his art which created the chief rivalry of the day, his little bust of his infant daughter Sabine, but the bidding, which started low, soon became animated and high, and at last reached the climax of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, another record figure. In the end, the sale realized the amazing total of over three million dollars, and now everybody in Paris is extolling "Dix-Huitième" art. But the man who ought to be the most enthusiastic, and probably is, is M. Doucet himself, for he is calculated to have netted a profit of more than a million and a half dollars as the reward of his discrimination as a connoisseur.

PARIS, June 8, 1912.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

## DANCING BACK THE CLOCK.

Some Aspects of London's Great 1812 Ball.

Even at the Albert Hall it was a surprising novelty to be handed a programme by a dragoon who fought with Wellington or a bluejacket who was with Nelson at Trafalgar. For you never can anticipate just who the attendants will be. Tonight you may be greeted by a stately dame of the Primrose League; tomorrow it may be a hard-visaged suffragette; anon the programme-seller will be a lanky youth with a Sunday-looking face. This is because the Albert Hall plays so many parts in the life of London. As the most spacious auditorium in the British capital—it can accommodate some ten thousand people—it is the recognized venue of all big events, and especially those big events in which "society" is interested. But never before have Peninsula dragoons and Trafalgar jack-tars stood sentinel at the entrances with a pile of programmes under their arms.

That, of course, is because the Albert Hall has never before been the scene of such a hundred-years-ago ball as that which took place on Thursday night. The event was wholly unique in the annals of a building whose associations have hitherto been restricted to the fury of politics, the raging of suffragettes, the reverential echoes of sacred music, or the chatter of doll-shows. To adopt the phraseology of the angler, the ball has been ground-baited for a long time. This has been the work of the *Times* newspaper, which has been quoting from itself for several years past. Day by day the readers of that journal have been dosed with choice extracts from the *Times* of a hundred years ago, quaint little paragraphs in small type which have given curious glimpses of the politics, the social gossip and doings, the human comedies and tragedies of a century since. Perhaps Princess Christian has been an industrious reader of those quotations and imbibed from them the inspiration which came to fruition in the most gorgeous function London has ever known.

Many weeks of anxious and laborious organization and rehearsal were entailed. At an early stage the services of Louis N. Parker were enlisted, for he is the one man who has an easy knowledge of the inner mysteries of pageants. And he has that patience which is never more necessary than in drilling peers and peeresses. The latter are far less amenable to discipline than chorus girls; "Look at them," ejaculated Mr. Parker at one of his rehearsals, "they are not paying the slightest attention." Something might be urged in extenuation of the lords and ladies, for their acceptance of invitations to take part in one or other of the twenty-six quadrilles meant in most cases the learning of forgotten dances and the assumption of bows and curtsies which have faded from recollection. For, you see, everything had to be in keeping with the year 1812. Not merely the dresses, either actual costumes which have been stored for a century in family archives, or replicas faithfully copied from ancestral portraits, but the music, the deportment, the dances, were all to keep harmony with the Regency period of a hundred years ago. This literalism involved Nelson's successor, the Duke of Brontë, in a temporary backwash of hero-worship. The announcement that he would array himself with the actual sword, sword belt,

and shoe buckles and decorations worn by the great admiral at Trafalgar elicited an indignant protest against the desecration of "pathetic and solemn memories" involved by the display of such relics at a fancy dress ball.

While the dancers were spending anxious days over their costumes the Albert Hall was undergoing a century change for their reception. In everything save the floor. That was to be of the twentieth-century mode, a "spring-floor" of the latest pattern, laboriously pieced together from two thousand five hundred squares of parqueterie. All else was to be reminiscent of 1812. And as the period was that of the Regency what could have been more appropriate than the decision to attempt a copy of Florio's Royal Pavilion at Brighton? The aspect of that fantastic structure must be fresh in the memory of the reader of the June number of *Harper's Magazine* from the admirable sketches illustrating the article on "London by the Sea," just as the illustrious Phineas T. Barnum made it familiar to his Bridgeport friends by copying its domes and minarets for his own house.

So the great organ of the Albert Hall was hidden by a huge drop-scene representing the gateway and pillars at the entrance to the famous Pavilion, and the façades of the boxes had suffered a Moorish change in blue and gold, and lamps of Eastern pattern adorned the walls, and trellis-work and bamboos and palms and pagodas were scattered everywhere with liberal hand. So it was not difficult to catch the general idea. This was to be a gala gathering on the lawn in front of the Pavilion. Blue and gold muslin—five miles of it—was stretched overhead to produce the semblance of a dark blue sky studded with stars, and through all there shone the mild radiance of a summer moon-lit night. For once even the Pavilion was endurable; a glorified replica of the meretricious original now the haunt of Brighton "trippers"; and Hazlitt's sneers at the "pumpkins and pepper-boxes" and the "monkeys and mandarins, a motley crew," were forgotten.

For a century's distance makes a difference. Those dragoons of the Peninsula and bluejackets of Trafalgar—all of them humdrum cockneys of the twentieth century—so helped the illusion which a few steps further on was heightened by visions of Beau Brummel and Jane Austen and Becky Sharp and Sarah Siddons and the Iron Duke and the dauntless Nelson. Here they all were, the bucks and dandies, the dignified dames and prim maids of the Regency. And to remind one that even such an age was not barren of heroism there were blazoned around the names of such battlefields as Vittoria, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vimiera.

By the space of an hour from ten o'clock the picture had only that sense of composition which comes from natural grouping. It had, too, that artistic value which is the attribute of the unfamiliar. The dancers had put back the clock by a hundred years and as in a flash one gazed once more upon the England of the worst of the Georges. It was a motley scene, watermen jostling with peers, bearded hobnobbing with statesmen, flower-girls fraternizing with high-born dames, while here and there one caught a glimpse of the mysterious Paganini, violin under arm, or of Beethoven and Meyerbeer and Bishop and Tom Moore. But suddenly a signal is hoisted before the Pavilion gateway, and in a moment a herald in ruff and tabard sounds a strident fanfare. It is the order to "clear the floor," and in a twinkling the great space is left vacant for the historic quadrilles, what time the musicians discourse the airs of "Dilly Dally," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Bay of Biscay."

First in order came the Nelson and Wellington sets, the former headed by a full model of the *Victory*, and then followed the representatives of Society, European Regiments, Ancestors, the Drama, the Navy, Music, the Highlands, India, Sports and Pastimes, Jane Austen, the Cries of London, and others to the full total of twenty-six. And to con the names of the members of the sets was to realize that here was an opportunity to read the pages of Burke's Peerage in human forms instead of cold type. The leaders alone made a brave showing, among their number being the Duchess of Rutland, the Countess of Minto, the Duchess of Somerset, the Marchioness of Bute, Lady Methuen, and the Countess of Arran, while their supporters included the bearers of such historic names as the Countess of Hardwick, Viscountess Maitland, and Lady Victoria Stanley. To award the palm of excellence amid such a blaze of splendor was impossible, but for quaintness of effect the Cries of London group, carefully designed after Wheatley's fascinating plates, lingers longest in the memory.

Of course it was not a ball for the *hoi polloi*. With hundred-guinea boxes and hundred-guinea loggias and seven-guinea stalls the price of participation was somewhat above the means of the man in the street. And there was the further obstacle that admission to those lower regions was rigidly restricted to those garbed in a costume of a century ago. But if he were able to raise five shillings he might have climbed to the balcony and enjoyed the privileges of a spectator. Nearly five thousand people qualified for admission in one way or another, with the result that "sweet charity" will benefit to the extent of some ten thousand pounds. And then there were the proceeds of the programmes vended by those Peninsula dragoons and Trafalgar jack-tars. The official price was one shilling, but the dragoons and jack-tars raised it to half a crown when opportunity offered. Which proved emphatically that he had been taking place in the present year of tipping.

LONDON, June 11, 1912.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.



## THE FOURTH FINGER.

How Freedom Was Won by an Heroic Sacrifice.

"Paganini has come to life," some one whispered to her companion, who replied:

"Say, rather, Joachim."

Select audiences make but a gentle uproar. Hands met, decorously. Fluttering handkerchiefs transformed the auditorium into a garden swarming with white butterflies. The arms of ushers were laden with hothouse roses for the boy on the stage. A few said softly, "Wonderful," but Abner Welting stood with uplifted hands and cast his benediction boldly forth. His voice trembled with some emotion that was not fear of outraging the conventions. "Bravo, my lad, it was well done," he cried.

While the people before him bent the knee in their own way to his genius, the boy of eleven stood quietly beside the pianist, bowing slightly, until the old man had spoken his approval. Then his grave young face relaxed into a smile that was like a sudden rainbow in a gray sky. The next instant, however, his grip tightened upon the violin and a ring of horror showed above the blue of his eyes, which were fixed upon a man in the rear whose head had that moment leaned forward into the glare of light.

Richard commanded himself almost immediately, bowed again and retired. His grandfather, and a few others who had seen the passing anguish in his face, attributed it to a fleeting seizure of stage fright.

The curtain fell. The audience rose. A hum of gentle voices filled the room, trickled into the vestibule, and lost itself in street noises among which were conspicuous the beating of hoofs, the purring of rubber-clad carriage-wheels and the honking of motor-cars, this having been an audience of the comfortable classes.

Abner Welting remained seated in the pit, waiting for his grandson to join him.

"Your pupil does you credit," a man said, stopping beside him. Half a dozen others paused to congratulate him and speak in praise of Richard. Their manner was deferential, his courtly and gracious.

Richard and his grandfather walked in silence through fog-laden air dimly penetrated by the light of a full moon and faintly apparent points of electric and gas lights here and there. They paused on a street-corner and swelled the number of those who do not ride in carriages. A Chinaman gazed longingly at the roses. The boy gave him half of them.

They left the car at Mission and Twenty-Ninth Streets, climbed a steep, cinder-paved alley, struggled up a few steps irregularly hewn out of the hillside, and finally entered a quaint little fuchsia-bowered cottage on Bernal Heights, felt their way to a combined dining-room and living-room, where Abner deposited the violin with great care on a table while Richard dropped his roses on the floor and hastened to light a kerosene lamp.

A few coals were left on the hearth where there had been a wood fire. Abner drew them together, threw a handful of little redwood sticks upon them, and set over them a sooty kettle filled with water.

They were seated comfortably facing the blaze before Abner broke the silence: "Your roses may wither."

"I had forgotten." Richard rose and gathered them into a jar of water.

"Yet they are the fruit of your first public triumph. It was no cheap appeal, either. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"No, grandfather. I played the music you taught me."

"Like an artist, too," Abner assured him. "I hoped to see light in your eyes, the gladness that comes of doing one's best. You are not ill?"

The boy stood near his grandfather and leaned affectionately upon his shoulder. "I never want to leave you," he said.

"Of course not!" The old man turned sharply upon him. "You are ill!"

"No, but tell me: Has any one a right to take me away from you?"

"I—I don't know. I hope not."

"Why have you told me nothing of my father? I want to know the truth about him—and myself."

A spark from the fire shot out upon the rug. Abner set his foot upon it.

"Some gossip has spoken to you?"

"I have great reason to ask, grandfather."

"Very well, lad, but the truth is not pleasant. Your father deserted your mother a year after their marriage, three months before your birth and her death. He was seen upon a vessel leaving San Francisco for Australia. I have never heard of him since. If he died, I am your guardian. If he lives—he has never asserted his claim. Probably he never will assert it. Tonight, of all nights, let us think no more of him."

"But—grandfather—"

"You are nervous. You had a moment of stage-fright; I saw it. We will have tea as soon as the water boils, and a slice of citron cake. I know what boys like. Afterward bed, and sleep until noon, if you can."

"Grandfather, a week ago a man came here while you were out. He said he was my father. I thought—"

"—a pretense, to get the bread he asked for." "He said," Abner said eagerly, hoping that was the solution. "No doubt you were right. Was that the reason you did not speak to me about him?"

"I had not thought of him since, but, grandfather, this was in a bunch of the roses tonight. It is like the picture of mother in your desk."

He drew from his pocket a sheet of paper folded small enclosing a tiny photograph of a woman.

Abner sat very straight, rigidity showing in the hand that grasped the note, which he read:

Good playing, for such bad music. I am almost ready to take you in charge. You shall play rags for the multitude. I will manage the stage—and the income. You shall soon say good-by to old man Welting. Your obliged father,

JOHN MARVELIN.

He glanced once at the picture. His splendid head, that reminded one of Goethe, dropped against the back of his chair. The boy leaned nearer, waiting, silent.

Slowly Abner's head rose. A light of battle kindled in his eyes. "Have no fear, Richard," he said in a changed, unmelodious voice. "He will not come tonight. Tomorrow we will buy a revolver. It is no wrong to feed carrion to crows."

Richard fell upon his knees with his head upon the hand of the old man where it lay on the arm of his chair. "You would do that for me, though you are a man of peace. You must not. You would be put in prison."

"But he would be dead," Abner said stubbornly. "You would be safer alone than with him."

Richard rose and stood before his grandfather. His young face was strong and resolute and, for the moment at least, without fear. "I am glad we have no revolver," he said quite calmly, looking into the old man's eyes. "I have heard you speak of laws. I have heard you say that no revolvers are needed where there are laws."

"I know nothing about such things," Abner declared impatiently. "I am a musician, not a lawyer. I believe if a man comes and proves that you are his son the courts will do nothing for us. I do not know whether the character of a father and the choice of the son receive consideration in the decisions of judges. Anyway, what could the best of lawyers do? We do not know where your father has been for eleven years. He can take oath that he was shanghai'd, or ill, or something, and could not come to you. I never practiced shooting, but a man makes a big target."

"Grandfather, we will not buy the revolver. There must be some other way."

"You are a brave lad. We will have our tea and go to rest. Tomorrow—"

They were silent a long time, so silent that the little spring clock beat like a gong and the kettle over the fire hissed like an engine with steam-valve ajar. They forgot the tea. The fire faded.

Then the doorbell rang.

"Shall we open?" Abner asked himself rather than the boy.

"We may as well have it over," the boy replied. Visitors at night had not entered into their experience. Abner and Richard had immediately assumed the coming to be John Marvelin.

They were not mistaken.

Richard carried a little lamp in one hand. When he opened the door its light fell on the figure of a man in uniform below the step. He remained outside. Marvelin walked jauntily in, smiling derisively but saying nothing.

Richard led the way into his grandfather's presence. Abner did not rise. He waved his hand toward a chair and said coldly: "Sit there, John Marvelin.

What have you to say in defense of yourself?"

The eyes of the man avoided Abner. He answered sulkily, "I didn't come to defend myself. I came after my son. Get him ready to go with me."

Richard obtruded himself between the two men. He was calmer than either of them. He faced Marvelin with careful, appraising eyes.

"Am I your son?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to live with you?"

"Haven't I just said so?"

"When did you begin to want me?"

"Is this Westminster's Shorter Confession?" the man sneered.

"I should like to know," the boy answered in a level tone that was neither respectful nor disrespectful. "If I am your son it seems strange that you began to remember me when I am nearly twelve years old."

"Well, youngster, I don't mind saying that I am not exactly enamored of a white-faced sissy like you. It's your fiddle I like—and the cash it will register after I've had you properly taught so that you can please the crowd."

"Then, if I had no talent you would not want me?"

"Do you think I look like a nursery governess? I mean to make you useful to me. If you fail to do so, I shall return you to your beloved grandparent. But," he added menacingly, "you'd better not fail. Now you may go and gather up your dry goods."

"The fire is low. The night is chilly. I will cut some kindlings and bring in wood, first of all."

Richard's eyes were filled with light. His father caught the look and said angrily, as the boy went out through the back door: "You can't run away. There's an officer of the law stationed outside."

"You are thoughtful," Abner observed.

"You bet I am."

The old man made a gesture of repulsion, "You have not changed for the better during the years since you broke my daughter's heart, yet—I never could understand—"

"My power over her? I knew how a good woman expected a man to talk. I talked that way. You see, I was a fool. I thought your symphonies would sell. If you had written a comic opera I might have stayed with Mary."

"You reptile!"

"Take care. For aught you know I may believe in vicarious atonement. Richard will soon be at my mercy."

"And yet people say that there is a God!" The old man spoke so low that the gong of the clock boomed on. The kettle had ceased to hiss. As Abner ceased speaking he stretched his hand toward the hearth and took the poker in a tight grasp, moving noiselessly. He lifted it, his mouth set in lines of anger.

The lips of Marvelin curled in a derisive smile. He caught the poker in his muscular hands and wrenched it from the old man. "I could kill you," he observed, "but that would be foolish. I am not a fool."

There was a sound of uncertain footsteps shuffling through darkness toward the back door of the dining-room. It opened. Richard staggered in, smeared with a red tide flowing from a stump remaining of the fourth finger on his left hand.

Abner sprang forward as the boy lost consciousness. "I should not have let him cut kindlings by moonlight," he upbraided himself.

Marvelin stared at the injured member. He made no movement to assist Abner, who hastily laid the boy on a rug, wet his face with water from the rose-jar and, without waiting for him to revive, began work on the finger with strips from his handkerchief.

Suddenly Marvelin rose. "Curse the brat!" he shouted. "He can never play on a violin again. I'm cheated by a snip of a boy eleven years old! You may have him! I don't want him! I wish he would die!"

Marvelin went out, slamming the door behind him. Richard stirred. His lips moved faintly: "Is he gone?"

"Yes, lad. He will never come back. Presently I will go out and telephone for a doctor."

"Is it—the finger—really gone?"

"Be of good cheer, child. You have a voice. He shall never know that until you are old enough to choose your own guardian. God forgive me, I am almost glad this happened."

"Grandfather—I—I chopped it off. It didn't happen."

CLARISSA DIXON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1912.

The Red Cross Society of Japan is undoubtedly the most prosperous institution in the country (says the *Far East*). At the twentieth annual convention, held at Hibiya-Park, the report showed that the membership at the end of April numbered 1,561,489, of whom 5929 are foreign members. At the end of last year the long-cherished plan of collecting fifteen million yen was completed, a feat it has taken ten years to achieve. This money is designed to be the fund that will enable the society to perform the duties associated with the Red Cross both in times of peace and war. The provincial headquarters, forty in all, are each engaged in establishing a fund, to meet the increasing local requirements. The Japanese Red Cross maintains twelve hospitals, not including two in Manchuria. It has over a hundred medical relief corps, embracing some thousands of doctors, nurses, stewards, etc.

Captain O. B. Anderson, who is now returning from Alaska to Sweden to live on his income, made his fortune not in gold mines, but in silver foxes. He went to Alaska twenty years ago, working as engineer of a steamer, and while cruising along the coast he came upon a small island named Ugak, which gave him an opportunity to put a pet scheme into operation. Silver foxes were scarce and their pelts brought a high price; then why not raise them? It was not easy work, but his ranch proved profitable, and for years he has been supplying dealers in American cities. On his way to Europe he stopped off at St. Louis the other day to deliver seventeen pelts for which he gets \$6000.

There are two theories as to the source of the term "cop" or "copper," the familiar name for an officer of the law in the mouth of the mischievous gamin. One derives it from the letters C. O. P.—Central Office Police—but the other and more usual explanation of the word is that it referred to the eight-point star made of copper and surrounded by a copper ring worn by the Metropolitan police of New York in the late 'fifties. This badge, a huge affair, which was fastened to the buttonhole by a chain about four inches long, was later superseded by a special badge of smaller size.

Supposed to be 10,000,000 years old, a reptile has just been mounted at the University of Chicago and placed on exhibition. The skeleton was found in Arizona last summer by Professor F. W. Williston of the university. The creature is the first known land vertebrate and has been given the name of ophiacodon. Professor Williston declares that there are no skeletons in existence which have been found similar to the ophiacodon.

In America, it is stated, is used the thermometer of Fahrenheit, a German; in Russia that of Leslie, an Englishman; in France that of Celsius, a Swede, and in Germany they use that of Reaumur, a Frenchman.



## MYSTERIOUS TRIPOLI.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd Gives an Account of Every-Day Life Among the Arabs.

There is much to be said for war as a teacher of geography and ethnology. Humanity's friendships interest us very little in comparison with their hatreds, and not until they begin to kill each other do they become at all important in the popular eye. Tripoli was no more than an insignificant name to the great majority until war broke out, and if our interest is still comparatively feeble it is not because we have heard so much about the war, but because we have heard so little.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd went to Tripoli not to observe the war, but a solar eclipse, and now she writes a book from which astronomy is nearly wholly excluded, but which expresses her enthusiasm for the country and its people. That any one should come so far to witness an eclipse—whatever that might be—was a surprising fact to the native mind. One old man had indeed seen an eclipse, but that was long ago and it was the work of Allah. Of this new kind produced by a "Kafir" he knew nothing, nor did he countenance it. On the other hand there was some general doubt if a "Kafir" could make an eclipse.

Mrs. Todd tells us that the white residents of Tripoli had no intimation of trouble with Italy until it was actually upon them. And then war began within a week with the bombardment of the city:

When bombardment finally began the noise was terrific, houses shaking as if in earthquake, refugees crying with grief and terror. Our English friends, however, were not daunted, and going to the telegraph company's house on the waterfront, they obtained from its balcony a superb view, remaining until a shell dropped into the sea about twenty yards away, shrapnel began to hurtle all around and break over them, and it seemed prudent to retreat to the kiosk on their own roof terrace—slightly more protected, but still offering a splendid prospect. At six o'clock firing ceased, when, gathering up the bits of fallen shrapnel (not less than twenty pounds), they retired to their populous rooms below.

The following day fire was opened upon Shara Shat with an awful roar of shells traveling through the air, followed by the terrific vibration of their hursting. A mistake of the Shara Shat fort in firing upon a torpedo boat supposedly flying a white flag was the immediate cause of this second fusillade, which ceased upon explanation—but not until the country house was partially demolished. In the following weeks it was completely looted and left open to all the winds of heaven.

Of the war itself Mrs. Todd has but little to tell us, knowing no more of it than was told her by friends. For a time there was a fear that the city would be rushed by the oncoming hordes of Arabs, but this fear disappeared with the landing of the Italians. But whatever the issue of the conflict, Tripoli has put away forever her old garb. She can never again be as she was. She has been awakened by the thunders of modernity, and those who once hear those thunders sleep no more.

Donkeys and camels represent most of the animal life of Tripoli. The donkey hurries at the bidding of his master because he pathetically admits his inferiority, but the camel has both dignity and scorn. He may be a servant, but he never forgets his pride:

But no warning shout gives notice of the camel's approach. His padded feet move on like fate. No other traveler has any rights which he is bound to respect, and a scornful face with indescribably contemptuous and curling under lip may be thrust over one's very shoulder from the rear, without other notice than his unannounced proximity.

For many reasons, indeed, one must be wary in the narrow streets. It is the pedestrian's own fault if donkeys, goats, camels, or the occasional two-wheeled, canopied *araba* run him down. Caution is soon learned. After all, the camel does not seem to feel the same lively enmity to Caucasians so openly evinced by the sinister war huffalo of the Philippines. His lofty hauteur is too great to admit so personal a sensation as dislike. And he has a variety of voices.

During one of my first nights in the white city, when awakened by a prolonged and screaming cry, I thought sleepily of a locomotive in trouble. A slight accession of consciousness showed the impossibility of hearing railway sounds through several hundred miles: it was merely the night call of the domesticated camel, trumpeting his perennial discontent to some fellow-sufferer; or perchance dreaming of free, windblown desert spaces, no more home for his longing feet. With Kipling we came to feel that "E's a devil an' a' ostrich an' a' orphan child in one."

It is not likely to be forgotten that Tripoli occupies a page of American history. It began to be written in 1784, when the Barbary pirates found it profitable to prey upon American shipping, and not only to plunder the merchandise, but to imprison the crews:

Our officers made gallant records in these troubled years—Preble, Bainbridge, Decatur, and others—but the loss of our frigate, the *Philadelphia*, was a severe blow at a time when we needed all our naval resources. Peace was greatly delayed by this catastrophe, and the large number of prisoners complicated the whole question very seriously. Stories of the imprisonment of our officers in Tripoli are occasionally told there even yet, and picturesque incidents still recounted. Houses were shown me in which the captives were confined, though there was manifest reluctance to talk upon various aspects of this period by the descendants of those concerned.

In 1804 Tripoli was blockaded by our ships under Commodore Preble, after the loss of the *Philadelphia*, and he, with Bainbridge, conceived the plan of again destroying the frigate, which had been raised and put in commission by the Pasha and his officers. The destroying expedition, in charge of Decatur, was splendidly carried out. The *Philadelphia*, a floating mass of fire, her guns discharging as the flames reached them, finally sank in shallow water near the shore, a complete wreck. Her charred remains could be seen on any quiet day beneath the clear waters of the bay, and a piece of her historic keel now lies on my desk.

Peace was finally restored and the depredations of the Barbary corsairs ended. Turkey became once more paramount in 1835 and Tripoli, says the author, has since stood still.

Tripoli is a veritable treasure house for the archaeologist. It is one of the oldest cities in the world. Founded long before Christ, it was conquered by the Romans and became the birthplace of the Emperor Lucius Septimius Severus. Then it became Moslem and was afterwards captured by Spain in 1510. Cromwell had something to say to the ancestors of those same pirates who were subsequently destroyed by America, and so after innumerable vicissitudes Tripoli became a Turkish possession. Whether it is still a Turkish possession remains to be seen. But with such a history it is easy to believe that the whole district must be a happy hunting ground for the archaeologist:

If all the ruined temples were in use at any one time, the population of Tarhuna and M'Salata must have equaled London at least. Even if some of them were built in different ages, the numbers must have been very great. There are fine ruins at Garia el-Sergia and Garia el-Garbia, south and west of Tripoli. Farther in the same direction are Zella and Tirsia, where ostriches are raised. For long years all digging for archaeological material was forbidden by the Turkish government, as already mentioned, but despite restrictions a good deal of quiet investigation went on; and of Roman remains, fine if headless statues often came to light, has-reliefs of much magnificence, inscriptions and columns in good condition after long burial in the sands.

The author's sex enabled her to gain access to the harems, from which men are rigorously excluded. She seems to have found nothing particularly repulsive about the harem, and perhaps its unpleasant aspects are evident only to those who look for them:

Many of the harem courtyards were well paved, the wainscot also of handsome tiles, and there was always a central fountain, or fine tree, and blossoming shrubs. On a visit of invitation to one of the best harems, I found the chief wife ill, but she sent for us to her room. In a graceful sort of night drapery she received us, wearing huge earrings and rings, her hair tied up in a blue silk scarf, and reclining on straw mats raised one step above the floor. She had a pleasant face and spoke intelligently on various simple subjects. Coffee was served at once.

No moving air can penetrate those dark interior rooms of which the single barred window opens off the court. In this particular home the big airy chambers above, reached by the gallery, were given to the eldest son and his new wife. Taste in furnishing was execrable, and worse almost in proportion to the amount of money spent. Cheap European finery and tinsel seemed taking the place of earlier and better Oriental forms and colors.

There are, of course, harems and harems, and the conditions of life vary much the same as elsewhere and in accord with the gradations of wealth and education:

Another day I went to a house of quite different social order, where a poor woman with a crooked spine had asked to see the foreigner. She was sewing at a little machine low on the floor, turned by hand, like those used by Malays, her knees higher than her head—but that was apparently a favorite attitude of both sexes. A young woman sat near nursing her baby, a forlorn, feebly wailing mite. Her first child sat out on the courtyard flagging, with the usual diseased eyes and trouble with its skin. Flat on the floor lay an old woman sound asleep, merely a neighbor in for a while, to take this surprising means of promoting social hilarity. But she wore a good deal of jewelry, was artistically tattooed, and, upon waking, showed strong, short white teeth in a friendly smile. The natives seemed to take little care of their teeth, yet preserved them well into old age. I do not remember to have seen a toothless Arab.

The poor little deformed woman seemed pathetically glad to see us, and began to talk at once of the coming eclipse, of her fear that it might injure her, and that she should not dare go to the roof to see it; also asking me to use my influence to render it as harmless as possible.

The Tripoli wedding implies a somewhat formidable ceremonial occupying several days. The bride is gorgeously dressed in velvets and silks, and with pounds of earrings hanging from half a dozen holes in each ear and with yards of gold sequins wound about her throat. Forty or fifty women are in attendance, powdered to ghastly whiteness and with vivid crimson triangles painted on either cheek:

Utterly quiet indeed sat the youthful bride, her hands, henna-dyed to reddish blackness, painted with gold in conventional pattern to the wrist, outspread upon her knees, while a lady at each side fanned her with assiduous devotion in the breathless heat. No turn of the head or motion of an eyelid indicated that she was aware of her exalted position, and when the sun, creeping around in his downward path, sent one straight arrow-shaft directly into her face, not a wink or blink disturbed her open-eyed composure. The two nearest attendants, however, after anxiously looking at one another for an instant, appeared to come to the unanimous decision that this was an occasion demanding heroic action; and gently pushing the bride to an upright position, placed one of her feet before the other, bearing most of her weight upon their own shoulders, and finally succeeded in steering her across the courtyard to a seat on the shady side, like a particularly stiff-jointed doll.

Mrs. Todd hoped to get a few photographs of the scene, but was afraid that Arab superstition would forbid. However, she spoke to the bridegroom's mother and asked if she might be permitted:

After a moment of interpreting, her meaning was quite clear—there was no objection to my taking anything so long as I omitted the bride; she was quite sure her son would not like his new wife's face to be caught in a camera: otherwise I might take what I chose. The light, however, was already waning, so that I exposed but three films; and bidding adieu to the festive scene, I retreated.

That evening as we were finishing our dinner about eight o'clock came a distracted Arab gentleman of charming manners but much perturbation of spirit, bringing as interpreter one of the English residents. Talking with great rapidity, his fez very much on one side, his face the picture of woe, he confided ghastly fears for his life. Speedily translated into English, the burden of his tale appeared that the husbands of all the ladies who were present at his wedding festivities had each taken an alarm lest his particular wives might have been photographed when I turned the camera on the various balconies and groups.

"And now they lie in wait for me at every corner," he continued, his face pale and drawn. "There will be feuds and family disturbances for generations, and bloodshed," he went on excitedly. "They will have my life!" "That is certainly unpleasant," I said, "and embarrassing for you; but why should they take my innocent little camera so seriously?"

"Ah, but a man might develop the negatives," he replied, "and so see their faces—or you might show them when you get home (is it so far?); or some—some man (a Christian!) might see those faces. And they will not forgive that it was in my house these fatalities occurred." And the poor fellow, who had a fine, open face, almost wrung his hands in the extremity of his distress.

Seeing that it behooved me if possible to rescue him from all his horrors, I told him he might have the films from the camera, just as they were, undeveloped. Then there could be no danger of my carrying away forbidden faces to any lands where they might be looked upon by the unregenerate.

The author subsequently attended another wedding in a quarter of the city that was entirely native. Black women sat on the courtyard floor, beating strange drums and apparently becoming intoxicated with their own performances. There were habies there, and from what the author tells us we may well wonder that any Tripoli baby ever reaches years of discretion:

Several women had brought babies, some of whom appeared fairly healthy and strong, but more were very pale and indifferent. Babies in Tripoli were supposed to eat anything handy—meat, yellow bread from the street, fruit, or whatever their parents enjoyed; and if a woman could not nurse her baby its chances for life were very slight. Infant mortality was appalling. One tiny mite was evidently dying on the spot; not a particle of flesh on its wee arms and legs, on which the skin hung in folds. It was perfectly white, and breathing with difficulty, yet its mother was dandling it, trying to amuse its closing eyes, and pretending to herself that it was like other little babies.

One of the picturesque quarters of the city is the bread market, where hundreds of Arahs crouch all day in the hot sunshine keeping guard over loaves of bright yellow and other tints, unhygienic but artistic:

To me this bread market will always be associated with one memorable morning. For the first time in many months a caravan had been sighted, and was even then beginning to arrive, after ten months' weary crossing of the well-nigh limitless desert. The camels stepped slowly, heavily laden with huge hales securely tied up—ivory and gold dust, skins and feathers. On the saddles were gay rugs and blankets, a few good saddle-bags, but generally uninteresting in pattern and quality. Wrapped in dingy drapery and carrying guns ten feet long, swarthy Bedouins led the weary camels across the sun-baked square. In the singular and silent company marched a few genuine Tuaregs, black veils strapped tightly over their faces, and enshrouded in black or dark brown wraps, unlike the harracan. In their opinion even the veils were hardly protection against the impious glances of hated Christians, and with attitudes expressive of the utmost repulsion and ferocity they turned aside, lest a glance might be met in passing. All were ragged beyond belief and incredibly dirty.

The Turkish officials regarded the approaching eclipse with the greatest interest, offering their aid with the apparatus and their hopes for a clear sky. Socially they were delightful men of the world, says the author, thoroughly cultivated, speaking several languages, and "who made our stay memorable in various thoughtful ways." No less interesting were the many Turkish exiles who had been banished to Tripoli:

As Tripoli was a sort of colony for political suspects, a good many exiles lived in the white city who brought the very atmosphere of Constantinople with them, the elegance, the grace of living which no transportation could disguise. One of these was F— Bey, a handsome young man near to the Pasha in the castle, of great wealth and high family, who was still trying to find out why he was exiled. Unconscious of having thought or said, much less done, anything disloyal to the Sultan, he unexpectedly and very suddenly found himself in Tripoli, forbidden to return "for the present." He had sent for his mother and sister, elegant women of rank, in whose society, at their secluded but richly appointed home, we found the greatest pleasure. This, however, was before the "Young Turk" movement and during the reign of Abdul Hamid II. The recall of our friend to his former haunts followed the coming of more liberal ideas. Many other interesting exiles were banished from Constantinople for they knew not what imaginary offense or suspected crime, but their loyalty to the Sultan seemed unshaken, their almost daily hope of return pathetically unquenched.

Old Etim Bey especially, speaking only Turkish, debarred from returning because he "knew too much," became a warm friend, inviting us constantly to his chaotic home, full of curios, photographs, musical instruments, guns, pistols, cameras, inventions from the world over—even an automobile which would not go, and could not have been navigated in Tripoli's uncertain streets had it ever so good a will to go.

The eclipse when it did come was a great success. The conditions were good and the apparatus did its whole duty:

The moment of totality produced an immense impression all over the city. Those detailed to watch its effect upon the inhabitants reported that nearly all stood up, while ejaculation and prayer arose from hundreds, even thousands of voices. Many spread their hands to heaven toward the sun, saying, "God is great." "What God would come to pass," "May God be gracious to His servants."

When first the corona flashed unmistakably into the deep blue sky, the entire city burst into irrepressible applause, a rolling wave of sound that spread and spread from sea to silent desert and out into immensity.

Freighted with some new message from the sun, mysterious, always invisible except during these flying moments, the corona knows its own pale beauty and import, and would reveal its secret if permitted. Once again in the limpid African firmament it bloomed, even as the celestial flower whose perfectness had haunted me for five years, its petals white with the vivid fire of aëons and the struggle of unimaginable conflagrations, its centre the dark moon ball hung there by mighty force to show this pregnant blossoming, then carried on and away relentlessly. But the flower is always there, only our clumsy means have not yet revealed the waiting secrets.

The bombardment of the city has meant more than war. It has meant the coming of civilization, the disappearance of hoary antiquity, a new era and a new cycle. But the desert "where lurks infinity" will remain.

Mrs. Todd has written an unpretentious book, a book without theories, or speculations, or moralizings, but a book that tells us more about Tripoli than any volume whose claims are far greater.

TRIPOLI THE MYSTERIOUS. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Why Should We Change?

When President Nicholas Murray Butler asks "Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?" we are at once prepared for an array of arguments against the democratic legislation which is now voted with so light a heart and with so little reflection. It may be, says the author, that social democracy is better than representative government. The contention is, at least, open for discussion, but let us recognize that the change can be made only by revolution: "there must first be a revolution in our accustomed forms of political action; there must first be a revolution in our point of view, in our ambitions, and in our aspirations."

The author's chief complaint against "progressive" legislation is that it is not progressive, that it is, in fact, reactionary. Evolution means specialization of function, devolution, and complexity. A true progressive movement would be toward the perfection of representative government. To shackle representative government is reactionary. The amoeba does everything with all of its organs. It digests with its legs and walks with its stomach. But the mammal specializes and it differentiates its functions, and so "the movement to substitute direct democracy for representative government is a movement back from the age of the mammal to the age of the amoeba."

The initiative, says Dr. Butler, is the most vicious of all the new proposals, because it proposes a new idea at the instigation of a very small number of persons, and this idea must be voted on, yes or no, without amendment, and practically without discussion. "I submit that this is very like having to answer the question, 'Have you left off beating your grandmother?' If you answer 'yes' you embarrass yourself; if you answer 'no,' you embarrass yourself still more."

Dr. Butler chooses California as a type of new democratic methods. California revolutionized her system by passing twenty-three amendments with a vote that was about 60 per cent of the vote cast for President in 1908. "Apparently the number of people in California who are interested in their form of government are only about six-tenths of the number that were interested in who should be President of the United States." The woman suffrage amendment received more votes than any one of the others, but none the less it received 2000 less votes than Mr. Bryan when he lost the state by nearly 90,000 majority. And this is called the rule of the people.

The recall is no less objectionable. It destroys the only possible barrier against the tyranny of majorities and the passion of the moment. It would have abased every great man that America has ever produced. Washington would have been recalled at the time of the Genet episode; Madison would have been recalled in 1812, Lincoln in 1862 and 1863, and Cleveland in 1893, and they would have been recalled for the very acts that made them heroes. The Athenians had the recall, and Athenian democracy is now an "interesting and instructive memory." Why, asks Dr. Butler, must we Americans always be children? Why must we ask to be taught by suffering what the rest of the world learned ages ago?

The new democracy, argues Dr. Butler, is one that is away from liberty. It is a movement toward the tyranny of noisy minorities, toward the autocracy of the few among us who have leisure to agitate and to go to the polls once a week. Dr. Butler has the happy gift of the winged phrase and he uses it in defense of moderation, reflection, and patience. His is a small book, but there are few volumes of many times its bulk that contain so much.

WHY SHOULD WE CHANGE OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT? By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

## Charles Fox.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan reminds us that thirty-one years ago he published "The Early History of Charles James Fox" and that the late Justin McCarthy expressed the wish that there existed a statutory law to compel him "to finish Fox." It is a long time ago, but here we have the first of two volumes in completion of the earlier work. Certainly it is worth waiting for. Sir George is a perfect and finished historian and with all the literary graces that decorate the craft.

That this is a history of the American Revolution, or of a part of it, is true only in a limited sense. It is a history of the English government in revolutionary days and at the time when only New York was under British control. The continuance of the struggle had enlisted, first the interest and then the sympathies of Europe, and in the face of hostile displays from France and elsewhere the American Revolution had become a European problem. The British government was a hotbed of political intrigue. Incompetence was the rule of the day, court favoritism ruled in the cabinet, and indeed everywhere, while a grand plan for the suppression of the rebellion kept the people at large in entire ignorance of what was going on. Against the background of misgovernment the two gladiators,

Burke and Fox, waged incessant war. Burke lashed the government for the employment of Indians, while Fox directed his fire against the individual officials who were responsible for the corrupt mismanagement of the forces. Much of this is, of course, ancient history, but it has never been so well told or with so direct a reference to American affairs. The author has a happy facility for the character sketch. The subsidiary actors of the day become living men under his touch, while the stature of Burke and Fox and their living force assume an extraordinary reality at his hands.

Perhaps no higher praise could be given to this work than to say that it might have been written by an American, by Mr. Adams for example, and that absolute justice never received greater reverence at the hands of the historian. When we have the third volume on the shelf by the side of the present one and of the volume published thirty-one years ago we need go no further afield for our knowledge of the period with which they deal.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND CHARLES FOX. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., D. M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2 net.

## The Stranger at the Gate.

This little volume of verse by John C. Neihardt will not lessen the reputation well earned by the author of "Man Song." Mr. Neihardt is not always perfect in construction, but he never leaves us in doubt as to the reality of his vision or of a certain inner compulsion that compels him to write. And he produces a stimulating music like that of a hammer on an anvil, a music suggestive of work to be done while the iron is hot.

Almost any of Mr. Neihardt's poems will furnish some impressive stanza worthy of quotation. Here, for example, are the opening lines of "Dawn Song":

Treader of the blue steeps and the hollows under!  
Day-Flinger, Hope-Singer, crowned with awful  
bair!

Battle Lord with burning sword to cleave the  
gloom asunder!  
Plunger through the cries of the eagles of the  
Thunder!

Stroller up the flame-arched air!

Mr. Neihardt shows no profound thought or mental insight in his poems, but they are stirring, inspiring, and sometimes volcanic.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE. By John C. Neihardt. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.

## The One and the Other.

This is a story of the Bayou country, where the people speak half French and half English and where a silver dollar will buy many things. L'Un et L'Autre—or The One and The Other—are twins who run away from home under the mistaken idea that they will thereby ease their widowed mother's burdens. But they are met by little Mathilde, who is L'Un's child sweetheart, and Mathilde persuades her boy lover that he can better help his mother by going home and working on the miserable farm that sustains the family. How L'Un does this—he is only thirteen—how he fulfills his ambitions, developing a surprising shrewdness and becoming a man almost in the space of a night is told with a rare charm and an exceptional knowledge of the locality. Mr. Lancaster has produced a small work of art, something even better than "Marie of Arcady," which is saying much.

THE ONE AND THE OTHER. By Hewes Lancaster. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

## Play Making.

Although Mr. Archer disclaims any intention to teach us how to write plays his book necessarily tends somewhat in that direction. It does something more than explain the theatrical mechanism to which all plays must necessarily conform, and in so far as it transcends these limits it helps to the formation of a dramatic canon that is unwelcome. Mr. Archer admits, for example, that the drama is not necessarily a conflict, but then he goes on to imply that it is necessarily a crisis. Now the drama need not be either one or the other. These forms may be the most convenient and the most arresting, but neither is essential, and either may be brushed on one side by any writer who has the natural force to do so. Dumas said that all he needed was "four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion." But we must have the passion.

Mr. Archer's comprehensiveness may be judged from the divisions of his work. He devotes five chapters to the "Prologue," five more to "The Beginning," seven to "The Middle," four to "The End," and two to "The Epilogue." Repeating his very wholesome reminder that there is no distinctly right or wrong way to compose a play, he yet recommends a study of what great play-writers have done, and it need hardly be said that his favorite example is Ibsen. Indeed we have a great deal too much of Ibsen and a great deal too much of the assumption that Ibsen is the law and the prophets of dramatic work. And why compare Ibsen with Shakespeare unless for the almost reluctant admission that there is something to be said for Shakespeare's method of depicting plain men and women who are not concerned with morbid self-analysis nor with tendencies inherited through a carefully displayed genealogical tree? Ibsen has not yet established a dra-

matic canon and if we may hazard a guess about the future we may believe that he will never do so. Some of Mr. Archer's minor contentions are startlingly good, and among them his plea for plausibility. Equally good is his emphasis upon the value of expectation and his treatment of dialogue. It need hardly be said that Mr. Archer is incapable of writing uninterestingly on the drama, and the lucidity of his style is not the least of his merits. After allowing for the Ibsen worship and a certain conventionality of view that pervades the book, we must recognize that the work is almost unique in its value to the ambitious dramatist and to those who would understand something of the processes of play production.

PLAY-MAKING. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.

## Anti-Suffrage.

Those in search of ammunition against the suffrage for women would do well to consider the "ten good reasons" advanced in this little volume. Most of these reasons have been advanced before and attempts have been made to combat them, but it is well that they should be stated anew in a form so readable and so temperate. Perhaps the author's strongest contention is the fact that our basic democratic institutions are themselves struggling for life and that fundamental changes are to be deprecated until the wider issues have been more clearly determined. Another point insisted upon is the different conditions prevailing in America from those existing elsewhere. The problems of color and immigration are distinctively American and they have an intimate bearing upon the demand for the suffrage.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE. By Grace Duffield Goodwin. New York: Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net.

## The Bachelor Dinner.

This curious story is cast on original lines and is one of the few instances where a woman has been successful in reproducing the normal conversation of ordinary men. The half-dozen guests who gather around the table of Dan Travis relate some of their experiences with women, and while we feel instinctively that all these stories have a bearing upon a marital tragedy through which the host himself has passed, the dénouement is cleverly concealed until almost the last page, and we then find that it was worth waiting for. The author can tell a story in a dramatic way and from the viewpoint of a man of the world, a rare gift in the woman writer.

THE BACHELOR DINNER. By Olive M. Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## Polly of the Hospital Staff.

Polly's goodness is so extraordinary that we may be thankful that she is not also pious, but we are saved the piety. She makes herself so useful in the children's ward of the hospital while she is recovering from an accident that she is permanently attached to the

staff, finally to be adopted by one of the physicians. Polly is certainly an amazingly nice little girl, and although we have not met any just like her we still live in hopes.

POLLY OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF. By Emma C. Dowd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

The religious life of today is set forth by George Lansing Raymond in a number of brightly written sketches entitled "Modern Fishers of Men" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1).

"Much Ado about Nothing" and "Love's Labour's Lost" have been added to the Tudor Shakespeare now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company. Price, 35 cents net each.

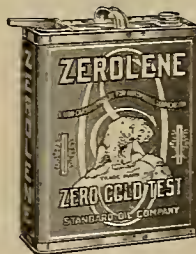
"The History of England," by A. F. Pollard, M. A., Litt. D., is a recent addition to the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). The author deals with the broad currents of historical evolution such as the progress of nationalism, self-government, and the industrial revolution in an attractive and illuminating way.

"The Tourist's Russia," by Ruth Kedzie Wood (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net), is the only guidebook to Russia published in the English language. And it seems to be a competent guidebook, fairly comprehensive, brightly written, and well illustrated. The author almost persuades us that Russia is a pleasant country for tourist travel.

"The Healthy Baby," by Dr. Roger H. Dennett (the Macmillan Company; \$1 net), is the most sensible book for the young mother that we have yet seen. Without any of the modern germ absurdities, it advocates common sense as suggesting everything that the baby needs. Dr. Dennett is one of the chief living authorities on infantile maladies and his book is worthy of his reputation.

Dr. David Pryde, M. A., LL. D., makes a plea for the reading of good literature in his "What Books to Read and How to Read" (Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents net). He divides his work into eight heads devoted respectively to Books in General, Works of Fiction, Biography, History, Poetry, the Drama, Oratory, and Mental Philosophy. Dr. Pryde writes as a book lover and an enthusiast and his advice is always sound. The concluding bibliographies are a valuable addition.

Mrs. Rhys Davids, M. A., gives us an unusually instructed and sympathetic presentation of "Buddhism" in the little volume that has just appeared in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents). While believing that if a Metteya Buddha should arise today he would recast the Dharma and make it consonant with the needs of the day, the author has the conviction that "an inquiry into the bases of ancient Buddhist thought may become a living force in present evolution."



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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Frontier.

Mr. Maurice Lehland's story of the Franco-German frontier will hardly be pleasant reading for the peace advocate. A wooden post at the Butte-aux-Loups marks the line between the two countries, and from either side the agents of France and Germany glare at each other, aiding deserters, and seeking to inflict a maximum of annoyance with a minimum of international danger. The romance of Mr. Lehland's story concerns the arrest by German police of Moresal and Jorancé, who are charged with aiding a German deserter. The arrest was actually made on the French side of the line, but as this is denied by the Germans the testimony of young Philippe Moresal becomes all-important. In order to hide from his wife the fact of his liaison with Suzanne Jorancé the young man has asserted that he was close to the frontier when the arrest was made and can testify to its exact location. Now when he finds that peace and war may hang upon his testimony he is racked by the fearful responsibility, and hesitates between his patriotism and his desire to protect the young girl who has given him so much. The incident is admirably described and the story as a whole is useful as indicating the narrow issues upon which the peace of Europe depends.

THE FRONTIER. By Maurice Lehland. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

## The China Year-Book.

This is the latest of the foreign year-books that testify to the increasing importance of international relations. Mr. Bell and Mr. Woodhead have followed closely upon the lines of the better-known works, supplying us with everything needed by the merchant and the student of Chinese affairs, the commercial and industrial position of China, with full information upon such topics as defense, finance, government, and education. In spite of the large number of books upon China already available we have no other compendium of information so precise and detailed as this.

THE CHINA YEAR-BOOK, 1912. By H. T. Montague Bell, B. A., and H. G. W. Woodhead, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

## The Fugitives.

Margaret Fletcher seems to have intended that we should read a moral into her novel, although she keeps it well in the background. Her story is of a number of girls in the student quarter of Paris, which, by the way, is described with accuracy and energy. Patricia, Stéphanie, and Elizabeth have all the ideas common to the day. They will hew out their own path of independence, and sex shall be merely a circumstance and never an arhier of their destinies. But fate wills it otherwise, as fate usually does. Elizabeth is called home to help her mother in the sick room and to do the things that only women can do, for men also can paint pictures. Patricia falls in love with a man in every way desirable except that his divorced wife is alive, and so she learns that a woman's religion is among the forces that may kill. And Stéphanie, too, falls in love, and when a young American fights in defense of her reputation she is forced to a confession that might have been made for all three, that progress and freedom are all very well, but "freedom has got to be used far something. . . . Just suppose that a lot of handicaps are taken off us and we can spread outwards and downwards, and one big one is left on which prevents our stretching upward. What kind of progress are we going to bring in?" It is a good story and it "ends well."

THE FUGITIVES. By Margaret Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

W. J. Henderson, noted both as musical critic of the New York Sun, and author of a number of books on music, will make what he considers his debut as a novelist through Henry Holt & Co. about November 1 with his "The Soul of a Tenor."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's new novel, "Mary Pechell," will be published in August. It closely follows another, "The Chink in the Armour," which Charles Scribner's Sons brought out in April, but is more in the nature of the first novel which they published for her, "Jane Oglander." Mrs. Marie Adelaide Belloc Lowndes is a sister of the essayist and statesman, Hilaire Belloc. Her father, Louis Belloc, was a French harrister, the son of a distinguished artist, her mother a granddaughter of Priestley, discoverer of oxygen. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes began her career as a writer with "The Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine," and "Pages from the De Goncourt Journals."

John Burroughs, the dean of American nature-writers, was born on April 3, 1837, at Roxbury, New York, and he is therefore only about a month younger than William Dean Howells. Until 1863 Burroughs remained near his native place, working on his father's farm, getting his schooling in the district school and neighboring academies, and taking his turn as teacher also. From 1863 to 1872 he was engaged at the Treasury Department in Washington, and there he wrote "Wake-

Rohin" and a part of "Winter Sunshine." He has made two trips abroad, visiting Great Britain, Ireland, and France, and "Winter Sunshine" and "Fresh Fields" give his impressions of those countries. Since leaving Washington he has lived on his fruit farm, Riverhy, at West Park, on the Hudson. In the spring of 1903 Mr. Burroughs made a trip through the Yellowstone Park. He has more than a score of hooks to his credit, the latest of which is "In the Catskills," all published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Sir A. T. Quiller Couch ("Q") has prepared a hook of inspiring biography in "The Roll Call of Honour," which will be brought out in America soon by E. P. Dutton & Co. The volume will be elaborately illustrated in colors.

The Crown Prince of Germany is about to appear as an author, having written a hook describing his various hunting experiences in Germany and in other countries, especially India and Ceylon. This volume, compiled from diaries, will be issued under the title "From My Journal (Aus Meinem Tagebuch)," by Frederick William, Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia." It will be lavishly illustrated with photographs of landscapes and hunting scenes taken by the Prince and by Crown Princess Cecilie.

One of the Paris papers has been taking a vote on the question, "What literary hero do you like best?" The result showed great unanimity among men and women as each list began with Cyrano de Bergerac, Jean Valjean, and D'Artagnan.

A new addition has recently been made to the long list of official honors which have come to Mr. Joseph Pennell, the city of Amsterdam, at the International Art Exhibition, having awarded him a *diploma d'honneur* for his etchings and lithographs. This is the second American to whom this honor has been accorded, the first being Whistler some years ago.

René Bazin belongs to the school of French novelists whose interests fall in that other little-known France which lies outside of Paris. A translation of Bazin's patriotic novel, "Les Oberlé," is to be published under the title, "The Children of Alsace."

Harold Cox is the new editor of that famous old monthly repository of critical thought, the *Edinburgh Review*, the sixth in succession to Francis Jeffrey, who held the reins from the foundation of the magazine in 1802 down to 1829. The succeeding editors were Macvey Napier, William Empson, George Cornwall Lewis, Henry Reeve, and Arthur Elliot.

The recent birthday of Thomas Hardy—his seventy-second—was signalized by the presentation to him of the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. By its charter, dating from 1823, that society has among its aims the recognition and encouragement of good literature by public awards, and of these the gold medal is the most distinguished. It has been bestowed only fifteen times in all. Among Mr. Hardy's predecessors in receiving the honor are Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and George Meredith. In accepting it, Mr. Hardy remarked that he was rather an old boy to get a medal, and that, unfortunately, he had no boy of his own to whom to pass it on. He added that the distinction was one which he could not fail to value, but he had been led to wonder "whether prizes of some kind could not be offered to makers of literature earlier in life to urge them to further efforts."

## New Books Received.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel in four parts. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett.

THE UNOFFICIAL SECRETARY. By Mary Ridpath Mann. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. A novel.

HANDBOOK OF BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA. By Frank M. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

New eighth revised edition.

U. S. MONEY VS. CORPORATION CURRENCY. By Alfred Owen Crozier. Cincinnati: The Magnet Company; 25 cents.

An examination of the Aldrich plan.

LIQUID FUEL AND ITS APPARATUS. By W. H. Booth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net. Presenting in a convenient form the important points relating to liquid fuel.

THE MAKING OF POETRY. By Arthur H. R. Fairchild, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A critical study of its nature and value.

NATURE'S HARMONIC UNITY. By Samuel Colman, N. A. Edited by C. Arthur Coan, LL. B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

A treatise on its relation to proportional form.

WAR DEPARTMENT ANNUAL REPORTS, 1911. Washington: Government Printing Office.

In four volumes.

FRENCH NEWSPAPER READER. By Felix Weill, L. es L. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.

With map, illustrations, notes, exercises, conversational questions, and vocabulary.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER. JOHN WEBSTER AND CYRIL

TOURNEUR. Edited by Felix E. Schelling. New York: American Book Company; 70 cents each. Issued in Masterpieces of the English Drama.

SAIMI Tervola. Par Hilma Pykkänen. Paris: Bernard Grasset; 3 fr. 50. A novel.

A mental storehouse full of discriminating words has three doors, which open into three different avenues of pleasure for its possessor (says an observant writer in *Harper's Bazar*). Through the first door he passes into an intimate companionship with those with whom he can exchange the deepest human experiences that can be conveyed through words. "When a man has not a full possession of the language," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "the most important, because the most amiable, qualities of his nature have to lie buried and fallow." Through the second door one passes into an exquisite appreciation of another's thought and feeling. James Lane Allen, in "The Kentucky Cardinal," expresses this thought most charmingly. "But the finest music in the room," says he, "is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit in many an exquisite strain from the hanging shelf of books on the opposite wall. Every volume there is an instrument which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume or a star shakes out its light. Only listen and they soothe all care." Through the third door one enters the field of careful thinking, for without exactness in word-values there can never be exactness of thought-value. The acquisition of new words is the only means of growth and ideas.

Avignon, where a monument is to be erected to John Stuart Mill, holds many memories of the philosopher, and in the cemetery under an elder tree Mill lies buried. "His house, a charming little hermitage approached by an avenue of plane trees, not far from the cemetery, was sold in 1905," writes Thomas Okey, "and a few relics were bought and still are cherished by the rare friends the somewhat self-centred philosopher made in the city. The present owner has preserved the library and study, where the 'Essay on Liberty' was written, much as it was in Mill's day."

An English newspaper, noting the fact that Wilbur Wright was the son of a clergyman, agrees with a French authority that clergymen's sons have played an enormous part in the history of the British nation. A few names picked out at hazard are Nelson, Tennyson, Dryden, Coleridge, Cecil Rhodes, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Matthew Arnold, the Brontës and the Westleys. John Galsworthy, one of the foremost English writers of the present, is also the son of a clergyman.

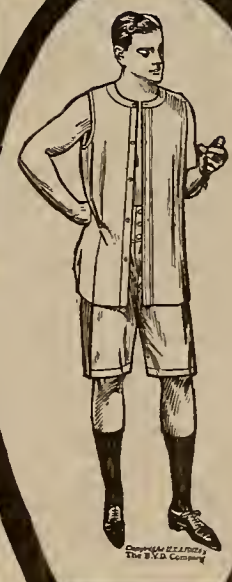
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## THE PASSING OF A SCHOLAR.

Edward Wesson, recently deceased, was a scholar of remarkable attainments. His claim to distinction was principally this, that he combined a profound knowledge of ancient Assyrian language and history with an almost equally thorough knowledge of astronomy. And by a knowledge of astronomy is meant a working familiarity with the abstruse and extremely tedious processes of mathematical computation necessary to trace and define the relative positions of the heavenly bodies at any point of time, past or future, as seen from any particular latitude. Of course there are many professional astronomers familiar with these problems, also there are many Orientalists who are adept in deciphering Babylonian records as revealed in the cuneiform inscriptions on bricks and cylinders of burnt clay. But it is safe to say that there are very few men in the world, perhaps not one in the whole world, who combined these attainments in so high a degree of efficiency as Edward Wesson. This extraordinary combination enabled Wesson to push original research along unique lines. He had in preparation—in fact it was a life-long work—a monumental treatise on the Babylonian origin of the Zodiac. With the true reserve of a man of science he fortified his theory with exhaustive research into the myths and symbols of all nations. Such investigations cover the field of art, archaeology, and history. To perfect himself in recording pictorial fragments scattered over innumerable books he studied drawing, and his voluminous writings, notes, and researches abound with accurate and forcible illustrations. He seems to have ransacked the records of the world for pictures and symbols of the constellations and all their related myths. The task was enormous and called for extended excursions into the byways of history, any one of which was journey enough for the most adventurous of intellects. Wesson's knowledge of ancient nations, of the obscure and long-forgotten empires of the Orient as well as the better known annals of Egypt, Persia, and Hindustan, was simply amazing. In fact it is impossible in a brief account to give any adequate idea of the enormous extent of territory that Wesson covered in his researches.

He was not a university man, but he had that intellectual hunger which Emerson speaks of, "that can eat the world like a cake." He taught himself Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and the dead languages of Mesopotamia. His knowledge of classic literature was intimate. A wonderful memory and a great capacity for mastering detail, combined with unflinching diligence, developed in him an unusual familiarity with facts of all kinds whatsoever. His geographical knowledge was minute and comprehensive. He made hundreds of maps, and no part of the world was unfamiliar to him, although he had traveled no farther out of the United States than to Panama. The writer once introduced to him a friend fresh from the heart of New Guinea. Wesson asked offhand a few questions about some obscure tribes in the interior. My friend was instantly alive with interest, and after twenty minutes of animated talk he suddenly asked: "And how many years were you in New Guinea, Mr. Wesson?" Exactly the same sort of question was put by an Anglo-Indian army officer after an animated talk in which Wesson often supplied the names of places that the man who had been there had forgotten.

In spite of Wesson's retiring habit and his interest in books, no man held mere bookishness at less value. There was, moreover, something singularly virile in Wesson's peculiar temperament, which perhaps accounts for his extraordinary interest in war. Of war in all its historical aspects Wesson was of course very familiar, but he had also some first-hand experience in real campaigning when officer of a militia regiment during mining troubles in Colorado. He has often declared that the few minutes under fire in that affair were the moments of his life that he most treasured, and he always characterized war as "the greatest game on earth." He invented a war game of his own, and any modern war was followed by Wesson in all its developments with exhaustive diligence. It is safe to assume that the Spanish war, the Boer war, the Boxer troubles, and the Russo-Japanese conflict were followed, recorded, and mapped and tabulated in Wesson's book-shop with far more intelligence and grasp than in most of the big newspaper offices of the country. Indeed, Wesson's keen insight into the "war game" and the eagerness with which he followed the moves of each army led one to feel that Wesson led the intellectual life from necessity rather than choice.

Although many years of study gave him the appearance of a recluse and a bookworm, there is evidence that when occasion arose he could assume the man of action, and a masterful one at that. The story of how Wesson did assume that rôle is a theme worthy of Kipling, his favorite author. When the earthquake and fire came, Wesson lost all his maps, manuscripts, drawings, and books, the accumulation of a lifetime. He was in no way affected by this irretrievable loss, but rather elated. Possibly this release from the burden of his books and studies

gave a new bias to his will and released unsuspected energies. All who went through the earthquake and fire remember that in the great devastation three spots in the midst of the ruins were saved, and human beings remained in those spots and fought the flames and conquered. We know that the Mint and the Custom House and all inside them escaped destruction, and due credit has been given the government employees who stood by their posts. Russian Hill was also saved with its little colony intact, but, so far, no credit has been given to the man who saved Russian Hill. As the flames advanced, the soldiers came and ordered the people to leave their homes. Edward Wesson, who had sought out his friends on the hill-top, had carefully weighed the chances of that height being saved. Having a close knowledge of the hill's topography, and having made a few cool deductions from facts as he knew them, he concluded that the effort was worth while. When the soldiers arrived Wesson refused to move. He explained his plan to General Funston and got authority to hold the hill as best he could. No one will ever quite know how a hand of desperate men, speaking some dozen different languages and under the direction of Edward Wesson, fought all night with huckets and sacks in the smoke and sparks that flew up to them from the surrounding sea of fire. The brave little hand were victorious. The fire went round them, but not over them. Russian Hill was saved and Edward Wesson saved it.

Edward Wesson was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1849. His father was a prominent wine merchant there. His family was of old colonial stock. His career was varied. At one time he was a traveler in the tea business, at another he qualified as an assayer and mining expert. It was not until he came to California some twenty years ago that he went into the book business.

He first established a circulating library in Oakland; later he transferred it to Park Street, Alameda. In 1905 he opened a business on the south side of Geary Street near Grant Avenue. Here he kept a goodly stock of the "best sellers," and in spite of the rather dingy atmosphere of a hy no means smartly appointed shop his place was steadily patronized, and sometimes crowded by smartly gowned women, who seemed to enjoy Wesson's independent hearing. No doubt it afforded a refreshing contrast to that of the average shopwalker and "salesperson."

After the disaster of 1906 he retired to the country for a year until the field for a circulating library looked more promising. He reopened his business on O'Farrell Street near Powell, and as rents rose moved from place to place, finally locating in an upper floor of an office building. He hoped his patrons would seek him out, but by degrees they fell away, until finally the only people who came near were a few personal friends who enjoyed his intimacy and his confidence.

It is not necessary to dwell on the pathetic end, except to pay tribute to the punctilious honor and sensitive pride of a man who would rather die than become a burden to his friends. He would not even burden their minds, for no one suspected until the very last that he was in any crisis.

B. J. S. CAHILL.  
SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1912.

An interesting test of the relative merits of old violins and new was made the other day by the American Guild of Violinists in session at Chicago. It may be recalled that some years ago some experiments of the same sort were made in Paris, with the unexpected result that listeners not knowing what sort they were hearing awarded the palm to the new instruments. This is absurd, of course, for if a Stradivarius costs \$5000 or \$10,000, how can it fail to be better than a new violin worth only a few hundred dollars or perhaps less? Yet there is a heretical sect which holds that the superiority of the old Cremona makers is a myth, and the Chicago experiment was meant to settle that point. It proved, however, inconclusive, for while the old violins as a rule carried off the honors, the first prize fell to a violin only three years old. Nineteen instruments were entered, including a Nicholas Amati of 1643, and a Jacobus Stainer of 1650.

Recently the authorities prohibited the further presentation of "Magda" in Japan. Some of the officers of the Home and Education went to see the play in Tokyo, and decided that it contained sentiments contrary to the Japanese ideals of filial piety. At once a vigorous discussion arose. Finally the Yomiuri announced that the play would be allowed to continue with some alterations in the text in order to avoid that which is contrary to the old public morality of Japan.

Eugene Walter is at work on a new play for Robert Edson. The actor has great hopes that Mr. Walter will be able to rescue him from the run of bad luck that has been pursuing him lately. Gelett Burgess's hapless piece, "The Cave Man," died a very quick death. After that Mr. Edson went on tour in Edgar Selwyn's "The Arab," but that had none too lucrative an existence after it left New York—or before either, for that matter.

## POEMS BY CLARENCE T. URMY.

[Selections, from "A California Troubadour," published in May by A. M. Robertson.]

## CALIFORNIA SKIES.

California skies!  
Balm for the eyes!  
Where orange groves or redwoods rise;  
By Shasta's snow, Diego's sand  
Or old Diablo's dream-set land;  
By San Francisco Bay so blue,  
Or down some cypress avenue  
Near Monterey; by lake Sierra-rimmed,  
Or yet afar in valleys vineyard-trimmed;  
On plain where Ceres waves her wand,  
Or where Pomona fond  
And all her train in foothill orchards drowse  
Under low-hanging boughs—  
Look up!  
And from the turquoise cup  
Drain dreams and rest!  
Ah, none so blest  
As one who weary of life's endless quest  
In this fair meadow poppy-pillowed lies  
Day-dreaming 'neath these California skies—  
Balm for the eyes!

## MOUNTAIN HAZE.

The purple shadow of an angel's wing  
Is flung across the range, and softly creeps  
Adown the mountain-side; the rocky steeps  
Are blurred with veils of amethyst that cling  
Their filmy folds 'round barren spots that cling  
To jagged slopes; the yawning canyon keeps  
Fond tryst with Dusk, the windless forest sleeps,  
With naught save one faint, long line lingering.

So, when the angel-shadow falls on me,  
And from Life's landscape I am blotted out,  
Ne'er to return to my accustomed place,  
In Memory's haze let my shortcomings be  
Concealed, forgotten, but may no one doubt  
That I the line of beauty sought to trace.

## IN A MISSION GARDEN.

(Santa Barbara.)

Stand here, and watch the wondrous birth of  
Dreams  
From out the Gate of Silence. Time and Tide,  
With fingers on their lips, forever hide  
In large-eyed wonderment, where Thoughts and  
Themes  
Of days long flown past down the slumorous  
streams  
To ports of Poet-land and Song-land. Side  
By side the many-colored Visions glide,  
And leave a wake where Fancy glows and gleams.

And then the bells! One stands with low-hoed  
head  
While listening to their silver tongues recite  
The sweet tale of the Angelus—there slips  
A white dove low across the tiling red—  
And as we breathe a whispered, fond "Good-  
night,"  
A "Pax Vobiscum" parts the Padre's lips.

## IN A PERGOLA.

Far in the west the glory of the day  
Fades o'er a redwood forest banked by hills  
Wherein a fairy sisterhood distills  
The dew of dreams in valleys twilight-gray.  
Come, dew of dreams, drift hitherward we pray,  
Sweet anodyne for grief and kindred ills,  
A benediction on the dusk that fills  
This garden where dim ghosts of memory stray.  
Through paths of poppy, palm and eglantine  
They move in long processional and slow,  
With smile and nod and kissing of their hands,  
Then disappear in one long, sinuous line  
Where through the purple of the afterglow  
A white star beckons toward elysian lands.

## A RHYME ROSE.

I fain would send thee dew-wet flowers—too far  
apart we bide,  
Thou on the strand that greets the dawn, I by the  
sundown tide;  
So, up the ladder of my dreams a Romeo, I climb  
And to thy open casement bear a little rose of  
rhyme.

Its petals gleam, its inmost heart a scent divine  
exhales—  
It bloomed within a bower hung with nests of  
nightingales!  
But oh, to wed it to thy lute, and some sweet  
vesper-time  
To tell thee all the rapture of this little rose of  
rhyme!

## A CALIFORNIA PSALM.

I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills  
Where fair Los Gatos like a lovely gem  
Is set in California's diadem;  
The sky was wreathed with sunset daffodils,  
And honey-dew that twilight hour distills  
Lay on the poppy fields and wet the hem  
Of Evening's robe, who softly sang to them  
A slumber song of Dreamland vales and rills.  
Unto the hills I lifted up mine eyes  
As one who seeks some guerdon or reward,  
And lo! into my heart of hearts there crept  
The grateful halm that weary mortals prize—  
The help that cometh even from the Lord,  
And, gazing long, I ceased to gaze, and slept.

Leipzig, the city in which Wagner was born, treated him shamefully till toward the end of his long life. His operas were cruelly maltreated, and when he gave concerts there the hall remained empty. On May 22, 1913, the same city will celebrate the Wagner centenary by laying the cornerstone of a grand monument to be chiseled by Max Klinger. The music for the occasion will be celebrated at the Gewandhaus (which for decades tabooed his works) by a special Wagner concert under the direction of Arthur Nikisch. The Stadttheater will contribute to the celebration a cycle of Wagner's operas and music dramas under the leadership of Otto Lohse.

## Private Party and Observation Cars

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Two of the finest cars ever brought into the West are among the equipment of the United Railroads, and are at the disposal of private parties.

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For a car for a private party inside the city limits the charge is \$5 an hour, with a minimum charge of \$20, and if the party be of any considerable size it will readily be seen that the cost per person is very small.

Applications for private cars should be addressed to the General Superintendent, United Railroads, 85 Second Street.

For the benefit of those who do not care to hire a private car the United Railroads has a splendid observation car, in which all sight-seers may ride. It covers a route showing more of the city than any other means, and is the ONLY way which visitors have of seeing the world-famous Golden Gate, Mile Rock light and Land's End, to say nothing of the most wonderful sweep of bay. The fare, only 75 cents, includes free admission to Sutro Baths, the largest in the world, and the great Sutro museum. All other points of interest in San Francisco are also shown, without exposure to wind, dust, sun, or rain. A lecturer accompanies the car, which leaves the Ferry at ten a. m. and two p. m. The trip covers three and a half hours. It should not be missed.

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READERS who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the Argonaut will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.





## AN OPTIMIST AT THE ORPHEUM.

There are three comforting assurances to be found in the one-act play, "Man to Man," presented at the Orpheum this week: Playwrights of fertile mind and serious intent are still able to find new dramatic situations of power and value entirely clean; there are still actors of the old school who know the technique of their art and are able to employ its resources judiciously; and there are still audiences, even in vaudeville theatres, that appreciate good acting in a worthy play. Matters theatrical are not in such a bad way, after all.

"Man to Man," written by Oliver White, is the best example of dramatic construction, capable handling of a weighty theme, that has been seen in San Francisco for weeks. Its story is told in a doctor's office. Two men, each with a child dangerously ill, meet there in their effort to obtain expert medical aid. One is the wealthy owner of ramshackle, neglected, disease-haunted tenements, the other, one of his tenants, who has never seen his landlord but knows his name. The clash comes when the tenant learns who it is that demands the first use of the doctor's skill. Compression has made some of the introductory lines abrupt and awkward, but when the situation has been made clear there is no strain on the mechanism. Action and speech move swiftly to the conclusion. Frank Keenan plays the poverty-stricken father, with intense feeling and artistic control. His supporting company of three, the tenement-owner, the doctor, and the doctor's office girl, is more than competent and satisfactory. In every detail the production proves the capability of actors and stage manager.

Through the progress of the drama the Orpheum audience is closely attentive and silent, and at the end the applause breaks out spontaneously in every row of seats from orchestra rail to rear gallery. Several times the act drop goes up and down and the applause continues until Mr. Keenan says a few words of grateful acknowledgment, not only for the approval of his efforts but for the hushed attention given to the play. Of course, Mr. Keenan knows that this tribute of the audience is not voluntary and gratuitous, but it is worthy of mention, let the honor rest where it may. Talking in the theatre, like sleeping in church, is not infrequently caused by a lack of interest-compelling address.

The Mountain Ash Choir, of some twenty male singers, is another Orpheum attraction this week which gains such a mark of distinction. When these Welshmen gather in a double-banked semi-circle and lift up their voices, there are as many pleased listeners as there are seat-holders. It is the perfection of chorus work in time, harmony, and expression, and the solo parts are no exception to the general rule of excellence in equipment and execution. They could sing twice as many selections and then be obliged to decline smilingly an urgent invitation to continue.

Bert Leslie, skillful coiner of slang phrases, is seen again in another of his Hogan sketches. There isn't much fun in the farce beyond Leslie's conversational atrocities, but those are continuous and exasperating.

Ed Wynn, a vociferous silly-boy in a protean straw hat, with the aid of Edmund Russon, is the scream of the evening. Instead of the title "Joy and Gloom" for this act, one might suggest "Nerve, Noise, and Nonsense." Fortunately, Messrs. Wynn and Russon make but one brief effort to sing.

Salerno, the juggler, fills the air above him with tossed-up crockery and carving-knives, hats and umbrellas, cigars and oranges, and catches and sorts the articles deftly as they come down. It tires an audience to watch him, but he is tireless and unerring. He is no union labor man, for it must require at least twelve hours' practice a day to keep his hand in.

Last on the programme comes the Princess Rajah in barefoot and bareback dances. There are indications that this fashion in terpsichorean exhibitions is going out, for in spite of much exertion and the display of a well-rounded physique the princess does not win great applause. And she has a real live snake, seven feet long, for a death-dealing decoration in her Cleopatra dance, which is some asp, so far as Egyptian detail is concerned. In her concluding dance she seizes a heavy wooden chair with her teeth, swings it about and balances it as if it were a paper mache imitation, and jumps, jigs, and whirls without apparent discomfort while she holds it in the air. But the princess sets her act

with good scenery, she has a number of feminine fan and jug-bearers, and a musical director who leads her music, playing a violin, and the production has as much claim to the adjective gorgeous as more widely heralded shows of the sort that have preceded her. Happily, we are beginning to lose our taste for this kind of spectacle.

One of the most joyful announcements of the season tells that a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas will be seen at the Cort Theatre next month. In New York the old favorites have just renewed their youth, and the company most successful in them there will come to San Francisco for a repetition of its cheering and refining work. Old-timers can hardly realize that a new generation has grown to years of judgment since "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," and "The Mikado" first delighted an English-speaking world, and that but one of these four operas is fairly well known to the younger theatre-goers. But with genuine comic opera, especially of this superlative sort, first hearings are not more pleasurable than thorough familiarity. Those who first make acquaintance with the four great examples of perfect accord between composer and librettist, unequaled combinations of good music and clean, bright comedy, at the Cort Theatre will quickly see the reasons for their long-continued favor. It is probable that the operas will be better sung here on the coming occasion than ever before.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Panama Canal Pictures at the Columbia Theatre.

Beginning Sunday afternoon, June 30, and continuing for four nights, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kemp will give the first presentation anywhere of the second and entirely new series of their famous travel talks and motion pictures of the Panama Canal and the Canal Zone at the Columbia Theatre. Of particular interest to those who saw the first series of the Kemps' work will be the announcement of their second series, which will show the canal as it appears today. San Franciscans will have an opportunity of seeing how rapid has been the progress made by the government in the building of the Panama Canal, and will also be able to judge for themselves as to the earliest possible time that the canal can be completed.

For two seasons Mr. and Mrs. Kemp toured the Pacific Coast with their illustrated travel talks, meeting with remarkable success, and concluded that tour last April in order to make another visit to Panama. It is but a few weeks since they returned to San Francisco after making an extensive trip at the canal, embracing every point of interest from the Pacific side to the Atlantic side. The results of this trip will now be placed before the people of this city as the most complete pictorial representation of the work and life in the Canal Zone that has ever been offered. Mr. Kemp's pictures show, in a most complete manner, the wonderful work in progress, the huge machinery in operation, the locks and the dams, the government docks, the native life, the buildings, the streets, living conditions, and, in fact, all matters of interest in this most interesting section. The illustrations are the personal work of Mr. Kemp, and were colored by him direct from nature.

This engagement of the Kemps will be the only one in San Francisco.

## At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will commemorate its Silver Anniversary week, which begins this Sunday matinee, with a programme of extraordinary excellence, novelty, and variety.

George Evans, the famous minstrel, known throughout this country as "The Honey Boy," has been secured by the Orpheum Circuit for a tour of three weeks, two of which will be given to San Francisco. He will jump from New York to this city, and at the conclusion of his brief tour will return there to go on the road with his own organization. Twenty years ago Evans made his minstrel debut at the old Bush Street Theatre with Jack Haverley's company. His vaudeville debut was made at the old Orpheum, and Sunday matinee will be an anniversary for him as well as for the theatre.

England's Musical Marvels, the Elliott Savonas, will make their first appearance here. This family, consisting of four men and four women, play over fifty musical instruments, and their rendition of both classical and popular music is a positive delight. Their contribution is a spectacular production styled "The Palace of Orpheus."

For the presentation of Graham Moffat's playlet, "The Concealed Bed," Martin Beck has brought from Glasgow Graham Moffat's original company of Scottish Players. "The Concealed Bed" deals with the life of tenement dwellers in Glasgow. It is rich in humor and has proved an immense hit wherever it has been presented. Graham Moffat is the author of the great international success, "When Bunt Pulls the Strings."

The Five Piroscoffis will introduce a novel juggling act, which proved a great vaudeville

sensation in Europe. Ten hands work at the same time and their quickness and accuracy is wonderful.

A pleasing incident of the new bill will be the performance by E. M. Rosner, musical director, who celebrates his silver anniversary at the Orpheum, of a burlesque of his own composition in which he gives his idea of how Verdi, Wagner, Chopin, Strauss, and Sousa would have composed "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

The holdovers will be the Princess Rajah, Ed Wynn, assisted by Edmund Russon, and the Boudini Brothers. Frank Keenan, who has made one of the greatest dramatic hits known in vaudeville, will also close his engagement with this bill.

## Last Week of Durbar Pageant at the Cort.

The third and final week of the Kinemacolor reproduction of the Durbar at the Cort Theatre starts tomorrow. The success of these pictures has been something phenomenal, for the evening performances have attracted capacity audiences from the start of the engagement and the daily matinees have been almost as well attended. There is no question but that the engagement could continue for another fortnight, but previous contracts render that impossible.

The Durbar in Kinemacolor represents the last word in motion pictures. Through the invention of Charles Urban, the spectator sees not alone the action of the subject, but the colors of Nature reproduced with absolute fidelity. Every tone and variation of the primary colors is recorded by the Kinemacolor camera, and the reproduction upon the screen reveals them.

In the present instance, the world's greatest spectacle, that of the Indian Durbar, is shown with all its wealth of riotous color and its variety of strange Eastern wonders. The pageant in all its glory is depicted, from the moment of King George and Queen Mary's arrival at Delhi to their departure for England at the completion of the Durbar.

Those who saw the coronation of King George and Queen Mary in England reproduced in Kinemacolor will be astounded at the tremendous improvement that has been made in this moving-picture process. The reproduction of the Durbar stands for perfection. The orchestra, which renders the Oriental melodies and British martial airs played at the Durbar, is an interesting feature, and an illuminating lecture is given.

The final Durbar performance will be given next Saturday night. On Sunday, July 7, come Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt Pictures, a remarkable series of films that has created something of a furor in the East. The world's most famous hunter and sportsman is here depicted in the jungles of Africa hunting lions, tigers, leopards, and other wild animals.

## Vaudeville Features at the Pantages Theatre.

The Pantages Theatre is well filled these afternoons and evenings, the current bill being unusually good, including, among other acts, Arthur La Vine and Company in their condensed musical comedy, "The Flying Dreadnaught"; that favorite baritone and Irish story-teller, Tom Kelly; Charles King, Virginia Thornton, and their company in the comedieta, "The Cheerful Liar"; the Royal Italian Four, string instrumentalists, and Sam Hood, the "Man from Kentucky."

A good array of attractions has been secured for the week commencing next Sunday, headed by the Five Columbians, as Caro Miller and his talented family are known. The Columbians have a wide range of accomplishments, ranging from musical-comedy turns to the classic minuet, and the youngest girl, pretty Marilyn Miller, is an accomplished toe dancer, in addition to being a clever comedienne. They carry special scenery and wear handsome costumes. The Musical Gordon Highlanders, one being of the gentler sex and all appearing in the full dress of the Gordon clan, will play upon several novel instruments and also give some Scotch dances, and the Bel Canto Trio, breezy young singing comedians, will furnish fifteen minutes of song and nonsense. Charles Hasty, the "Hoosier Boy," will make his first appearance in San Francisco, offering an original monologue and singing several of his parodies. A novel act will be that of the great Tallman, the world's champion pool expert, who makes marvelous shots, doing most of his work with but one hand. His table is backed by a mirror, so that all of his fine work may be plainly seen. Lew Pistel and O. H. Cushing, who were the bright lights of Van's Scotch Minstrel Maids here recently, will present their act, "The Stranded Minstrels," and the three Sinclairs, American gymnasts, will perform original feats. Sunlight pictures will complete the programme.

Sunday night, July 21, has been fixed as the opening date of the great light opera company which is to present the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas in revival at the Cort Theatre for an engagement of four weeks. "Patience" is to be the opening bill, and "The Mikado," "Pinafore," and "The Pirates of Penzance" are to be given. The company, which is to be brought here direct from New York, includes De Wolf Hopper, Eugene

Cowles, Arthur Cunningham, Richard Temple, Arthur Aldridge, George J. MacFarlane, Blanche Duffield, Viola Gillette, Josephine Jacoby, Alice Brady, and Louise Barthele.

The musical comedy "Louisiana Lou" begins its San Francisco engagement July Fourth at the Columbia Theatre with Harry Askin's original company. It is said that 319,000 copies of the various songs in the piece have been sold. Barney Bernard and Sophie Tucker are probably the best known in the long list of principals in the cast of "Louisiana Lou," which also includes Harry Hanlon, Tillie Salinger, Eleanor Henry, Robert O'Connor, Bessie DeVoe, and some three-score others.

The Parisians, being real musical epicures, do not esteem the world's greatest singers the less because time has robbed their voices of some of their "enamel." Proof of this was given once more by the cordial reception accorded a few weeks ago to Lilli Lehmann, when she gave two recitals of German songs, including some gems by Franz. The audiences were large and enthusiastic; she was compelled to repeat several of the lieder on her programme; and the press notices dwelt chiefly on those aspects of her art which time has improved.

## An Important Item

In every picnic basket should be a couple of split bottles of Italian-Swiss Colony Tiro (red or white). TIPO makes a cold lunch palatable.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The advocates of the simple life are making things extraordinarily complicated for us. We yield to no one in our desire to do the right thing, and if simplicity is to be the keynote we are willing to lie awake nights, worry ourselves into a decline, and run into debt rather than get behind the game. But it is hard, desperately hard.

Here is the Duchess of Sutherland telling us what we must do. The dear lady is disturbed by the "unrest" everywhere. Inconsiderate people are always wanting things and running around like wet hens when they can not get them. The worst of it is they are apt to want the things that we ourselves have and there may not be enough to go round. Then we appreciate as never before the virtues of content—for them.

The duchess thinks it would be so nice if we lived in country cottages and if our girls would spin and weave and brew poisonous cordials out of herbs as they used to do. Well, it may be so, but we have our doubts. Not being a girl, we can not speak for that part of creation, but personally we have no intention of living in a country cottage, not while we preserve that small share of sanity that is now our chief possession. Our yearnings do not incline in that direction, but quite otherwise. We like streets, and book-shops, and junk stores, and all the dear delightful things of unvirtuous and crowded humanity. And we do not want to know the parson, and you simply have to know the parson if you live in a country cottage. Why, Duch, we couldn't live in a country cottage. We simply couldn't do it. It would violate our instincts. Even prohibition could not prevent us from taking to drink.

You see this matter of the simple life is actually one of instinct. Don't imagine that there is a kind of bill of fare for the simple life with a country cottage at the head of the list and with cereals and sawdust and all the other nasty things figuring upon it at appropriate intervals. The simple life is a question of the personal equation. For us the simple life could not be lived in a country cottage. Such an existence would be a wild snarl of difficulties and intricacies. We should feel that we were exiles from home, sojourners in a far country and pilgrims in a strange land. We should long for the—to us—simple delights of the metropolis when it is bathed in the tender glow of the arc light, its atmosphere redolent with the balmy perfumes of the delicatessen store and harmonious with the midnight warblings of humanity.

Bear with us yet a moment, Duchess, while we expound unto you the real inwardness of the simple life. It consists of no more than doing what you like, when you like, and how you like. When we bend our meditative footsteps in the direction of the night restaurant in order that we may partake of a little *paté de foie gras* with a glass of those cunning waters that always cheer and sometimes inebriate then we are leading the simple life, because we like *paté de foie gras* with lubricating fluids. But if, on the other hand, we were to eat horse feed, not liking horse feed, but eating it on the supposed ground that it is good for us, then we should not be leading the simple life, but the complicated and artificial life. We should feel that we had incurred the displeasure of the duchess and our lives would be correspondingly embittered.

An Eastern writer is anxious that we shall return to the fine old dances of long ago. When we look around upon the number of people who are trying to do us good, who are even willing to be elected to public office in order that they may insist upon doing us good, it does really seem that the world must get to be a holier place to live in than it is now. Now we were not greatly in favor of the old dances until we learned that they were mostly kissing dances, and since that is so it seems hardly likely that a virtuous police would allow them nowadays. For example, take the Pavane. It always ended in a kiss, and how anything could end in a better way it is hard to imagine. The Pavane originated in Spain and was then introduced to France. The participants not only danced, but they also sang, one of the verses being as follows:

Approche donc, ma helle,  
Approche-toi, mon bien:  
Ne me suis plus rebelle,  
Puisque mon cœur est tien:  
Pour mon âme apaiser,  
Donne-moi un baiser—

Upon the conclusion of the last line the couples advanced and performed the pious rite therein indicated. It must have been quite a nice dance.

But the art of dancing has fallen upon evil days. It has become either a toil and a ceremony or a mere orgy. Once it was the reflection of a joyous mind. Now even the pursuit of happiness has become a weariness to the flesh.

Mr. Charles A. Towne, who lives in New York, will become unpopular if he acquires the habit of telling women how they should live. Speaking to a large gathering of women, he impressed upon them the duty of doing what they could to elevate the stage.

Of course that was all right. Every woman there wanted to elevate the stage, and if Mr. Towne had only indicated the places where improper plays were being performed his audience would have gone to those plays like one man in order that their diagnosis of the dramatic evil might be accurate and unbiased. A woman never shows to such advantage as when she is denouncing an improper play, but how can she elevate the stage unless she gets close to it? Mr. Towne ought to have known this and so have saved himself from the folly of advising women to stay away from the impure drama and to refuse to accept invitations from men unless they are assured that the play is of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" order or of some equally hilarious type. If Mr. Towne were in the habit of visiting the more or less naughty plays he would know that women are already doing all that they can to purify the stage. He would see them fighting to enter the doors just as though they were at a bargain sale. He would see all the front seats filled with these noble-hearted women, tense and straining lest they lose a word, firmly resolved to elevate the stage if it takes them the rest of their unmarried lives to do it. But of course they must know exactly what it is that they have to elevate. The idea!

When Police Commissioner Waldo of New York arrested three imitation police officers on duty in Fifth Avenue he drew attention to an interesting development of our modern aristocracy. It seems that the patricians of Fifth Avenue are not satisfied with the ordinary guardians of the peace appointed by the city authorities, so they organized a little force of their own. These private policemen were not only dressed like the real article, but they acted in the same way. It is not positively recorded that they stole peanuts, but otherwise their impersonation was a perfect one. Any one who did not seem to be a millionaire was pushed off the sidewalk and shoved into the road just as such debris ought to be shoveled. In short, they were letter-perfect in their part, and it was only natural that the jealousy of Commissioner Waldo should be aroused. So he ordered that these lofty minions of the bluest blood in the land be arrested, not because they were insolent and violent—that is no offense against democratic law—but because they were illegally wearing police uniforms. Henceforth the royalties on Fifth Avenue will amend their tactics. All they need do is to invent a uniform of their own and their special police will be quite safe. Something in the way of a livery might be suggested. A force of strong-arm men dressed in velvet breeches would be quite impressive, and any one who did not wish to be thrown into the gutter because he happened to be wearing a shabby coat would have his remedy. He can keep out of Fifth Avenue.

While the recent visit to Paris of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was a great success in itself it gave additional pleasure to Parisians by annoying certain German susceptibilities, as shown by comments in German newspapers, which the French papers have gladly reproduced. The Germans blame the queen for overdoing her cordiality unnecessarily and insisting upon the fact that her veins contain French blood through her descent from Admiral Coligny, who, curiously enough, was equally the ancestor of the Kaiser. The Parisian women were greatly interested in what Queen Wilhelmina wore, as she is invariably credited with being the queen who spends the most on dress; the amount being 100,000 francs annually.

What strikes and frightens the backward European almost as much as anything in the United States is the efficiency and fearful universality of the telephone. (This is Arnold Bennett's reflection in *Harper's Monthly*.) Just as I think of the big cities as agglomerations pierced everywhere by elevator shafts full of movement, so I think of them as being threaded, under pavements and over roofs and between floors and ceilings and between walls, by millions upon millions of live filaments that unite all the privacies of the organism—and destroy them in order to make one immense publicity. I do not mean that Europe has failed to adopt the telephone, nor that in Europe there are no hotels with the dreadful curse of an active telephone in every room. But I do mean that the European telephone is a toy, and a somewhat clumsy one, compared with the inexorable seriousness of the American telephone. Many otherwise highly civilized Europeans are as timid in addressing a telephone as they would be in addressing a royal sovereign. The average European middle-class householder still speaks of his telephone, if he has one, in the same falsely casual tone as the corresponding American is liable to speak of his motor-car. It is naught—a negligible trifle—but somehow it comes into the conversation!

"How odd!" you exclaim. And you are right. It is we Europeans who are wrong, through no particular fault of our own. The American is ruthlessly logical about the telephone. The only occasion on which I was in really serious danger of being taken for a madman in the United States was when, in a Chicago hotel, I permanently removed the re-

ceiver from the telephone in a room designed (doubtlessly ironically) for slumber. The whole hotel was appalled. Half Chicago shuddered. In response to the prayer of a deputation from the management I restored the receiver. On the horrified face of the deputation I could read the unspoken query: "Is it conceivable that you have been in this country a month without understanding that the United States is primarily nothing but a vast congeries of telephone-cabins?" Yes, I yielded and admired! And I surmise that on my next visit I shall find a telephone on every table of every restaurant that respects itself.

It is the efficiency of the telephone that makes it irresistible to a great people whose passion is to "get results"—the instance with which the communication is given, and the clear loudness of the telephone's voice in reply to yours; phenomena utterly unknown in Europe. Were I to inhabit the United States, I, too, should become a victim of the telephone habit, as it is practiced in its most advanced form in those suburban communities to which I have already incidentally referred. There a woman takes to the telephone as women in more decadent lands take to morphia. You can see her at morn at her bedroom window, pouring confidences into her telephone, thus combining the joy of an innocent vice with the healthy freshness of breeze and sunshine. It has happened to me to sit in a drawing-room, where people gathered round the telephone as Europeans gather round a fire, and to hear immediately after the ejaculation of a number into the telephone a sharp ring from outside through the open window,

and then to hear in answer to the question, "What are you going to wear tonight?" two absolutely simultaneous replies, one loudly from the telephone across the room, and the other faintlier from a charming human voice across the garden: "I don't know. What are you?" Such may be the pleasing secondary scientific effect of telephoning to the lady next door on a warm afternoon.

The latest victim of the hatpin is a policeman who was on duty at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, during President Taft's recent visit to that place. The hatpin went right through his cheek, and, being a policeman, his cheek was extensive. We may hear at any time that some man has been injured by this abominable hatgear.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There were times when McFee gloried in the fact that he was the father of nine children, even if they were on the lines of the proverbial human stepladder, but on the day when he was taking them out for a walk he felt chagrined. He was walking along at a fairly good gait when he was halted by a policeman, who asked: "I say you, what you been doin'?" "Nothing," replied McFee. "Why?" "Well, what's the crowd following you for?"

Professor Brander Matthews at a literary dinner in New York said of a certain "best seller": "The grammar is rather off. Its author lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author in the last century. This author had been slashed in a review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. But the critic wrote back: 'I have read your letter. It is as wretched as your book. You have called me out. Very well, I choose grammar. You are a dead man.'"

The young hopeful had secreted some bright buttons in his pocket, which came from the automobile show. When Sunday-school was well under way, he took one out and pinned it on his coat, feeling it an ornament. Unfortunately, when the minister came round to speak to the dear children, his near-sighted eyes were caught by the color. "Well, Richard, I see you are wearing some motto, my lad. What does it say?" "You read it, sir," replied Richard, hanging his head. "But I can not see; I haven't my glasses, son. Read it so we can all hear you." Richard blushed. "It says, sir, 'Aint it hell to be poor!'"

This dialogue is reported from Gove County, Kansas: "I reckon," said the first farmer, "that I get up earlier than anybody in this neighborhood. I am always up before four o'clock in the morning." The second farmer said he was always up before that and had part of the chores done. The first farmer thought he was a liar, and decided to find out. A few mornings later he got up at three o'clock and went to the neighbor's house. He rapped on the back door and the woman of the house opened it. "Where is your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to find the neighbor in bed. "He was around here early in the morning," answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

In one of the mines of Pennsylvania there was a cave-in which imprisoned a miner named Jack Thornton. The accident happened on Friday afternoon, and the fellow-laborers of the entombed man set to work at once to dig him out. It was not until Sunday morning, however, that they reached his prison chamber, and by this time they were wondering whether he had been suffocated or starved to death. One of them stuck his head through the aperture made by the picks of the rescuers and called out: "Jack, are you all right?" "All right," came the reply, and then after a pause: "What day is this?" "Sunday," answered the friend. "Gee!" exclaimed Jack. "I'm glad of that. That was one Saturday night when those saloon-keepers didn't get my wages!"

Speaker Merritt, one of the delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention, was pinning on the medal which the New York delegation wore—a handsome gold affair about the size of a half-dollar, suspended by a ribbon from a bar bearing the inscription "New York"—when somebody made a joking comment to the effect that they couldn't be real gold. "Do you remember," asked Merritt, "how the Connecticut delegation brought a lot of badges here four years ago ornamented with wooden nutmegs? They were very popular, so the supply was gone soon, and one of the delegates asked Senator Frank B. Brandegee what was to be done. 'Get some more,' said the senator. 'But there aren't any wooden nutmegs in Chicago,' said the delegate. 'Well, go out and get some real ones,' said Brandegee. 'The people will never know the difference.'"

A young Englishman went to a New York horse dealer the other day to bargain for a palfray. The Englishman explained that he wanted a fast horse—a very fast horse, indeed. The price was no object. He wanted a nag that would tear along through the landscape as though he were responding to the

three nines. "I have a fine mare here," said the horse dealer. "She is fast, all right. But maybe the price won't suit you. I can't let her go for less than \$800." The Englishman said that didn't worry him any. But he wanted to know just how fast the mare might be. "Well," said the horseman, "I'll tell you. Kingsbridge is just eleven miles from the Battery. If you were to drop the reins on her neck at the Battery at one o'clock in the morning and just let her jog—see?—she'd be at Kingsbridge at two o'clock." The Englishman declared himself well satisfied. "I'll be back tomorrow with the money," said he. But an hour afterward he called the horseman by 'phone. "That mare will not do for me," said he. "I'm very sorry, me good man, but she positively will not suit." "Why don't she suit?" asked the dealer indignantly. "Well," said the Englishman, "I've no doubt she's fastest enough, me good fellow. But what would I be doing at Kingsbridge at two a. m.?"

There is evidence in Shakespeare's plays that the Welsh were made the butt of many jests in Elizabethan days, and some browser among neglected books of that time adds to the testimony. In one of his essays, Thomas Deloney, who was well known and perhaps much read by those who gave attention to the printed pages of the earliest presses, put this story: "I find written among old gestes, how God made St. Peter porter of heauen, and that God of his goodness, soon after his passion, suffered many men to come to the kingdom of heauen with small deservuing; at which time there was in Heauen a great company of Welshmen, which with their cracking and babbling troubled all the other. Wherefore God said to St. Peter, that he was weary of them, and that he would fain haue them out of Heauen. To whom St. Peter said: Good Lord, I warrant you, that shal be done. Wherefore St. Peter went out of heauen gates and cried with a loud voice *Cause bode*, that is as much to say as roasted cheese, which thing the Welshmen hearing ran out of heauen a great pace. And when St. Peter saw them all out he suddenly wente into Heauen, and locked the door, and so sparred all those Welshmen out."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Family.


Father whacks the carpet,  
Hanging on the line;  
Son is playing hashell,  
He is on the "nine";  
Daughter's out canoeing  
With some jolly friends—  
Mother washes, irons, cooks,  
Scrubs and sweeps and mends.  
—Canadian Courier.

Fruit.

He wrote a playlet in one scene,  
And said it was nectarine.  
  
He grew exceedingly elate  
When a producer set a date.  
  
The leading lady was a peach  
And all her lines went with a screech;  
  
But gloomy thoughts succeeded soon—  
The leading man was such a prune.  
  
He felt forebodings of despair,  
So ill assorted was the pair.  
  
The rising catcalls made him wince—  
Particularly yells of "quince."  
  
Producer swore he'd bought a lemon,  
And changed from "angel" into demon.  
  
The critics gave the play a dig  
And said it wasn't worth a fig.  
  
Succeeding houses followed suit  
And killed the show with chicken fruit.  
—New York Sun.

Fashion.

Oh, Fashion's a whimsical lady,  
She changes her mind every day.  
One day she brings out a new hobby,  
And the next day she puts it away.  
She's always in search of the novel,  
And she doesn't care what it may cost,  
And the queerest of all things about it  
Is the whole world submits to be bossed.  
  
Oh, Fashion's a terrible tyrant,  
She issues her changeable decrees,  
And, although we protest we don't like it,  
Still we all of us drop on our knees.  
We worship her while we're protesting,  
And her whimsical rules we obey,  
Till the question all others transcending  
Is: What's the most stylish today?  
—Somerville Journal.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow has announced her engagement to Colonel Hamilton S. Wallace, U. S. A. Mrs. Winslow is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson, and a sister of Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mr. Harry N. Stetson. She has two daughters, the Misses Ruth and Marie Louise Winslow, the former of whom made her debut last winter. Colonel Wallace formerly lived in Washington, D. C., but for the past year has been connected with the paymaster's department in this city. The wedding will be an event of July.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mildred Baldwin, to Mr. James Lowe Hall of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Miss Baldwin is a sister of Miss Laura Baldwin, a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford W. Clark, and a niece of Mrs. Minnie C. Porter, Mrs. Augustus N. Buchanan, and Mrs. John Bascom Wright. Mr. Hall is the son of Mr. Sherwood Hall of Grand Rapids, and a cousin of Mr. Edward Lowe, Jr., who recently married Miss Emily Johnson.

Mrs. Felton Taylor has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Sereta Taylor, to Mr. George Smith of Virginia City, Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have issued invitation to the marriage of their sister, Miss Jennie Adeline Crocker, and Mr. Malcolm Douglass Whitman, of New York, Tuesday, July 16, at twelve o'clock, at Saint Matthew's Church in San Mateo. A reception and wedding breakfast will be given at Miss Crocker's home in Burlingame.

Miss Margaret Louise Everett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Leonard Everett, was married in San Jose Wednesday, June 19, to Mr. Frederick William von Schrader, Jr., son of Colonel von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader.

The wedding of Miss Jane Elizabeth Wickham and Mr. Stewart McNab took place Tuesday evening at the home on Clay Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis Dowler. Miss Christine McNab was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Kinkaid and Miss Mahel Fritsch of Petaluma. Mr. Denman McNear was the groom's best man. Upon their return from a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. McNab will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Elyse Schultz and Mr. Samuel Hopkins took place Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at Trinity Episcopal Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Harold Law, as matron of honor, and Miss Enid Gregg as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Sallie Fox, Miss Cora Kennedy, Miss Ethel Gregg, and Miss Alice Warner of Monterey. Mr. John Galois was Mr. Hopkins's best man, and the ushers included the Messrs. Kenneth Moore, Stuart Lowery, Ferdinand Theriot, and Charles Freeborn. Mrs. Hopkins is the daughter of Mrs. George A. Schultz and the late Mr. George A. Schultz. Mr. Hopkins is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whiting Hopkins, a brother of Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin. The wedding of Miss Edith Lowe and Mr. Hans Wollman will take place Saturday, July 20, at Christ Church in Sausalito. Mrs. Eldridge Green (formerly Miss Marie Louise Foster) will be matron of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Erna St. Goar, Blanche Russell, and Mildred Gilbert.

Mrs. Mahel Dodge Hamilton, daughter of Mr. V. U. Dodge of this city, was married last week in Carson City, Nevada, to Dr. Herbert Yerington. The wedding took place at the home of the groom's mother, Mrs. H. M. Yerington. Dr. Yerington is a brother of Mr. James Yerington and a cousin of Mrs. Philip Young, formerly Miss Margaret Bender.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen J. Erh and Captain Royal Preston Stoneburn, U. S. A., took place last week at the Presidio chapel. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. John B. Erh of this city. Captain Stoneburn and Mrs. Stoneburn will sail July 5 for Manila, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner complimentary to Mrs. John Breckenridge of Paris, and at a tea in honor of Miss Virginia Walsh of Los Angeles.

Mrs. William Thornton White gave a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Miss Ruth Casey, who will be married early in September to Mr. Arthur Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained twenty friends at a dinner Sunday evening at their country home in Woodside in honor of Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow and Colonel Hamilton S. Wallace, U. S. A.

Mrs. James W. Keeney was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Winslow. Miss Marian Zeile gave an informal dinner

Thursday evening, June 20, at the Peninsula Hotel, to celebrate her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neustadter celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage at a dinner last week at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Captain Horatio Lawrence, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lawrence, who have recently returned from the Philippines.

Mrs. Maud Shobert Dunsmuir was hostess at a luncheon Friday in Sausalito, complimentary to Miss Edith Lowe, who was the honored guest at a luncheon Saturday, when Miss Edith Johnson was the hostess.

Miss Ruth Brooks, daughter of Major Brooks, U. S. A., was hostess at an informal dance Friday evening at the Presidio.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armat of Washington, D. C., was baptized on May 30. The ceremony was performed privately at St. Alban's Church, the godmothers being Mrs. J. M. Conway and Miss Angelo Armat. The godfathers were Rear-Admiral Crittenden Watson and Rear-Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N. Mrs. Armat will be remembered in San Francisco as Miss May Binckley. Mr. and Mrs. Armat visited San Francisco a year ago en route for the Orient on their trip around the world.

The members of the Century Club will give a reception Thursday afternoon, June 27, in honor of Baroness Bertha von Suttner, who has come here from Vienna to attend the National Convention of Women's Clubs.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. H. Small, Master Herriot Small, and Miss Marian Small have gone to Napa Soda Springs to remain through July.

Captain William B. Collier and his daughters, the Misses Sarah and Dorothy Collier, are occupying their country home on Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Dibblee have gone East for a brief visit and upon their return in July will go to Ross for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burns Rector have been spending the past week in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Livingston Baker has returned from college to spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and their daughter, Miss Helen Dean, have gone to Lake Tahoe for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., and Mrs. Ernestine McNear sailed Saturday for Honolulu.

Mrs. Spencer Buckbee left Monday evening for a visit to Castle Crag. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Helen Holman.

Mr. Emory Winship has returned from Macon, Georgia, and will be joined shortly by Mrs. Winship and the children. They will spend the summer in Burlingame, where they will occupy the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman.

Mrs. Willard N. Drown and her two children are at Miramar.

Dr. George H. Willcutt spent the week-end with friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and their sons will leave today for Monterey to remain over the Fourth of July.

Mr. Isaac Upham has returned from a tour of the world and has joined his brother, Mr. Bryson Upham, in Mill Valley, where they are occupying their bungalow.

Mrs. Rémi Chabot has opened her country home, Villa Rémi, in St. Helena, where her daughters, Mrs. Robert Knight, Mrs. Henry Dieckman, Mrs. Kate Dunn, and Mrs. Leon Boqueraz will spend the summer.

Miss Martha Foster of San Rafael has recently been the guest of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroder at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dasonville (formerly Miss Gertrude Perry) have returned to their home in Berkeley after a visit in Ross with Dr. Edward E. Perry and Mrs. Perry.

Miss Edith Chesbrough and Miss Newell Drown have returned from a ten days' fishing trip.

Mrs. Edward Everett has returned from Yosemite Valley, where she was the guest of Mrs. Alpheus Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Benedict Lyman have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their home in Sacramento.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson returned Sunday from Auburn, where they spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean.

Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., arrived Friday from Yale and joined his mother in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrigan are the guests of Mrs. J. B. O'Connor in San Mateo.

Mr. Leonard Abbott spent the week-end at Eagle Ranch, San Luis Obispo County.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen and her daughter, Mrs. Bryant Grimwood, will leave, July 1, for Mira-

mar, where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Miss Constance McLaren has recently been the guest of Miss Dora Winn in Ross.

Mr. Cutler Paige will spend the month of July in Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods returned Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where she spent a week with Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie.

Mr. Austin Moore arrived Thursday from Yale to spend the summer in San Mateo with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk.

Mrs. Alfred Holman and her daughter, Miss Helen Holman, have returned from Los Gatos after a visit of several weeks.

Mr. Knox Maddox spent a few days recently at Webber Lake.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and Mrs. Fannie McCreary spent the week-end in Monterey, returning to town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Buckley Hyde of Washington, D. C., have been spending the past week at the Hotel St. Francis. They are en route to the South Sea Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann, Miss Agnes Tillmann, and Miss Gertrude Tower have been spending the past two weeks in Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton have closed their town house and have joined Mrs. Jerome Lincoln at her country home in St. Helena.

Judge Charles L. Weller, Mrs. Weller, and their daughter, Mrs. Earl Shipp, will spend July at Castella, Shasta County.

Mr. E. T. Allen and his nieces, the Misses Emma and Anna Kenyon, will leave shortly for Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag and Miss Ila Sonntag will leave, July 1, for Castella, Shasta County.

Mr. Samuel Buckbee and his little daughter, Miss Margaret Buckbee, are in Monterey.

Judge William Carey Van Fleet, Mrs. Van Fleet, and Mr. Allan Van Fleet left Monday for Inverness, where they are occupying their cottage.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Miss Eleanor Bulkeley, and Mr. Houghton Bulkeley, of Hartford, are established for the summer in their country home at Sable Point, Connecticut. They have as their guest Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton of this city, who will remain East until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Miss Isabel Beaver, and Miss Helen Crosby returned Monday from a motor trip to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein of this city, Mr. Gardner Williams and Miss Dorothy Williams of Washington, D. C., will spend next month in Monterey.

Miss Laura Bates has returned to her home in San Rafael after a week's visit in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mrs. A. W. Hunter has returned to her home in Denver after a visit in Southern California.

Mr. Horace Clifton has gone East to spend several weeks with his mother.

Miss Helen Crosby has come from her home in Baltimore to spend the summer with Miss Isabel Beaver.

Miss Gladys Jones has returned to San Rafael after a visit in this city with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock in San Mateo.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, are in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond will leave shortly for New York to spend several weeks with Mrs. Dimond's father.

Mr. William Goldsborough left this week for a month's outing with the Sierra Club.

Mr. Sidney Ford has returned from the East and has joined his family at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton, Jr., are at Lake Tahoe for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. J. W. Bothin and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, left this week for Lake Tahoe and will spend August at the country home on the McCloud River of Mr. W. F. Whittier.

Mr. Allen Van Fleet has returned from Boston, where he has been attending the Harvard Law School.

Mrs. Philip King Brown and her children are established for the summer in their new bungalow on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Russell Johnson have returned from their wedding trip and are now settled in their home at Fort Bragg, where they will reside indefinitely.

A party which included the Misses Doris Wilshire, Anna Olney, Lillian Van Vorst, and Josephine Johnson, and the Messrs. Roy Ryone, Melville Bowman, Herbert Schmidt, and Chester Skaggs spent the week-end as the guests of the Misses Harriet and Marion Stone at their country home on the Russian River.

Mr. Thomas A. Magee has sufficiently recovered from his recent serious illness to be moved from the hospital to his home in Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon will spend the summer at Long Beach, Washington.

Mrs. Martin Treuss, who was formerly Miss Louise Schussler, is en route from her home in Germany to this city to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Dr. Harry Stevens Kierstedt, and Mrs. Kierstedt recently motored from Burlingame to Lake Tahoe, where they spent several days.

Mrs. Frank Glass, with her two little daughters, and Mrs. Rollin Fay and her infant daughter, are at Napa Soda Springs for the summer.

Mrs. Percy Cleghorne has been spending the past week in town after a visit in Stockton with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hough. Mrs. Cleghorne will return in August to her home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Mary Julia Crocker have returned from New York. They were accompanied by Miss Kate Crocker, and the Messrs. Harry and Clark Crocker, who have been attending Eastern schools.

Mrs. Robert McMillan will spend several weeks in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Miss Cora de Marville, who has been visiting friends in the south of France, returned to Paris June 15. She will soon go to Germany, where she will visit points of interest along the Rhine.

Among recent arrivals at Santa Barbara for the summer are Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr.

and Mrs. Alfred Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, the Rev. W. A. Brewer and Mrs. Brewer of Burlingame, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Nicholls, with their families, of Oakland.

Captain Ernest Manning Reeve, U. S. A., Mrs. Reeve, and their two children, arrived Tuesday from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will spend two months in Berkeley with Captain William Montrose Parker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker.

Major Robert M. Thornburg, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from Washington, D. C.

Colonel J. P. Wisser, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Winfield Scott, where he will be commander of the post. Colonel Edward J. McClelland, U. S. A., has relieved Colonel Wisser as commander at the Presidio.

Captain William A. Powell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Powell, have gone to Yosemite Valley for the summer.

Ensign Whitley Perkins, U. S. N., has arrived from Washington, D. C., to visit his family. Mr. Perkins, who recently graduated from the Naval Academy, is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Perkins, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Perkins.

Major Carroll Buck, U. S. A., has received orders to go to Fort McKenzie, Wyoming, and with Mrs. Buck will leave Alcatraz for his new post.

Dr. E. E. Curtis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Curtis have returned to Yerba Buena from a visit in Yosemite Valley.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

When President Taft was nominated in Chicago it was 9:26 o'clock there; it was 7:26 o'clock the same evening in San Francisco when "extras" appeared on the streets announcing the result.

During the present week the largest list of graduates in the history of the local school department, 2250, is being put forth from the various schools of the city. Of these 450 are high school graduates, while 1800 have completed their course in grammar schools.

Memorial services for members of the order who died during the past year were held by the Foresters of America at Golden Gate Commandery Hall Sunday afternoon, June 23. The ceremonies were joined in by the forty local courts of Foresters, assisted by the courts of Alameda and Marin counties. Judge Thomas F. Graham delivered the oration. William H. Donahue delivered the eulogy. Judge James G. Quinn, grand chief ranger, presided.

Herman Van Luven, cashier of the Union Trust Company, has been elected a member of the board of trustees of the Cogswell Polytechnic College to fill the vacancy caused by the death of David Kerr.

With three thousand representative women from every state in the Union in attendance, the Eleventh Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was called to order in Pavilion Rink at nine o'clock Wednesday morning and the first real work of the convention was begun. With music and speechmaking the convention had been formally opened the night before, but at this session the actual business of the biennial was started. This included the reading of reports from the chairmen of committees, the president's report, reports of other officers, reports from the manager of the bureau of information and the chairman of the department of education, and an address on "Moral Power in the Schoolroom" by Professor Maria L. Sanford of the University of Minnesota. Mrs. Philip North Moore, president of the General Federation, presided at the session and the morning's programme was carried out strictly according to schedule.

Twenty steam vessels for foreign ports and in the coastwise trade cleared from this port last Saturday. Fifteen steamers arrived.

Dr. E. E. Hill, ex-mayor of Nome, ex-corporator of San Francisco, and the best-known man on Seward peninsula, died in Nome, June 21, of paralysis.

Fourth of July will be celebrated in four public parks with appropriate ceremonies, music, oratory, and fireworks. The principal celebration will be in Golden Gate Park, where Supervisor J. Emmet Hayden will be orator of the day and Alexander Russell chairman. At North Beach the playground will be given over to the celebration in charge of Will Hamner. In the Mission and south of Market the day will be in charge of J. C. Kortick. In Mission Park concerts and fireworks will be the rule. On the South Side playground athletic games and sports will be enjoyed. There will be a band concert at Union Square. The city has appropriated \$25,000 for the observance of the day. An historical pageant will be enacted in the Hamilton playgrounds by the children of the Western Addition, in conformity with the desire of the playgrounds commission to inaugurate a sane and safe celebration of the Fourth of July. As the biennial of the Federation of Clubs will be in session here during this time, the Fourth of July has been set aside as Playground Day. The delegates from every part of the United States will be in attendance and visit the playgrounds.

The Royal English Barge.

Official announcement has been made in London that the king and queen will visit the Henley regatta on July 6, the last day, and will use the state barge. The state barge is a historic craft, built by William III for his consort Mary in 1689. It is now berthed at Virginia Water and the king's haremaster is arranging for its removal to the river at Staines for the work of redecoration and the provision of a new canopy and drapings. It is about forty feet long, built on the lines of the old Dutch warship, and like all the old state barges heavy, highly ornamented and canopied. The decorations of the barge and the liveries of the haremaster and his eight bargemen are extremely elaborate. On the stern is the royal coat of arms. The barge itself will be painted in red and gold.

The appearance of the king and queen on the Thames in the quaint and historic craft, which has survived for more than two centuries, will recall the days when royalty was constantly associated with the river. Elizabeth was wont to display her utmost pomp on the Thames. Henry VIII always had a barge in waiting upon him. Old pictures bear evidence of the love which James I had for the

river, and it is recorded that Charles I when created Prince of Wales journeyed from Barn Elms to Whitehall in aquatic state.

A NEW ORCHESTRAL ORGAN.

More than thirty years ago in Atlantic Garden, on the Bowery in New York City, below Canal Street, there was a sort of elephantine music box, which could be wound up like a clock, and would then play with more or less orchestral effect—there were drums, cymbals, castanets, and snare drums within the mechanism—certain musical pieces according to the perforated rolls which the instruments contained. The Orchestron, I think it was called, was used during the mid-day, when the regular orchestra was off duty, and I watched its mysterious workings many times, and listened to its mechanical music-making with considerable wonder (says Maurice Rosenthal, in *Popular Electricity*). That it could not be regulated by any one after it was wound up, that no tonal nuances could be produced, and that it was in a way simply a machine, ingenious enough, occasioned no further thought.

Now, after thirty years, we come to the latest invention of Robert Hope-Jones, a celebrated English organ builder, and we have an instrument which he styles the "Unit Orchestra." Mr. Hope-Jones, known at first as an English expert electrician for a telephone company, was always interested in music, and finally diverted his electrical knowledge for the purpose of perfecting an instrument which would have all the tonal colors of the symphony orchestra, but which by electrical contrivances and motive power could be played by one musician at a keyboard from whence all the different orchestra combinations could be brought into play. He was present last summer at a meeting of the National Association of Theatrical Producing Managers in New York City and one of his chief backers in his invention is William A. Brady, president of that association, who has prophesied that this new "Unit Orchestra" will shortly displace the usual orchestra in theatres.

This instrument is on the order of a pipe-organ with the usual pipes, but supplemented with a great many more contrivances for tonal colors than the regular pipe-organ which we know, and with sets of reeds, flute, and even a sort of string-like sounding stops and pipes, which resemble the violin family of tones. Besides, there are many percussion stops, such as the various drums, cymbals, and castanets; there are also the celeste, harp, xylophone, and bells. The advantage of the Unit Orchestra over any other pipe-organ or mechanical player is that it brings forth really orchestral effects and can be played like a solo instrument with the manifold colors and combinations of a symphony orchestra.

The performer is not restricted to certain records or rolls in the choice of his selections; he need not wait for rolls of the pieces he wishes to play, but he can take the score of any composition, no matter how difficult or intricate, and reproduce it with all its shadings on the instrument. The artist manipulating the instrument retains his individuality of interpretation; he can exercise his musical taste and style; he is only limited by the existing literature of all kinds of music, whether symphonic, choral, operatic, vocal, or instrumental.

A theatre which employs but a small orchestra of not more than ten men and a leader must figure on a yearly expense for music which amounts to thousands of dollars per annum. Taking a minimum amount, say, of ten men, would mean an outlay of \$250 per week, and for only a short season of thirty weeks it would sum up to \$7500 during the year. Even if the initial price of the Unit Orchestra should amount to nearly that, in two years, and an artist of the first rank he engaged to play it, there would undoubtedly be a balance to the credit side of the Unit Orchestra.

An organ of the approximate dimensions of the Unit Orchestra has been in use for several years at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, during the summer chautauquas held under the auspices of the National Association of Organists; and Clarence Reynolds, a friend of Mr. Hope-Jones, has served as official organist for the association. Here both Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mme. Lillian Nordica have sung to the accompaniment of this organ, and have expressed themselves in highly commendatory fashion concerning its practical utility for their purposes.

It would undoubtedly have a strong tendency to improve the standard of the music heard in hotels and in the theatres during the entr'actes, and while the larger artistic symphony orchestras would not be affected in their higher musical spheres, the general musical taste would receive a decided uplift through the installation of the Unit Orchestra in the smaller theatres and in other places where music is made one of the features of entertainment.

There is also a similar instrument installed in the Statler Hotel in Buffalo, New York, where the pipes are placed in one of the hotel rooms on the fourth floor, while the keyboards—there are two of them—are respectively in the main dining-room and in the gentlemen's grill-room, either of which can be played with equal facility. The two is

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"shot down from the fourth floor by a system of deflectors," so C. Gordon Wedertz tells me. Mr. Wedertz is organist and choirmaster in St. Bartholomew's Church in Englewood, Chicago, and has made an exhaustive study of the instrument.

Mr. Wedertz has had many conversations with Mr. Hope-Jones concerning his inventions and has studied the Unit Orchestra in Buffalo exhaustively. He has trained boys' choirs for a number of years, and also drilled the mixed chorus which was employed behind the scenes at the performances of Wagner's musical drama, "Parsifal," when it was given in Chicago two successive years at the Auditorium by the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company under Mr. Dippel's management. Concerning the Unit Orchestra Mr. Wedertz says: "It is operated both electrically and pneumatically, the process being in no wise more intricate or complicated than in the usual organs."

The establishment of a Unit Orchestra in a theatre in Chicago has added another test of its efficiency, and this opens up a new field for the musician. That it will take a skilled artist to manipulate it is true, but it will also carry with it a remuneration commensurate with the artistic ability of the performer.

It is the intention to open the school for the instruction of musicians to learn the art of playing the Unit Orchestra, and its superiority for the purposes mentioned above, over the small and indifferently organized hotel or theatre orchestras, will soon make it one of the most popular musical instruments.

To Celebrate the Fourth—Firecracker, Canon, and Flag and Shield Boxes filled with candies are the best Fourth of July gifts for young and old. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Polk and Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), 526 California Street, Richmond, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 601 Clement Street, corner Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, 1456 Haight Street, between Masonic and Ashbury.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1912. GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1912. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to the principal from July 1, 1912. H. C. KLEVESAIL, Cashier.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why do you call your auto 'she'?" "Because I can't find a man who understands her."—*Hauston Post*.

Townley—How's the new cook getting on? Subbubs—I don't know. She didn't leave her address.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is your new maid particular with her work?" "Yes, indeed. She breaks nothing but the best china."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Knicker—You shouldn't have heating foods in the summer. Mrs. Bocker—Anything I cook makes Tom hot.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"I thought your father looked very handsome with his gray hairs." "Yes, dear old chap. I gave him those."—*London Opinion*.

Bareleigh—I hope my call has not tired you. Miss Keen—Oh, no. I inherit a wonderfully strong constitution.—*Boston Transcript*.

Actor—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience. Theatrical Manager—Huh! We want somebody who can bring the audience.—*Puck*.

"So Dibble is playing golf for his health?" "Yes." "Any improvement?" "His health is better, but his language is worse."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

He—Women have no real judgment in serious matters. She—Yes, and men count on that when they ask women to marry them.—*Baltimore American*.

She—Didn't you say you'd go through fire and water for me? He—Yes, but I'm hlowed if I'm going through bankruptcy for you!—*Yankers Statesman*.

Ward Heeler—You promised me a job. Mayor—Well, I told Commissioner Kelly to give you one! Ward Heeler—But the guy wanted to put me to work!—*Life*.

Mrs. Gatham—This paper says a familiar face and form may be recognized at from 50 to 100 metres. Mr. Gatham—Yes, I know; that's the gas man.—*Yankers Statesman*.

"So you say you're an old-time sailor. Did you ever have any accidents while at sea?" "Once, mum. I dropped a bowl of hot soup in an old lady's lap."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Gatham—Don't you think those doughnuts are an improvement on the last ones I made? Mr. Gatham—Oh, yes, dear; the holes are larger.—*Yankers Statesman*.

The Husband—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. The Wife—You were taken by mistake, John; don't make any mistake about that.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Mary—Doesn't Ida keep her hardwood floors in beautiful condition? Alice—Perfect! Every one who goes there is carried out with a fracture or a dislocation.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Wickler—Beastly weather, isn't it? Stickler—Why will you use those idiotic expressions? How can the weather be beastly? Wickler—Well, it's raining cats and dogs.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Diggs—My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—Biggs—Get out! Diggs—After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.—*Tennessean*.

Suspicious Character—Is the people of the 'ouse in? Maid—No; they're all out. S. C.—Ave you got yer dog license yet? Maid—We aint got no dog. S. C.—Well, I've come to look at the telephone.—*Sketch*.

"I am inclined to suspect the sobriety of the last student in our class." "Why so?" "When I asked him what were his favorite studies in ornithology he replied, swallows, larks, and hats."—*Baltimore American*.

The Visitor—Why are you here, my misguided friend? The Prisoner—I'm the victim of the unlucky number 13. The Visitor—Indeed; how's that? The Prisoner—Twelve jurors and one judge.—*Sparting Times*.

"Pink, I'm afraid you are wasting your time brushing my hat. I don't seem to have anything smaller than a \$10 bill." "I kin change dat all right, hoss." "Then you don't need the tip. So long, Pink."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Jim's gal told her folks she was going out to find a stylish coiffeur. What kind of a thing is that?" "I'm ashamed of your ignorance, Bill. It's one of them fellers what steers the otmobhles."—*Baltimore American*.

Hoax—What is the difference in time between New York and Paris? Jaax—Oh, I don't know. You can have pretty much of the same time in New York as in Paris if you know how to go about it.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I have just been talking to a youth who claims to have done everything." "Has he ever wrapped a motor-car around a telegraph pole at three o'clock in the morning?" "I think not." "Then he has a great deal to learn."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Why did you emit that feeble yawp when our candidate's name was mentioned?" asked the master of ceremonies. "Why," replied

the conscientious man, "I am one of these delegates with half a vote. I thought maybe I was entitled to only half a cheer."—*Washington Star*.

"Much of our worry is useless." "Yes; it is. I once bought some stock in a rubber grove and worried two winters about frost before I ascertained that the trees hadn't yet been planted."—*Washington Herald*.

"He was sentenced to prison for life, I thought." "So he was." "Then on what grounds was he pardoned?" "His lawyers succeeded in convincing the governor that if he were kept in prison any longer it would kill him."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Why doesn't Jahez Jones go to work and get prosperous?" "Because," replied the loyal friend, "he's a patriot who never neglects his duty as a citizen. He has been a member of the petty jury three times, a member of the grand jury twice, a delegate to four conventions, and has gone unresisting to

the legislature frequently. What time has he had to himself?"—*Washington Star*.

Philander C. Knox, the Secretary of State, received one day in his office a hunch of high-browed Washington newspaper correspondents. In the number was William Hoster, who stepped to the front with a copy of his paper in which was one of his dispatches under big, black headlines. The dispatch dealt with the affairs of the Department of State and ran along glibly as if the writer had enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Knox regarding the whole matter. "What do you think of this article?" asked Hoster, exhibiting no modesty as he handed the paper to the Secretary of State. "After looking this over," said Mr. Knox graciously, "I must say, Mr. Hoster, you are the nestor of Washington correspondents." At this Hoster took on the aspect of a balloon and looked exceedingly pleased until Knox added softly: "Mare's nester."

## Back East Excursions



### SALE DATES

June 28, 29.

July 1, 2, 3, 15, 16, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31.

August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, 16, 22, 23, 24, 29, 30, 31.

September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12.

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